

1927

Purple and White: 1927 - 1928

Assumption College

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PURPLE & WHITE



Vol. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, OCTOBER 15, 1927

No. 1

LARGE TURNOUT OF OLD BOYS MARKS REUNION

Papal Delegate Of Canada Visits Assumption

BISHOP FALLON ACCOMPANIES HIS EXCELLENCY; BOTH ADDRESS STUDENTS AND GRANT HOLIDAYS

The Most Rev. J. M. Cassulo, papal delegate of Canada and the Holy Pontiff's personal representative in this country, honored Assumption with his presence on the morning of September 24th last. He was accompanied by Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., bishop of London Diocese.

The two dignitaries were given a spirited welcome when the students lined the walk at the entrance to the college and gave nine rousing cheers for the delegate and the bishop. Everyone immediately repaired to

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Death Takes Three Students During Summer

ACCIDENTS PROVE FATAL TO TWO

Three Assumption students were taken by death during the summer months, an unusually high number in comparison with that of former vacations. Two of them received fatal injuries in accidents and a third succumbed to illness.

Lorne "Red" Capling, a second year high school student and a member of last year's Warrior basketball team was fatally injured when working in his father's butcher shop. The knife, which he was using, slipped and severed an artery in his side. All attempts at saving his life proved futile.

William Pfrommer, who was a student here two years ago, met death in an automobile accident outside of Ann Arbor, while Lucien Demers succumbed to an attack of pneumonia late in the summer. The students of Assumption, extend to the bereaved parents of these students, through the columns of Purple & White, heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

HUNDREDS OF OLD GRADS RETURN FOR GREAT CELEBRATION; PLEDGE \$50,000 TO ALMA MATER

FATHER JOHN R. HACKETT, CLASS '08, ELECTED HEAD OF NEWLY-FORMED ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

August 29th, 30th and 31st of this year are days that will ever remain as three of the most eventful in all Assumption's history. Hundreds of "old boys", both young and old, assembled from far and near to form the greatest alumni gathering ever staged here. The high lights of the meet were the formation of a new alumni association with Rev. John R. Hackett, Class '08, as president, the pledging of \$50,000 to the building fund, and the alumni banquet attended by more than 600 old boys.

The program opened Monday evening, August 29th, at a banquet tendered to the guests of the college. Many men, prominent in border political and educational circles, and not a few out-of-town celebrities were in attendance. Col. H. R. Casgrain, Assumption's oldest living student, acted as toastmaster.

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Monsignor O'Connor Pays Assumption a Visit

ADDRESSES STUDENTS AND FAVORS THEM WITH HOLIDAY

On Wednesday, October 5th, Monsignor Dennis O'Connor, Vicar-General of the London Diocese, favored us with a visit. After supper he spoke briefly about his Alma Mater. He rejoiced, he said, to come back and meet the professors and see the boys again. He expressed his pleasure at seeing their increased numbers as it indicated Assumption's progress. Monsignor O'Connor hoped that Assumption would continue the great work she had done in the past. He closed his remarks by granting a holiday, which will be celebrated sometime in the near future. The students responded most heartily in appreciation of the Monsignor's bequest.

More Improvements Noted Here As Students Return

NEW HANDBALL ALLEYS ERECTED NORTH OF GYMNASIUM

As Assumption students of last year returned to familiar haunts here in Sandwich for the purpose of quenching the so-called thirst for classic knowledge, not a few changes were noted about the campus and buildings. While the walls and towers of the new building were rising on the eastern side of the campus, beautiful handball alleys, Gothic also in design, were being erected directly north of the gymnasium. It was found necessary to remove the alleys, which were built two

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Detroit-Border Cities Bridge To Border Campus

CONSTRUCTION WORK ON GREAT SPAN BEGUN; HUGE CELEBRATION HELD ON COLLEGE GROUNDS

The much-heralded international bridge, which, when completed, will span the Detroit River and hold the distinction of being the longest suspension bridge in the world, is at length under construction. Work has been progressing on both sides of the river for several weeks and it is expected that the span will be completed within two years' time.

The fact that the bridge will border the western side of Assumption's campus on Huron Line makes it of more than casual importance to the college. One of the greatest engineering feats of the century will, as it were, be located right at Assumption's front door.

On Saturday, October 8th, a huge celebration was staged on the campus to celebrate the commencement of construc-

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COMMENTS ON THE REUNION

By An Old Boy

They came from North, South, East and West,—from the horizon of time to the present. They were there to be boys again just for a night, yes,—two nights and a day. There was no room for dull care on this occasion. If any philosopher or genius were looking for the fountain of youth, he might have discovered it in closest proximity. Age and years were shed like the husk of a hickory nut—and the clean meat of wholesome character stood out, something heavenly to gaze at and a pleasure to enjoy.

Oh, it was a rare occasion worth its weight in gold. To have been present was a privilege, to have missed it was a calamity. Nothing on so grand a scale has ever occurred in the history of the College. Alma Mater surpassed herself in hospitality and she was decked out in all her new apparel with her traditional smile of welcome. Every "old boy" just felt as if he had come back home, like the school-boy rushing in the house, tired of work, tosses his hat aside and asks his mother: "How much pie have you?"

There were no vacancies to fill up. The years were all represented from the first to the last. What happy circumstances!—The pupil of the first day, of the first regime, greeting the newest arrival of the present year, an older brother welcoming the arrival of another member of the family.

Old Father Time must have cast aside his scythe on the occasion and rubbed his eyes to take another look around to see if he had not missed something;—he had! There they were,—sitting right before him, smiling belligerently at him defiant and happy.

As "Nig" Clarke remarked on seeing an "old boy's" hair slipping down behind: "skin diamond and grass outfield."

Who can judge the heart that beats beneath the jacket of the small boy? Looking over the splendid galaxy of "old boys" with their purple one would find it hard to recognize:

Denny Malone with a finger glove behind the bat picking runners off with a rifle-like peg as they tried to steal second.

Pete McKeon, a traditional third baseman, with a handkerchief around his neck, spearing a liner with his bare hands and throwing dismay into the ranks of the D.A.C.

Pat Dunigan leading the Belvederes time after time against Simon Collins and the Stellas. Pat never lost heart nor gave up. He is still the same old Pat with the same old heart.

Were you not glad, ye Old Timers, to hear again the soft southern accents of good old "Kentucky Bill"? Just to stand around and listen to the charm of your conversation and your laugh. Yes, Bill, we were sure glad you all came back.

And Joe Fister, representative of John and Charlie and all the Fister tribe, just wafted the sweet aroma of the Bluejay Grass region around. Welcome, Old Kentucky! May the generation of Hillenmeyers and Fisters and the rest increase and multiply and follow in the footsteps of their fathers. May they tread the halls of old Assumption and hand down to posterity the splendid tradition of good wholesome character established by their predecessors in the good old days.

Didn't Art Levoek just make you want to turn around and see who was doing that glorious singing during Mass? More power to you, Art.

If anyone ever imagined that Jack Hackett could not convey an idea pithily, concisely and succinctly, he had just to listen for about thirty seconds and Jack's position and location in the universe were defined. It is a long leap from playing a banjo on the M.C.R. to the pastorate of one of the leading parishes of the Detroit Diocese. But Jack made the leap in the briefest time and without much effort. He was then only running true to his form. A genius does not have to follow prescribed rules. He makes the rule.

Pat Gallena, in spite of the fact that he controls the League of Nations down some place in Ohio, has not grown a day older nor changed one iota in his "tout ensemble" in the last twenty years. He would not be the same old lovable Pat were time and age conspiring to render any noticeable change in his appearance.

Loud acclaim is not necessary to accomplish great things. One would scarcely associate the modest and retiring Monsignor Valentine with outstanding deeds, but the past history of the Eucharistic Congress in London Diocese is something of which we are proud and pleased to render our tribute of appreciation to the beloved Monsignor for all he has accomplished in these recent years for the glory of the Eucharistic King.

Monsignor Van Antwerp is still the admiration of the ages. Like Tennyson's brook, he seems to go on forever. His bubbling good nature is an inspiration as it was when we first met him away back there in '88.

Oh, Frank, you missed the greatest thing in the history of old Assumption. The first question asked by scores of "old boys" was: "Is Frank McIntyre here?" What a feeling of regret when the news came that you could not be with us on the glorious occasion! It would have been an inspiration to you just as you would have been an inspiration to the crowd and the occasion. Too bad you were hindered from being present. We know your heart was with us and sure you gave more than a passing thought to Zeke, Mike, Tom and the rest of the old guard. Never mind, Frank, next year we are going to have another reunion and if necessary we will try to have the President of the U.S.A. shape the destinies of the country in such fashion that you may be able to be present.

Another live wire, prevented from being present, is Bill Moffat, former editor of The Review, and at present editor of the Druggist Journal in Toronto. Automobiles do not seem to respect the great any more than the lowly. Bill was the victim of a painful accident that rendered his presence impossible. Next year, Bill, we hope to have you with us to cheer us with your wit and humor and give us the benefit of your accumulated wisdom.

The three O's of 91:

O'Keefe

O'Mara

Oh, Comerford.

We would have been delighted to renew our acquaintance with Denny Golden, better known as "Mick", specialist in good humor and sparkling repartee.—Likewise proficient in baseball—most any position—but especially shortstop. Make the journey next year, Mick, before the old generation slips away.

It was difficult for the old timers to orient themselves. They found it hard to reconcile the present open campus with its broad expanse with the old restricted playground surrounded by a high board fence. They were further mystified by other changed conditions,—from the days when they broke the ice on the water tank to the present dispensation with its hot and cold water, shower baths and swimming pool. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," particularly since we managed to survive the ordeal. Had we not survived we would not have raised objections either. So why complain? We are all the better for it.

That was a noble speech of Charlie McTague's, prominent in legal and financial circles of the Border Cities. He spoke

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SNAPPED AT THE REUNION

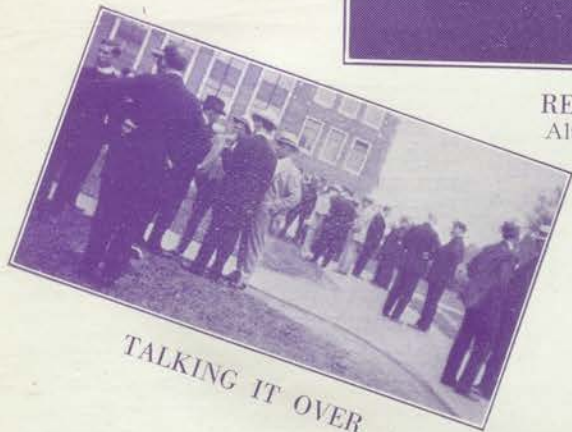


THE HOGANS
SON AND FATHER

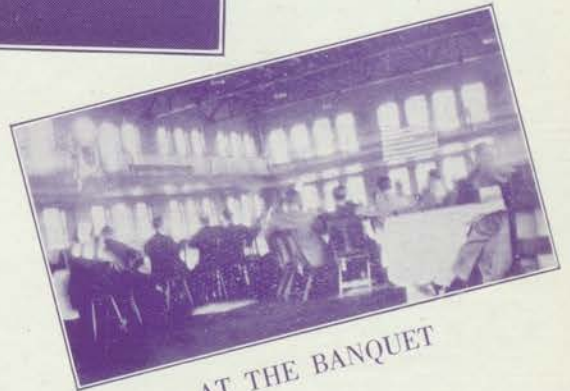


BOYS OF THE 70's

REV. JOHN R. HACKETT
Alumni Association President



TALKING IT OVER



AT THE BANQUET



BOYS OF THE 70's AND 80's



A FEW OF OUR DISTINGUISHED OLD BOYS

Old Boys' Page

Fr. Cushing Celebrates Golden Jubilee

ASSUMPTION'S SECOND PRESIDENT COMPLETES FIFTY YEARS IN PRIESTHOOD

During the past summer Father Daniel Cushing celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

Father Cushing was born near Guelph, Ont., in 1850 and came to St. Michael's as a student in 1864. After High School his quest for knowledge impelled him to go to the Basilian College at Amoney,



REV. DANIEL CUSHING, C.S.B.

France. Afterwards he returned to Assumption where he completed the College course in 1873. Father Cushing then entered the Basilian Novitiate which was then at Sandwich and there completed his theological studies. He was ordained by Bishop Walsh in 1877. He was on the College Staff until 1886, during which time he was Director of Studies and professor of mathematics. In 1886 he was appointed superior of St. Michael's. Three years later he succeeded Father O'Connor as superior and held that position for eleven years. He then became superior of the Scholasticate and was later appointed superior of St. Michael's, which position ill health forced him to leave. He remained on the St. Michael's Staff until 1914 when he was again appointed to the Scholasticate.

Father Cushing has been on Council either provincial or general for the greater part of his life. He was on the Assumption College Staff the second year it was taken over by Basilians. The thousands of students taught by him remember him as a

(Continued on Next Page, Col. 3)

COMMENTS ON THE REUNION

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

so well about the tradition of Assumption! No doubt the spirit of Assumption is the expression of her traditions and hence there is no necessity of drawing a hair-line distinction.

The spirit of Assumption is unique. One has to live there to imbibe it and philosophize about it. Like tradition, it is difficult to define. Those who have experienced it appreciate it. It is wholesome. It reflects itself in the student body in their games, their studies and their lives. It is generous. It is enduring. After all these years the same old traditional spirit actuates the students in the same manner as it influenced them in days gone by. Long may that spirit prevail!

Two relics of ancient days met after ages of separation. Monsignor Clautier and Father Aboulin met for the first time in Louisville, Ohio shortly after Noah came out of the Ark. They met at the reunion and just sat down to talk it over again.

The day of reunion was like the day of judgment. They came from the uttermost parts of the country, where for years they had been sunk in oblivion. They were all judged just as they were and a favorable decision was found in the minds and hearts of their friends of former days.

The Class of '96 gravitates toward a common center. There is a health of spirit and a wealth of talent and a variety that adds to the spice of life, with a modesty that is refreshing. Just throw them together in the yard and dignities are shed with ease and they are just the boys of '96 again.

Fathers and sons were there and all happy. Father had nothing on Junior when it came to reminiscence. Oh, you Pilliods and Hogans, and the rest of them, how proud old Assumption is of you. Come on, Old Timers, send along the third generation and have something made of them also.

The old battery, Nig and Gig, were there. Each looked at the other and just smiled, the glad old feeling that ambled over the glorious old past together.

Creatore had nothing on Monsieur Gignac in leading a chorus under trying circumstances. Nearly every emotion was

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Father Aboulin Celebrates Sixty Years in Priesthood

CELEBRATION HELD AT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, DETROIT

Sixty years in Christ's priesthood were celebrated by Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, C.S.B., of St. Anne's Parish, Detroit, on Wednesday, Sept. 21st. He was accorded a public and solemn celebration on St. Michael's Day, Sept. 29, at which his friends both of the clergy and the laity



REV. J. J. M. ABOULIN, C.S.B.

The great day was opened by Solemn High Mass sung by the aged priest who was assisted by the Rev. Leo Roberge as Deacon and Rev. Henry Mayotte as Sub Deacon. Bishop Gallagher was present in the sanctuary and was assisted by Father M. J. Ryan, pastor of St. Anne's. The Rev. Dr. Murphy acted as master of ceremonies.

Monsignor Van Antwerp preached very eloquently on the priesthood. Among the other distinguished clergy present were Bishop Plagens, Monsignor Champron, Melone and Doyle and about 150 priests, friends of the jubilarian.

After the dinner which followed, Bishop Gallagher spoke of Father Aboulin and praised him for his humility and as a model for the other priests of the Diocese.

The remarkable fact about Fr. Aboulin is that he is still active. And calling at the Parish rectory any day of the week one would see him going about his numerous interests. Father Aboulin is most punctual at all the community exercises.

He rises at five-thirty every morning and after prayer and meditation says Mass and then goes to the choir loft to sing at

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With the Graduates

Mr. John McIntyre, B.A., last year's Purple & White sport editor and valedictorian of his class, is now at St. Basil's Novitiate, Toronto. He is preparing for the religious life in the Basilian Community.

Mr. John Higgins, B.A., captain of last year's Varsity football squad and an outstanding player on the college basketball team for the past four years, is taking up theological studies at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Norwood, Ohio.

Messrs. James Martin, B.A., Philip Austin, B.A., and Norman Murphy, B.A., all Basilian scholastics, are now stationed at St. Basil's Scholasticate, Toronto, where they are pursuing their theological studies.

Patrick McManus, B.A., has resumed his studies at the College of Education, Toronto.

George O'Leary, B.A., who has been prominent in Assumption athletic circles for the past few years, is taking a law course at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Timothy McManus, B.A., has entered the business world and is connected with the Graham Bros. Motor Car Co., Detroit.

John Murray, B.A., known to all Assumption students of the past eight years by his famous smile, and his brilliant prowess on the gridiron, basketball court and diamond, hasn't informed us of his intentions for the future. He is at present residing at his home in Windsor.

Norman Langlois, B.A., a star on the Varsity baseball team for three years and a member of Assumption's champion handball team and president of last year's graduating class, is also residing at his home in Windsor.

William Breen, a student here for the past three years, has joined the Lay Brothers of the Holy Ghost. Purple & White takes this opportunity to wish him success in the holy life which he has chosen.



Heard from the Old Boys

"The absence of Purple & White during the vacation period is quite noticeable, I can assure you."—W. C. "Bill" Moffat.

"I have received your paper and find it very interesting. Advise me regarding the yearly subscription. I would be glad to take it as I do not wish to miss an issue. I am enclosing some prints taken at Assumption in 1907 and '08, and I often wonder what has become of the boys in these pictures. I think that most of the "old boys" of that time would remember me as the boy who drew the pictures for the first issues of the "Review."

—Allen E. Gravier.

A PROMINENT ALUMNUS



W. C. MOFFAT, CLASS '09

Shown above with the official key of the city of Owen Sound, Ont., on the radiator of his car, is W. C. A. Moffat, editor of Canada's leading pharmaceutical magazine, who graduated from Assumption in 1909 and was editor of the old "Review" in 1908-1909. He was also Valedictorian of his graduating class and Salutatorian in 1908. Mr. Moffat was presented with the key and the freedom of his old home town when he led a caravan of 400 cars back for "Old Home Week" in July. He is president of the Grey County Old Boys and Girls Association of Toronto.



Father J. T. Muckle, C.S.B., M.A., former president of Assumption, is now studying in Florence, Italy.

Rev. Hubert Coughlin, C.S.B., B.A., who graduated in '24, is now pursuing his studies at the Canadian College in Rome.

Rev. J. McGuire, C.S.B., B.A. and Rev. W. J. Dwyer, C.S.B., B.A., are now teaching at St. Thomas Aquinas High School in Rochester, N.Y.

Rev. A. J. Cote, C.S.B., who for the past few years has been assistant at St. John the Baptist Church, Amherstburg, Ont., is now stationed at Assumption Church. Father Cote needs no introduction to the Old Boys. He spent five years as a student here in the early seventies and many years as a professor after that time.

Rev. Chas. Kelly, C.S.B., who was a member of the College staff in '22 and '23 is now assistant pastor of Assumption Church.

Rev. Thos. Roche, C.S.B., for the past two years assistant at Assumption Church, is now assistant master of novices at the Basilian Novitiate in Toronto.

Faculty Changes

In view of the fact that the "old boys" are always interested in the College staff we are taking this opportunity to acquaint them with the changes.

Rev. Chas. Donovan, C.S.B., B.A., a former student and for the past ten years a professor at Assumption, has been transferred to Rochester, N.Y., where he is teaching at the institute of St. Thomas Aquinas. Father Donovan taught mostly in the English and Mathematic Departments here.

Rev. Vincent Kennedy, C.S.B., M.A., a former student and registrar at Assumption for the past two years, has left us after a rather short sojourn. He is now vice-president of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Rev. J. Spratt, C.S.B., who left Assumption two years ago, returns from Owen Sound where he had been detailed for parish work.

Rev. B. O'Donnell, C.S.B., B.A., and Rev. W. J. Dore, C.S.B., M.A., come to Assumption for the first time. They both made their courses at the University of Toronto and taught at St. Michael's during the past year.

Rev. P. J. Bart, C.S.B., M.A., returns to his teaching duties after a year at parish work.

Mr. Frank Payne, who taught at Assumption for three years, has accepted a position on the staff of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute.

Mr. John Kohout, B.Sc. comes to Assumption from the University of St. Francis Xavier. He is a graduate in Science and is teaching in that department.

Mr. Frank Walsh, who was numbered amongst last year's student body, has taken upon himself numerous other responsibilities as a member of the College Staff.

Five new Basilian scholastics are seen on the staff this year. Messrs. W. Sheehan, J. Corrigan, L. Higgins and W. Schneider are former Assumption students and Mr. J. Onorato previously attended St. Michael's College.



FATHER CUSHING CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE

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real teacher. They marvel at the clearness of his explanations of the most difficult problems of Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology. His teaching ability was recognized by the University of Toronto when it conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D.

Father Cushing is remembered for his piety. When he is unable to say Mass he always assists at two. His daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament and his daily stations are never neglected. He is at present stationed at the Curial House of his Congregation where he is a member of the General Council and Confessor and Director of the young of the Congregation.

PURPLE & WHITE

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never exceeded a few hundred, but those who have been on the subscription list have spoken very highly of the paper and have contributed materially to its success by sending in reminiscences and pictures for the Old Boys' Page. This year's staff is putting on a great drive for more alumni subscriptions and if the old boys respond, as we are sure they will do, the third factor necessary for the success of the paper will be present this year.

With these three factors all combined and tending toward the accomplishment of a single aim, the present "Purple & White" staff feels a certitude and a confidence in beginning this fourth journalistic year that adds zest and inspiration to their undertaking of giving to the alumni and students of Assumption a good college paper.



Don't Read This!!!!

I don't suppose that I have any more right on this page than a cat has in a dog kennel. But I'm here now so I guess it is up to you to suffer. As a matter of fact I slipped in while the editor wasn't looking so don't blame him.

Do you know that it costs money to put this paper out? Printers, engravers and photographers are all fine fellows, but if you haven't the mazuma (filthy lucre) you might just as well never meet them. No, I am not going to beg you for any money. I am just going to ask you to do what any half rational person should do, i.e., pay your debts. By this I mean that you are getting this publication for about 1/4 of its value.

Other college papers all over the continent charge more than we do for subscriptions. We are glad that we can do this, but we want you to be white about the matter and not see how much you can get for nothing. Advertising is our main medium of support and you can strengthen this medium or at least keep it from falling if you will. It is your business that causes these advertisers to advertise with us. But if you will not patronise them they will not advertise and we will cease to exist as a publication.

However, if you do patronise them they will not know it unless you mention the fact that you saw their ad in the "PURPLE & WHITE". To those who do not even subscribe I haven't a thing to say. If you haven't got fifty cents worth of school spirit, please don't read this paper. At present the number of subscriptions is smaller than at any time since the beginning of the paper. It is rather sad to think that there is less pep among the present student body than there has been in the past three years. I hope this is not the case. REMEMBER TO SUBSCRIBE, PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MENTION THE "PURPLE & WHITE" WHEN YOU DO.

I told you not to read this.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

A Loyal Student Body Means A Fighting Team

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! This is the five-letter word that starts off one of Assumption's yells. But how many of you students are out there yelling it when our team is battling on the gridiron? How many of you think of what you are saying when you are yelling it? How many of you really mean what you are saying when you shout it out? As many of you as do yell and yell as if you mean what you yell, are in the true sense of the word, loyal students. And a loyal student body is essential to a fighting team.

Seemingly endless days of dull drudgery and bruise-inflicting practices are the lot of the team, but the players are undergoing all this, not because there is any pleasure in it for themselves, but because they are eager to uphold Assumption's name on the gridiron. You, as loyal students, should be just as eager to do your bit in this worthy cause and the one way that you can do it is by yelling with all the "yell" in you at every game.

The college team plays its next four games at home here on our own gridiron. The outcome of these games may depend a great deal upon the student body itself. Make your team a fighting team by inspiring them with good lusty yells, and if you haven't the consolation of saying that they won, you will at least know that they played the game with every ounce of fight that was in them. All together, fellows, for a fighting and a winning team!



A Little Encouragement

At this time all of us have once again taken our place at the stern of our own single craft to pilot it over the ocean of knowledge. Some have hardly pushed off from the shore; others cannot see the place whence they left or the goal towards which they are striving; still others are about to approach the brilliant goal to which each yearning year of the past has added more brightness. And perhaps these latter revel many a day in spirit amid the glamour of their goal. To these there need be given no written criticism or even suggestion. They do not need it. But to those who are struggling onward through the disheartening waters of knowledge and youth; to those who are determined to develop themselves religiously, mentally and physically in order that, when the voyage is over, they will deserve the title of a good Catholic young man, to these do I extend my encouragement. You may find that knowledge only comes with hard work, that youth is inclined to falter and prompt you to believe that it is impossible to reach the goal. Yet ply on courageously. Care not if the shifting winds of fortune stir up the waves of trials along your path. Merely

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Three Years--- And Now a Fourth

For the past three years the students here have kept Assumption high in the field of journalistic endeavor by editing a semi-monthly publication that has ranked with the best efforts of other college and university students. This success can be attributed mainly to three factors all of which are worth noting.

The first is the ceaseless and unselfish efforts of each respective "PURPLE & WHITE" staff. Always have the individual members worked together with a common end in view—a good college paper. Their efforts have been crowned each year with the glorious accomplishment of the end they constantly and sacrificingly strove for. The "Purple & White" staff of '27-'28 is firm in the same resolve—to edit a good college paper, one that will not have to take a second place to any college or university publication in the country. Its aim can easily be reached if the other two factors relative to the paper's success are again present this year.

The second of these factors is the student body itself. "Purple & White" has always been a paper of the students, for the students and by the students. They have always taken it as such and they have ever maintained a great interest in it. This interest has mainly been shown by the high percentage of student subscriptions in former years. It remains with the student body of this year to equal and even surpass the standard set by the students of the past three years.

The third factor in the success of the paper is the support given it by the alumni. In past years the alumni subscribers have



WITH THE CLASSES



The classes are with us again as Father Time turns the calendar to another scholastic year. Let us hope that 1927-28 will be a worthy son of its illustrious predecessors. Indeed, may it be the greatest of its race. We may reasonably look forward to this. Not only have we a larger enrollment than ever but we have also a new classroom building which is the acme in school architecture. If every student does his share the year cannot help but be a success.

As has happened year after year since time immemorial, another graduating class has sprung into existence. To say that it is the greatest class of all time would be mere braggadocio. But, in spite of this fact, many of its number think that historians will have to search far into the remote past to find another just like it. In IV Arts there are fourteen students each of whom will take it upon himself to save the class from the misfortune of being reduced to the much avoided 13.

Ed. Skrzycki claims to be the best speller in 3B. Is it any wonder?

John Hopkins, the pride of 2A American History class, was absent from class the other day on account of illness. Now that he has returned, class will be resumed.

Cecil Chauvin's ambitions as an artist were sadly jolted when Fr. Bart forbade him to decorate the blackboards.

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Rhetoric had an election of officers about a week ago with the following results: Mike Doyle is chosen to steer Rhetoric through the year as president, E. 'Poke' Pokriefka is vice-president and Frank O'Hare is secretary. Jack Nelson has charge of the exchequer—We're off!

Ed. Goodwin decided to take Physics but after the first class he said it was all Greek to him.

4th Hi is well represented on the High School football team by Capt. Hines, Anthony Rocco, Paul Ameling, Pat Lewis, and Will Mahoney. Looks good for the future.



The staff and students of Assumption extend their sincere sympathy to Rev. M. J. Pickett upon the recent death of his mother.



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City College Defeats Varsity with Aerial Plays

PURPLE TEAM, ALTHOUGH BLANK-
ED 13-0, NOT OUTPLAYED

On Friday, Oct. 7th, the Assumption Varsity gridgers opened their 1927 football season with Detroit City College at Detroit. Although it was Friday, but not the 13th, the City Collegians supplied this odd and superstitious number to the score in blanking the Purple and White squad 13-0.

Though defeat was their portion, the Assumptionites were not outclassed for they played on even terms with their rivals and performed creditably in their initial game of the season. When it is considered that only five lettermen are back on this year's squad, it is a tribute to Coach Father O'Loane, as well as encouraging to himself, to see how well this squad of young and inexperienced material performed in opening the grid season.

City College opened the fracas by kicking off to Higgins behind the goal line. The ball was placed on the 20 yard line and the Purple quarterback elected to kick on the first down. The rest of the period continued with A.C. doing plenty of kicking and Detroit heaving passes. Most of the play was in Assumption territory due to the booting of Evans and the Detroiters' slight advantage in ground-gaining. Just as the period drew to an end things looked dark for Assumption when a fumble lost the ball for them on their own 20 yard line.

The second quarter opened with the Green and Gold boys in possession of the oval within the shadow of A.C.'s goal posts. Here Boglarsky called for a forward pass thrown from place-kick formation. This fooled the visitors and Kersten received a neat pass from Zuber behind the goal line for the first score of the game. Zuber made the extra point. The rest of this quarter was fought in mid-field, with Assumption getting the best of the melee. Frequently fumbles marred the encounter but Higgins added color by some excellent open field running in returning punts. Captain Kramer stood out prominently on defense, and his playing was a big factor in preventing the Detroiters from making a first down during the remainder of the period.

(Continued on Next Page, Col. 2)

VARSITY CAPTAIN



TONY KRAMER

Pictured above is Tony Kramer, captain of Assumption's Varsity team of this year. Tony held the captaincy of the football team here for two years previous to last year and he has again been the unanimous choice of the players to pilot them through the present season. As a fullback Tony has the art of plunging down to a nicety and a surer or deadlier tackler than this "big boy" of ours cannot be found. Hit 'em hard, Dutch! We're with you.



VARSITY FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

- Oct. 15—Mich. State Normal—Home.
- Oct. 22—Open.
- Oct. 28—Highland Park J.C.—Home.
- Nov. 5—Mich. State Freshmen—Home.
- Nov. 12—Adrian College—There.
- Nov. 19—Flint J.C.—Home.



Are you a subscriber? If not, why not?

Warriors Nose Out W.C.I. in League Opener

SAFETY TOUCH IN CLOSING
SECONDS OF GAME GIVES
VERDICT TO PURPLE TEAM

Father Burke's Warriors opened their season a week ago with an impressive victory over Windsor Collegiate in probably the most thrilling Canadian game ever seen on this campus. The battle waged back and forth and only a blocked kick, followed by a safety touch in the closing seconds of the game, gave the Warriors the necessary two points to cop the tilt from the visitors, 13-12.

Windsor opened the scoring by making a rouge on Dickeson in the first few minutes. Assumption retaliated a short time later when W.C.I. fumbled and Gorman, recovering the ball, ran for a touchdown and the Warriors' first score. Dickeson failed to add the extra point and the quarter ended with Assumption leading 5-1.

Shortly after the opening of the second canto, Stan Long, Warrior captain and ace, made Assumption's first rouge, advancing the score to six. The Windsorites, not in the least daunted, scooped up a fumbled ball a few minutes later and scored a touchdown to tie the score at six all. Montgomery put the visitors in the lead when he added the point after touchdown. The half-time whistle soon brought hostilities to a temporary close with Windsor leading 7-6.

The second half started with both teams fighting furiously for the supremacy. Pillon and Gorman did the brunt of the ball-carrying for Assumption, the former taking the ball over for a touchdown on a plunge just before the quarter ended. This left Assumption in the lead 11-7.

The Windsor lads had a considerable amount of determination on this day too, and after recovering one of their own punts that had been fumbled by a Purple man, they crossed the goal on a long end run to again take the lead 12-11.

The Warrior hopes were glimmering at this stage, but with only a minute to go Captain Long saved the day for his team by blocking a punt behind the opponent's goal which resulted in a safety touch for the Warriors and the necessary two points

(Continued on Next Page, Col. 3)

High Gridders Defeat Northeastern 7-2

BATTLE ST. JOHN'S OF TOLEDO TO
SCORELESS TIE

The Assumption High School Gridders opened their season on Sept. 24th, when they defeated the strong Northeastern High team of Detroit by a 7-2 margin. Assumption scored its touchdown in the third quarter when "Ribbs" Ameling blocked a punt and "Boy Scout" Walsh recovered the pigskin and romped across the goal line. "Mose" Taylor converted the touchdown with a pretty drop kick. In the last stanza with the ball on Assumption's one yard line, Taylor grounded the ball behind his own goal-line, thus handing Northeastern 2 points 'gratis', but at the same time clinching the game for Assumption.

The High's next tussle took place on Nov. 8th when St. John's of Toledo, a tricky, speedy aggregation, journeyed to Sandwich, bent on breaking Assumption's winning streak. On the other hand the purple-clad warriors had no intention of yielding to defeat, and as a result the two teams fumbled frequently due to over-anxiety. The game ended in a scoreless tie, both teams leaving the field with their thirst for victory unquenched, yet burning with determination to carry off first honors in their return game at Toledo later in the fall.

In the first quarter Malone, the Toledo quarterback, hunted for a weak spot in the purple line, but with meagre success. Captain Hines at centre aided by Walsh and Staffan at the guard positions, was impassable. They worked together like a machine and smothered everything that came their way. At the tackle positions Rocco and Mahoney were charging through and tackling like mad-men; while Ameling and Pat Lewis split the Toledo backs when they attempted to skirt the ends. Toledo then opened up a pretty aerial attack for several handsome gains. By a series of kicks and passes they advanced down the field, only to be finally repelled and driven back by their Assumption hosts.

In the second quarter the High team, until this time playing chiefly a defense game, came to life and uncorked a smart passing attack, completing several 15 and 20 yard passes. A lateral pass netted them 9 yards and Rocco made it first down when he hit the St. John's line on a plunge. Taylor heaved a pretty pass to Guina for 15 yards. Guina duplicated Taylor's pass when he tossed one to "Ribbs" Ameling for a 15 yard gain. Then after an exchange of kicks, Taylor passed to Skrzycki for a 35 yard gain as the half ended with the ball on St. John's 25 yard line.

In the third quarter by a series of line plays and a few short passes the purple-clad gridders carried the ball to Toledo's

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 1)

PILOTS HIGH GRIDMEN



FRANCIS "PICKLES" HINES

Yes, sir! You're looking at "Heinie", captain of Assumption's High School gridders and hard-hitting centreman from Youngstown. "Pickles" is confronted with the difficult task of maintaining the undefeated record established by the High School team of the past two years. To date he and his team have turned the trick in every encounter.

CITY COLLEGE DEFEATS VARSITY

(Continued from Page 8, Col. 1)

The second half opened with a long kick-off by Assumption which rolled over the goal line. This third quarter saw the purple-clad warriors carrying the fight to their opponents and the playing was in City's territory most of the period. Armstrong skirted the ends in great fashion, reeling off 15 and 8 yards in succession and bringing the ball to the one yard line. He was forced out of bounds when a touch-down was in sight.

The last stanza saw much punting and passing by both sides until finally Evans of the Detroiters speared a pass on the 30 yard line and wiggled his way over the goal line for the final counter of the game.

LINE-UP

ASSUMPTION	DETROIT CITY COLLEGE
McGouey	L.E.....Kersten
Butelle	L.T.....Collins
Stone	L.G.....Wilt
Dettman	C.....Weatherhead
Murphy, M.	R.G.....Zaminowski
Pokriefka	R.T.....Rehn (c)
Murphy, L.	R.E.....Edelman
Higgins	Q.B.....Boglarsky
McErlane	L.H.....Tart
Armstrong	R.H.....Evans
Kramer (c)	F.B.....Zuber

Substitutions: Assumption, Rodgers for Armstrong, Markey for McGouey, Schneider for Stone, Harris for Rodgers, Haneline for Markey, Steele for Murphy.

Sub Minims Open Season in Impressive Style

SWAMP FORD CITY ELEVEN, 30—0

The Sub Minims again under the famous coaching hand of Father Guinan, opened their football season with a bang. The opening tilt brought the St. Luke Warriors of Ford City as the guests of the Sub-Minims. The A.C. youngsters always striving to be an interesting host, made things a bit too interesting at times for their friends from the town named after Henry and his Henrys. The final count of this fray in which regulars and subs saw action was a 30-0 triumph for the Sub Minims.

The Sub-Minims' real test came a week later when they met the strong St. Catherine boys of Detroit. This was one of the hardest, if not the greatest battle that a Sub-Minim team has ever waged. From the very first kick-off on through each quarter, until the final whistle blew these two little teams fought like two snarling, tearing tigers. It was indeed a battle royal for each side, but one that brought forth neither victory nor defeat for each other. When the final siren sounded it found the young warriors where they began in the scoring, a 0-0 decision. In this game everyone played their positions worthy of praise. A special word of praise must be given to two new players on the Sub-Minim eleven, Tedesco, and Moeller, who, under the heavy fire played their positions like veterans. Art Hogan, Dore and Ray Strong, all veterans, played their same steady and faultless game.

The Sub-Minim Juniors, composed of two teams, the Athenians and Dorians, the former boarders and the latter day-scholars, under the coaching of Father O'Donnell and Jim Murphy have been staging real battles. These little teams have started on a series of games.

Thus far, the Dorians are in the lead with two games tucked away, but Father O'Donnell tells Jim Murphy that it doesn't mean a thing and to just wait until the Athenians start their march on the Dorian camp.

These two teams forgot their difference and, combined together, they played an outside team—The Moy Ade Giants, whom they trounced by one touch-down, 6-0.



WARRIORS NOSE OUT W.C.I.

(Continued from Page 8, Col. 3)

required to turn the tide of victory in their favor.

Long, Prokoff, Pillon, Dickeson, Armstrong and Dillon were in the limelight for Assumption, although the fighting spirit of the team as a whole proved the deciding factor in the victory. Patterson, Quaterman and Hickey looked best for the Collegiate boys.

VARSIITY MENTOR



COACH FATHER O'LOANE

With this football season, Father J. H. O'Loane begins his fifth year as coach of the Varsity football team here. Despite the fact that over this expanse of five hard seasons the material afforded him has never been promising at the start, he has always welded his proteges into grid machines that have made creditable showings against heavier and more seasoned opponents. More power to you, Father!



HIGH GRIDDERS DEFEAT

NORTHEASTERN, 7-2

(Continued from Page 9, Col. 1)

three yard line but they fumbled and failed to push it over in three downs. Taylor missed a drop-kick by a small margin, thus giving the ball to Toledo on their own 20 yard line. St. John's kicked to mid-field but were forced back again by the charging purple gridders. The fourth period began with the ball on St. John's 22 yard line. At this stage of the fracas, the visitors became desperate in their attempt to score. They threw forward passes even when in their own territory and succeeded in bringing the ball to Assumption's fifteen yard line. Here, however, they were stopped and Ameling booted the ball well out of danger. The St. John safety man fumbled and Taylor recovered the ball. He passed to Skrzycki for eight yards, and then Ameling again punted for 45 yards. On the last play St. John's completed a long pass, but the receiver was nailed by "Ribbs" and the game ended in a scoreless tie.

ASSUMPTION	POSITION	ST. JOHN
AmelingL.E.....	Hayward
MahoneyL.T.....	Cousino
StaffanL.G.....	Bowlard
HinesC.....	Lauber
WalshR.G.....	Griffin
RoccoR.T.....	O'Donnell
LewisR.E.....	Noel
GuinaQ.B.....	Malone
SkrzyckiR.H.....	Dreugay
McCormickL.H.....	Sasko
TaylorF.B.....	Farras

FOURTH DOWN

BY FRANK WALSH

Well, boys, here we are once more renewing acquaintances through the sport columns. The summer vacation is long a thing of the past. The Tunney-Dempsey fracas has vanished from sight in the sport world as well as the argument between Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig for home run honors. The World Series, too, has just passed into oblivion, and now we have old King Football reigning supreme and captivating the attention of all.

Here on the campus, his majesty, the king of the moleskins, has a mighty following. Each day eight teams, ranging in size from the youngest of the youngsters to the Varsity men, are seen out on their respective gridirons, working hard for the coming weekly encounters.

On September 23th, thirty-two men reported to Coach Father O'Loane to begin training for a strenuous schedule. Of this number only five are lettermen of last year. The rest of the squad is comprised of members of last year's reserves and new candidates.

Edward Leo Pokriefka, known on the campus by the simple moniker of "Poke", is the heaviest man on the College squad. "Poke" makes it a point to get what he aims for and we saw him playing a hard and steady game at tackle during the whole opening fracas. That's a boy, Eddie! Keep up the fine work.

Arno Schneider, star guard on the Varsity team for the past four years is seen in a new role this year. "Snitz" is assistant coach to Father O'Loane and has already developed a hard-hitting line that accredited itself well in the first tussle.



Coach Schneider

Leland Higgins, star quarterback on the High School team of '25, is calling signals for the Varsity eleven this year. He looks better than ever at the familiar post. He handles the team with an ease and craftiness characteristic of a good quarterback, and we expect his deeds on the Varsity to excell his best efforts in the past.

In speaking of quarterbacks a word must be said of Bill Guina, playing his first year at that position for the high team. Besides being a heady engineer of the plays, he takes his turn at toting the ball with an aggressiveness that makes him a sure ground-gainer. Running back punts for considerable yardage is another specialty of his.

When Tony Rocco hits 'em—they are hit hard. No one has any doubt of that. Tony certainly hit hard and often in the St. John game. But the tackle that "Ribbs" Ameling made as the final whistle blew can be called the most timely one. Had he not 'nailed' that Blue-shirt from behind, it would have been a lost game for the High team.

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LARGE TURNOUT OF OLD BOYS MARKS REUNION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)
Pontifical Mass Tuesday

Tuesday morning a pontifical high Mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Dennis O'Connor, vicar general of the London Diocese. He was assisted by Rev. J. J. McCabe, Detroit, as archpriest; Rev. W. J. Gallena, Painesville, Ohio, as deacon, Rev. G. Pitre, Stoney Point, Ont., as sub-deacon and Rev. G. L. Blonde, Ford, Ont., as master of ceremonies. Monsignor L. J. Van Antwerp, vicar general of the Detroit Diocese, who gave the address at the services, paid a glowing tribute to the spirit of sacrifice that has marked the efforts of the Basilian

Fathers who have conducted Assumption College. He also brought to the minds of the hundreds of Old Boys who crowded Assumption Church to capacity, the early trials faced by the Basilians when they first undertook the task of maintaining a school here.

*Alumni Association Reorganized;
\$42,500 Pledged*

The next event on the program was a luncheon at one o'clock which was followed by the reorganization meeting of the Alumni Association. When the meeting was called to order Father John R. Hackett, Class '08, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, was elected president of the association. Rt. Rev. F. J. Van

Antwerp was elected honorary vice-president. Other officers named were Very Rev. F. X. Laurendeau, vice-president; Rev. B. N. Forner, C.S.B., secretary-treasurer. Monsignor Dennis Malone of Grand Rapids and Monsignor Van Antwerp were named Diocesan directors. After the election of officers Father Hackett addressed the members of the association who were present. He impressed upon his listeners the fact that they were now linked together into an association that was going to be a permanent one. He stated also that they must have a purpose in view to further the interests of their Alma Mater. As loyal alumni he emphasized the fact that it was only fitting that they materially aid the college that had not many years ago done so much for them. After his speech 175 of the Old Boys who were present pledged \$42,500 to the building fund, the amount to be payed within three years. Since then additional pledges have brought the sum to \$50,000. An inspection of the new classroom building followed the meeting.

600 Attend Banquet

The alumni banquet, held Tuesday evening, was the main event of the celebration and no less than 600 old boys packed the gymnasium where the banquet was served. Father Hackett was toastmaster, and after a few remarks regarding the large sum pledged by the Old Boys, he called upon Rev. P. J. Howard, C.S.B., M.A., to propose the toast to the Alumni.

Father Howard stated that there was no reason why Assumption College should not have the banner alumni association in the country. All that is needed to bring that about, he said, is the support of the ex-students.

Four Responses

Four responses were made to Father Howard's toast. Old Boys of the time of each of Assumption's first four presidents made the replies. The first response, which was to the students of the late Father O'Connor's time, was made by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Malone, rector of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Monsignor Malone, who entered Assumption as a student 41 years ago, told of the difficulties under which Father O'Connor and his associates had worked at that time. They had no equipment to work with, he said, but in spite of that drawback, they moulded a spirit of self-sacrifice and a spirit of piety into the hearts of all the students placed under their charge.

Responding on behalf of the students of Father Cushing's time, from 1890 until 1901, Rev. Father Michael F. Eardley, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Anamosa, Iowa, said that this president was the whole college in those years. He succeeded Father O'Connor, and as in the case of the latter, had few facilities to work with, but he left the stamp of character on all the students who entered Assumption at that time.

The toast to the old boys of Father
(Continued on Page 13, Col. 1)

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COMMENTS ON THE REUNION

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 2)

portrayed,—and the result was satisfactory to all, whether rambling down the "Long, Long Trail" or expressing their feelings about the gang being all there.

Father Cote must have discovered the secret of keeping young. The years make no impression on him. He can still defy Old Father Time with his inimitable "haw-haw" in such a way that the old man with the whiskers just gets madder than ever and reaches for a whetstone to sharpen up his scythe.

Oh, what a whooping, joyful, happy meeting when Mike, Joe and Tom linked arms and talked over the past!

After it was all over dull Care was found sitting on the cemetery fence and nursing a grouch. He had his back turned to the campus, resting his chin on his fist with a far-away look in his eye. He look-

(Continued in Column Three)

New Classroom Building Nearing Completion

BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC STRUCTURE ADDS TOUCH OF GRANDEUR TO CAMPUS; CLASSROOMS AND STUDYHALLS IN USE

Work on the new classroom building progressed so rapidly during the summer months that today only a few details in the decorating work remain unfinished. The opening classes in the college department were held in the new building and the high school classrooms were ready for use a short time later. Within another month it is expected that the building will be entirely completed.

The completion of this latest great undertaking affords convenience and ample space for an increased student body at Assumption. The number of students in the College Department already shows a marked increase over the attendance here in former years, and the pre-legal and pre-medical courses that have been inserted into the college curriculum are expected to draw more students in the future. The cafeteria, soon to be installed in the new building will be another convenience, especially for the day students, while the new library rooms, which are now being completed, will add still another feature to the building.



MORE IMPROVEMENTS NOTED HERE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

years ago, in order to make way for the new classroom building. The new alleys are larger and much more elaborate than the former ones.

The whole first floor of St. Michael's Hall, which previously had comprised the junior studyhall and the library, had been converted into a private room flat. St. Michael's Hall is now entirely a private room building.

More minor improvements were noticeable throughout the other buildings, all of which tend to bear out the fact that Assumption today is a realization of the greater Assumption prophesied in a Purple & White editorial a year ago.

(Continued from Column One)
ed like a man out of a job with winter coming on.

They were not there. We missed them, those boys of the old days, who stood out so prominently in College activities in the days of long ago. We were sorry they were not there. We would have enjoyed the presence of O'Keefe, Stopp, Simon Collins, Luby, Schwind, Comerford, Connors, Fuerth, O'Neill, Pete McDonald, Ed. Kinney and a host of others. They were not there. They have gone the way of eternity.



BRIDGE TO BORDER CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

tion work on the bridge. Great crowds from Windsor and every section of the Border Cities thronged to the college campus to witness the program. Prominent speakers were heard and at night a beautiful display of fireworks climaxed the celebration.

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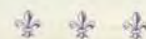
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LARGE TURNOUT MARKS REUNION

(Continued from Page 11, Col. 3)

McBrady's time was responded to by Joseph P. Maloney, manager of the Strand Hotel, Detroit. He spoke briefly of the spirit of loyalty that Assumption has instilled into her students, and maintained that "no one left its walls who has not felt in every breath its salutatory influence." Father McBrady, who was president here from 1901 until 1907, he described as a man who always proclaimed the motto of this institution—"teach me virtue, teach me discipline, teach me knowledge."

Rev. Dr. E. A. Hannick, Ph.D., professor at Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, responded to the toast to the Old Boys of Father Forster's time. The new era for Assumption, he said, had just started when he became president, and, as president, he reorganized the curriculum and brought the college up to the standard demanded of sectarian and non-sectarian institutions. In closing Father Hannick exhorted the alumni to make the new association and the pledges more than just the enthusiasm of an afternoon.

A Toast to the College

The toast to the College was proposed by Rev. Father P. J. O'Connell, pastor of the Church of St. Rose of Lima, Cleveland, Ohio. "May the spirit of Sandwich endure, may it grow, may it spread far and who, he said, "developed it from nothing." Speaking of the hardships of the early teachers and students, Father Cushing said

he thought they were valuable in the building up of character. They are being removed from the colleges of today, he stated, but he thought a substitute for them should be sought.

Father Forster Speaks

Father Forster, in remarks which preceded the conclusion of the night's program, told his hearers that in his time students worked because they were obliged to work, while now they work merely for a degree. He said he thought the former system was the better, because one who works by and for himself is bound to be a success.

At the conclusion of the program Father Dillon delivered an address in which he heartily thanked the alumni for their generous donation to the building fund. He pointed out that a heavy debt had been incurred by the construction of the \$300,000 classroom building this year, and that this obligation was reduced materially by the response of the alumni.



A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

utter an earnest prayer to God for perseverance and hope to reach the goal. Say it not in exotic expressions but in the simple language of the poet:

*Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind.
But leave—oh! leave the light of hope behind.*

PAPAL DELEGATE

VISITS ASSUMPTION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

the chapel where the bishop gave a short address impressing on the students the high office that the papal delegate held, and assuring His Excellency of the gratitude of the students for honoring them on that occasion. The delegate then arose and addressed the students himself, commenting on the value of a Catholic education such as was being meted out to them at Assumption. Immediately following his address he conferred the papal blessing upon all those present.

Before leaving, the bishop made a startling announcement to the effect that the students would enjoy two holidays in the near future, one at his request and one at the request of His Excellency Archbishop Cassulo.



FATHER ABOULIN CELEBRATES

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

the next Mass. Each week he takes Holy Communion to at least three sick people.

Father Aboulin was born at St. Alban in Montreal on March 19, 1841. He went to Basilian Novitiate Sept. 28, 1861 and was ordained priest by Bishop de Charbonnel at Annonay Sept. 21, 1867. During his sixty years as a priest he has labored at Louisville, Ohio, Assumption Church, Sandwich, the Basilian Novitiate and for the past twenty years he has been stationed at St. Anne's.

God alone knows the amount of good this simple and zealous priest has accomplished. He will always be remembered by the American people as the originator of the idea of erecting a National Shrine in the honor of Mary Immaculate the Patroness of the United States, in the capital of the nation.

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OUR BARBER SEZ:

About fifty thousand Dempsey backers, who attended the Dempsey-Tunney affair at Chicago, claimed they could not tell one contestant from the other. Even those who held ring-side seats were out of vision, they claimed. Nevertheless those same fifty thousand claimed that Tunney had a dazed look when the referee counted seven.

Ribbs Ameling, president of the Foreign Mission Society, tells us that quite a few boys backed Pittsburgh in the World Series. Ribbs claims that these world affairs play havoc with the Mission coffers.

Mr. Doyle McLaughlin from Wyandotte, Mich., is back. Red claims that he came near taking up a profession. A vaudeville professor saw Red on the street one day and was impressed by him. He immediately offered our Red a year's contract with a substantial salary. The professor told him that his assistant had quit and the job was open to him. Red performed the first night and quit. He claimed that the professor was continually tickling his back and bothered him during the performance. "Red" however has no hard feelings against the prof. He had a good act and he sure was a clever ventriloquist.



A Hebrew storekeeper had just decorated his shop window with a gorgeous new blind.

"Nice blind you've got there, Isaac," said a neighbor, "How much did it cost you?"

"It didn't cost me anything, Aaron. My customers paid for it. I put a leetle box on my counter, "For the Blind," and they paid for it."

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocery boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test.

"Well, my boy, what would you do if you had a million dollars?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, gee, I don't know, I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

"Are you a plumber?"
 "Yes, mum."
 "Well, be careful about your work; all my floors are highly polished and in excellent condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me, mum, I won't slip. I've got nails in me boots,"

"What are you children doing?" asked a nurse.

"We're playing church," replied Jack.
 "But you shouldn't whisper in Church", admonished the nurse.

"Oh, we belong to the choir."

The car was crowded and the conductor was not in very good humor.

"Where's the fare for the boy?" he demanded.

"Vy, dot boy is three years old yet," answered Cohen.

"Three years nothing," snapped the conductor, "he's at least seven. Look at his face."

"Vell," said Cohen, "can I help it if he worries?"

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VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, NOVEMBER 1, 1927

No. 2

ASSUMPTION WINS

Father Hackett, Alumni President, Visits Assumption

MANY NOTED OLD BOYS ARE SEEN DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS

Since our last publication Assumption has been honored by a visit from the alumni association president, Rev. John R. Hackett. Fr. Hackett spent a pleasant evening with us and the striking committee convinced him that it would be to the best interests of all concerned to enjoy a holiday in honor of so distinguished a guest. The holiday was granted and will take place at some future date. A number of other prominent old boys have visited us since our last publication. We were glad to see: Rt. Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp; Very Rev. F. X. Laurendeau; Rev. F. Skryzcki, Ph.D.; Rev. J. V. Coyle; Rev. F. McQuillan; Rev. J. J. McCabe; Rev. E. Taylor; Very Rev. W. Marron; Rev. D. Hayes, Ph.D.; Rev. E. Hannick, Ph.D.; Rev. W. G. Rogers and Rev. E. DePuydt.



Canadian Thanksgiving, Nov. 7th, is Holiday

CANADIAN STUDENTS GET HOME FROM SATURDAY UNTIL MONDAY EVE

An announcement made by the striking committee a short time ago gives us the information that Canadian Thanksgiving, which falls on Monday, November 7th, will be a holiday here. As has been customary for the past few years, all Canadian students desiring to go home may do so. For them, the Thanksgiving vacation will begin on Saturday morning, November 5th, and will end on the following Monday evening. Permission for American students is reserved until American Thanksgiving later in the month.

OFFENSIVE DRIVE OF LOCALS IN FINAL HALF NETS VICTORY OVER HIGHLAND PARK.

McFARLANE CROSSES VISITORS' LINE TWICE; PURPLE DISPLAYS POWERFUL AERIAL ATTACK.

Last Friday afternoon the Assumption Varsity gridders met Highland Park Junior College on the home gridiron in what proved to be the local's first win of the season. After battling on even terms with the Greenshirts for the first half of the fray, Father O'Loane's proteges displayed an offensive drive in the second canto that swept the Highlanders off their feet and sent them home smarting under a 20-6 trimming.

On the first play of the game Armstrong skirted the visitors' end with perfect interference for a gain of twenty yards. This determined march down the field was continued but the Purple gridders soon lost their scoring chances by a fumble. More costly mishaps of this nature followed that put the visitors in a position to score. They obtained their objective by an end run and a trick play, but failed to convert. The Varsity gridders came right back with a powerful offensive attack. McErlane and Armstrong skirted the ends for long gains, and two passes, McErlane to Irv Murphy, put the ball near the cherished line. A line plunge by Kramer tied the score but he failed to convert. The half ended with both teams battling on even terms, 6-6.

The second half was an entirely different story. Right from the opening whistle, the locals showed a more powerful offensive drive than they had heretofore displayed. McErlane and Armstrong continued their beautiful end work as the Assumption interference mowed down would-be tacklers. Kramer's plunges netted more yardage, and Higgins bested the opposing kicker at every stage. His returns of enemy punts netted from twenty to forty yards. Assumption's aerial attack seemed to be functioning better than ever during this period with Irv Murphy in the limelight on the receiving end. All of these factors combined to place the oval in scoring position two more times before the final whistle. McErlane plunged through the line for both scores. On the line the work of Dettman, Stone and Merv Murphy was outstanding.

Blessed Virgin Sodality Resumes Regular Meetings

REV. E. J. TIGHE IS MODERATOR; J. E. GOODWIN ELECTED PREFECT

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the oldest religious organization of the college, has again organized and regular meetings are being held each Sunday. Father E. J. Tighe, C.S.B., is moderator of the Sodality. He is assisted by the following officers who were elected to the various offices at the first regular meeting: J. E. Goodwin, prefect; E. Pokriefka, first assistant; J. Sheehy, second assistant; D. Mousseau, secretary; R. Donovan, first councillor; J. Sheehy second councillor; Ed. Stone, third councillor, and F. Potucek, fourth councillor.

Quite a number of last year's members did not return to College this fall and Father Tighe is looking forward to an increased enrollment after the annual reception on December 8th.



College Barn Destroyed by Fire

BLAZE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN BURNS FARM STRUCTURE TO THE GROUND

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the large barn on the college farm a few days ago. When the chapel bell rang at six-thirty nothing but a smouldering mass of burnt timbers could be seen from the campus.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is surmised that some stranger, hard pressed for shelter, spent the night under the protection of the barn and accidentally started the conflagration. The building was partially covered by insurance.

Old Boys' Page

Rev. N. O'Conner, C. S. P. Passes During Summer

Rev. Norman O'Conner, C.S.P., who died during the summer vacation, attended Assumption seven years, 1907-14. During that time he distinguished himself in his studies and in Oratory. He was a member of the college staff for two years. Father O'Conner spent the greater part of his time as a Paulist at the missions. He was stricken while preaching in Chicago.

A Plea for Help

The success of this page depends chiefly on the assistance we receive from the Old Boys. You only can make it interesting to those who were here during your time. The Purple and White staff cannot recall those cherished old days which you look back on with so much delight. You captains of old football and baseball teams, write us an article on your team. You presidents of Rhetoric Classes, give us an account of the members of your class, all you loyal Alumni send us an account of some of those activities, which stand out so vividly in your memories.

Write and tell us how you enjoyed the reunion. Give us some comments which you made after it was all over. It remains with the Old Boys to help us make this page what it ought to be and what we want it to be this year.

Rev. Father A. Hafner and Mr. Dick Kent were numbered among those present at the Assumption—St. Joe game on Friday, Oct. 21.

Purple and White announces the birth of a son to V. W. Dussia of Monroe, Mich. Mr. Dussia attended Assumption from 1915-19.

Monsignor P. R. Dunningan of Flint, Mich., is at present visiting Paris with the American Legion.

Purple and White extends sincerest sympathy to the family and friends of Mr. Theo. J. Carron, one of our old boys, who passed away recently. Mr. J. Carron attended Assumption from 1876-1880.

Dr. F. M. Grogan and wife of Missouri visited the college on Oct. 21. Dr. Grogan spent three years at Assumption, 1915-18.

ASSUMPTION'S FIRST ROOMERS



What a galaxy of celebrities! These were the noblest roomers of them all. From their time dates the history of what is now known as the philosophers' flat. This picture of the "discipuli togati" is a flash-light taken back in 1914 by Bill Kolb of Chelsia at 12:30 A.M. in a room occupied by Sylvester Christie and Al Vernier. Father Burns and Mr. (Rev.) Martin Bench, who were then in charge of discipline, proved so true to their charge that they were not invited to be present.

The faces and figures before you have undergone great change. Some are nearly as portly as George Weiler, who is balancing one end of the picture. Others are all face from chin to cowlick. Good old Ed. Carey, the genial and generous friend of all, "who laughed and all the world laughed with him", whose faith and good works were "bells of sweet accord", died in 1921 on the eve of his ordination. Roy Petripren is doing missionary work somewhere in Korea. Elden Hughes has joined the ranks of the benedicts, and though not so merry and free, is happily settled in Fremont, Ohio and is one of the notables in the Modern Construction Company. Sterling Parks, who afterwards attended U. of M., is practising dentistry in Cleveland, Ohio. Obe O'Brien, top hat exponent and card shark, though laden with family responsibilities, has not lost his scintillating personality and has successfully undertaken many profitable business enterprises in Chatham, Ont. Joe Gallagher, a charter member of the "Coke Gang", whose nationality was always a source of altercation, has married and is one of the most promising young lawyers in Cleveland. Ted Collins of Woodstock,

Ont., whose taste for decoration has been unparalleled, is associated with one of the largest woolen manufactories in the Dominion. Phil Ryan, who was very sceptical of Father Collin's stories of Indian life and the bosom friend of Father Thos. Roach, together with Russell Pipp, whose three B. pipe was smoked by every boy in the College, are doing their bit for the state of Michigan. Tom Vahey is now a priest and one of the professors in the classical department at Assumption. Larry Ahern of Akron is ordained and a very valuable member of the Cleveland Diocese. Syl Christie, who won a library of prizes, and Al Vernier of pugilistic and football fame are very prosperous gentlemen judging from their appearance and chatter at the reunion. Jimmie Burns, one of Assumption's most colorful products, has been state representative, lawyer and what-not in the city of Detroit. Tom Moran is a priest in the London Diocese and visited all the boys of the reunion. Max Kelly, brother of the one and only "Chick", is engaged in business in his native town. Barney Geller, big but solid,—that deluge of wit and humour,—is an assistant at St. Elizabeth's Church in Detroit. Ray Durocher, the famous adventurer and excuse inventor, is a business man in Detroit, Mich. Frank Housman has charge of a store in Monroe, Mich. Poor Tom Kelly, a member of the "army," died in California. Louie Koenig, an outstanding officer in the same organization, is still capturing friends with his beguiling smile. Jig Dwyer, who is playing the horn, will be remembered as one of the "rectores

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

As The Editor Sees It -



November 1st, 1927,—and Assumption is still on the map; although the alumnus of a few years ago and the student of last year have to rub their eyes and look again to really associate the Assumption of today with the Assumption that they knew last year or a few years ago.

Why the sudden change? You just have to cast your peepers toward Patricia Road and you have the answer—the new classroom building. It certainly is a marvel and a boon to the genius who drew so artistically that combination of Gothic lines.

\$300,000 is not a small sum but Assumption received her money's worth when this amount was invested in the new building. It remains with the student body to keep this new sanctom of learning from any marring or destroying hand. When next June rolls around every classroom and every hall should glisten just as brilliantly with the new splendour that they possess today. Make it your duty to have them so.

The open lobby on the main floor is probably the most striking feature of the new structure. Due to the many details relative to its construction it is as yet unfinished. When the final finishing touch has been added, this part of the building will be the embodiment of perfected modern architecture.

The tower with the new illuminating system is a spectre of beauty at night and can be seen from any point this side of Ouellette Avenue. It is also discernible from many parts of west-side Detroit.

The new handball alleys might be termed the "little brother" of the classroom building. They resemble it in design and are situated in the shadow of its towers. The day scholars particularly find the new alleys to their liking and have already christened them with many hard-fought games.

The broad expanse of open ground that surrounds the new building will be o'er-topped by a downy cushion of bright green grass before the coming spring is far advanced. The best and most expensive kind of sod is now being laid over the wastes of sand and clay and if you students are kind enough to give the poor grass a chance a velvety green carpet will give the classroom building a perfect setting next spring. That's why it would be a good idea to make the password for the winter months:

Please keep off the grass!

Echoes of the Reunion

Man proposes, but we cannot break contracts. My absence from Old Boys' gathering is a most bitter disappointment to me, but we can't keep our cake and eat it. A stick in time is worth two in the bush. I would love to be there with the old boys, because I know they would love to have a young fellow in their party. I am still a young and husky stripling and would love to be there to help wheel the old birds around. Extend my fondest love and handshake to beloved classmates of '96, the greatest class that ever strolled through the little yard to the Jakes. My thought and my heart are with you through these happy hours and may the good Lord bless and keep you all ad multos annos sic vivitur.

FRANK MCINTYRE.



Please accept my best wishes for success of the Old Boys' reunion. Tell them that business obligations make it impossible for me to be with them, much as I would like to. I am with you in spirit and mentally review the many happy days spent in dear Old Assumption.

Will visit Assumption at my first opportunity and renew old haunts.

Kindest regards to all Old Boys.

JOSEPH L. BRIGHTON.



WRITTEN IN 1893 BY J. J. C.

"If poor old Sisyphus were wise,
Condemned to fate so stony,
He'd do like me and stop his sighs
By buying himself a pony.
For I have ridden this old mare,
Through Græco-Trojan races.
Egad; she never turned a hair
Nor slackened up her traces.



LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

A College minstrel show is slated for the end of November. We need your help and co-operation. Can you dance, sing or act? If so, get in touch with Mike Doyle at an early date. This show is going to be the first annual minstrel show of Assumption College. It is being presented through the directorship of Fr. T. J. Vahey, head of dramatics, and sponsored by the Rhetoric Class of 1928. We expect to have dancing coons, lovely ballad singers, a melodious chorus of students and mirthful end-men of pep and fun. So make way for this coming attraction.



Save your copies of Purple & White and get them bound at the end of the year.



By FRANK O'HARE

The Western "U" Gazette in deference to tradition dedicates the first issue to the freshmen. Tradition also demands that a few words of encouragement and advice appear in the editorial column for the benefit of those who are attending that University for the first time. The articles tell the first year man just what he must expect from the college, and just what he must give. A tradition is certainly to be commended which tends to make life more livable for the freshmen.

The St. Joseph's Collegian, published by the students of St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind., might without fear of exaggeration be termed an embodiment of lofty thought garbed in the choicest of diction. In a more mundane mood, the Collegian sums up the attitude of the mass of magazine readers in the happy query: "Why don't the editors take out most of this advertising and give us more interesting articles?" (This after the reader thumbs over some thirty or forty pages of advertising to pick up the thread of a gripping story.) The question is answered thus: "An advertiser is a species of 'fairy godmother to the reader—without advertising the price of practically all magazines would be prohibitive to the reader."

Up to date the following exchanges are gratefully acknowledged: The Detroit Collegian, College of the City of Detroit; Ohio State Lantern, Ohio State University; The Cub, University of Detroit High School; The Loyalan, published by the students of Loyola College, Los Angeles, Calif.; The Watch Tower, Marygrove College, Detroit.



(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

morum" in the yard. Sheehy is still in Yale and was one of the happy gathering last August. Lol Worden, the sidekick of Jimmie Burns and Christie Mathers, and one of the leaders of the Alababies, is helping the railroads succeed in St. Thomas. Most of the boys were at the reunion and their success has made Assumption proud of them. They were by no means unwilling to break a rule but, when they did, they were clever enough to get clear of those in charge of discipline,—even though Tom (Rev.) Currier, Harry (Rev.) Chisholm and Alex O'Neil were hard to beat. They can all be accounted for either in Church or State and if subsequent members of the old flat prove as successful, Assumption will ever continue to have no cause to regret her system of educational training, that makes the mischievous and unthinking boys of today the responsible and sensible men of tomorrow.

PURPLE & WHITE

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A Commentary On Day Dreams

The twentieth century rises, majestic in the possession of the cumulative knowledge of ages, and pronounces an anathema on day dreams! It tells us, through erudite mouthpieces, that reverie is the "wrench in the wheels of progress," and that the lad who gazes into space with abstract intensity while a prolix pedagogue exudes information, will in the future, scratch the bosom of Mother Earth with a pick and shovel. Further the "Century of Science" deems it incomprehensible that anyone could be so indifferent to the wonders of our material world as to forsake it for a realm of fancy. To explain this inability to understand the peculiar fetish which reverie holds, there is unrolled before our eyes a gorgeous tapestry, upon which life, heretofore shrouded in the veil of a prehistoric age, unfolds itself to a necromancy of anthology—the Troy of which Homer sang throbs with life for the student of history, vast glacial drifts again sweep over the earth for the geologist, Science reduces our globe to the size of a baseball and compasses it in a sixth of a second with a magic ray—all this does the tapestry disclose. Could the kaleidoscope of Time cast these visions before our eyes today were it not for the fact that in the past men dreamed, and as nearly as was in their power, achieved the realization of their dreams?

To be specific Michael Faraday was once idly wondering what would happen if a copper disc were suspended between the poles of a magnet. The result was the dynamo. If Faraday had not dreamed there would be no factory production on a vast scale. Conveniences of modern life,

(Continued on Column 3)

Modern Tendencies

"The modern world will accept no dogma on any authority but will accept any dogma on no authority," says a prominent English thinker. That this statement contains more truth than fiction, becomes evident if we investigate the trend of our age. We behold many men, who spur the dogmas of Christianity, accepting the opinion of pseudo-Scientists and would-be philosophers as scientific facts. Now, whereas the dogmas of religion are often beyond the proof or disproof of reason and are accepted on the sole authority of an infallible church, the commonly accepted modern doctrines, when they are not obviously false, can neither be proven by reason nor supported by authority.

To consider more than a few of the current erroneous dogmas would be a herculean task; for their name is legion. However, we know a wide class of men who furiously deny the historical facts in the New Testament; yet they accept, as gospel-truth, the story of primeval man or of the anthropoid apes, which some ingenious novelist or amateur scientist reveals in sensational periodicals. Perhaps the most popular false hypothesis of all and that which gains the widest credence is: that no great scientist can harmonize the conclusions of science with his Catholic faith. Men like Pasteur, Mendel and Wasmann are quietly overlooked because they were famous scientists and lustrous sons of the Catholic Church. Again, too many moderns are prone to believe that the Faith shackles the mind and limits knowledge. They fail to realize that on the contrary, faith extends to the horizon of knowable truth; for it reveals to us the purpose of all things and man's destiny, which otherwise remains an inexorable conundrum to the Sceptic and Agnostic.

That these and innumerable other fallacious theories are rife today needs no proof; so their causes will be briefly treated. In the history of Christianity and Free Thought, we meet with individuals and groups of men who have decided to weather life's turbulent voyage without the aid of divine revelation. While proclaiming reasons and private judgment as their gods they often acted in an unreasonable and absurd manner. As they blatantly declared their freedom from restraint, they became victims of their own prejudices and infirmities. The infallible beacon of Catholic truth was replaced by deceptive mirages which they, with groping men, blindly followed. Is it quite astonishing then that modern sceptics who have excluded "the Truth, the Light and the Way" should struggle in darkness and be cast about on every sea of doctrine?



Watch for the new Assumption Pins. They will soon be out.

(Continued from Column 1)

which we accept as inevitable, would not exist and there would be no great god of power for "modern pagans" to worship. Some may object that Faraday pondered an objective reality, as distinct from the fancies of day dreams. In whatever day dream, to whatever extent identified with itself, there enters an objective element which man's ingenuity may bring into material being. Of course every reverie does not embody an idea worthy of realization nor does every "dreamer" who has a worthy idea put it into material form. The fault lies not so much in the reverie as in the man's lack of ability and resource. So, that lad may perform prodigies in the future, who now is so blissfully unaware of the biology class at which he is present; but the law of averages says that the chances are a hundred to one that he will not.



TIME

Oh, time, you are a cruel tyrant! Why do your short hours glide so swiftly by and find me with those tasks still undone? You certainly are not a crafty villain of procrastination! For while my head is still swimming in the sea of fantasies and my imagination is reveling amid glorious deeds that I want to do in that ever far-off future, I hear your ironical laugh and see you with light feet pass quickly into the irrevocable past. You seem to be no more than a voice that passes in the night. You are like to an enrapturing spirit after which we all seek and when we think we have you we find you are a dispersing vapour; and our eagerly grasping hands instead of possessing you find that already they have clutched their own coffin.

What! is life so short that we spend most of it looking for time? Does the tide of life rush us along so soon to its goal—death? Are those glittering bubbles of pleasures which our bodies crave so few in a lifetime? No wonder my inner self cries out for me to do something worth while. It quotes those lines of the poet which are saturated with so much meaning.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal.

Dust thou art, to dust returnest,

Was not spoken of the soul.

It warns me not to plan on doing stupendous deeds in this life. Perform the ordinary actions that your state of life requires. You have your mission to accomplish in life and let not Death overtake you and find that it is undone. It is such a task to live that it takes more than human strength to live well. Live not for yourself. Carry out the commands that come from the "Giver of life." Purify your intentions. And "It will be well with thee" if you are able to trudge onward your intentions. And trudge onward along the path of life singing within your heart, buoyant in the conviction that the time allotted you here is not time wasted or time spent in vain.



WITH THE CLASSES



The percentage of Murphys in the philosophy class is still high, although they lost a valuable member of their group in the graduation last spring.

III Arts, though they do not say much of their numbers, hold their heads high when the question of quality is introduced. They have just enough men for a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and one man to criticize the officials.

For the first few days Bradley's appearance at our classic halls was considered purely tentative, but the other day little Charlie tripped in with his big portfolio, tacitly expressing his intent to renew again his mental vigor with another little 'hooker' from the Pierian fount.

"There is but one man in the world, one horse, one apple, etc.," quoth Fr. Bart in Philosophy class. With a mournful sigh, "Poke" slumped lugubriously in his seat. Now why these words should bring about such despondency is not clearly understood, but it has been attributed to the fact that while not exactly a gourmand, "Poke" would very much dislike to see one pot of coffee, one potato, and one pie, make the rounds of the refectory.

In I Arts the opening of a new year found seven members of last year's IV High back, three members of IV High in 1926, and many new students, all of whom have given their promise to make the Freshman Class famous during the school year in the classroom and on the campus.

The Premiere Mathematic Class in I Arts found Fr. Guinan still calling for aid from Mr. Beniteau (Mussolini), the fountain of knowledge.

Ed. Stone was very enthusiastic on seeing the new seats in I Arts. He was heard to say he would be able to sleep in comfort during the coming year.

Father Burns told I Arts in an English class that they, in order to enjoy Spencer's "Fære Queene", would have to imagine themselves as little children. Some of the younger members felt flattered.

We wonder if Father McGee has convinced Goodwin that the Jews gave up their bracelets and rings to make the golden calf mentioned in the Bible.

Change of classes means nothing to Beausoliel. He still hands the teachers the excuses he used last year.

Now we know Dick Donovan is French. This he proved by his wonderful recitation in French the other day.

Rhetoric Roll Call

Having forwarded the minutes concerning the election we will call the roll.

"Beahan," (no response). Well, Skipper has taken his oars to the U. of D. and will splash around in the Pre-Dents.

"Bradley,"—"Here." Glad to see you Chuck. Same old tricks, we suppose, of not enough time to complete the homework. Remember Fr. Howard's advice.

"Byrne" — (no response) — What? Shakespeare is out west in a seminary? Well, good luck, Shakey; remember us when in the East.

"Clancy,"—(no response). Speak a little louder. Clancy, a Commercial traveller? Well, well. So Al is out to see the world. Success Al.

"Doyle"—"President" (present). Congratulations, Mike; we are glad to have a good successor to the Skipper.

"Drew,"—Here; Welcome, prize winner. Keep up the good work this year, Dan.

"Inwood,"—(no response). Gone but not forgotten; What these women won't do!

"Keith,"—(no response). The little boy is back in the Lone Star State this year; we miss his cheery smile and southern twang.

"Lyons,"—(no response)—What is that? Johnny still working for a paper? Houston Post Dispatch? Well, Johnny can look back to his start at Assumption.

"McCann,"—(no response). Where is he? In the Novitiate at Toronto. Fine, Mike. More power to you. We will be glad to see you.

"Nelson,"—"Heah"; How, Jack! What is the good word? Oh, Rhetoric wants all the Mission fees of the class to present to Fr. Pickett. Fine idea!

"O'Hara,"—"present." Back for some more sleep, Frank, or have you a watch this year? Plug hard, boy.

"Pokriefka,"—"right here"; Old "Polk" himself is back again as the ancient landmark. He says that he has all the afternoon to sleep and look after the "gym".



COMMERCIAL COMMENTS

The Commercial Class students think that their room is the finest one in the new building. This question may be debated but we would not like to settle all questions.

Some of the juniors in commercial are showing some great skill in typewriting (with two fingers).

Col. Kelly, famed vocalist is now a Commercialite. In catechism his convictions are easily swayed by Fr. Nicholson.

Jack Mather the other day in Pre-Med, drew a good picture of a cat for the Ulothrex (a plant).

The Pre-Meds wish to announce that they will operate on the sick students in the future.

We would like to know from the Pre-Meds why Doctor Ouellette has a private classroom for Botany.



FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

4th high has a future Bobby Jones in little Jimmie Cooney. Last summer Jim shot a 389, par 360, on the Adrian golf course. This youth certainly is pushing ahead in the manly game of golf.

Francis "Pickles" Hines of 4th year was elected captain of the High School football team. "Pickles" also works in the candy pond. There is room for conjecture here.

Bill Predhomme is following fast in the tracks of his cousin. Four times late in three days is an excellent start.

Social note: "Scotty" La Pointe strenuously denies any report of his engagement with a certain Miss Maggie Remus.

Sloan, noted citizen of Jackson, Mich., states he calls her Aimee because she is so Simple minded.

3B is quite an athletic class where football is concerned. Among its distinguished members are: Dark and Zade, aspirants to the Hi squad, Sloan, Jones and Woods, deep-chested Warriors, Foley and Jeanette, the inseparable day-scholars, and a number of other luminaries too numerous to mention.

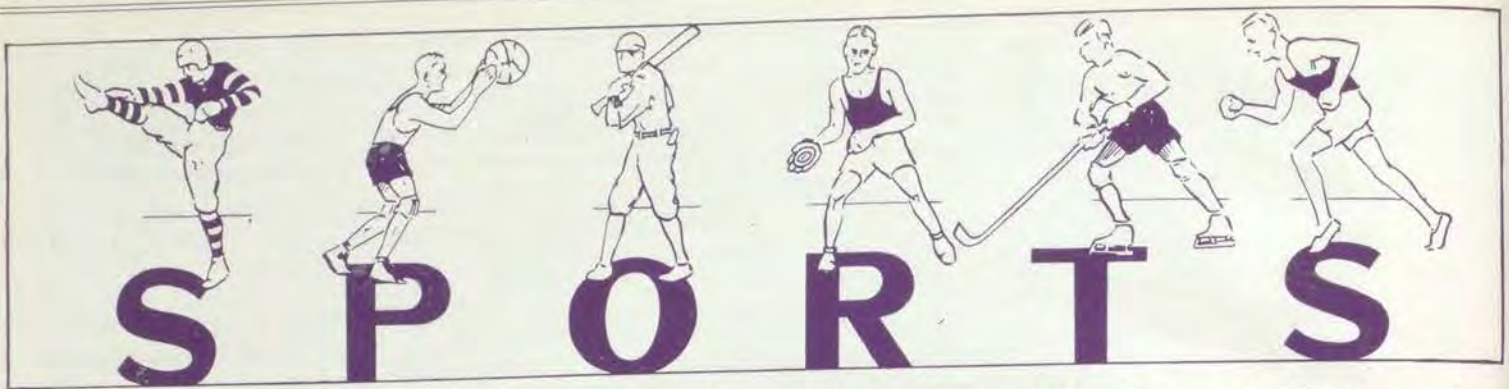
Rumours to the effect that the "Lucky Strike" manufacturers have approached "Brute" Woods, have been going the rounds. "Brute" is quite an authority on deep voices.

Red Trenor of 3B thinks that a protractor is a tractor that goes forward and a contractor is one that goes backwards.

Fr. Nick adds insult to injury. As he hit a chap in the hall the other day, he was heard to say "I hope you don't feel hurt."

"Mose Taylor" says that a cuspidor is a man who "cusses."

8th grade extends best wishes to Mallon Walsh and Joe Healy, two of its members, who are just recuperating from serious illness.



Varsity Loses to Michigan State Normal, 26-7

PURPLE AND WHITE "11", GREATLY OUTWEIGHED, CROSSES VISITORS' GOAL IN LAST QUARTER

On Saturday, October 15th, the highly-touted Michigan State Normal Eleven of Ypsilanti lined up against our Varsity gridlers on the college gridiron. Or we might say that the Ypsi. Heavyweights lined up against the Assumption Lightweights. Assumption was outweighed considerably, but never for an instant did the Purple crew lose the determined fighting spirit with which they started the game. They kept on struggling against the odds until in the final quarter they merged forth and outplayed their rivals to register a touchdown and save themselves from a whitewash. The final score was 26-7.

The Varsity Squad certainly deserves commendation on the fine showing against this aggregation, which is one of the strongest and greatest Ypsi has turned out in years. Fighting against such overwhelming odds the A.C. boys led by their captain, "Dutch" Kramer, played a wonderful game throughout the entire melee.

The fracas opened with Dettman kicking to Stites who returned 20 yds. On the first play Morrow circled left end for 45 yds. A few more gains and then Gunnerson making a wide end run, planted the oval on the cherished ground behind the last white line. Heitsch added the extra point.

A series of punts now followed with the Green and Gold boys having a little the better of the argument. After working their way down the field the Ypsi heaver, Heitsch, threw a beautiful pass to Muellich who snagged the pigskin and fell across the line for the Green and Gold's second touchdown. Merv Murphy blocked the kick for the extra point.

In the second quarter the Purple crew put up some stiff opposition and the Normal squad failed to register. This round of play was marked by a punt by Higgins which travelled 70 yds., but Stites scooped it up behind the goal line and brought it out to the 22 yd. line.

The third quarter was another scoring round for the Teachers. By long passes and line-smashing Ypsi came to within

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

Warriors Lose Round to Windsor Collegiate in Replay for Local Championship

SCRAPPY PURPLE OUTFIT TASTES DEFEAT AT WIGLE PARK BY LONE POINT, 10-9; LEADS RIVALS UNTIL LAST MINUTE OF PLAY

That the Warriors are a fighting aggregation they proved beyond a doubt to every spectator at Wigle Park the afternoon of October 18th last. This was the place and time of the replay game with Windsor Collegiate for the local championship to enter the W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals.



CAPT. STAN LONG

Although the "Assumption Kids" saw their hopes glimmer and die in the closing minutes of play when their lead was lost, they left the field convinced that Dame Fortune had not smiled on the deserving team. For their Red and White hosts had conquered by the closest of margins. The final count was 10-9.

Outweighed but not outplayed, at times driven into their own territory by sheer force of weight, but never outsmarted, Father Burke's hard-hitting Juniors fought desperately to maintain their lead established early in the fray. The first half was marked by long-gaining line plunges on the Purple team's part. Windsor's few gains were made in open field work and end runs.

The first point was scored by Assumption when Hickey of Windsor was nailed behind his own goal line. Another rouge soon netted Assumption another point. A long gain on a fumbled ball brought Windsor up near the Assumption line. Unable to make their yards, Windsor kicked. Quatermain down Buckle for a rouge, putting the score 2-1 for Assumption. Assumption added still another point before the quarter ended, bringing the score to 3-1 in their favor.

The Red and White team had good wind to their backs for the third quarter. Aided by this they put over some long punts. They failed to make a touchdown by only a close margin. They did succeed in putting over another rouge however. The half ended with Assumption in the lead by a score of 3-2.

Assumption Scores

Armstrong of Assumption, began the other rouge. Windsor was forced back to the five yard line, and lost the ball. Armstrong made a line plunge and put the oval behind the Windsor line. This marked the end of Assumption scoring.

By a series of line plunges the Red and White team managed to put the oval behind the Warrior goal line, and two rouges in the closing minutes tied the score at nine all.

With ten seconds to play Clements was again able to boost the ball behind the rival goal line. Joe Sullivan of Assumption received the ball and ran it out to about a foot outside his own line. Hubble of Windsor met him and tackled him so hard that Sullivan was downed within his own goal. The game ended with Windsor one point to the good.

The score gives mute testimony to the too-well-known fact that the Warriors were defeated. But their defeat was a glorious one. Never before have we seen a band of players instilled with such a lasting fighting spirit as this Assumption team displayed on that memorable field. They plunged, they tackled and they fought with a persistency that carried the game to their opponents at all stages of the fray, and, though conquered, they returned home convinced of the fact that they had given their best. But the goddess of Luck and Dame Fortune had conspired that it should not be quite good enough for a victory on this day. The line-up:

ASSUMPTION	WINDSOR
Gorman	L.O.....C. Quart'main
Pillon	L.M.....Hubble
Prokoff	L.I.....Mandlebaum
Citell	C.....Downs
Ray	R.I.....Allen
Hardmann	R.M....(Capt.) Pat'son
Barnard	R.O.....L. Quatermain
Long (Capt.)	F.W.....Hickey
Sullivan	R.H.....Montgomery
Buckle	L.H.....Dunn
Armstrong	F.B.....Clemens
Laing, Dillon	
Kavanaugh, Gleason.	

Cass Tech Bows to Assumption High 14-12

ST. JOSEPH'S BREAKS PURPLE TEAM'S THREE-YEAR WIN STREAK BY 19-12 UPSET

The local fans surely got their fill of excitement on October 14th when they witnessed the most exciting game played at Assumption this year. The final score read 14-12 in favor of the High School eleven which scored a touchdown just before the final whistle blew sending the strong Cass Tech High team back to Detroit conquered.

In the first quarter Rocco kicked off to Detroit's 30 yard line, where Assumption held and then blocked a punt. Here the purple gridders fumbled and were forced to kick. Cass then completed a pretty forward pass for a 20 yard gain; and when Rocco smeared a trick line play they heaved another forward which ended in a 40 yard gain and a touchdown. The try for the convert failed, and the quarter ended with the score 6-0 for Cass Tech.

In the second quarter Guina livened things with a smart bit of open field running returning one punt 30 yards and another one 25 yards. Taylor heaved three completed forward passes in this quarter. The first went to Skrzycki for a 12 yard gain, the second one went for only a one yard gain, while a third went 30 yards over the scrimmage line and ended in a touchdown for Assumption, Taylor drop-kicked the extra point. The half ended without any more scoring, the ball being in Cass Tech possession on their own 12 yard line.

Score at half time, A. C. 7—Cass Tech 6.

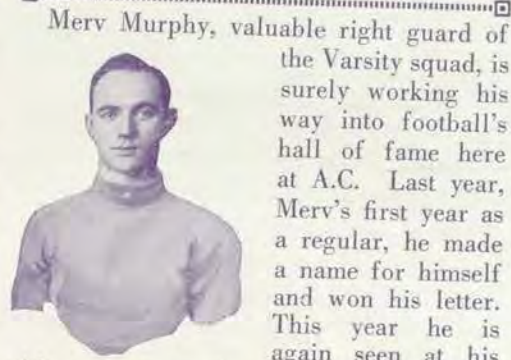
In the third quarter the purple gridders were forced to play a defensive game while Cass completed three passes for a total gain of 48 yards. Both teams played loose football this period and the ball was fumbled three times, all at critical moments in the game.

Cass threatened to score once in this period, when they advanced the ball within 10 yards of the goal, but the stalwart purple line held and Guina punted out of danger. All the excitement came in the last quarter. On three successive plays Staffan broke through the Cass line and nailed the ball carrier for losses. These tackles were the result of hard drives and on one of them Jack grabbed the halfback by the toes and threw him for a seven yard loss. Cass then completed a pass for 15 yards again. Their next attempt landed in Skrzycki's hands, and Assumption had the ball in mid-field, with only two minutes and a half to play. On the next play an Assumption half fumbled and the ball was scooped up by a Cass player who raced over the line for a touchdown. Cass again failed to convert leaving the score 12-7 in their favor and now only two minutes and twenty seconds of playing time left.

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 2)

FOURTH DOWN

By Frank Walsh



Merv Murphy, valuable right guard of the Varsity squad, is surely working his way into football's hall of fame here at A.C. Last year, Merv's first year as a regular, he made a name for himself and won his letter. This year he is again seen at his old position performing in spectacular style.

Mr. Ray MacCormack, coach of the Athenian Juniors, whom it is rumored has his letter in football from the University of Aberdeen, maintains that the next time his team meets Jim Murphy's Dorians they will again hand Jim's team a beating as they have in the past. Mac says he has several Scotch plays in his repertoire which he will spring. Murphy thinks that judging from the University from which he came, this must be the "hidden ball play." And Murphy refuses to lend Mac his football for practice.

When Cass Tech of Detroit played the Hi team here they brought along their little cheer leader "Miss Cassie Tech" to direct their followers in losing their voices. Jack Nelson, head cheer leader, was directing the A. C. rooters and everything went along nicely until half time. What took place then was a series of bows, salutes, smiles and more bows between the two cheer leaders. Then they exchanged posts each directing each others rooters. What a fatal result followed. Miss Cassie Tech is still trying to untie the knots in her vocal chords, while Mr. Jack is still taking "tonsiline."

Frank and Joe Flood are playing with the Minim football team this year. In rainy weather the two Floods go in the backfield.

It happens in the best of regulated football families. It had to come sooner or later. Even great teams like Notre Dame, U. of M., Yale and others lose one now and then, and so too with our High eleven. After playing for two years straight, meeting the strongest opponents from Michigan and Ohio without a defeat they lost to St. Joe's of Detroit. Perhaps the team will feel better now, for often when winning so many, a team begins working under a severe strain. Well, boys, you can start all over.

Word comes from the Coach of the Tai-Kuns that he has a very worthy manager in Mr. Ed. Goodwin. He also states that the manager lent wonderful aid to the team in its opening game when at half time he distributed gum to all the players.

Tai Kuns Are Strong and Fast Aggregation

WIN OPENING GAME 6-0

Father Bondy, coach of the Tai Kuns, anticipates a great season for his team on the grid-iron, and he has every reason to expect this, after seeing his men perform so well in the opening game with the strong and heavy St. Joseph's Home team of Detroit. The Tai Kuns played up to mid-season form in this contest while every player carried himself like a seasoned veteran, and this is the first year in the moleskins for some of the boys.

Although outweighed, the Tai Kuns were not outplayed by their opponents. Their defense was spectacular at times. Trenor and George O'Brien starred on the line while Dyer and Capt. Jimmie Evans of the backfield stood out prominently throughout the fracas. Tom Brennan scored the only touchdown of the game on an end play galloping 20 yards for the touchdown. The St. Joe boys gave the Tai Kuns quite a scare just as the first half ended when they were in the shadow of the goal posts only to be stopped by the whistle. Likewise the Tai Kuns were stopped from scoring another touchdown, when in the last few minutes to play they worked the ball to the three yard line when the ref sounded taps ending the melee.

Tai Kun line-up:

J. ByrneR.E.	GrosfieldR.G.
C. Jones.....L.G.	J. MurphyL.E.
BrennaR.H.	L'Heureux ...L.H.
Geo. O'Brien R.T.	TrenorC.
RispelleL.T.	Evans (C.)...Q.B.
PaquetteF.B.	

Substitutions—Dyer for L'Heureux, Love for Byrne, Pare for Jones.

Referee—"Mose" Taylor, Umpire—Joe Mencil.



We are wondering if Mr. Goodwin is connected with the Wrigley Gum Co. and if he intends staging any Marathon swimming races like Wm. Wrigley Jr. did.

Sport reporters often through a mistake omit some important item covering great teams. Thus in our last issue the sporting staff of this flourishing paper through some grave mistake omitted a column of important items concerning two important teams, the Tai-Kuns and Minims. So, gentle reader, be sure and look them over in this issue.



Monsignor Joseph F. Smith, Vicar-General of Cleveland Diocese, paid us a visit since our last publication.

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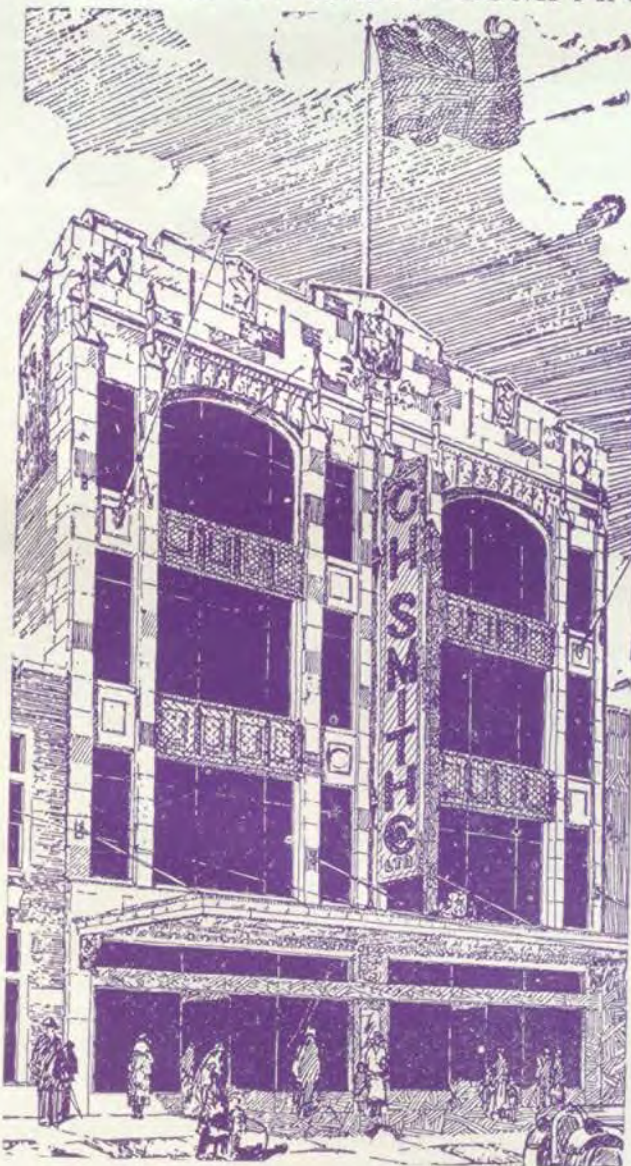
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Minims Expect a Great Season on the Gridiron

With twenty-five boys in their camp the Minims expect one of the greatest seasons they have ever enjoyed on the grid-iron. Among this array are battle-scarred veterans and young recruits; Red Granges and Oosterbaan's are among the crowd. Every player on the squad has been in real earnest and working hard every day for a position.

The board of strategy composed of Bill O'Brien, McCormick and Moran are wondering if Sam Nicholas will stay with them. Sam has been having a rather checkered career in the fall classic, traveling back and forth from the Minims to the Warriors and vice versa. However, Sam says he is here to stay with the Minims. The following is the Minim roster:

Moran, Lafontaine, Belanger, W. O'Brien, McGaughlin, Devaney, McCormick, Walker, Dely, Herman, Craig, J. Flood, F. Flood, Reveneau, Nicholas, McLeod, Floyd, Seaman, Palmer, Gnau, Miller, Thompson, Sowers and Swagger.



VARSITY LOSES TO M.S.N.C.

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

scoring position where Stites crossed the line, but failed for the extra point. Resuming play, Dettman kicked to Stites who ran 45 yards on the return to place the ball in mid-field. Morrow continued the gaining by ripping off 25 yds. and Durkees plunged across for the final touchdown for the Green and Gold.

In the final quarter Assumption fought with renewed vigour. McErlane heaved a beautiful pass to Irv Murphy for a 35 yd. gain. Another pass, McErlane to Hanline, brought the ball to the Teachers' three yard line. A quarterback sneak and two plunges by Kramer accounted for Assumption's only touchdown. Kramer converted for the extra point. Score M.S.N.C. 26—A.C. 7.

Line-up:

ASSUMPTION M.S.N.C.

McGouey	L.E.....	Quinn
Brutell	L.T.....	Wood
Stone	L.G.....	McMurray
Dettman	C.....	Schoen
M. Murphy	R.G.....	Vanyo
Pokriefka	R.T.....	Shoemaker
I. Murphy	R.E.....	Muellich
Higgins	Q.B.....	Gunnerson
McErlane	L.H.....	Movion
Armstrong	R.H.....	Stites
Kramer (Capt.)	F.B.....	Heitsch

Sub: Assumption—Rodgers for Armstrong, Markey for McGouey, Howell for Rodgers, Hanline for McGouey.

Ref., J. Drew; Umpire, Myers; Field Judge, Schoendorf.



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

CASS TECH BOWS TO ASSUMPTION HIGH, 14-12

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 1)

Assumption received the kick-off and at once opened up a flashy aerial attack completing five passes in a row. Taylor heaved them all; the first going to Guina for five yards; the second to Lewis for 15 yards. Another 5 yard pass was snagged by Guina; and the fourth was hooked by Skrzycki for 10 yards more; and the fifth one sailed over the Cass players' heads for 30 yards and was caught by Bresnahan, who again layed it down behind the goal line for his second touchdown. Taylor converted the goal and after two more plays the game ended with Cass trailing by a 14-12 score.

In the next game with St. Joseph's Commercial High School, the fans saw the purple high team taste defeat for the first time in its football career. The final score read 19-12. St. Joseph's was the first team to score. In the first stanza the Blueshirts pushed over a touchdown after carrying the ball down the field on end runs and off tackle plays. They tossed a pass for the point after touchdown. In the second quarter Taylor threw a wild pass which was intercepted by an opposing half who ran for a touchdown. The point after touchdown failed this time, the half ended 13-0 for St. Joes. Long, Kintz and Mencil were inserted in the purple forward wall and all showed up well.

In the third quarter St. Joes advanced the ball within three yards of a touchdown, but the Assumption line held for four downs. Early in the last period St. Joes completed a beautiful 35 yard pass which ended in a touchdown. When the teams lined up Assumption was trailing by a 19-0 score. Guina received the kick-off, and returned the kick to St. Joe's twenty yard line. The visitors kicked and then Taylor heaved a pretty 40 yard pass to "Ribbs" Ameling who side-stepped three tacklers and skirted across the chalk line for a touchdown. Later in the period Taylor and Ameling duplicated the same play and the final score read 19-12. Rocco and Hines were outstanding on the purple line; while Staffan, Walsh and Mahoney played their usual good games. Lewis, Ameling and Bresnahan took care of the end positions and their tackling was hard and certain.

Assumption's line-up: Ends, Bresnahan and Lewis; Tackles, Mahoney and Rocco; Guards, Staffan and Walsh; Center, Hines (Capt.); Halfbacks, Ameling and Skrzycki; Quarterback, Guina; Fullback; Taylor; Subs: Mencil for Skrzycki; S. Long for Lewis; Kintz for Mahoney; J. Long for Walsh.



See that you are on the sidelines Saturday to YELL and help the team beat the freshmen from Michigan State.

Sub-Minims Win Two More

WINDSOR CRESCENTS AND HOLY ROSARY JUVENILES ARE VICTIMS

The Sub-Minims are going right ahead at full speed, winning their games, and at the same time keeping their goal line from being crossed. So far this season the youngsters have won three and tied one by the zero count, 0-0. Not one of their opponents has been able to cross the treasured line to register a single point against them.

The latest victims to fall to the Sub-Minims were the Windsor Crescents and the Holy Rosary Juveniles of Detroit, the former being blanked 21-0 and the latter 32-0. The great work of the line is accountable to a great extent for the victories. Tedesco, Hector O'Rourke and Mickey O'Donnell have been the outstanding players on the line, while Moeller, Don DesJarlais and McLean of the backfield have made their presence felt.

The Junior members of the Sub-Minim club are divided into two divisions, the Juniors and the Midgets with two teams in each division. In the Junior League the Dorians are leading their friends, the Athenians, while in the Midget League the Athenian Midgets made up for their Junior brothers by trouncing the Dorian Midgets in two games.



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OUR BARBER SEZ:

"The Gray Ghost" was the name that Gourley Howell gave his car. He told "Army" about giving his car a new coat of gray paint. In fact he tried to sell it to "Army". When "Army" finally saw our hero riding to school in his "Gray Ghost" he changed its name. The car formerly called "The Gray Ghost" has been re-christened "The Galloping Gray Ghost." Some of his class-mates think that the name is not appropriate. Carl Dettman claims that you can't hear ghosts. Despite all these slurs Gourley is devoted to his car. He keeps moving it around in the sun. The sun, he holds, dries up the oil that oozes over the engine hood. Our hero tells us that he was arrested for speeding when he was only going fifteen miles an hour. The cop claimed that Mr. Howell had his cap on backwards and had the gas wide open. The court found that both statements were right.

Mr. John L. (?) Steele, our "careful Scotchman," has returned from his vacation with a loss of weight. Inquiries were made to the nature of his work during the summer. Our Scotch friend admitted he did not work; on the contrary he holidayed all summer, and spent lots of money—which accounts for John's loss of avoirdupois,—many sleepless nights, although always in bed before ten.

Mr. "Mike" Doyle, president of Rhetoric, is ably assisted by Ed. Pokriefka and "Whatimisit" O'Hare on this year's striking committee. Ed. and Mike confess that O'Hare takes on anything but a "striking" appearance when he is pushed to the fore in the president's office.

Mr. Ed. Goodwin, better known as "Double or Single" is writing a book. The title of the book is "Exposure" or "My first trip to the new class-room building from my room." In this book Ed. relates his many thrilling encounters. The numerous characters depicted by Mr. Goodwin reminds one of Singapore.

Rhetoric boasts of a world famous promoter. His name is "Taxis" Pokriefka. "Poke" is responsible for the line of taxi-

cabs that decorate the curb in front of the college every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

Mr. James "Whispering Jim" Murphy, ex-stagehand, is one of the new sacristans. Jim's advent into the sacristy was marked by a lot of new rubrics for the thurifer and acolytes.

A sturdy son of old Erin had been having a dispute with his wife. He had taken refuge under the bed. As she stood on guard with a stick in her hand, he called lustily from his retreat: "You can lam me and you can bate me, but you cannot break my manly spirit. I'll not come out."

Judge: "Pat, where did you buy the liquor?"

Pat: "Your Honor, I did not buy it, a Scotchman gave it to me."

Judge: "Thirty days for perjury."

Nurse: Well, Oswald do you want to see the new brother the stork brought?

Oswald: No! I wanna see the stork.

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Fr. Mac Donald, referring to carrying one's rosary: "And when a man meets with an accident, what is the first thing looked for?"

"His money, of course," answered Breen.

She: "When I was born, my father agreed to give me \$10 each birthday, and now I have \$190."

He: "How much does he still owe you?"

Two Scotchmen were walking down the street, one found a fifty cent piece. The other borrowed it to test his eyes.

Armstrong: "Too bad Bill didn't graduate from Assumption."

Poke: "Why, how's that?"

Armstrong: "Because he went to U. of D."

Regan: "Why do so many boys get killed in football?"

Kramer: "Because they Kick-off."

Fr. Pickett: "How are you getting on with the typewriter?"

Mike: "Fine, I can make twenty mistakes a minute now."

A.C. vs. Hoozis C.

Referee (amid a shower of bottles): "Who said that pop was soft drink?"

Goulette: "Gosh Aussie! Where did you get that Black Bottom—stuff?"

Beauseil: "Who me? I crossed Ouellette Avenue when the red light was on!"

Fr. O'Loane (at football practice): "Why when I was a boy I thought nothing of a ten mile walk."

Armstrong: "Well I don't think so much of it myself."

Shea: "I was in Florida all winter and it didn't rain one day."

Mousseau: "What day was that?"

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Nov. 15th

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PURPLE & WHITE



Vol. IV ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, NOVEMBER 15, 1927 No. 3

COLLEGE MINSTRELS TO ENTERTAIN NOV. 22nd

To-day Marks Purple & White's Third Birthday

FIRST ISSUE OF PAPER APPEARED ON THIS DATE IN 1924

PURPLE & WHITE is three years old today! No one would ever think it, but it was on Nov. 15, 1924 that the first issue appeared and the Assumption student body was startled by a new-born journal upon the campus. To Bert Roberge, Ham Redmond and the rest of that indomitable band of Rhetoricians goes all credit for the epoch-making idea which they contrived of entering Assumption's name once again upon the scroll of college publications. So well did they blaze the trail of journalistic endeavor during the perilous days of that first year that the students of following years, inspired by the courage and persistency that marked the efforts of the first staff, took up with a vim and a zest the slogan that Bert and his gang left behind—to "Carry On." The empowering words of that glorious command are still heavy upon us and more merited tribute is due that pioneer staff as Old Father Time clicks off the fortnights and with each metallic click another issue of PURPLE & WHITE drops from the press.



St. Basil's Literary Society Holds Initial Meeting

REV. L. J. BONDY IS PRESIDENT;
MIKE DOYLE IS ELECTED TO
VICE-PRESIDENCY

Last Tuesday evening the members of St. Basil's Literary Society convened for the first time. The late commencement of literary activities is due to the delay in finishing the day scholar study hall, which will serve as an assembly hall for the society.

Rev. L. J. Bondy, former president of the society is again at its helm. Mr. T. J. McGouey is secretary and Mike Doyle was

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

Dramatic Society's Initial Program Well Received

STUDENTS ACCLAIM TALENTED SINGERS AND ACTORS

On Tuesday, November 1st, St. Paul's Dramatic Society presented to the student body its first offering of the present scholastic year, and the program, consisting of a two-act skit and a number of musical selections, received vigorous acclaim from the students. A wealth of musical talent was unearthed in this initial performance by Rev. T. J. Vahey, director of the society, and the vocal selections in every case received prolonged applause.

Jack Nelson, acting as chairman, first spoke in behalf of the Dramatic Society and briefly stated its purpose. An orchestra selection was then followed by the "Purple & White," rendered by the Glee Club. Messrs. Staffan, Weisenberger, Marx and H. Ameling composed a very pleasing quartet that drew popular acclaim and an encore from the audience. After another orchestra selection Forrest Norton sang a solo for the students that veritably took them by storm. His pleasing voice so enamoured those present that he was twice compelled to respond to lusty encores. Mr. Norton was his own accompanist and is as talented at the piano as he is at the vocal art. A violin solo by Bill Brown, famed Assumption fiddler, and another popular song by the Glee Club were followed by the feature event of the program, a two-act skit entitled: Sylvia's

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)



CALENDAR

- Nov. 19—Varsity vs. Flint J.C. (home).
- Nov. 21—Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
- Nov. 23—Thanksgiving vacation begins at noon.
- Nov. 24—American Thanksgiving.
Assumption Hi vs. Ann Arbor Hi (there).
- Nov. 25—Classes resumed.

FIRST MINSTREL SHOW OF RECENT YEARS HERE CAPTURES STUDENT INTEREST

November 22nd is the date set for the college minstrel show, sponsored by the Rhetoric class of this year, and from all early reports and appearances this event is going to crown every recent dramatic endeavor.

Rev. T. J. Vahey, director of the minstrel undertaking, is greatly pleased with the wealth of talent enlisted in his service and predicts a successful presentation by his proteges. Mike Doyle, Rhetoric president is assisting Father Vahey in the nightly rehearsals and he also speaks favorably of the outcome of the new venture. Only a week more of drilling and the actors will be in tip-top shape for an evening of fun and merriment.

This show is the first of its kind to be staged at Assumption in recent years and Father Vahey hopes to make it an annual affair. The interest of the students has already been aroused and, with the Dramatic Society's last successful presentation in mind, they are expectantly awaiting the advent of the players.



American Thanksgiving Holidays Announced

STUDENTS GRANTED PERMISSION HOME FROM WEDNESDAY NOON, NOV. 23, UNTIL FOLLOWING THURSDAY EVE

All those students who did not go home during the Canadian Thanksgiving holidays will have permission to leave the campus Wednesday noon, Nov. 23, and their vacation will terminate the following Thursday eve, according to a report given to Purple & White by the striking committee. This vacation period is granted in particular for the benefit of the American students and all who live within a radius of a hundred miles are given a chance to enjoy a good old Thanksgiving dinner under the parental roof.

Old Boys' Page

Kremer - Collins - Keating Co.

It was autumn, glorious autumn. We were enjoying a season of grandeur. Such as the oldest inhabitant recalls once in a while. The yard was a scene of activity, for there was a tang to the atmosphere, that just made a lad want to do something. This is where the above combination appeared on the scene.

There were the original cut-ups of the College and what they could not plan and put over was not to be found in the curriculum of boyish pranks.

It was a glorious afternoon. The yard was a scene of activity during that long recreation after class. I was patrolling the yard on duty as was the custom, consequently in a position to observe what happened.

There were Collins, Kremer and Company sauntering across the campus on an errand peculiar to themselves, like Micawber, ready for anything that might turn up. And it did.

There was a trusting innocent youth carrying a basket of apples, big bright red, —and luscious apples, apples that make the teeth water. He started across the campus, when a cyclone hit him. In a trice there was a pile-up; nothing was seen but a mass of humanity, squirming, writhing, wriggling with legs sticking out like pins in a pin-cushion,—and from the midst of the mass came a cry of protest.

Slowly the mass became disentangled. Collins, Kremer, Keating and Company were seen walking off with a smile of contentment, munching nice big red apples.

The innocent lamb arose from the scene of his distress, valiantly holding the handle of his basket—all that was left of it.

Sincerely he protested to me. I could but give him some philosophical consolation and advised him to guide his future footsteps away from the campus,—never to walk across the college campus with a basket of apples to tempt the weak.



Rev. Father V. L. Kennedy, C.S.B., Vice-president of St. Michael's College, paid us a visit on Saturday, Nov. 5th.

Mr. George O'Leary, who is attending Osgoode Hall of Toronto, spent a few hours with us during Thanksgiving vacation.

Mr. Wallace Beasley, a student of Medicine at Western University, visited us Nov. 5th.

Fr. W. E. Dillon, assistant pastor of Sacred Heart Church was recently appointed chaplain of Windsor Council of Knights of Columbus.

An Echo From the Far East

REV. R. D. PETIPREN SENDS TIDINGS FROM KOREA

Your kind letter giving me the news of Old Assumption, was a welcome treat. I am glad to hear of the progress being made there. The new building is no doubt very beautiful and a great asset to the Institution. It should bring many new students to Assumption.



FATHER PETIPREN

(as he appeared here in 1918 as a member of the gang that kept the home fires burning).

Father Jaques is now on the Pacific. I shall see him in a few days, when he passes through Korea on his way to Manchuria. I shall see him occasionally as Manchuria is about a ten hour ride from my parish. He will study at Fushun, Manchuria for a year and will then begin on a new mission of his own.

The Korean language is considered to be the most difficult of all languages in this part of the world. The ordinary student can manage after a year of study. We are so often called upon for different work that it takes five years to become proficient in the language. We then are appointed to a place and have to build up our own parish.

At present I am located in a new parish. I live in a peculiar Japanese house. It is like a summer cottage. The church is like a chapel car except it is longer. Like all Korean homes it is made of mud. The windows are covered with a heavy rice paper. There are no seats. My parishoners squat on the floor and chant their prayers during Mass. I have 260 Christians in my parish. This leaves me about 25,000 more in town to convert. Of these 8000 are Japanese and 4000 Chinese. So after I master Korean I will still have much to

(Continued on next Page, Col. 2)

Old Timers' Club

Come on "Old Timers", and do your bit to make the Purple and White a joy to survivors of the older generations.

* * *

The ever-young Rt. Rev. Monsignor Van Antwerp, D.D., L.L.D., is hereby automatically and unanimously chosen President. Every one else is Vice-president. You will be your own secretary. As there are no dues, we shall not need a treasurer.

* * *

All you are expected to do is to send in some personal recollections to the Purple and White.

* * *

As acting unexpectedly, I appoint, M. Eardley, D. Quinlan, H. Sullivan and Bill Hillenmeyer, Short Essays for the next number.

* * *

Only death or life imprisonment will free you from your obligation of speaking your piece.

OLD TIMER.

* * *

P.S.

Would like to have R. Kremer or A. Collins give us an account of their method of handling an innocent boy with a basket of nice, large red, juicy apples—Let's have it.

O.T.



Messrs. Joseph Dillon of Hudson, Michigan and James Dillon paid us a visit since our last publication.

The following were present at the Highland Park-Assumption game: Rev. Eugene Cullinane of Jackson, Michigan, Rev. Fathers B. Geller, F. Bertram and L. Dorsey of Detroit, Rev. Fathers D. L. Brisson, W. E. Dillon, E. Doe and W. Langlois of Border Cities.

Messrs. H. Kessel, L. Koenig and Frank McCloskey of Detroit.

Messrs. Byrne Kildea of Jackson; Nelson Zott of Centerline.

Mr. Edmund Burns made a name for himself in Canadian football circle by running 110 yards for a touchdown. Mr. Con. Sheehan, once star of Assumption Varsity Squad, is still upholding his reputation in Canadian football. During the past year he distinguished himself by his numerous gains through the opponents' line. Mr. James Martin, noted for celerity in the Assumption backfield last year, is doing remarkably well in the Canadian game.

As The Editor Sees It -



It hasn't been long,—and it won't be long now. Only a week ago the Canadian students returned from the Thanksgiving feasts that they enjoyed at their respective homes. And another week hence the American students will be heading forth across the river to punish the turkey family. As Father McGee would say, "It will be too bad for the barnyard songsters then."

Despite the fact that every year American and Canadian students are becoming more and more opposed to any and every form of vacations, yet those in favor at Assumption still seem to be slightly in the ascendency. Mike Doyle, Pat O'Hare and Ed. Pokriefka, worthy members of this year's "Striking Committee", after much discussion have finally agreed that vacations at this institution will be the vogue for another year at least. The measure met with considerable opposition, especially from the "Smoker Gang", but Father Dillon's signature was duly obtained and the bill carried. Stough, alright. But we can only live in the happy thought that the holidays won't last forever.

We are forced to surmise that Ed. Pokriefka's promoting enterprises account to a great extent for the vigorous opposition which he gave to the "no-holiday" movement. Whenever "generals" are announced or the classrooms are "closed for the vacation," the string of taxicabs out on the "boulevard" is twice as long as on an ordinary occasion.

So much for the politics of the last couple weeks. That's all history. But the fact remains in all its ugliness that the student body as a whole is not supporting this paper. To date only fifty per cent. of the students are on our subscription list. The editor is perplexed; the business manager is worried, and our humorist is entirely out of humor. We don't advocate robbing banks or joining the forces of the hi-jackers but we certainly would appreciate what we are entitled to—the support of the entire student body,—in other words, as many student subscriptions as there are students at Assumption. Fifty cents is quite an item to the laboring man, but it shouldn't mean a thing to any Assumption student who has fifty cents worth of Assumption spirit. Just mention the fact to any "Purple & White" man that you want to subscribe and your shillings will be treated with the best of hospitality. Our final plea is: *Get the Purple & White spirit and subscribe.* If you're any good, you'll heed it.

To date Assumption's Old Boys are showing more real spirit than her present generation. Our alumni subscriptions number over five hundred,—double the amount of student subscribers.

While most of the alumni subscribers reside in Ontario, Michigan and the neighboring states, we find that some are so scattered that the "Purple & White" travels to almost every section of the globe. Father Stacey in far-off Alberta anxiously anticipates the semi-monthly tidings from his Alma Mater and we have more than one interested reader in Montreal and other parts of Quebec. By reviewing our subscription list we notice also that our Old Boy subscribers are well represented in New Brunswick, Washington, D.C., West Virginia, Massachusetts, Colorado, Maryland, Florida, Kansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, California, Texas, Iowa and New York. Nor are these interested Old Boys to be found on this continent only. Father "Benny" Jacques in the wilds of northern Manchuria receives a message of warmth and friendly tidings from his Alma Mater every two weeks. Father "Eddie" Barron at Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands and Father Roy Petripen in Korea are numbered amongst our Old Boy subscribers. Several copies of the paper cross the Atlantic too to take the Assumption news to more of her alumni, who are studying in Rome and other parts of Europe. These facts testify to the high opinion the Old Boys have of Purple & White.

And half of the students at Assumption here consider it not worth their while to invest fifty cents in a subscription. Well, well! It certainly is a funny world. But even at its funniest there's not a reason in it why you shouldn't GET THE PURPLE & WHITE SPIRIT AND SUBSCRIBE.



AN ECHO FROM THE FAR EAST

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

learn before I can talk to all of my people.

The work of conversion for one recently coming to this country is rather limited. With the aid of two Catechists I have now over 50 preparing for baptism. They do not study very hard. Thus with few exceptions it takes them nearly a year to learn the Catechism. Some during this time fall by the wayside. They find it difficult to put aside their ancestor worship and practices of superstition. About 20 to 50 a year have embraced the faith since my parish began four years ago.

Kindly ask the boys to pray for the success of my work. Assure them that I will remember them.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

R. D. PETIPREN.



Mr. James Tisdelle, an old boy of the nineties, visited the College. He was delighted with the progress made at his Alma Mater since his last visit.

DRAMATIC PROGRAM

WELL RECEIVED

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Soldier. Every student-actor played his part well and the female impersonators are particularly deserving of praise. Ed. Goodwin with his stately mein and venerable countenance made as deserving an old father as any youth or maiden could have dreamed of. Bill McKenna as a dejected suitor, a mercenary wretch and a sparkling hero-lover respectively, shone out brilliantly, as he depicted each part in his difficult role. Messrs. Hardman and Hunt made two very picturesque imitations of the fairer sex, and are to be commended on the ease and affability with which they acted their feminine parts.

Frank Hunt in his deceptive make-up brought before the eyes of the audience in his own person a fair maid instilled with the fire of patriotism. The various feminine emotions portrayed by him and the zeal and earnestness with which he carried to the audience his own hopes and despairs, stamp him as a talented actor. Last but not least we see Del Pfrommer, crushed by a host of imagined ailments, ever staunch in his loyalty to country but never letting this patriotic zeal interfere with the safe-keeping of his own person. Del's nonchalant manner, his witty remarks and the naturalness of his manners upon the stage shed a beaming light of comedy over the entire skit that made it, besides an interesting episode, a round of merriment for all.

Professor Napolitano favored his student admirers with his now-famous rendition of "The Mocking Bird" between the acts and the venerable professor proved even more popular than of yore. Jim Regan contributed a pleasing vocal solo and the students liked it so well that he had to come back for more. His second offering was followed by the final selection from the orchestra.

Father Dillon in a few closing remarks commended the actors and singers upon their efforts and awarded to each individual student the much-cherished sleep-over.

To Father Vahey goes a considerable amount of the credit for the success of the play and the commendable showing made by the Glee Club. The orchestra, too, under his direction, is already working up to the perfected harmony that his musicians were famous for last year.



ST. BASIL'S LITERARY SOCIETY HOLDS INITIAL MEETING

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

elected to the vice-president's chair at the first meeting.

After the election Father Bondy impressed upon the members the aims of the society and the co-operation that is necessary on their part for the attainment of these aims.



Rev. Leo Tresse, of Blessed Sacrament Parish, Detroit, has visited his Alma Mater during the past week.

PURPLE & WHITE

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Ingratitude

This month of November during which nature is so lavish with her beautifying brush, this month during which flower and leaf alike struggle with the nipping fall winds to bloom and shine forth in all the glory they possess before the wintry gales shall sweep them into the vale of forgetfulness—the leaf never again to awaken; the flower to be awakened only when the rain raps softly upon its earthen door and the sun of spring calls to it from the heavens—this month has been set aside as the month of thanksgiving to God. And it has been appointed wisely because it personifies our own matured life so well. For when we shall reach life's end and the bloom of youth and health has withered and we are waiting for the gale of death to sweep us into eternity, then, we shall see the multitude of blessings that our loving God has portioned out to us; we shall remember those bygone days of happy youth, of sweet love and mirthful pleasure; and most of all we shall remember how little thanks we have given for our daily life on earth. But then it will be too late, because we shall have spent our entire life without acknowledging or returning thanks for God's goodness to us. And you may be sure He will not send His angels to rap upon the windows of your soul to awaken you from your eternal rest and call you to the blissful springtime of ravishing joys just as the rain raps upon the earthen doors of the flowers and the sun calls to them from the heavens to awaken and to enjoy the new springtime. Instead you will be like the leaf, which when it once dies, is dead forever,—Dead to man in bodily form and dead to God with the guilt of ingratitude upon your soul.

W. B. SCHNEIDER.

The Average Man

“Mr. Average Man,” who has provided many a verbal meal for the hungry minds of doctors, philosophers, poets and the like, really does not exist. The so-called “Average Man” is just as much a figment of the imagination as is a cat with nine lives, and no sane person would give credence to the latter. Still, let us look into the matter.

The adjective in the term seems to imply the existence of other types of man, for “average” really means the sum total of the dominant characteristics of several classes. Now we must consider the various types of mind extant, for it is the mind which ultimately distinguishes men. For convenience, it would be best to take America as a field for observation since it is representative of nearly the whole world. We find—men who work in factories, men who sell real estate, men who operate huge business enterprises, men who write, men who talk, men who play the music composed by other men, and men who do practically nothing. In array of polygeny there are manifold differences in taste; some like music, others abhor Orphean strains; some are enthralled by the Uffizzi marbles or Da Vinci's “Last Supper”, others chortle with delight over the comic section at the ridiculous antics of “Mutt and Jeff”; some identify themselves with Hamlet while the “Melancholy Dane” soliloquizes over the skull of Yorick, and others ask for the “lower second row” at a burlesque. To go further into this divergence of tastes would be Sisphian task, but happily Van Wyck Brooks has classified the types of man thus: “There are in America, two distinct types,—the “high-brow”, and the “low-brow.” The formal proof of this statement involves a greater space than is conveniently available, but its truth is easily perceived intuitively.

Now the “high-brow” is a mountain climber, ascending with sure-footedness of intellect the lofty pinnacles of high idealism. However, the attraction which this individual exerts upon us is stifled by the chill and rarity of the atmosphere. No, the “high-brow” is not for us. The “low-brow” then? Yes, he is decidedly invited, but wait—could we exist along-side of stereotyped conversation, current humor and evidences of syndicated thought? Well, perhaps not. So we turn away from these, and because we are not mentally equipped to seek uniformity, we create for ourselves a happy medium—“The Average Man”. And he has served, and will continue to serve as a convenient means of satisfying our innate desire for standardization.

F. P. O'H., '30.



A BIG SURPRISE!

Mr. J. Becker of Becker & Co. has a startling announcement to make in the next issue which will be of particular interest to every Assumption student. Be on the lookout for it.

The Divorce Menace

For some time, many intellectual men have been alarmed at the unprecedented and ever increasing tide of marital infidelity. Statistics show that Japan and America are leading the civilized world in divorce. Mr. Durant, a popular philosopher and an advocate of independent ethics, is one of the latest to lament this catastrophe. The seriousness of this calamity of widespread divorce is gradually being realized, but many seek in vain for its cause and are unable to suggest a remedy. Why should there be a greater laxity of morals today than there was a century ago? Why should so young a land so soon betray signs of decay?

After laborious investigation we may fail to discover the real explanation of this evil, unless we review the prevalence of irreligious and false philosophy. Christian ideals are not as firmly believed in by the majority of the people as they were a century ago. The believer in the maxims of Christ concerning marriage can not favor divorce. The religious and God-fearing people do not become divorced. When the majority of a nation professes no creed and when many of the minority weaken in their religious beliefs, moral laxity seems unavoidable. The well-known words of the poet are more applicable today than they were a century ago and they go far in explaining the most insidious and most infectious evil called divorce:

“Our youth, Our fearful innocence is gone
And pure religion breathing household laws.”

J. S. MURPHY, '28.



WHAT'S THE USE?

Why should we, pious and holy be,
And rail'd against by those about us?
What's the use?

Why should we, our evil habits cure,
When all the world with them are filled?
What's the use?

Why should we, not ourselves to
pleasure be given,
And not truly independence hold still?
What's the use?

Why should we, ourselves bind to
religion,
When we can enjoy ourselves without it?
What's the use?

Oh! why should we be bound at all,
And to ourselves be harsh? Tell me
What's the use?

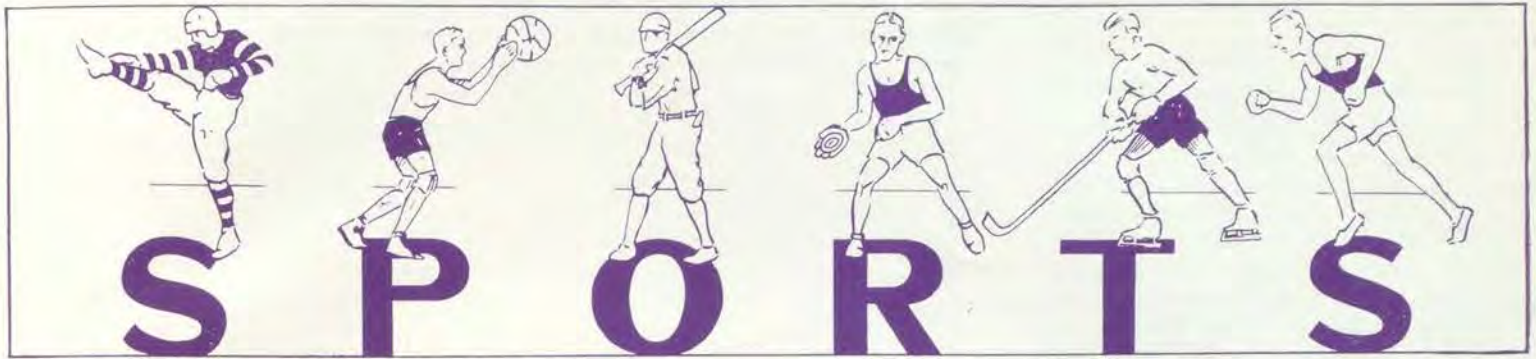
If I to this worldly cry cling,
Forget me, I know better. So
What's the use?

W. S., '31.



THE NEW ASSUMPTION PINS ARE
HERE! EVERY STUDENT SHOULD
BUY ONE AND WEAR IT.

What are we going to do to Flint Saturday? It all depends on you. Yell for the team and win with it!



Varsity Loses to Michigan State Fresh

HEAVY EAST LANSING ELEVEN DOWNS PURPLE, 26-0

Experiencing one of those days described in the nomenclature of every athlete or athletic aggregation as an "off day" the Varsity went down to defeat in a lop-sided gridiron tussle before the onslaught of the Michigan State Freshmen on the Assumption field on Saturday, November 5th, by a 26-0 score.

Utilizing a powerful and compact interference in a brilliant manner the classy Fresh leather-luggers crashed off tackle and skirted the ends for healthy gains. Besides this system of assault the Pea-greeners made good use of a clever aerial attack which featured short heaves over center and directly accounted for one touchdown. Foremost among the gifted ball-toters of the visitors were Captain Nordberg, Durst, Grove and Olsen, whereon the Purple front Captain "Dutch" Kramer, Merv. Murphy and Gourley Howell fought valiantly in the losing cause.

Play in the first five minutes was even but the Assumption defense cracked and the Freshies scored twice in the first period. The first counter came when Oslen crashed off tackle from the Assumption 10-yard line but the place kick for the extra point was low. Shortly after this Nordberg circled his own right end and sped 20 yards for a touchdown. A pass to Gafner accounted for the extra point.

Interspersing a few short passes with end runs the East Lansing gridders brought the ball to the five yard line in the second canto. From here Nordberg again smashed the line for the third half-dozen markers. He skirted end for the extra point.

Assumption braced after the half and the Michiganders resorted to their ozone attack. Just as the third chapter was ending Grove snagged a pass and fell across the line for the Freshmen's last score. The convert went amiss.

With the coming of the final stanza the Purple and White outfit began to assert itself. Both teams were battling evenly until a long pass gave the invaders the ball deep in the Purple territory. With the ball resting on their own two yard line Assumption showed some of the traditional, fighting spirit by holding the enemy for down. The game ended amid a flurry of snow with the oval in mid-field.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

Hi Gridders Battle St. Pats to Scoreless Tie

ST. JOHN'S NOSE OUT PURPLE PREPS IN TOLEDO, 9-6

On October 28th the Assumption High gridders journeyed to Wyandotte to play St. Pats. The weather was altogether too warm for football and consequently the play was slow. The game ended in a scoreless tie. At times the Assumption offensive play was outstanding and the ball was carried close to the home team's goal line, but on every occasion they were stopped. The tackling and line bucking of Rocco was worthy of comment in this tussle.

The High's next game was played in Toledo against the scrappy St. John eleven. A drop-kick by Farkas, the St. John captain, with less than 30 seconds to go decided the victors of the fracas as Assumption was nosed out by a 9 to 6 score.

Only a small crowd witnessed the game, as it was played in cold, wintry weather. In the first quarter the ball was kicked to St. John's 40 yard line. They were unable to advance and as both teams proved strong on defense, they were forced to resort to the passing game. Farkas heaved a long pass to Malone for 37 yards. A 15 yard penalty plus a few small gains brought the ball to the Assumption's 3 yard line. Assumption held and Guina punted out of danger. But St. John's came right back and another pass by the same players brought the ball to Assumption's 12 yard line. On the next three plays Farkas was able to push the ball over for a touchdown. The kick for goal failed. In the second period the ball found itself in the air most of the time. Guina out-kicked Farkas, sending the pill for sixty yards more than one occasion.

In the third period 'Ribbs' Ameling leaped high in the air, snatched a long pass intended for a St. John end and raced seventy yards through a broken field for a touchdown. The try for point failed and the score was tied 6-6.

The fourth quarter was a bitter one. St. John's completed a few more passes and brought the ball to Assumption's 5 yard line. Three line plunges failed, and thirty seconds remained to be played. On the last down Capt. Farkas, who was the most important cog in the Toledo machine, drop-

Lourdes Eleven Wins Over Minims in Close Tilt, 6-0

O'BRIEN, BELANGER AND MORAN IN LIMELIGHT

The Minims got away to a late start, and to date have played only one game. This was with Our Lady of Lourdes from River Rouge and ended in a 6 to 0 victory for the visitors. The River Rouge aggregation had slight advantage in weight which they made use of in the last quarter, when they crossed the goal line by a series of line bucks. On several occasions the Minims were within scoring distance, but Dame Fate frowned on them every time they neared the goal line. When the whistle blew for half time Fr. Spratt's proteges had the ball a foot from the opponent's goal line.

Belanger was the chief ground gainer for the Minims, while Moran's kicking was very good. Bill O'Brien handled the team splendidly from the quarter-back post, and he and McLaughlin were strong on the defense. The forward wall although outweighed continually, broke through and nailed the ball carriers in their tracks. From all appearance the score would have seemed more logical if reversed.

The line-up:

RE Seaman	LE Devancy	QB O'Brien
RT F. Flood	LT Schwikert	FB Moran
RG Thomson	LG Walker	RH McLaughlin
C McCormick		JH Belanger
Subs—Palmer, McLeod.		

ped back and placed the ball between the uprights for a field goal. The game ended with Assumption trailing by a 9 to 6 score.

The entire Assumption team played with all they had and it was a hard game to lose. However, it must be said that they lost to a real football team, for St. John's showed more class than any opponent this year.

ASSUMPTION

ST. JOHN

P. AmelingL.E.....	Schaller
DarkL.T.....	Cousino
StaffanL.G.....	Unger
Hines (C)C.....	Lauber
WalshR.G.....	Griffin
RoccoR.T.....	O'Donnell
LewisR.E.....	Noel
S. LongL.H.....	Drugay
H. AmelingR.H.....	Sosko
GuinaQ.B.....	Malone
TaylorF.B.....	(C) Farkas

FOURTH DOWN

By Frank Walsh

OUT FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON

This is the heavy blow old man Fate handed Edmund Stone, star left guard and letter man of the Varsity crew.



Ed. Stone was having one of the greatest seasons of his career on the gridiron, when just three days before the hardest game on the schedule, that with Michigan State Freshmen, he received a broken shoulder in a practice session.

A word of praise must be given to Carl Dettman, the tall, stalwart, and veteran linesman of our College eleven. Carl has starred for the Purple and White since the very first day that he walked on the A. C. gridiron. He is one player that coaches are always glad to have on the squad, having the ability of being able to play any position. Besides playing a season at end and tackle respectively, Carl this year is seen at the pivot post in the line, and is playing center in the same energetic and faultless style in which he has played the other positions. Carl is also the proud possessor of the "A", having won his letter in his first year with the team.

St. Mary's High of Redford can well be proud of Thomas McErlane, one of her former athletes, who has already made an outstanding name for himself by his spectacular performances on the Varsity squad. Mac is surely a great halfback, ever alert and always going at top speed. In every game Tom may be seen ploughing and speeding down the field with a determined fighting spirit all his own. Indeed, the big boy might well be called the "Big Train."

Another High School from across the Pond has contributed a player of no mean reputation to the Varsity team of whom many great things can be said. Ted. Brutelle, who hails from St. Catherine's High, didn't waste any time in making himself a regular. He has shown everyone that he is a deadly tackler and a player to be feared.

Fate, unkind to some, is at the same time smiling on others. The same old fate that handed Ed. Stone a hard blow, took John Steele up from the ranks of the subs and placed him in the regular position left vacant by the injured veteran. Steele played his first full game at left guard in the game with Michigan State Fresh and fought a great battle for a newcomer.

Contractors, Engineers, and Cement Mixers, take notice. Steele replaces Stone in the construction line.—Pardon me, I mean the destruction line of the A.C. football team.

Frank O'Hare says the life of a sub is harder than that of a regular, especially on a day like Nov. 5th, when the College met the M.S.C. Freshmen here. Hail, rain, a cyclone, snow and a regular blizzard ensued. Frank says it sure was tough on the subs. Resin he claims may be good for keeping one from slipping off the bench, but it sure kept him there too long and it didn't make him warm either.

Towards the end of the M.S.C. Fresh game 'Bucky' Harris and Regan finally pried themselves off the bench and began warming up. Collins who, can sleep out

during any snow storm, woke up when a snow ball hit him on the head and with amazement asked Harris and Regan if they were getting in the game. Harris informed him that they were warming up for the run to the club house.

A grave mistake was made in the printing of the tags for the College games. In the line-up of the players, Dick Donovan's name was omitted. Dick is one of the subs and for his first year with the squad he is doing good work and is a hard working fellow.

VARSITY AND HIGH SCHOOL GRID LUMINARIES



Sub Minims Win Seven Straight

LAST VICTORY OVER ST. CATHERINES 6-0

The Sub Minims, whose performance on the gridiron reads something like Notre Dame's, are going through their heavy schedule without a loss. So far the Youngsters have played eight games and have won their last seven in a row. The first game was a tie at the zero point with St. Catherines of Detroit.

Since the last edition of this page the members of this famous team have defeated the following teams to these tunes: Holy Rosary Hi Freshmen 33-6; St. Catherines (at Detroit) 6-0; Windsor Wolverines 21-0; and St. Catherines (here) 7-0. In the game with Holy Rosary the Sub Minims had their treasured goal line crossed for the first time this season. Regarding the two St. Catherines games it must be said the fans will go a long time before they see such battles enacted as the youngsters of both teams displayed here.

In this last encounter with St. Catherine's lads, Strong, who just returned to the line-up, played a great game as did Walter DesJailais, Tedesco, Dore and McLean. Des Jailais made the lone six points after spearing a long pass from Dore and ran 25 yards for the touchdown.

Sub Minim line-up—Strong, R.E.; Tedesco, R.T.; Hopcroft, R.G.; Lewis, C.; LePage, L.G.; MacDonald, L.T.; Des Jailais, L.E.; Moeller, Q.B.; A. Hogan, R.H.; McLean, L.H.; Dore, F. B.; Sub, Schwenler.

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35 OUELLETTE AVE. WINDSOR

VARSITY LOSES TO MICH. STATE FRESH

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 1)

LINE-UP:

ASSUMPTION	M.S.C. FRESHMAN
Haneline	L.E. Gafner
Brutelle	L.T. Stine
Steele	L.G. Fricker
Dettman	C. Schaffer
M. Murphy	R.G. Daniels
Pokriefka	R.T. Ridler
I. Murphy	R.E. Fogg
Higgins	Q.B. C.) Nordberg
McErlane	L.H. Durst
Armstrong	R.H. Grove
Kramer (C.)	F.B. Olsen

Tai Kuns Lose to Heavier Team

The St. Joseph's Home of Detroit team which lost to the Tai Kuns here two weeks ago by the close score of 6 to 0, decided to come back and seek vengeance. They came back alright, but with a much heavier line-up, and greatly outweighed the Tai Kuns. Although the teams may not have been even in weight they were even in the battle, and the A. C. lads deserved a much better fate for their fine showing. The game was

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 3)

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Merv Murphy

Lee Higgin

Captain Kramer

Poke Pokriyka

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Bill Guina

Ribbs Ameline

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(Continued on Page 11, Col. 3)

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W. J. BURNS, Sec.

E. BREault, Treas.

H. E. GIGNAC, Gen. Mgr.



WITH THE CLASSES



The graduating class has been honored by the addition of a new member in the person of Mr. Rodger DeRosier.

"For a change Mr. Mervin Murphy will translate" is a phrase familiar to the ears of the philosophers.

In the near future "Poke" will be making a "big clean-up" when it comes time to sweep the "gym."

Rhetoric '28 takes great pleasure in announcing that the Foreign Mission is off its list now. During the past week the fees were presented to Rev. Fr. Pickett.

Due to the superfluity of notes coming from the English Prof. a few casualties have been noted. Little "Chuck" Bradley has become lock-jawed from the effects of his efforts to spell aloud ponderous polysyllabic verbal utterances. Dan drew a sprained wrist resulting from a too speedy "Palmer Method."

"Recognition comes to him who waits"—this was the experience of our Secretary—Frank ("Pat") O'Hare. Frank had a lengthy conversation with the Head of the Basilian Order in the person of Rev. Fr. Forster.

After much investigation it has been discovered that W. F. Norton has the majority of his subjects in Rhetoric. He will be given an official welcome into our midst after the "Supreme Order" has passed on it.

Freshmen Flashes

McErlane advanced the theory in I Arts the other day that authors of Irish stories are allowed a free license in writing.

I Arts students no longer go to Mr. Beniteau (Mussolini) for information. Mr. Beausoleil has enough intuition knowledge to suffice the whole class.

After much diligent searching I Arts has adopted the following class motto: "Posthabemus fortunatos ictus camelis". (We prefer Lucky Strikes to Camels).

I Arts sympathizes with Ed. Stone on his recent injury. Cheer up Ed., basketball will soon be here.

Fr. Burns in English: "The essay will reflect some characteristic of the author. For example, Sheehy's essay is long but it is not Longfellow's.

Heard in I Arts Physics: Tomorrow start with lightning and go to thunder.

The Pre Meds would like to take a course in shorthand in order to be able to take down the notes during lectures.

Any time the Pre Meds want a favor done they always ask "Doc" Moody for it.

4TH YEAR CLASS REPORTS.

Last Saturday, while in Toledo, the members of the High School Football team had the pleasure of once more meeting an old friend, J. J. Kelly, who will be remembered as the President of 4th Year Hi last year. Kelly was a very clever student, and a star football player. He is now employed in Marion, Ohio.

"Ribbs" Ameling's knowledge of the many different angles at which he catches forward passes should help him in his new course, geometry.

"Dage" Arundel didn't feel very good the other day, so he went to class.

Richard Finneley, who is an aspirant for honors in 2A History, says that Peter Stuyvisant was every inch a ruler. Another promising historian said that John Smith was a great man and is famous for being the wife of Pocahontas.

The dorm master may believe in the old saying that an apple a day keeps the doctor away, and still think that it is unhealthy for Jack Kearns to eat them at night.

Thorp Fishback's industry was well rewarded when his teacher gave him fifty cents for solving an algebra question which had baffled 2nd Year.

1B noticed a lull during the absence of Cecil Chauvin. The cause of his illness was a spider bite.

Denis Dillon, a member of 1C, underwent a very serious operation and is now on his way to recovery.

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OUR BARBER SEZ:



The above is a street scene in Youngstown. The staff photographer snapped this last summer. We have heard so much about this little town in Ohio that a reporter was sent out to give the town the 'once over'. He reported that he had good luck—extraordinary good luck—he figured that he would have an all-week hunt for the place; fortunately, however, he found the town on the first day. He came across it while he was making a detour.

His first impressions of the town were lasting. He could not sit down for a week. He immediately had the largest building pointed out to him. He set up his camera on the opposite side of the road, hid his head, and pressed the bulb. The above print is the result of his effort. Youngstown's Street Railway blocked the general store from the eye of the camera. Our photographer did not get mad but was rather pleasantly surprised. A glance at the picture will tell you why. Mr. 'Boy Scout' Walsh was driving the trolley. The man on the rear reading the paper is 'Bill' Fair. 'Bill' has just finished his day's work. This column does not wish to cause any scandal. The protruding bulge on 'Boy Scout's' hip is Sunburn Cure—he got his nose slightly sunburnt and has to apply a soother. This same sunburnt nose of our conductor friend cost him his job, however. His nose got so red that passing tourists took it for a rear light and many smash-ups occurred.

Our reporter next called on the mayor but that individual was too busy to see him. He was just going out to lock up a chicken thief. Our scribe happened on our well known friend Mr. 'Pickles' Hines. 'Pickles'

was operating a thriving business in front of the town hall. He had a team of horses pulling autos out of mud holes. All this, however, only brings up the time worn question asked by the Youngstown barber—"What is better than the best man in Youngstown?" To which the rest of the known world replied: "No man from Youngstown."



This paper boasts of a cosmopolitan circulation department. Tony Kramer is the Dutchman. Mervin Murphy is the Irishman. John L. Steele is the Scotchman. They are true to their race. Tony sees to it that the staff works hard. Mervin takes care that the department does not work too hard. John, 'our careful Scotchman', takes pain that the views of Mervin are upheld.

Thinking about Steele brings to mind a dispute that occurred between James J. Murphy (ex-stagehand) and his roommate, Raymond McCormick. Ray came in to room with Jim. Jim immediately gave Ray a warm welcome. As soon as Ray deposited his bag and walking stick, Jim brought out the family album and gave his new mate his life history. The quarrel arose when Jim called his friend 'Scotty'. (This is the name of Jim's dog which has quite a prominent place in the album). Ray told Mr. Murphy that he did not care to be called 'Scotty'. Jim inquired why he did not wish to be called by such a name—wasn't he Scotch? His former friend emphatically denied this and a long and tarty dispute followed. Both argued the matter over for a week. No ground was conceded by either party. Mr. Murphy finally got the notion to put McCormick to a psychological test. Mr. McCormick agreed. Jim was to ask his fellow-roomer some questions. The next morning about two o'clock, Jim awoke Ray and holding up his head he asked the following questions to which Ray mumbled the answers in a very weak voice:

"What is your favorite dish?"—"Oatmeal."

"Who is your favorite actor?"—"Harry Lauder."

"Are you in favor of tag-days?"—"No."

"At what age were you told that there was no Santa Claus?"—"At the age of four."

"What is your choice in musical instruments?"—"The bagpipes."

Later on in the morning when Ray was out of bed and washed he disclaimed all knowledge of the quiz. He claimed a foul. He calls it all a wild dream on the part of Murphy. Murphy gave up the argument in disgust. From then on he did not call him 'Scotty' but applied the name 'Izzy' (Izzy Scotch or Izzy not Scotch) until further notice.

The smallest man on the Varsity is John Collins. This is not news to the students. The only man who chews tobacco in scrimmage is John Collins. This is news to some of the students. The first time that 'Army' blocked Collins he thought that he was stabbed in the back. 'Army' felt something warm running down his back, he thought that it was blood. He pressed a very warm spot and he felt some more warm "something" run down his back. The trainer after passing around the smelling salts reached his hand down in the direction of the warm spot and returned John Collins' chew to him.



TAI KUNS LOSE

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

a snappy affair with plenty of action on both sides. St. Joe's first touchdown came when one of their men intercepted a pass and ran 20 yards for a touchdown. The try for extra point was not made. Their next touchdown came through a series of line plays and a forward pass.

In the second half the Tai Kuns made a game comeback against their heavy opponents when Love, who played a splendid game at end, intercepted a pass and ran 40 yards for his team's only touchdown, although George Hite, after grabbing a long pass, almost went over for another touchdown when he was downed a foot from the white line.

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Vol. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 1, 1927

No. 4

MINSTREL SHOW IS HUGE SUCCESS

Christmas Vacation Begins on Dec. 17

HOLIDAYS TERMINATE ON EVENING OF JAN. 2

Official word from the president's office sets the opening of the Christmas vacation at 10:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, Dec. 17th. The holidays will end on Monday evening, Jan. 2nd, and classes will be resumed the following morning.

This long holiday season will serve as a timely tonic to the multitude of Assumption students who have labored incessantly since the opening of school in September. To those who have not exerted themselves in the classroom and studyhall the coming of New Year's Day will offer another opportunity for new resolutions with the new year.



Assumption Freshmen Don Frosh Caps For First Time

SOPHS ISSUE NEW DECREE AND INAUGURATE CUSTOM WITH POMPOUS CEREMONY

Since 11:45 o'clock last Monday morning the Assumption College Freshmen have been conspicuous about the campus and elsewhere by the flashy freshman caps of white and purple hues which they have donned at the request of the Sophs.

The inaugural ceremonies took place at the time stated above in the First Arts classroom. The Sophs, headed by Mike Doyle, Rhetoric president, and his assistant, Ed. Pokriefka, invaded the Frosh sanctom and after expressing the purpose of their visit, read the rules that the lower classmen are to abide by for the rest of the year. Each freshman then came forward and solemnly promised to wear and respect the cap for the rest of his frosh days.

Father Vahey's Troupe Makes Great Hit

STUDENT ACTORS DRAW PACKED HOUSE IN INITIAL PERFORMANCE

The first minstrel show staged by Assumption students for public approval in recent years drew a packed auditorium on the evening of November 22nd and proved a rollicking success. Outsiders, numbering upwards of 500, swarmed here from various parts of the Border Cities and Detroit to witness the event. The singing antics and dialogues,



Rev. T. J. Vahey

that kept the audience in a continual state of hilarity and applause throughout the two and a half hours of performing gave unquestioned testimony to the fact that this show eclipsed by far any dramatic endeavor here of recent years. To Rev. T. J. Vahey, director of the play, his assistants, Mike Doyle and Jack Nelson, and the whole Rhetoric class, by whom the show was sponsored, goes unlimited praise for the manner in which this difficult undertaking was developed to such a high state of perfection.

Clarence Ouellette opened the program
(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)



CALENDAR

- Dec. 2—Assumption Hi vs. Blue Arrows—Home.
- Dec. 6—Meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society.
- Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Reception of new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.
- Dec. 9—Varsity vs. Mich. State Normal—Ypsilanti.
- Dec. 13—Varsity vs. Detroit City College—Home.

High School Debaters Lose to Walkerville

COLLEGIATE TEAMS WIN BY NARROW MARGINS

Two Assumption High School debating teams met two teams from Walkerville Collegiate on Monday evening, November 21st, in the first of the debates to determine the winner of the W.O.S.S.A. crown and the shield donated to the champion team by the Baconian Club of London. Assumption at present is the holder of this shield, J. J. Kelly and Richard Cross having bested all of their opponents last year. In the quest for this shield the two Walkerville teams, one debating here and one in Walkerville obtained decisions over our High School debaters by narrow margins.

The debate here was heard by the student body and a small number of outsiders. Mr. Rodd, K.C. of Windsor, the presiding judge, was assisted by Judge Coughlin of

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)



December 8th is Traditional College Feast

GALA DAY OF FALL TERM DRAWS NEAR

There is undoubtedly no other day on the Assumption calendar that is looked forward to with such keen delight by the student body as the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Dec. 8th. Since the College's inception this day has always been the annual feast day, it being duly impossible to celebrate the feast of the Assumption which comes during the summer vacation.

The custom of years has formed certain traditions that cannot be dispensed with on this day. It is customary for every student to receive Holy Communion at 7:30 Mass. A Solemn High Mass in honor of the Blessed Mother later in the morning

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 3)

Old Boys' Page

An Old Boy's Sentiments

Nov. 18, '27.

Dear Editor:

'Purple & White' like a zephyr from the Isles of the Blest just blew in this morn. Seated as we are just south of the North Pole, on the outer edge of civilization with leagues of water before us the Purple and White came like a letter from home with an aroma of sweet-scented antiquity hovering around us.

Your present generation cannot realize what a boon it is to have a College paper. Twenty five years from now there is not a student but would give a thousand dollars to possess the complete number of the issues published during his college days. There is where he will have to go to renew his student life, to furbish his memory,—to live again the good old days when he had a little world of his own, and just let the big world outside wag on as best it knew how.

It is one of the great regrets of mine that we had no such medium for recording the real, active, living, up-to-date events of college life. Much history was lost,—much that was not exactly history but which served as a good filler was lost—and only the failing memory of some old grad can revive small items here and there, but the bulk is gone, completely lost in oblivion.

It would be a calamity to let your interesting little sheet fail for want of support. Make it compulsory as a dose of castor oil for bummers in the sick room. Do anything and everything to keep it alive.

I can assure you that every old grad receiving it just about puts down everything else to get a peep into the P. & W. They all not merely like it but revel in it. Ask them or let them consider this a note of interrogation and send a note of reply. See what they'll say.

We of the old days, had no such a thing as the P. & W., and oh, how much even the sight of an old catalogue of our college days appeal to us! It is just like a taste of the pies mother used to make.

Come on, boys, make Purple and White flourish like the bay tree—whatever that is. They say it flourishes,—but in any case Purple and White is worthy of your support.

Yours sincerely,
Old Timer.



FATHER T. HUSSEY DIES

On Wednesday Nov. 23, the Rev. T. W. Hussey was buried from St. Leo's Church. Father Hussey attended Assumption in 1905.



MR. B. I. MURPHY WEDS

Mr. B. I. Murphy, a B.A. graduate of a few years ago, returned from the South a short time ago with a charming young bride. The couple are at present visiting the groom's parents in St. Thomas but will make their home in Pt. Arthur, Texas.

SNAPPED ON THE LITTLE WALK TWENTY YEARS AGO



To Allen E. Gravier of Cleveland, Ohio, a student here some twenty years ago, we are gratefully indebted for these photos. We are sorry that we cannot print the names but these faces should be familiar to more than a few of you alumni.

Mr. A. Grosfield Dies

FATHER OF TWO OLD BOYS, AND GRANDPARENT OF FOUR OTHER ASSUMPTION STUDENTS, PASSES AWAY

Purple and White wishes to extend sincere sympathy to the family of Mr. Anthony Grosfield who died November 19th. Mr. Grosfield is the father of two of our Old Boys, Charles and Fred, who attended the College 1901-03. He is also the grandfather of four other students, Anthony and Edward, who attended Assumption from 1918-21, George, who completed the commercial course here last year, and Robert, who is numbered amongst the present student body.



Everyone likes the new Assumption pennants. One would look nice in your room.

Visitors

Since our last publication many noted Old Boys have visited their Alma Mater. Amongst them we noted:

Rev. W. G. Rogers, Rev. R. Benson and Rev. E. Hannick of Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit.

Rev. G. Blonde of Ford City.

Mr. Jimmie Burns of Detroit.

Mr. Paul "Spud" Murphy of Detroit. "Spud" will be remembered by students of a few years ago as a star on the famous Tai Kun football team of '22.

Rev. R. T. Burke of St. Anne's Parish, Detroit.

Mr. Chas. Barron of Windsor.

Mr. Jack Laughlin, who attended Assumption a few years back and will be remembered as a member of the champ High School debating team of 1923.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE MINSTRELS



Standing, left to right: T. Brutelle, L. O'Grady, R. Donovan, W. McKenna, J. Cooney, J. Murphy, W. Love, M. Harris, Weisenberger, F. Norton, J. Marx, J. Collins, H. Ameling, J. Steele, G. Coughlin, A. Rocco, F. Hunt, F. O'Hare, J. Sheehy.
Seated: A. Kramer, J. Staffan, J. Bourret, J. Barnard, S. Long, W. Guina, M. Doyle, E. Hardman, J. Regan, A. Shiffer, A. Georges, D. Pfrommer, G. Howell.

MINSTREL SHOW IS HUGE SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

with a brief prologue, in which he introduced the actors and bade the audience not judge them with a critical but an appreciative eye. The opening chorus rendered the familiar strains of the "Purple & White" with excellent volume and harmony. But it was Jim Regan, our famous "New Yauka", who held the audience veritably entranced by the way he sang "The World is Waiting For the Sunrise". The richness of Jim's voice, combined with his natural charm, made him a popular idol from the start. Joe Bourrett, one of the end men, then drew some laughs from the crowd when he told them what he thought of "Miss Annabelle Lee." Ted "Brute" Brutelle was the next soloist, but Brute didn't live up to that cognomen on this occasion. He sang "Roses of Picardy" in a quiet unassuming way, but with a wealth of enchantment in his pleasing baritone voice, and a world of meaning in his gestures. The popular song-hit "At Sundown" was rendered by Stan Long and the Warrior ace pleased his listeners to no slight degree. Weisenberger and Marx then drew ripples of laughter by their crafty impersonation of the Smith Brothers—Trade and Mark, and their bushy black fronts proved a complete deception to everyone. Ernie Belanger, the little fellow, forthwith proceeded to portray the life of a lonely "batch" in his solo "Me and My Shadow". Art Georges, another one of the "black boys", portrayed in song and gesture the many good qualities of "Barbara". He left Jimmie Cooney to finish the tale and he of the great rotundity certainly proved true to his trust. The deep baritone voice, which Jim used, did justice to his soft "lip music" and the latter proved a complete deception to the onlookers. Del Pfrommer, also from behind a coat of "black", then proceeded to expound on his famous past of a thousand years ago. Del was better than ever, judging by the numerous and prolonged "guffaws" that followed his retreat. "Broken Hearted" was Gourley

(Continued in Column Three)

As The Editor Sees It -



"A College for Windsor" was the heading of an editorial, which we noticed in The Border Cities Star of Friday, November 18th. Professor Norman DeWitt of Victoria College, Toronto, in a speech given in Windsor, expressed the idea that the rapidly growing Border Cities was the logical site for a college subsidized by the provincial government.

"This thought has often come to persons here," the Star goes on to state, "and it does seem that the time is rapidly approaching when a full-fledged university will be established on the Canadian shore of the Detroit River. In Assumption College, that fine old Sandwich school, we have the nucleus for such an institution. Our population is growing at a remarkable rate, and our educational needs are increasing in proportion."

It might be stated here, in passing, that the main objective in the erection of our new classroom building, was the taking care of these increased educational needs along the border. Though the people of Windsor may not realize the fact, Assumption at present is able to accommodate more than 500 day students, and can offer them all the advantages that any Canadian University boasts of in the pre-medical, prelaw or "lit" courses.

Thus opportunity, in the form of Assumption College, is placed within the grasp of those ambitious sons of border citizens, who hold as their objective a higher education.

It is logical to believe that Windsor, in

(Continued from Column One)

Howell's theme and he certainly did it justice. A typical coon, with a typical southern accent, a clear tenor voice and emotional gestures which really made us feel the pathos of a broken heart—that was Gourley. The chorus then brought the first part of the program to a close with the beautiful strains of "Same Silvery Moon".

Spooks

In a comic skit between the acts, Del Pfrommer and Jack Staffan had little trouble effecting a roaring house. The two black boys evinced their fear of everything ghost-like when "Lanky John" Sheehy appeared as a very unsympathizing ghost. Tony Kramer as a "dauky" porter and "Gabby" Howell as a trainer of wild lions B. C. (before circuses) gained their objective—a thousand laughs.

Part Two

The chorus, opening Part Two, sang "Your Land and My Land", and the songsters in turn were followed by Art Shiffer who rendered in tuneful verse "Sometimes I'm Happy." Bill Guina, the dashing quarterback, expressed some rather skeptical views in a solo entitled "I Can't Believe You're in Love." He was followed by John Barnard, who drew much applause by the pleasing tones with which he sang "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Forrest Norton, for all the world a typical Englishman,—cane, monacle and all,—introduced himself as Burlington Bertie. That "bawly" English accent, together with his humorous ditty, made his act one of the high lights of the performance. To the great satisfaction of all "broken hearted" Gourley Howell returned to the

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

the not-too-far-distant future, will be able to boast of a "full-fledged university". But the citizens of this community should recognize in Assumption, greater and larger than ever, as she is today, her true worth and co-operate with her in satisfying the present educational needs of the border's young manhood.

PURPLE & WHITE

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On Reading

Francis Bacon, in an essay on "Studies", expressed his firm conviction that "reading maketh a full man". Now the idea that Bacon evidently intended to convey was that the right sort of reading tends to broaden the mind of man, to give him, as it were, a power of synthesis, almost the faculty of "intellectual legerdemain." This age, however, is prone to take his words too literally, and the result is a plethora of "full men"—but full of what? Well, here are a few of the ingredients that enter into the hash of a twentieth century "full man": the population of the habitable globe in cold, incontrovertible numerals; the number of male offspring produced in a given section during the course of a given year; the cherished belief that winters now are not as cold as they were when grandpa kissed grandma on the lace mitten; details of particularly lurid divorce cases; more details on bootleggers' cases; the startling intelligence that the earth is becoming too small for the rational biped,—and so on ad infinitum. No one, though, seems to care to read anything which might tend to increase his wage-earning capacity or make of him a better citizen, but of "strong silent men from the wide open spaces", and lachrymose ladies luridly loving he cannot get his fill. All of which accounts for the appalling paucity of original thought in our midst today.

It is undeniable that thinking for oneself is the best possible means of developing oneself, at any rate it sounds plausible enough. But how, may we ask, can a man think for himself if he is constantly interrupting his own train of thought with the opinions of others? The mind must, by reason of environment or recollection,

(Continued in Column Three)

A Freshman Protest

(Note.—The following article was found under the editor's door with a request that it be published. Its contents is obvious enough).

In regard to a statement posted on the bulletin board concerning the wearing of the Freshman caps by the students of First Year College, an objection must be put forth. A misunderstanding on the part of the students has quite logically followed, due to the content of this sign. A few gleanings from the proclamation which was signed "Rhetoric Class of '28" follow: (1) "The initial freshman rule of Assumption College is to be introduced by this year's Sophomore Class." (2) "Every freshman is expected to do honor to his College and fulfil the obligations to this cap as set down by the Sophomore class." (3) "The cap must be worn on the campus and at all public athletic events for the ensuing semester."

Whether or not these statements were issued through carelessness or a lack of forethought, the fact remains that they have influenced you, the students, into believing that the Freshman rule was forced on us by the Sophomores. Consequently we will put the truth before you in plain facts, as the Sophs surely meant that you should see it. The suggestion was made by the Rhetoric class that the wearing of the Freshman cap be introduced this year. The matter was given due consideration by the members of First Arts and the motion was put to a vote. Hence the Freshmen are wearing this cap on their own volition, and it has not been forced on them as the above mentioned sign might indicate. Furthermore, this cap is not considered a burden by any member of the class, but has been adopted and prized as a class emblem.

Although the Freshman Class is always open for suggestions from any upper classmen, let it be understood that their suggestions will be merely considered as such and that we will continue to handle our own affairs solely and entirely without the direction or the assistance of any other class whatsoever.

—A Freshman.

WHERE EVERYBODY'S HAPPY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy Blossoms sweetly all the while;
Where the Never-Grumble flower Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience Point their faces to the sky.
In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I Will,
You will find this lovely city
At the foot of No-Fret Hill;
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there,
And to each a vine is clinging,
Called the Frequent Earnest Prayer;
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile.

THE ECHO.

(Continued from Column One)

exert an impulse in some direction if it "runs under its own power". Reading, however, supplies the time and environment, thus robbing the mind of all elasticity. Promiscuous reading in quantity keeps the mind continually under pressure. Now whether or not constant pressure is conducive to the proper functioning of the intellect can best be determined by analogy. Take for example a rubber band; stretch it to its utmost over a considerable period of time. When the tension is finally destroyed, you have something, the elasticity of which closely resembles that of a section of lead pipe. Therefore, it can be said that the man, who buries himself in his bibliotheca from morn till night, is a prime factor in the quantity production of the moron.

F. P. O'HARE, '30.



"School Days"

"The Whining School Boy, With his patches
And shining morning face, creeping
like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

Many things change with the passing of centuries, but human nature is not among them. Shakespeare's description of the school boy of his day might be justly applied to the lad of the twentieth century.

Perhaps the modern schoolboy is less unwilling to attend classes and lectures than was the student of years ago. I say "less unwilling", because we discover few so advanced in zeal of learning, that they do not often dislike the idea of a whole day of class. Although the rod has been substituted by milder incentives to learning and factors that increase the comfort of the scholar have invariably increased, yet the average boy is bound when he looks forward to the long, dull, drowsy, monotonous studies and classes. How many boys will lend a hand in hard manual labor consoled at the reflection that they are missing study or classes. Though this apparent antipathy to learning, on the part of the young, seems more or less universal it is fortunate that it is to a great extent only apparent.

It is a well established fact that, buried down in every human mind there is an intense desire for knowledge which can be set on fire by the least spark of encouragement. This fact encourages the teacher and makes him dare to hope for results. Students will become interested even in subjects that are at first sight dull, if they co-operate with the teacher and stimulate this innate curiosity for knowledge, and direct it along proper channels. If the student learns at school to appreciate the worth and value of learning, in after life, on his own initiative he will be induced "to follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost depths of human thought."

J. S. MURPHY, '28.

MINSTREL SHOW IS HUGE SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

spotlight and proved as popular as before in a solo “Muddy Waters.” E. Hardman’s winning smile and his melodious tale of “A Night in June” drew pleasurable comment from the crowd. Jim Regan’s magic voice held all spell-bound again as he sang “Who’ll be the One to Care?” Jack Staffan, tall and black, pleased the assembled multitude with “Is It Possible?” and his accompanying steps were, in the language of the Round Table, “hot”. A chorus, comprising the entire company, then put a grand “finis” to the whole performance by rendering in marvellous style and flourish “Just a Song at Twilight.”

The Spice of the Program

A mere outline of the program has been set down here. To give, even in a small measure, some idea of the witticisms and antics of the end men, in truth the spice that seasoned the whole affair, would require pages of print. Kramer, Howell, Staffan, Bourrett, Pfrommer and Georges never for a minute allowed the mirth of the audience to cool, but they interspersed between the solos, jokes and witty sayings remarkably ingenious and original. Mike Doyle made a charming interlocutor and handled the boys in perfect style. Forrest Norton, though particularly brilliant in his impersonation of Burlington Bertie, deserves added praise for the manner in which he directed the orchestra and the choruses. Dick Batti, our saxophone artist, and Dale Mousseau, who “tickles the ivories”, as well as the whole orchestra are worthy of unlimited commendation for their finished selections. But the “hand of the master” was noticeable in every phase and every detail of the work. Father Vahey in this, his latest effort, accomplished something the extent of which no one in the least realized. Weeks of sacrificing and patient labor were his lot and the lot of the actors. But their efforts, as we see them, have woven into the history of St. Paul’s Dramatic Society a new and greater era.



“What is the penalty for bigamy?”
“Two mothers-in-law.”



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**St. Basil’s Literary Society
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**GREAT ORATORICAL TALENT DISPLAYED AS FIRST FALL TERM
SPEAKERS ARE HEARD**

If the success of the first meeting of St. Basil’s Literary Society is any criterion of what is in store for the members at future meetings a very profitable and enjoyable year is assured. The first speeches of the year were heard on Friday evening Nov. 25th, and the subject matter of the speeches as well as the manner in which they were given were highly lauded by the Rev. President, Father Bondy and the various members who acted in the capacity of critics.

Mr. Michael L. Doyle, newly-elected vice-president of the society, was, according to custom, the first speaker to take the platform. His talk on the value of good books, by the perusal of which we cultivate the art of oratory, was given in a very impressive style and there was embodied in the speech itself an excellent command of English. Mr. Frank Burns was the next speaker and he impressed upon his audience how essential it is for man to have a knowledge of his limitations. Mr. Burns proved to the members of the society that he is a speaker of no meagre talent and his clear, pleasing voice is a valuable asset to him in his oratorical endeavors. Mr. John Steele then discussed the possibility of Democracy ruling the whole world. He was followed by Mr. Frank Walsh, who gave an interesting and lengthy talk on the various phases of the Mexican situation today.



MR. J. BECKER OFFERS PRIZES TO STUDENTS

Mr. J. Becker of Becker’s Clothing Co., Windsor, has offered for competition amongst the student body a pair of high-priced hockey skates, similar to the ones used by professionals, and an expensive set of fiction books. These prizes will be given away to the two students who obtain the highest marks in the three weekly exams previous to the Christmas vacation. Everyone is getting in the race. Maybe you will be the lucky one to take a prize home with you!

DEC. 8TH IS COLLEGE FEAST

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

and the ceremonies connected with the reception of new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in the evening constitute the spiritual exercises of the day.

Another event that must not be overlooked is the traditional and exceptional dinner that makes Father Nicholson the man of the hour on Dec. 8th. Aged old traditions are not broken in a day and that heralded feed will surely be the main attraction next Thursday. Moreover Father Nicholson’s benevolent smile is widening these days. The omens are favorable!



Ribbs: “Regular deluge, isn’t it?”

Rocco: “What’s that?”

Ribbs: “You’ve read about the deluge, surely? Noah and the flood and all that?”

Tony: “No, I haven’t read a newspaper for three days.”



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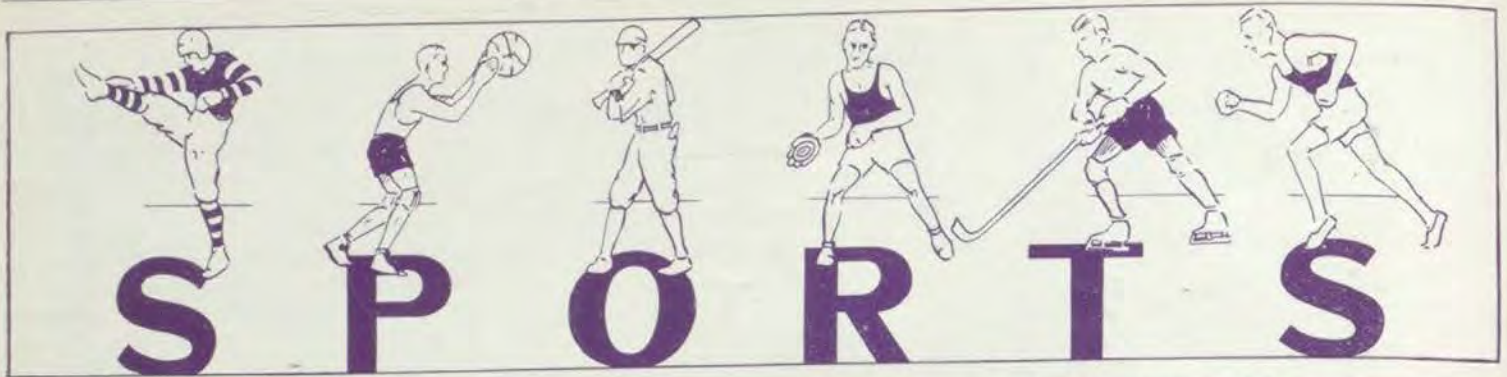
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Flint J. C. Gains 7-0 Verdict Over Varsity by Last Minute Score

SIX PLAYERS MAKE FINAL BOW IN CLOSING TILT; ADRIAN ALSO WINS, 12-0

After battling the Flint Junior College Eleven on even terms for four long periods, the Assumption Varsity team was forced to taste the bitter dregs of defeat in its closing grid performance when Baum, an enemy end, intercepted the pellet, speeding from the hands of a purple-clad back, and dashed across the Assumption goal line as the final whistle blew. This was the only score of the game and gave the verdict to the visitors by a 7-0 count.

Throughout the whole melee on only two occasions was either goal line threatened. In the second quarter a blocked punt and several sweeping end runs, averaging from ten to thirty yards, put the ball on Assumption's two yard line in possession of the Yellow shirts. The Assumption line presented the proverbial stone wall at this stage of the fray and four attempts by the visitors to advance the pigskin proved futile, their last effort being culminated by Irv Murphy throwing the ball totter for a two yard loss. Except on this occasion the first half saw neither team able to solve the opposing defensive front or to advance the ball far into enemy territory.

Five dull minutes of the third period had elapsed before the Assumption offense began to add a little lustre to the play. A long pass, McErlane to Higgins, started the locals on a drive that took them from midfield to the Flint eight yard strip. A series of vicious line plunges netted three first downs in a row, Kramer on one occasion ploughing through center for fifteen yards. McErlane and Armstrong were effective on their off tackle darts but this spectacular advance was halted on the Flint eight yard mark and Assumption was held for downs.

This proved to be the last scoring chance for the purple-clad lads and after their spurt the kicking game of the first half was resumed. Late in the last period one of Vogel's punts travelled for more than sixty yards to the Assumption seventeen yard strip. With only two minutes to play the purple quarterback elected to try the aerial attack in a last desperate effort

for victory. Three passes were incomplete and the last one was intercepted by Baum, Flint left end, who raced down the field and crossed the Assumption goal line just as the final whistle blew. The try for point was successful.

This game was significant in that it marked the last time that six of the team's regulars will perform on the gridiron under Assumption colors. Captain Kramer, Carl Dettman and Irv Murphy have left in their wake many glorious football campaigns and since the early days on Father Tighe's Minims have enjoyed no less than five seasons of Varsity football. Merv Murphy is a letterman of a year's standing and this stalwart guard presents as stubborn a front as any man who has fought in that position for Assumption in the past. It was "Scotty" Steele who filled the whole at the other guard position which was left by Ed. Stone's injury and "Scotty's" reliable playing has virtually assured him of a letter. "Gabby" Howell has worn the purple colors on the gridiron for two seasons and his speed and trickiness at the half back post have been a valuable asset to the team.

A week previous to the Flint game the purple-clad cohorts journeyed to Adrian and were forced to bow to the college of that name by a 12-0 score. The Methodists, however, did not show a two touchdown supremacy over the Assumptionites and play was about even at all stages of the contest. On two occasions Assumption had the ball on the opponents' one yard line but lacked the punch to score. Coumans, Assumption end, came into the limelight in this fray when, numbered in the starting line-up for the first time, he played a sparkling game at the flank position throughout the entire melee. His work in the Flint game was also outstanding.

The line-ups:

ASSUMPTION	FLINT J.C.
CoumansL.E.....	Baum
BrutelleL.T.....	Slattery
SteeleL.G.....	Kerr
DettmanC.....	Crook
M. MurphyR.G.....	Kile

High School Loses Season Final to Ann Arbor 19-13

"RIBBS" SCORES AGAIN; ROCCO DASHES 80 YARDS FOR SECOND TOUCHDOWN

Ann Arbor, the university town, was the scene of Assumption High School's last gridiron fray of the current season and the high school team of that name furnished the opposition for our purple-clad troupe. After four desperate periods of thrilling football the Assumptionites were forced to bow to their hosts by a 19-13 count.

The turning point of the contest, as it later proved, came on the third kick-off of the game when Van Akkeren, Ann Arbor end, intercepted a lateral pass and could not be downed until he reached the Assumption 15 yard strip. This upset the locals considerably and three plays saw a touchdown produced which was the margin of victory.

Ann Arbor's first score came early in the first period when they seemed to have little trouble solving the Assumption defense and rushed the ball down the field and across the goal line by straight football. In the second quarter the Assumption offense began to function also. With Assumption in possession of the ball on its own 45 yard line, "Nibbs" Ameling pulled down a pass and raced forty-four yards to the Ann Arbor 11-yard mark. After a couple unsuccessful plays, "Ribbs", older member of the Ameling company, jumped high in the air to take a pass from Taylor for Assumption's first score. The latter failed to convert which left Assumption trailing by a single point.

On the following kick-off the disastrous play mentioned above took place and the interception of the lateral pass was directly responsible for the home team's next score, and Ann Arbor was in the lead 13-6 when the half-time whistle suspended activities. The third period

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 2)

PokriefkaR.T.....	James
I. MurphyR.E.....	Edwards
McErlaneL.H.....	Vogel
ArmstrongR.H.....	Mohardt
Kramer (C)F.B.....	Hawkins
HigginsQ.B.....	Snyder
Substitutions: Howell for Armstrong;	
Gainey for Pokriefka; Sullivan for Snyder.	

Two Varsity Men Who Shone at the Close

Minims Rally to Down De La Salle 13-6

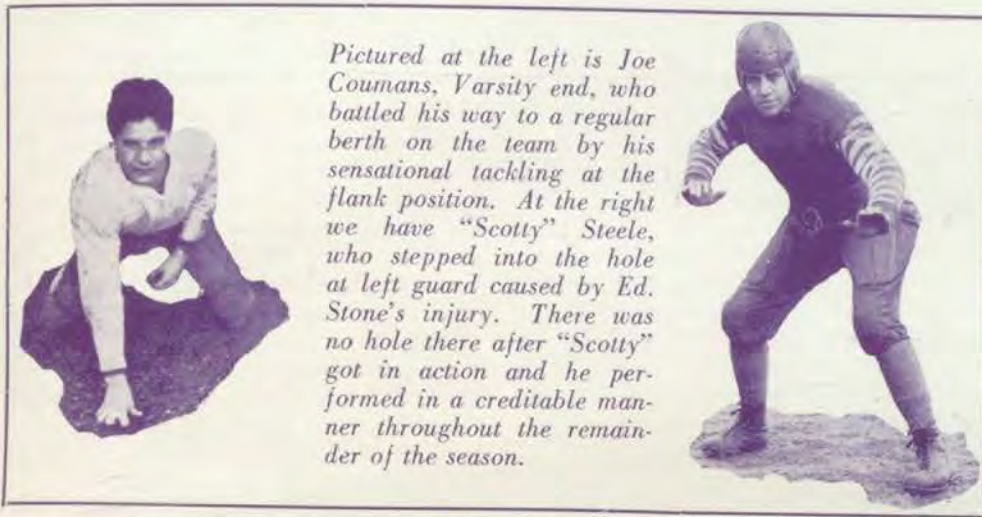
LOSE SEASON FINAL TO HEAVY ROUGE TEAM 19-6

Coach Father Spratt's half-time monition to his Minims certainly had its desired effect, for they were like a new team in the second half. After yielding a touchdown to the heavier De La Salle squad in the first canto, the Minims came back with a determined fighting spirit to score two touchdowns in the third quarter, making the final score 13-6 in their favor.

However the Minims came to life in the next half when by a series of line bucks and end runs they carried the ball within the shadow of the opponent's goal. Here "Dixie" O'Brien called upon Seaman to carry the ball over, which he did after circling left end with good interference. The point after the touchdown was not scored. In this third quarter the Minims began another march down the field and this time Belenger, who had been doing his share in advancing the pigskin, slipped over the goal line on an off tackle plunge. McLaughlin added the extra point when he placed a pretty drop-kick between the uprights, making the score 13-6.

Last Saturday the Minims closed their season when they journeyed to River Rouge and battled a team there that would have made the Tai Kuns look small. Father Spratt's youngsters never flinched, however and gave their heavy guests a merry run of it. At half time the Minims were trailing by a lone point, 7-6, but found it impossible to prevent the Rouge team from crossing their goal line in the second session.

Minim line-up: R.E., Nicholas; R.T., F. Flood; R.G., Thomas; C., McCormick, L.G., Walker; L.T., Schwikert; L.E., Devaney; Q.B., O'Brien; R.H., Seaman; L.H., Belenger; F.B., McLaughlin.



Pictured at the left is Joe Coumans, Varsity end, who battled his way to a regular berth on the team by his sensational tackling at the flank position. At the right we have "Scotty" Steele, who stepped into the hole at left guard caused by Ed. Stone's injury. There was no hole there after "Scotty" got in action and he performed in a creditable manner throughout the remainder of the season.

High School Basketball Prospects Uncertain

MENCEL ONLY MEMBER OF LAST YEAR'S SQUAD TO RETURN; FATHER McGEE IS MENTOR

To date very little can be said of the prospects for the High School's '27-'28 basketball team. We are assured of one thing, though,—that Father McGee, the High School mentor for the coming season, will put a strong and formidable quintet on the floor. Two years ago he coached the High team and his success was evident from the fact that his team won twenty-one out of twenty-six games against the best high school teams available.

Joe Mencil, star forward of last year's team, is the only member of the whole squad to return. Joe is trying out for the center position this year and if he shows the same flash and speed that has characterized his playing in the past he will cinch that berth. Skrzycki, captain of the U. of D. High team last season, looks good in the early workouts and if he lives up to his rep he should hold down one of the forward positons. However, he will have plenty opposition in Menard, Dyer, G. O'Brien, Rivard, Dickeson, H. Ameling, Maxwell and Goulette. The guard positions will be looked after by Potucek, Staffan, Love and Morneau.

The High School team has been entered in the W.O.S.S.A. league again this season and will battle it out with three other Border Cities teams for the top rung in the standings. The first scheduled league tilt will be played on Dec. 16 with Walkerville C. I. in Walkerville.



THE BOXING CLASS

A boxing class, under the direction of Mr. Arnold Schneider, will convene at certain periods in the gym this winter. All students who wish to joint the class are requested to hand their names in to Mr. Schneider.

With the Junior Sub-Minims

In the Junior Sub-Minim League which composed only two teams, the Dorians, and Athenians, Day Scholars and Boarders respectively, a seven game series was played in which the Athenians won four and cinched the championship.

Fr. O'Donnel, coach of the champs, turned out a great little team, which, after losing the first three games came back in a strong finish like real champions and captured the remaining four games.

Line-up:—

DORIANS		ATHENIANS	
Girard	L.E.	Smaefield	
Jeanette	L.T.	Robinet	
Peters	L.G.	Beneteau	
Meloche	C.	Michaels	
Proulx	R.G.	Marshall	
Des Rosiers	R.T.	Coe	
Le Boeuf	R.E.	Groome	
Des Jarlais	Q.B.	Reaune	
Teno	R.H.	Mayo	
Foley	L.H.	Waddel	
Murphy	F.B.	Boutette	
Nattais	Subs.	Meyer	
Normandeau			
Armaly			
Merlo			



Varsity Basketball Schedule

Dec. 9	—Mich. State Normal—Ypsilanti.
Dec. 13	—Detroit City College—Home.
Dec. 16	—Western U.—Home.
Jan. 10	—Mich. State Normal—Home.
Jan. 13	—St. John's U.—Home.
Jan. 21	—Detroit City College—Detroit.
Jan. 28	—Det. Inst. of Technology—Home.
Jan. 31	—Det. College of Law—Detroit.
Feb. 3	—John Carrol U.—Home.
Feb. 7	—Western U.—London.
Feb. 10	—Highland Park J.C.—Home.
Feb. 15	—St. Mary's College—Orchard Lake.
Feb. 17	—St. John's U.—Toledo.
Feb. 22	—University of Dayton—Dayton.
Feb. 28	—St. Mary's College—Home.
Mar. 2	—Highland Park J.C.—Highland Park
Mar. 6	—Detroit College of Law—Home.
Mar. 10	—Adrian College—Home.
Mar. 13	—Det. Inst. of Technology—Detroit.

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Wall Flowers Don the Moleskins

HUMBLE WYANDOTTE CARDINALS
13—0

Previous to the organization of the Wall Flower team, which took place in the middle of the football season, the members of this club spent their recreations walking around the campus and keeping the buildings around the little walk from falling. One of their members decided to reform the crowd and immediately placed a team on the campus under the flowery title of the Wall Flowers. To Mickey Nichel goes the credit of organizing this splendid team which has done remarkably well for its late start.

Three weeks ago the Wall Flowers opened their season with the Minims and the game was a thriller and ended in a deadlock, neither side having scored. Their next game was with the Wyandotte Street Cardinals whom they downed 13-0. The Wall Flowers are worthy of praise on this victory, as the Cardinals were a fast, heavy team. Moreover some of the lads were playing their first game of football but their determined efforts counter-balanced their lack of experience.

In this game Manager Nichel and Captain Ouellette shone out prominently as did Mousseau, Gayle, King, Leszczynski and Mack.

The Wall Flowers' line-up: Mack, R.E.; Gayle, R.T.; Metzger, R.G.; Winchester, C.; Ameel, L.G.; Mousseau, L.T.; Foster, L.E.; Ouellette, Q.B.; (Capt.) Nichel, R.H.; King, L.H.; Subs: Pfent, Reuss, W. Doyle, Holland.

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FOURTH DOWN

BY FRANK WALSH

Well, boys, here goes for the final grid-iron notes of the 1927 season. This is not only "Fourth Down", but our last down in this game of football news.

Plenty of football was dished up on the College campus, for the lovers of the pig-skin game. During the season just closed 28 games were played here with outside teams by our various elevens, ranging from the husky Varsity and Hi squads down to the tiny Sub-Minims, while the same teams played 11 games away.

When the Varsity team played at Adrian the three 'Cokes', John, Harry and Martin Daly, were in the stands to cheer for their Alma Mater. John and Harry won their A's on the College squad, while Mart received his letter on the High. These boys showed fine old Assumption spirit, driving over from Sister Lakes, a distance of 150 miles, to witness the game.

Jimmy Evans of South Dakota completed his third football season at Assumption and likewise his third year as captain of three different football teams. In his first year here Jimmy piloted the Sub-Minims. His second year saw him leading the Minims, and this year he was at the head of the Tai-Kuns. Keep up the good work, Jimmy. Tony Kramer, our Varsity Captain, came up the same way.

The "Wall Flowers", the most recently organized football team here boasts of two distinguished players: William Holland, who hails from Massachusetts and Thomas Gayle from Louisiana. The former carries the most widely advertised nickname in the world, for William is called "Lindy", as he closely resembles the 'Lone Eagle' in looks, but we don't know about the resemblance in flying.

It is interesting to note the States that are represented by the players on the various teams here. The College squad is divided up with players from Michigan, Ohio, and New York, while of course the province of Ontario has a share as well as far-off New Brunswick. The Hi team has representatives from all these states but drops the far-off Canadian province, and adds to its list the Hoosier State, Indiana. The Warriors follow with the same states represented but add Pennsylvania. The Tai Kuns come next boasting the same list but add a further one, that of the black hills of South Dakota. The 'Wall Flowers', a new team here, adds the states of Louisiana and Massachusetts, while the Minims and Sub-Minims are satisfied with representatives from Ontario, Michigan and Ohio.

Coach Fr. Bart and his Hi eleven closed their football season on Thanksgiving Day down at Ann Arbor. No, they didn't tackle U. of M., but they battled one of the greatest and strongest High teams in the state, that of Ann Arbor Hi. The Coach and his team are to be congratulated on their splendid performance there which was brilliant even in defeat. The A. C. Hi easily outplayed their hosts and should have won only old man Fate deemed otherwise, and allowed an Ann Arbor player to intercept a lateral pass and run for a touchdown which decided the game in the U town boys' favor.

In the Hi game at Ann Arbor, Tony Rocco, the big right tackle, scooped up a fumble on his own 20 yard line and raced 80 yards for a touchdown. They say Mr. Yost immediately wrote his name and address down.

It is claimed that Mr. Yost also took other players' names including Captain Francis Hines, Bill Guina, Tom Walsh, and "Ribbs" Ameling. The some 4,000 fans who witnessed this game loudly voiced their opinion that "Ribbs" was none other than another Oosterbaan for the way he was leaping and snaring in the passes that 'Mose' Taylor was heaving at him.

A number of the players of the Hi squad will graduate from High School this year. It is to be hoped that these stars will continue their education here so that they may be able to continue their spectacular playing with the Varsity crew.

The Management of the College Football team wishes to thank Messrs. Bill McKenna, Jim Cooney, Joe Fahey, and Jim Murphy for their services at the 'box office' in selling tickets. Jim Murphy, who is quick to voice his approval and disapproval on any matter, claims that he came across some pretty tight customers at times. Jim claims some hold onto a nickel so tight that they squeeze cider out of the Indian's Adams apple.

There's the whistle boys. It's all over now but the cheering. The referee, umpire, linesman, players, and fans, have all left the field. The old grid-iron is vacant. Old King Football has retired until another year rolls round. His days of fame are past, and another comes to take his place, in the spotlight of Sports. He is none other than his Honor the Judge, who rules over the game of the Court-Basketball.

Will see you next issue in "Tip-Offs".

Tai Kuns End Season With Sensational Win

LOVE STARS IN 20 - 18 VICTORY
OVER AMHERSTBURG HI

The Tai Kuns, along with Notre Dame, U.S.C., Army, Navy and all the other great football machines of the country, closed their season on Saturday, Nov. 26th. Just like the famous elevens were picked to win and won, the Tai Kuns too proved true to form and ended their season with a sensational victory over the strong Amherstburg High Eleven by a 20-18 count.

With Captain Jimmy Evans away, the quarterback position was looked after by Joe Sullivan, who handled the team like a veteran pilot. Love was unquestionably the star of the game for the victors although his team-mates are all deserving of praise in recognition of the part they played in the victory. Love time and again crashed through the enemy line for long gains and was credited with two of the touchdowns. George O'Brien, Tai Kun tackle, made the other one when he picked up a fumble and dashed fifteen yards to the treasured land beyond the last white line. The points after touchdowns were responsible for the Tai Kun victory. Joyce garnered one by a place kick while the other was made on a forward pass, Paquette to Hite.

HIGH SCHOOL LOSES

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

had not progressed far, however, when Ann Arbor by a long forward pass and a lateral crossed Assumption's goal line for the third time. The try for point failed.

It was not long after this that Tony Rocco, the High's star tackle, scooped up an enemy fumble and, aided by good interference, raced eighty yards for a touchdown. Taylor added the extra point by placing the oval through the uprights from placement. "Nibbs" Ameling was on the verge of tying the score a few minutes later when he picked one of Taylor's passes out of the ozone, but lost his balance by the effort and failed to elude the enemy tacklers who rushed upon him. This proved to be Assumption's last threat and the final period found neither team able to advance far into the other's territory.

Line-ups:— 1927-28

ASSUMPTION	ANN ARBOR
P. Ameling	L.E. Davis
Walsh	L.T. Pfeifle (C)
J. Long	L.G. Conover
Hines (C)	C. Stout
Staffan	R.G. Ponto
Rocco	R.T. Mayfield
Lewis	R.E. Van Akkeren
Guina	Q.B. Mordsky
McCormick	L.H. Miller
H. Ameling	R.H. Tessmer
Taylor	F.B. Cole

Substitutions:—Walsh for Van Akkeren, O'Toole for Cole, Bresnahan for J. Long, S. Long for Taylor, McNichols for Taylor.

Sub-Minims Close Season Without Defeat

WIN 9 AND TIE 1 IN 10 GAME
SCHEDULE

To Father Guinan and his youthful Sub-Minims the highest praise is due for their impressive showing on the football field this year. Although the smallest and youngest team in the college, the Sub-Minims had the longest schedule of any team here. To them goes the distinction of not losing a game in their ten game schedule. Their record for the season is nine victories and one scoreless tie.

The Sub-Minims' ninth game on their schedule was played against the Sub-Minim Grads, boys who played with them last year and two years ago. This game was a thriller. The Grads had the best of the play but lacked punch when in scoring position. The present Subs were able to garner one touchdown and won 6-0. Paul Ray captained the Grad team, which included such old Sub-Minim Stars as Ernie Belanger, Nassoti, McLaughlin, Ryan, Pat Regan, McLeod, and Dely. In this game Mickey McDonald, claimed to be the Subers' greatest star, was injured.

Players: Strong, R.E.; Tedesco, R.T.; Hopcroft, R.G.; Lewis, C.; LePage, L.G.; McDonald, L.T.; DesJarlais, L.E.; Moeller, Q.B.; A. Hogan, R.H.; McLean, L.H.; Dore, F.B., Schwenler.

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WITH THE CLASSES

Father Tighe's philosophy class nearly witnessed a fatality one day last week. By way of example the venerable professor said to "Scotty" Steele: "Here is a thousand dollars." It was only due to "Scotty's" powerful constitution that he recovered from the shock.

Those who live in the past may think that no one will ever take the place of Norman Langlois as a philosopher. Still, we who are not prejudiced think that Tony Kramer, like the boy in the Latin book, may excel the master.

Diogenes lived in a tub and was a philosopher. There are, however, many present day philosophers who do not live in tubs, the most famous of whom is Gourley Howell. No one would think of calling Gourley's touring car a tub.

Merv Murphy's absence from class was surely felt by his classmates. A large part of Fletcher burned down and Merv, as a leading citizen could not, like Nero, stand by and fiddle.

RHETORICAL RUMOURS

Historians say that Emperor Justinian had a full, red face and a medium portly stature. He was able to conceal his emotions behind what is known as a "poker face." Maybe Poke's face would suit the purpose, as the bodily description is identical.

Rhetoric class of this year is putting over some big achievements. The first minstrel show, sponsored by the Rhetoricians, has been acclaimed a great success.

The next movement in the foreground is the enforcement of the Freshman Cap rule.

Rhetoric claims amongst her worthy sons show producers, property men, ushers and some "original thinkers."

We, the Rhetoric students of '28, hope that Rhetoric '29 will carry on the precedents which we have started.

FRESHMEN FLASHES

McKenna says that Pompey must have been an angel because Cæsar notes that the cavalry were on his left wing.

When Mathers says that he can't see the problem he should specify whether his inability is physical or mental. Ambiguity of this kind may lead to tragedy.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Tony Rocco gets his hair cut at a barber college now because he believes that college men should patronize college men.

Ten members of the High School football squad will graduate this year: Captain Hines, Rocco, P. Ameling, H. Ameling, McCormick, Lewis, Guina, Cooney, Pfrommer and O'Grady. The first seven named were regulars and their presence will be sorely missed when next season rolls around.

It takes Fourth Hi to develop the "rag-chewers". All four members of the debating team—Potucek, O'Brien, McCormick and Ouellette,—belong to this famous class.

John MacDonald's motto of Safety First is: "Stop, Look and Listen; then place your odds on the train."

Bill Cavey wants to know what Sir Cenán Doyle meant when he stated that he could speak to the dead,—and then gave a speech in Philadelphia.

HEARD FROM 3B

The Michigan-Minnesota game was a howling success. Harry Buckel was there.

"Any dumbell knows the formula for sulphuric acid" stormed the science teacher as he wrote it on the board.

LIGHTER VEIN

(Very light)

However, Some Are Wise

He: "What's the difference between trolleys and taxis?"

She: I don't know.

He: Good! Then we'll take a trolley.

At Childs'

Customer: Waiter, just change that order of ham and eggs to liver and bacon.

Fresh Waitress: Sorry, but the chef's too busy to try any new tricks now.

A naval officer fell overboard. He was rescued by a deck hand. The officer asked his preserver how he could reward him.

"The best way, sir," said Jack, "is to say nothing about it. If the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out, they'd chuck me in."

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HIGH SCHOOL DEBATERS LOSE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Windsor and Mr. Booth, professor of English at Windsor C. I. "Resolved: that annexation to the United States is in the best interests of Canada" was the subject of discussion, and Arthur West, captain of

the Walkerville team, opened the debate in defense of the question.

The logic in his speech was very sound and he brought to light the fact that geographical position and racial similarity almost necessitated this union. Another strong point in his argument was that annexation would equalize opportunity in both countries and tend to keep the youth of the Dominion here.

Steve McCormick, captain of the Assumption team, was the next speaker and he stressed several points that would make annexation totally unfavorable. He first brought to the minds of his listeners the fact that the universal desire of all Canadians for unity with Great Britain makes union with any other nation impossible. Amongst his other arguments he stated that Canada is undergoing a system of nation building that will soon develop for her a national culture. This culture, he pointed out, would never permit annexation to the United States.

Edgar Clements of the affirmative side continued the arguments of the first speaker and he, in turn, was followed by Clarence Ouellette, the second speaker for Assumption. Mr. Ouellette layed stress to the fact that Canada would make a great mistake by allowing the American Capitalist to ransack the Dominion of its great resources. He closed his speech by noting that the Canadians today are content with the Union Jack and have no desire to substitute for it the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Rodd, the presiding judge, in giving

the decision spoke highly of the merits of the speakers and announced that the Walkerville team had been adjudged the palm of victory by a slight margin.

Frank Potucek and George O'Brien upheld the affirmative of the question in Walkerville, but lost to their opponents, Messrs. Clark and Malania, by a two to one margin.

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VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 15, 1927

No. 5

A Merry Christmas

Seven Varsity Gridmen Receive the "A"

HIGH SCHOOL MONOGRAM IS AWARDED TO SIX PLAYERS

Assumption's seventeenth Football Night was held last evening in the college gymnasium and the feature event on the program was the awarding of the college "A" to seven of the Varsity gridmen who have distinguished themselves on the grid-iron this fall. Those who received the "A" for the first time are Charlie Armstrong, Ted Brutelle, Leland Higgins, Gourley Howell, Tom McErlane, Ed. Pekriefka and John Steele. The following veterans had their letters repeated: Captain

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)



Assumption Minstrels in Windsor Tonight

STUDENTS STAGE SHOW IN K. OF C. HALL FOR BORDER FOLK

The minstrel show, staged by Assumption students in the college auditorium here on the evening of November 22nd, was such a pronounced success that Father Vahey deemed it wise to repeat the performance in Windsor and give more of the Border populace a chance to see what our minstrel troupe had to offer in the line of entertainment and fun. The K. of C. Hall was chosen as the setting and the whole minstrel band together with the College Orchestra will be journeying to Windsor tonight to display their wares to the public. The tickets are being sold rapidly, and this factor along with the advertising that has been done practically assures a full house for tonight's show.

Father Vahey has also received an invitation from Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit to stage the performance there, and it is quite likely that the minstrel troupe will be called upon after the vacation to present their offering in the Seminary auditorium.

It is the time of Christmas eve
The soft white snow is all around
The frosty stars and pale young moon
Reflect upon the shining ground.

The sky was ne'er more beautiful
The earth is clothed in purest white
Nature leaps forth in all its pride
To celebrate this gladsome night.

Now comes the hour of Midnight Mass
When Christ again is born on earth;
We feel a joy we can not tell—
Of perfect Peace and holy Mirth.

The angel choirs seem nearer now,
The humble shepherds kneel with me,
Celestial beams are shining down
On Bethlehem, through Galilee.

O, Christmastide, O blessed Cheer,
Heaven must be like you, or then
How could the angels calmly rest
And view the Christmas joys of men?

Traditional Customs Are Observed on College Feast Day

DECEMBER 8TH CELEBRATED IN FITTING STYLE

Another enjoyable day not soon to be forgotten by Assumption students was the eighth of December just passed. With all the traditional customs being carried out to the letter, the annual feast day was fittingly observed and enjoyed by all.

As is customary the students were granted a sleep-over, the first Mass being said by Rev. Father O'Loane at 7:30. At this Mass it was very edifying to see practically every student approach the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. The students returned to the chapel again at 9:30 to assist at a Solemn High Mass sung by Father Burns, with Father Mac-

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 2)

Seven Basilians to be Ordained Dec. 21

ALL ARE ASSUMPTION GRADUATES; CEREMONIES TO BE HELD IN TORONTO

Next Wednesday, Dec. 21st, will be a gala day in the lives of seven young Basilians, all Assumption graduates, who will be raised to the high dignity and holy office of the priesthood. These former Assumptionites are Rev. Wilfred Murphy, Rev. Wm. Nigh, Rev. Joseph O'Donnell, Rev. J. B. Flannagan, Rev. Stanley Lynch, Rev. Ernest Lajeunesse and Rev. Leonard Dolan.

Rev. Wilfred Murphy, C.S.B., B.A., spent seven long years at Assumption. He

(Continued on Page 14, Col. 1)



Students are Guests at Olympia Arena

"ASSUMPTION NIGHT" CELEBRATED AT DETROIT'S NEW HOCKEY PALACE

Last Monday evening the entire Assumption student body, accompanied by the members of the faculty, journeyed to the Olympia, Detroit's new hockey arena, as guests of the management to witness the hockey tilt between the Kitchener Millionaires and the Detroit Olympics. A rare treat was given to everyone when sixty minutes of dazzling hockey was displayed by the two professional teams.

Just before the face-off the students presented a basket of flowers to Captain Frank Foyston of the Olympics. Hundreds of Assumption alumni, who reside in Detroit, attended the hockey match, and they are planning an annual "Assumption Night" at the arena. The venture this year was such a pronounced success that it augurs well for those of future years.



Old Boys' Page



IN THE RECORDS

On looking over the archives the book containing the records of the college games was found. We think that it will prove interesting to many of the Old Boys of those years and have therefore decided to publish some of the records.

Assumption College,
Sandwich, Ontario.

Games held in honor of Superior's Feast on the college grounds, Sept. 28, 1896.

Event No. 1. 100 yds. dash

Class 1.

- 1 Jos. Sharpe—Point Edward, Ont.
- 2 Jno. Stanley, Sarnia, Ont.
- 3 Frank Beauvais, Anchorville, Mich.

Class 2.

- 1 Richard Kramer, Detroit.
- 2 Emile Plourde, Detroit.
- 3 Sebastian Farmer, Cleveland.

Class 3.

- 1 Francis Shea Sills, Seaforth, Ont.
- 2 Arthur Sullivan, Toledo, Ohio.
3. Robert Wynne, Detroit.

Class 4.

- 1 Albert King, Buffalo, N.Y.
- 2 F. Farmer, Cleveland.
- 3 Leonard Delfier, Detroit.

Event No. 2. Standing Broad Jump.

Class 1.

- 1 Jos. Sharpe—10 ft., 8 in.
- 2 John Dunn, Wyoming, Ont.
- 3 Roger Brougham, Deitton, Mich.

Class 2.

- 1 Emile Plourde—8 ft.
- 2 Alfred Heinbuck, Detroit, Mich.
- 3 Richard Kramer.

Class 3.

- 1 F. S. Sills—7 ft., 1 in.
- 2 Edward Andre, Detroit.
- 3 Arthur Sullivan.

Class 4.

- 1 Albert King, 5 ft., 6 in.
- 2 Leonard Delfier.
- 3 Frank Farmer.

Event No. 3. Putting 16 lb. Shot.

Class 1.

- 1 John Dunn—28 ft., 1 in.
- 2 Thos. Ferguson, Vesta, Ont.
- 3 Michial O'Neil, Goderich, Ont.

Class 2

- 1 Emile Plourde—19 ft., 7 in.
- 2 F. S. Sills.
- 3 Richard Kramer.

Class 3. (8 lb. Shot)

- 1 Ed. Andre—19 ft., 7 in.
- 2 Arthur Sullivan.
- 3 Albert King.

Class 4. (6 lb. Shot)

- 1 Leonard Delfier—18 ft., 7 in.
- 2 John Waite, Bellevue, Mich.

(Continued in Column Three)

ST. THERESA'S— WELL REPRESENTED

Pictured at the right is Rev. J. J. McCabe, pastor of St. Theresa's Church, Detroit. Father McCabe was a student here from '91 to '96 and has always been one of our most loyal Old Boys.



Below: A few of the present students who are from St. Theresa's Parish. St. Theresa has always had more students here than any other parish.



Rev. F. Carroll, (Assist.), J. Walsh, Gorman Devaney, Fahey, Ford, Love.

(Continued from Column One)
3 Frank Farmer.

Event No. 4. (300 Yards Race)

Class 1.

- 1 Jos. Sharpe.
- 2 Frank Beauvais.
- 3 Poscillius, Detroit.

Class 2.

- 1 Richard Kramer.
- 2 Sebastian Farmer.
- 3 Alf. Heinbuck.

Class 3.

- 1 Arthur Sullivan.
- 2 Ed. Andre.

Class 4.

- 1 Leonard Delfier.
- 2 E. Gluns, Sandwich, Ont.
- 3 John Waite.

Event No. 5. (Throwing Base Ball)

Class 1.

- 1 Peter Ryan, Marine City, 96 yd. 1 ft.
- 2 Jos. Fitzpatrick, Detroit, Mich.
- 3 Denis Quarrie, Mt. Carmel.

Class 2.

- 1 Justin Clark, Detroit, Mich., 80 yds.

(Continued on Next Page, Col. 3)

WHERE I'D LIKE TO BE

Tell you where I'd like to be,
At least, it's how it seems to me
Is way down there in the College yard
A playin' the game just good and hard,
Like we used to do in days gone by
Before we settled down to try
To turn the world right upside down
And inside out—and yet I own
She's running on about the same,
As she was running 'fore I came.
It's nigh on forty years ago;
The years go fast that seemed so slow—
And I was young, just common boy,
And full of life, and could enjoy
The games and rough and tumble play
And all such things as came my way.
I guess that's why I love to dwell
On College days I loved so well.
Like other lads much same as I,
Who bade their rural home good-bye,
I wandered in, a half grown lad,
With much behind that made me glad.
My lot was now quite pleasant cast
With prospects lying 'fore and vast.
Autumn time—we played baseball
Until the snow began to fall.
Didn't have much gear to play the game
But managed some how just the same,
To throw much spirit into play
And take the bumps that came our way.
Then next in order football came
And all the crowd got in the game.
Just chose up sides—a simple rule—
The sides of chapel; the whole school
Was in the fray; the game began
With shout and yell, and every man

And boy just booted when he could.
They ran and whooped in merry mood,
Now plunging in the seething mass,
Now dashing out to take a pass.
Striving hard with might and main
And forlorn hope the goal to gain,
How oft we kicked each other's shins
And danced about with sickly grins,
Or nursed the bruise to soothe the pain,
Then dashed into the game again.
Each recess saw the game renewed
With zest of youth that plainly showed
The buoyant spirit—healthy sign,
Of hearts imbued with feelings fine.
The winter came, the snow lay 'round
A mantel on the frozen ground
And the waters froze; The pond and bay
With glistening fields of ice that lay
Far reaching 'fore the College town,
Enticed us all to wander down
To spend the hours in gliding fast
Upon the broad expanse and vast
And oft we went in boyish glee
To skate until we wearily
Returned again, with lagging gait
To pore again o'er book and slate.
Yes there is where I'd like to be,
Back in the years now gone from me,
With the boys of old now scattered wide,
And grown to men—and some have died,
A lonely feeling comes to me
When I think of the things that used to be
How I'd enjoy them could I again
Be like a boy as I was then.

AN OLD TIMER — —

He was there in the 80's.

MICHAEL : HIS STORY

By
An Old Boy

They were at the re-union happy in the renewal of friendship begun almost four decades ago, a half dozen or so of them, now staid, dignified gentlemen of the cloth, bearing the burden of their years and responsibilities lightly. Their merry laughter rang out full and free and heartily as it used to do when first they became acquainted on the campus before the 90's. Then they were just rugged lads, fresh from the green fields, sunburned and more or less ill at ease in their store clothes.

Once again they were just Tom, and Joe, and Michael, etc., back in the old days, skipping over the bygone years as if borne by some enchanted carpet to the glorious days of youth. Lightly they talked and gaily they laughed over some amusing reminiscence. The hours sped by, but what was time to those old Grads that night? This was a night of nights for them all, and they were at their best with quip and repartee.

Joe, who was always more or less philosophical and inclined to serious discussion, diverted the trend of the general conversation to another line which turned out to be rather amusing, if not interesting, to the more superficial members of the old class present. After an animated discussion in which all took part, he delivered himself of this conclusion, "Every man has a story. Most of them locked up and the world loses much inspiration from the fact that such a tale has never been told. Some are under the impress-

ion that their's is too prosaic to merit even commendation in the least degree. Yet, I am convinced that each man's story is interesting. Such being the case, as I see it, I know of no other way of spending a real hour of pleasure to better advantage than to listen to Michael give us the details of his early adventures and struggles in quest of an education. That would throw an extra amount of pleasure into the re-union."

"Hold on there, Joe," says Michael. "You do not mean to say that the stone-bruises and stubbed toes and freckles and blisters and long days and hot nights in the small room upstairs near the roof in the old farm-house can be of interest to any one but myself?"

"Just what I maintain," says Joe, "for you overlooked the personal equation. I am certain that if your own life were epitomized it would make an interesting narrative."

"I never thought of it exactly that way," replied Michael, "I thought my existence was so much like that of all my fellows, and we had so much in common of the comfort and discomfort of life, that we just took it as it came and said nothing about it."

"Now, Michael," pleaded Tom, "just for the sake of old times, suppose you tell us somethng of your life that we do not know. What passed during College days, we are rather familiar with, but there are some things back there that you alone

know, which would throw some light on the workings of divine grace in the development of your vocation."

"Well," said Michael, "since we all have long since taken the step you may understand something of the psychology and the hand of Providence in my case. If the story does not interest you, I cannot help that; so, just light another cigar and listen to the narrative of my ups and downs prior to my coming to College."

II

"Our family numbered ten, about evenly divided between boys and girls. I was about half way down the line, so you see I had plenty of opportunity to prove the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." Naturally, under the circumstances, with the frugality due to conditions as they existed in the earlier days of our rural community, I was not reared in the lap of luxury. My life for the first dozen years was composed of doing endless chores when not at school, and the day's work was about evenly divided between chores, school and more chores. The situation was frequently enlivened by a dispute over priority, or right of possession of some trifle or other that required parental attention when the controversy continued too long or became too noisy.

Father was always master of all situations and refused to arbitrate any question. His 'ipse dixit' terminated all disputes, solved every difficulty to his satisfaction, —but not always to ours. Although he was stern, he really had a soft heart which manifested itself when any of us became ill. Generally speaking, there never was any question about who exercised authority around home. I discovered that on one occasion when I questioned his right to act in a certain manner. After he had completed his argument with the aid of a ham-strap, I admitted his authority was still dominant.

Things progressed along the usual lines common to rural life until I had completed my education in the local School with the exception of writing for my entrance to High School. For years, from the time I was six years of age until I completed my course at old No. 7, I trudged back and forth, one and three quarter miles, in Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall, rain or shine, with the usual number of school-boy battles, falls into the ditch when trying to jump the culvert, sampling the neighbor's apples, though we had plenty at home, learning whether I liked it or not,—in general, following the routine without much thought of what the future had in store.

(Continued Next Issue)



(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

- 2 Emile Plourde.
- 3 F. S. Sills.

Class 3.

- 1 Ed. Andre.
- 2 Art. Sullivan.
- 3 Leonard Delfier.

(To be continued)

BOYS OF '03



First line. Left to right—1 Frank McQuillan, 2 Biggs, 3 Leo Chapman, 4 John O'Brien, 5 William Russell, 6 Auggie Ferth, 7 8 Joe Brighton, 9 Jack Brady, 10 Jimmy O'Meara.
Second line. Left to right—1 Skin Madden, 2 Fatty Laducier, 3 Peter Ennis, 4 6 7 8 Goodwin, 9 Ike Vulineuf, 10 Berger, 11 Duke Pilliod.
Third line. Left to right—1 2 3 Crauley, 4 5 MacNally.
Fourth line—1 Fitzpatrick.
To Mr. L. A. Pilliod of Swanton, Ohio, we are gratefully indebted for this photo. He has supplied all the names that he could remember. It is up to you to identify the rest of the "gang."

PURPLE & WHITE

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An Egress from the Traffic Jam

Amazing is the growth of the American city. Out of yesterday's "forest primeval" there has been hewn a gigantic metropolis throbbing with life. Verily, a modern miracle! Concomitant, however, with the startling advance of the city, has been the rise of problems which are encountered whenever men assemble for mutual benefit. The most serious of these now confronting city managers is the traffic problem. Students of city planning are constantly engaged in tirades against management which permit the main arteries of the city to be obstructed, which permits fatalities to occur that rival, *in toto*, the casualties of the World War, and which sits bovinely by while millions of dollars are forfeited through loss of time. Horace Greeley is credited with having given a bit of advice something like this: "Go West, young man! Go West". It was not apropos of the traffic situation that Mr. Greeley uttered this "bon mot", but if acted upon in reference to it, it would seem to be a means of alleviating the distressing traffic conditions of today. This advice, if taken, would bring about a depletion of the urban population, and would place "the wide open spaces" in popular demand. This decentralization however, is the very thing against which business men must take precautions, as it would defeat their sole purpose in assembling in cities. Yet it is evident that vast crowds, together with trucks and motor cars, cannot longer be accommodated on the same horizontal plane. Each kind of traffic must be so segregated that its business will not be interfered with. Now

(Continued in Column Three)

Yuletide Joys

Oh fond Yuletide, you have once more returned! You have brought the sparkling blanket of snow and the chiming of merry bells. You have surrounded our earth with that lacy mantle of delicate transparent blue through which the sublime and pearly light of heaven shines in the form of twinkling stars. You commanded the enchanting moon to cast its silver reflection upon the rippling waves and to dispel the gloomy shroud of darkness. You have returned with those pure Christmas joys in which we revel with such holy glee. But would these joys be ours if that kingly Babe had not been born, that Babe who fills the whole world with angels singing "peace to men of good will?" I answer in the negative. For His angels especially during the Christmas season roam about the earth enlightening each depressed soul with heavenly joys and consolations. To those clothed either in ermine or in rags they bring great tidings to visit the lovely Babe of Bethlehem. Yes, this God-child's love diffuses itself over the whole earth and makes men's hearts so joyous that their echoes resound to the very gates of heaven: "Glory to God in the Highest". Meanwhile the world looks on at the true Christmas and asks the same question now that it did of the three Wise Men of old: "O mighty kings of the East, why do you tremble before this dilapidated cave? What brings you to the wretched hovel? Why have you quitted your richly adorned palaces? What! To seek a king? In this stable? Where is His purple? Where His throne? Where the retainers of His regal court? O Wise Men, you have become foolish that you can adore a child "stripped of all earthly glory and magnificence."

Yes, these sages have become fools that they may be wise, for the Holy Ghost has enlightened them in the ways of the Lord. And as you kneel lovingly before the crib on Christmas morn let your hearts go out to the Infant King with all the intensity of love that those same Wise Men of the East possessed nineteen hundred years ago.

W. R. SCHNEIDER, '31.

Christmas Time

The gayest time of all the year,
The day of Christ's own birth
When Peace, Goodwill and Lightsome Cheer
Are unconfined on earth.

Christ once again at Midnight Mass
Comes down upon our earth,
And as the men of goodwill pass
He gives each heart true mirth.

As shepherds in the days of old
Who heard the angels sing
Departing did as they were told
Adoring Christ, their King.

So faithful sons of all mankind
Echo their carols of praise
And giving Christ their hearts and mind
Are blessed in many ways

(Continued from Column One)

the construction of subways would confine all rail traffic to subterranean regions; the street level would afford the best facilities for the accommodation of other vehicular traffic, both in point of safety and time-saving, while elevated sidewalks would readily solve the enigma of pedestrian traffic. Indubitably, elevated pathways would be unnecessary in all cities, and impractical in some sections of the larger ones, so a feasible modification of this plan would be the elevation of sidewalks only at the street intersections, where the preponderance of fatalities occur.

Under theegis of the "triple-decked street", the millenium would be ushered in, business would advance by leaps and bounds, prosperity would reign serene and supreme and the race of man would enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to the nth degree.

This plan might, at first, seem to involve, unwarranted, huge expenditures, but when it is considered that the capacity of the thoroughfares would be increased nearly two hundred per cent., it is manifest that the savings in time and power would eventually recompense the public coffers for all the disbursements entailed. The economic integrity of the project therefore, cannot be questioned. Consideration of the moral element renders the execution of this plan an obligation incumbent upon the public. Therefore the "triple-decked street" is the logical solution of the traffic problem.

F. P. O'HARE, '30.



Reflections on the Moon

I wish you'd tell me, Mr. Moon,
I'm curious to know
Why you don't wash your face as soon
As daylight's wrinkles show?

I see your effort to be clean
When you attract the sea
But useless 'tis as you have seen
To tempt it near to thee.

There must be dippers in the sky
Where water doth abound
For there are times when I descry
Your visage bright and round

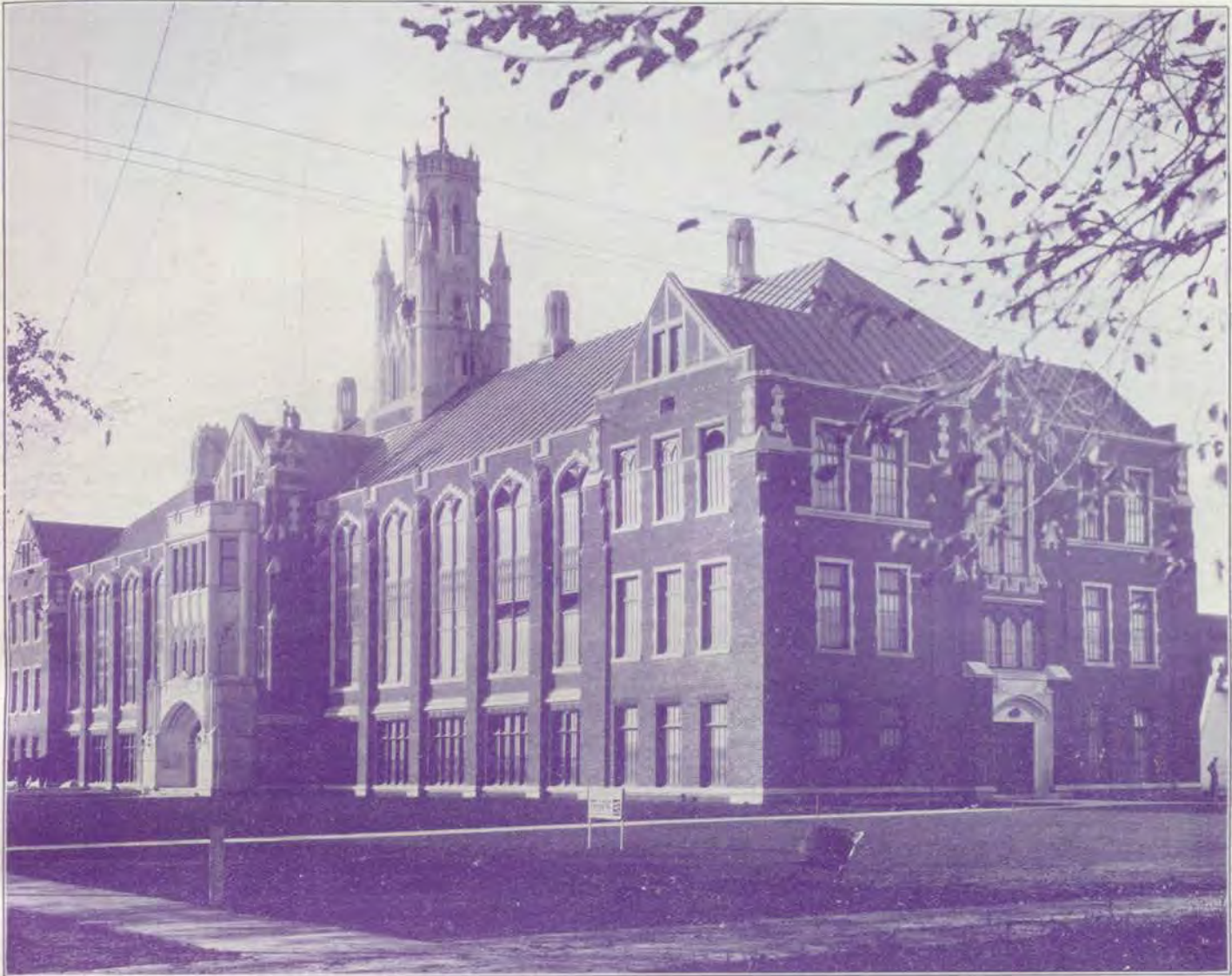
But times there are when you display
The countenance of one
Who made his toilet hastily
Or left before 'twas done

Don't tell me that at times the sun
Doth mark you off his list
For long as you have round him spun
He's been an altruist.

They say that when a thing is clean
To God it must be nigh
But if that's true you should, I ween
Be taken from the sky.

BY AN OLD BOY, '23.

THE NEW BUILDING



Just eight and one half months ago today, the ground was broken for Assumption's new classroom building, pictured above. In this comparatively short length of time this monument to the coming ages has been erected and completed. Everyone who views the structure marvels at its quaint Gothic lines and perfected modern architecture.

SEVEN VARSITY GRIDMEN RECEIVE THE "A"

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

Kramer, Carl Dettman, Merv Murphy, Ed. Stone and Irv Murphy. Second only to this in the order of importance was the awarding of the high school monogram to the players on the high school squad who gained regular berths for themselves during the season just closed. The High School players who were given the High School "A" are J. Staffan, W. Guina, H. Ameling, Taylor, W. Mahoney and P. Lewis. Those who had their letters repeated are: P. Ameling, A. Rocco, F. Hines and T. Walsh.

The principal speakers of the evening were Coach Father O'Loane, who discussed the past football season here. He was followed by Captain Tony Kramer, who thanked the students for the support which they had afforded the team. He also said a few words concerning the amount of

(Continued in Column Three)

TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS OBSERVED ON COLLEGE FEAST DAY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Donald and Father Tighe assisting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Father Nicholson was, without a doubt, the most prominent man around the college on this occasion. When the time for the much-heralded "feed" had finally come and the white-clad waiters hurriedly rushed the laden trays of steaming fowl to the "hungry mob" the already jovial spirits of all were raised a few more degrees. Father Vahey was right on the job with his orchestra and our jazzopaters favored us with all the latest song hits in a manner that drew much applause.

In the evening the customary religious services were held. Solemn Benediction was celebrated and as the ascending clouds of incense solemnly bore our final tribute to that Virgin Queen above, another glorious day in Assumption annals was brought to a close.

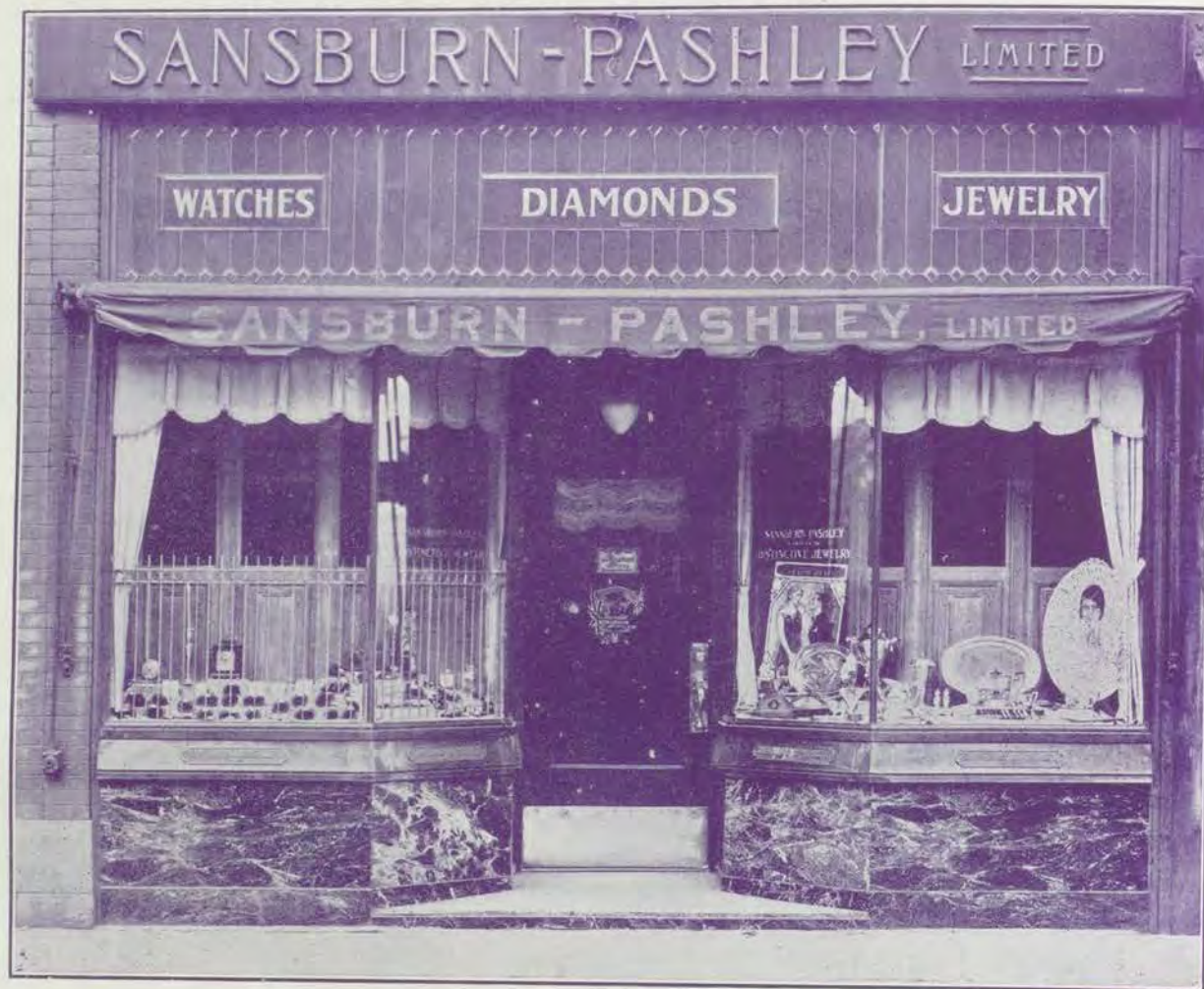
HIGH SCHOOL DEBATERS MEET SARNIA C. I. TOMORROW

Tomorrow afternoon the Assumption High School Debating team will engage the Sarnia Collegiate team in a dual debate, the second fixture in the W.O.S.S.A. Debating League to determine the winner of the league shield. Del Pfrommer and George O'Brien will represent Assumption at home while Steve McCormick and Lawrence Coughlin will meet a Sarnia team in Sarnia. The subject of the debate is: Resolved: that the British form of government is better than the American.

(Continued from Column One)

credit due to the coach for his ceaseless efforts in the team's behalf. He then thanked Father O'Loane for all he had done for the team and presented him with a gift from the squad.

Another enjoyable number was the presentation of a skit by Father Spratt's "Dramatic Boys". The skit was very appropriate for the occasion and each actor portrayed his part well.



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WITH THE CLASSES



A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! Those oft repeated and welcome salutations will soon interrupt the classes, and, strange to say, it is hard to find any one who is not pleased with the interruption.

John Steele (Scotch) looks forward to the added expense of the holiday season but feels that the expenditures will be well paid back in quantity and satisfaction.

General interest was very high at the last meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society. The reason? The subject of the oratorical contest was broached and the first entries were made. Among the first applications Fourth and First Year greatly predominated in number. The oratorical talent however which may be forthcoming from Third and Second Year remains for the future and the preliminaries to prove.

RHETORICAL RUMOURS

Unconscious "Pat" O'Hare is enjoying the lengthy hours of the afternoons. "Pat" had been waiting for the football season to end; now he can get his money's worth out of the bed. The other occupants of the Philosophers' Flat are asked to refrain from any unnecessary disturbances.

"Chuck" Bradley, after holidaying in Toronto, has returned to battle for his usual berth on the Varsity Basketball Squad. What is your pleasure, Charlie, a cushion or some resin?

Rhetoric notes with pleasure that the Frosh are living up to the rules of the Cap and that they are making an ostentatious display of the "pots".

"We want the stage up again"—that is the only sentence that our good natured Mr. Pokriefka despises. It is said that a certain number of carpenters are able to erect a frame house in eight hours, but "Pokey" and his gang (mostly the gang) can erect or tear down the stage in three hours.

"Big General" in the future! Our president received a letter from Pat McManus, one of last year's graduates, and he promises on his visit to the college to grant a cherished general.

Rhetoric wishes all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



The boarders become green with envy when they hear Cecil Chauvin give, as an excuse for being late, that he did not get up on time.

FRESHMEN FLASHES

Would the Rhetoric Class be willing to accept a challenge of a snowball fight with the Freshmen? If this challenge is accepted let us know in these columns.

It is queer! In our High School days we used to count the days till vacation time. At present the Freshmen seem worried over the forthcoming mid-year exams.

In a few days the Freshmen will be sending their Purple and White pots to the dry cleaners preparatory to springing them on the home town natives during Christmas vacation.

The Freshman class could not exist without having for one of its members one who never has ever before seen snow. Formerly it was citizens of the Lone Star State, while this year it is Mr. Gayle of Louisiana.

And a Freshman shall lead them. True enough to those who had the pleasure of watching Ted Brutelle leading cheers at a recent basketball game.

Don't worry, Rhetoric '28, for Rhetoric '29 is well able to carry on the precedents which you have started. Please excuse our dust in the future.

The Pre-Meds are patiently awaiting the Christmas holidays in order to take a much needed and well earned rest.

"Doc" Moody thinks that all Freshmen should be exempted from speaking in St. Basil's Literary Society.

The other day in Chemistry class Mathers told the Pre-Meds that, since they knew what an element and compound were, orange juice, sugar and gin was a good mixture.

The Freshmen wish all their fellow students a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a pleasant vacation.

If your class is not represented on this page, look up your reporters and find out the reason.

Eighth Grade is still carrying on, although several important men such as R. J. Buckle and L. Reaume have recently been added to the sick list.

This class also experienced a great loss when Harold Gordon was promoted to First Year Hi. They wish him success.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Arundel: "Oh, Ribbs, look at those colors! The yellow of the butterfly, the passionate purple of the tropical night, the crimson of — —"

Ribbs: "What is it, a rainbow?"

Dege: "Naw, a taxicab."

Fourth Hi is well represented on the Hi basketball team. Among the regulars are Joe Mencil, Frank Potucek, Ray Menard and Art Rivard.

Father MacDonald seems to have an undying affection for Fourth Year Hi. He claims that if all Fourth Year was put together it would not even make one good man.

John McDonald, one of 4th year's shining stars is a very earnest enthusiast of the game of basket-ball. "Scotty" likes the "free throws."

Oswald Bondy, the bright light of 4th Hi, has aroused the admiration of all Physics students, by his lengthy argument with Father McDonald on some intricate problem... Just as soon as Oswald gets his diploma he is going to dedicate the rest of his life to making startling, new discoveries in the field of science.

If Fr. Tighe were not an artist, George Chizmar might never have known what the farm looks like on a rainy day. The black board had to be used again and thus the world has lost another masterpiece.

Indoor Sports in 3B:

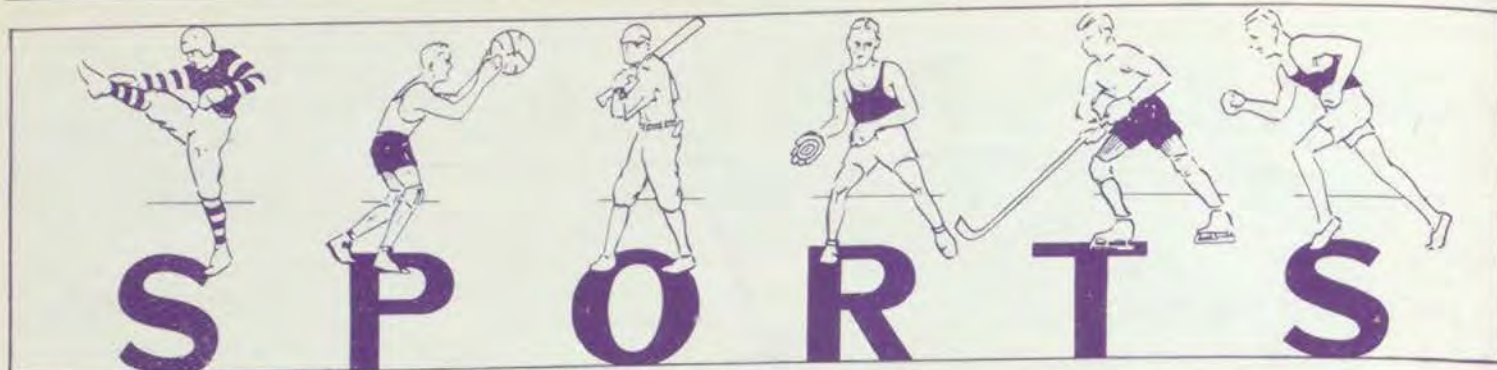
- Soaking Hines' pockets with water in the lab.
- Trying to get a spare from Father MacDonald.
- Flunking exams.
- Writing out theorems for Father Dore.
- Asking Skrzycki what the time is.
- Going to the sickroom for a rest.

Ed. Skrzycki's new Latin vocabulary:—flunko, flunkere, faculty, fireum—live in college. —skato, slippere, fali, bumptus —to experience a sad event.

The sly Scotchman of 3B "Meekus" McLeod no longer wears gloves while smoking. He says he hates the smell of burning leather.

The literature classes in 2B are enjoyable events. Bill Kunkle entertains the boys by reciting poetry and reading prose.

1B began to think that Wm. Gatfield was among the list of lost, strayed or stolen articles. But, like the proverbial bad nickel, he came back.



NORMALITES NOSE OUT VARSITY 26-22

Ypsi Cagers Break Tie in Last Minute

PURPLE STAGES UP-HILL FIGHT; KING AND AMELING IN LIMELIGHT

A determined and fighting Assumption squad invaded Ypsi territory on Friday night to open the basketball campaigns of both schools and after the bitterest of stances Assumption was forced to accept the short end of a 26-22 score. The lighter purple-clad youths more than made things interesting for the teachers and the verdict was very much in doubt till the last whistle.

The story of the contest and the fact that Ypsi was able to conquer can be told in the first period of play. Assumption was slow in finding its bearings. The strange floor probably had its effect but nevertheless Assumption could not seem to open up. On the other hand Ypsi broke loose at the very start of proceedings and they had firmly entrenched themselves into a ten point margin before Assumption could register.

Once the locals began to function offensively they soon made up for lost time and matters were none too pleasant in the teacher camp. Assumption had the Ypsi squad worried after the first quarter and the fact that they were able to advance on even terms with their opponents after staking them to a nice lead attests the strength that the local lads will show in their forthcoming contests.

King is good.

One of the big revelations in the play of the locals against Ypsilanti was the showing of a newcomer in the Purple's line-up. "Don" King was given his chance Friday night and he performed in great style. He should more than fill Murray's shoes. He broke up passes after passes, followed rebounds and he took time to bag three nice baskets. The big boy should be a big asset to the defensive play of the locals in the remainder of the games.

Another newcomer to the College ranks acquitted himself in fine style. "Ribbs" Ameling, former high school star, displayed his true offensive qualities. He dumped the ball in the hoop in spectacular

Continued on Page 12, Col. 1)

High School Quintet Bows to Highland Park in Thriller 29-21

PURPLE PREPS SHOW CLASS AGAINST STRONG SUBURBANITE FIVE; ROMP OVER BLUE ARROWS IN SEASON OPENER 22-13

That Father McGee's High School court artists are anything but an outfit of "slow steppers" they displayed both at home and abroad last week. After humbling the Windsor Blue Arrows here to the tune of 22-13, they journeyed to Highland Park and held the strong suburbanite five, ranked amongst the leaders in Detroit Public High School circles, to a 29-21 count.

It was in the latter tilt that the High School lads displayed their real wares. Weakened by the loss of Ed. Skrzycki, who was on the injured list with a dislocated shoulder, they encountered a more experienced and larger team but never at any stage of the fray failed to display the same dazzling speed, accurate passing and basket-garnering ability at which the Highlanders were so adept.

The purple-clad five experienced much difficulty in getting started and it was not long after the opening whistle that Highland Park had registered eight points to the locals' none. Shortly before the close of the first period, however, the Hi forward line began to function properly and the opening of the second canto found them trailing by only three points. Menard, flashy purple and white forward, then dented the meshes from mid-court and it looked like anybody's game. Following this spurt the Blue and White five gradually crept ahead and before the half time siren had sounded were leading 15-8.

"Nibbs" Ameling, who broke into the fray at the beginning of the second half, soon made his presence felt by dropping in two timely buckets, and Assumption was again in the running. The play waxed fast and furious for the rest of the period and the fourth quarter found the purple-clad troupe trailing 19-14.

As the final chapter began, the pace quickened even more but the Assumptionites always kept within striking distance of the lead. Two enemy shots found the hoop in the last minute of play and the game ended with Assumption on the lean end of a 29-21 count.

Picking a star on the High School team is an impossible task. Their individual passing and combination work featured every sally made into enemy territory and no one man played a lone hand in the scoring. Harry Dickson, starting his first game in high school ranks, accredited himself well and left a favorable impression with all who saw him perform. Mencil and Menard accounted for eleven of the team's points and their aggressiveness and smart ball-handling played a prominent part in the fine showing.

(Continued on Page 15, Col. 3)

Belvederes Prepare for Great Court Season

INTEND TO KEEP UP RECORDS OF PREDECESSORS

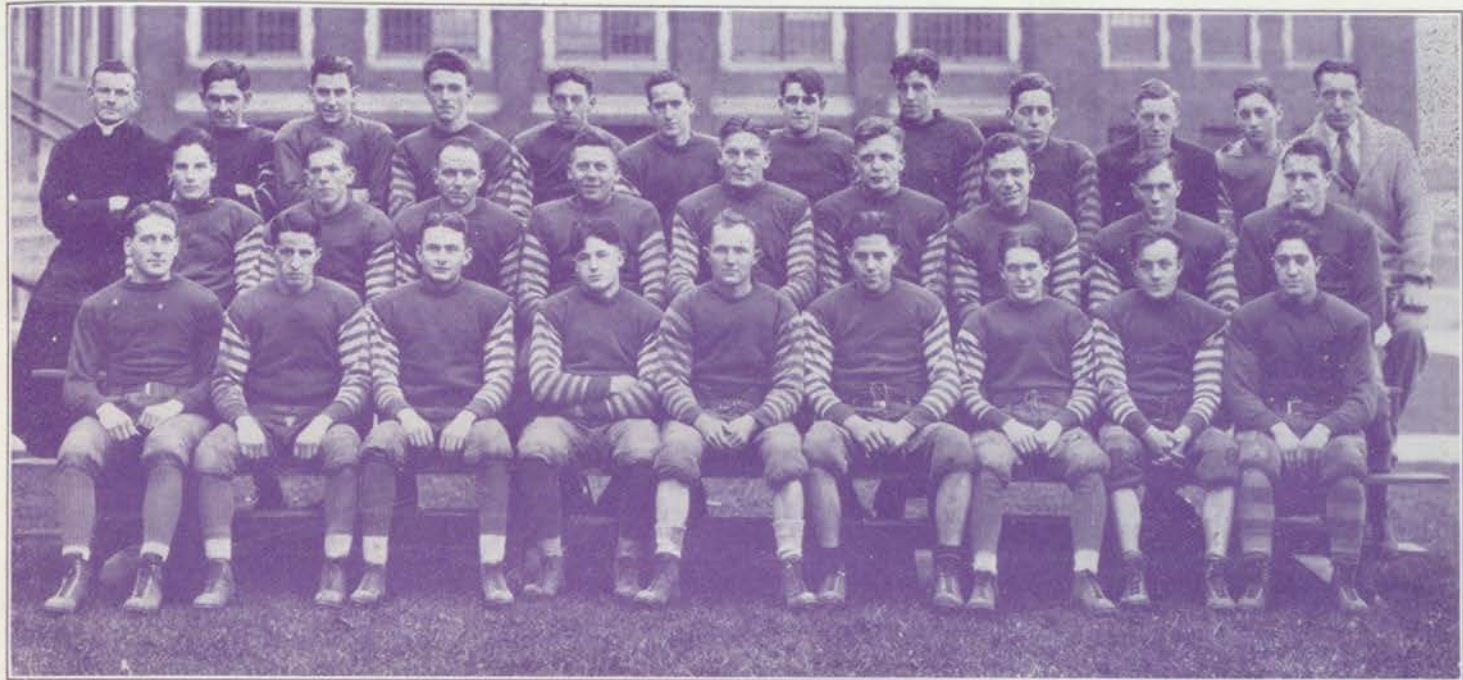
In interviewing Fr. Bondy, this year's Coach of the famed Belvederes, it was easily seen that the coach expects a great season. He was all smiles in talking about his players and discussing the coming battles. When asked by the reporter if he thought his team this year would be as great as its predecessors of the past two seasons, the Reverend Father took on a stern look and gave an emphatic yes and added: "We will not only live up to these records but eclipse all past performances." No doubt this year's Belvederes will have a great season for on their line-up are many stars as well as promising recruits.

At present twenty men are in the Belvederes' Camp and are being put through strenuous and snappy practices. I Murphy, E. Cullinane, Sheehy, and Harris all veterans as well as outstanding stars are with the club. Dick Donovan is up from last year's famous Tai-Kuns and is already starring as are Markey, J. Collins and Ted Ouellette. "Doc" Moody who is a famed personage, is out with the team and will be a valuable asset.

Jack Nelson, the manager, is scheduling games with Class B Clubs and intends to have the Belvederes working hard until the winter blasts die out and the spring flowers appear.



VARSITY '27



Back row: Left to right—Rev. J. H. O'Loane, C.S.B. (Coach), J. McDermott, A. O'Donnell, F. O'Hare, C. Armstrong, L. Higgins, A. Hanline, T. McGouey, E. Cullinane, R. Donovan, W. Gauchat, J. Nelson (Trainer).
 Middle—J. Coumans, J. Gainey, M. Murphy, E. Pokriefka, A. Kramer, C. Dettman, T. Brutelle, T. McEflane, J. Regan.
 Front—W. Schneider, I. Murphy, M. Harris, N. Markey, G. Howell, J. Steele, W. Rogers, J. Collins, J. Onorato. Absent—E. Stone, A. Schneider (Assistant Coach), F. Walsh (Manager).

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Warriors Win Initial Clash

DOWN WINDSOR HOLY NAME 22-9

Fr. Burke's Warriors who have always been known for their victories, have started their 1927-28 basketball season in their usual stride. Many new faces are on the squad, and along with the veterans are performing in great style. This team is a peppy, fighting and fast working team, and one which will bear much watching.

The Warriors opened their season last week when they downed the strong Holy Name quintet of Windsor 22-9. Every Warrior showed up in spectacular style for so early in the season. Captain Joe Sowers, and "Bugs" Brady led in the scoring with three baskets, while Butler and Georges came across with two respectively. The game was clean and fast throughout. The Windsor boys played in good form but lacked in the shooting department where their conquerors shone. John Sheehy, Manager of the Warriors, is busy preparing a long schedule, so his team will be continually in the limelight.

The following took part in the first game:

Jones	Cavanaugh	Brady
Citelle	Georges	J. Sullivan
Burns	Sowers (Capt)	Dillon
Gelinas	Otterbien	Gillis
P. Cullinane	Buttler	

Sub-Minins Again in Border Cities League

WIN OPENING GAME FROM PANTHERS 26-12

The Senior members of the Sub-Minim Club are once more entered in the Midget division of the Border Cities Basketball League. Last year the Sub-Minims were the outstanding team in this league, and captured the prized championship. Practically all of last year's championship team have gone up to higher ranks and many newcomers are filling their places. This year's team is a little smaller but has inherited the old fighting spirit from its predecessors.

The Subers opened the league by trouncing the Windsor Panthers 26-12. Ed Brown, Irv McLeod and Sam Saravolatz form a great combination at the center and forward positions respectively. A great struggle for the guarding posts is being waged between Michaels and Schwemler; Wadell and Cole. Before their season opened this Midget entry played an exhibition game with the Ford City Juvenile team which trounced the Subers 22-13. Lewis, Moeller, Dore and Hogan all showed up well in this game.

Save your copies of Purple & White and get them bound at the end of the year.

VARSITY CAPTAIN



"DUTCH KRAMER

Here we have "Dutch" again, recently re-elected to the captaincy of the Varsity basketball team. This marks "Dutch's" fourth consecutive year as captain of the College Quintet.

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

- Dec. 2—Blue Arrows—Home.
- Dec. 9—Highland Park—There.
- Dec. 16—Walkerville C. I.—There.
- Jan. 13—St. John's—Home.
- Jan. 20—Windsor C. I.—Home.
- Jan. 27—Windsor C. I.—There.
- Feb. 3—Tech.—There.
- Feb. 10—Walkerville—Home.
- Feb. 15—St. Mary's—Orchard Lake.
- Feb. 17—St. John's—Toledo.
- Feb. 21—Rosary—Home.
- Feb. 28—St. Mary's—Home.

Minim Prospects are Good

COACH FATHER BART PREDICTS FLASHY QUINTET

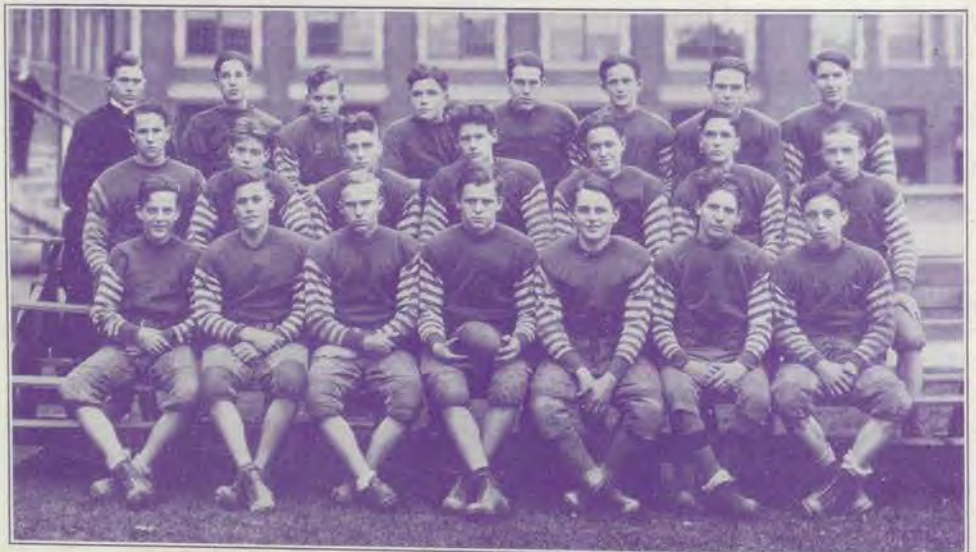
Father Bart's Minims are gradually rounding into shape. Due to a great amount of raw material Father Bart had a little trouble separating the wheat from the cockle. As a result the Minims have not yet met an outside team, but with a little more practice they will be in fine shape to take on all comers.

The forward positions will perhaps be looked after by "Dixie" O'Brien and McCormick. "Dixie" is a veteran from last year's Minims, and although small of stature he is shifty and has an uncanny eye for the hoop. Devaney, Revenew and Schwikert are also travelling fast these days, and are pretty certain to see action in the first tilt. Craig looks best at the pivot position. He is a hard worker and fits in well with the flank men. Adrian Record is also making a strong bid for this position. At the defense post Brasgalla and Bell will probably get the call. Both boys have a tendency to make matters disagreeable for the opposing forwards. Moran, Quigley, F. Flood, King and Thompson are also showing up well and will undoubtedly shine when they get the call. Several other candidates are fighting for positions on the team, so that Father Bart has a host of material from which to pick a formidable five. Their manager, Mr. Irv Murphy, is busy drawing up a good schedule and to date games with the Ford City A.C., and various high school reserve teams are pending.

Father X. Trying circumstances often add years to one's life.

Bill R.: Did failure make Ruth Elder?

THE WARRIORS



Back row: left to right—Rev. J. Burke, C.S.B. (Coach), R. Rolland, J. Foster, N. Doyle, A. Gleason, F. Ostrowski, E. McGunigal, B. Sloan.
Middle—R. Dillon, R. Gorman, H. Dickeson, P. Armstrong, E. Hardman, J. Barnard, J. Sullivan.
Front—M. Cavanaugh, H. Buckle, T. Prokoff, S. Long (Capt.), M. Citelle, A. Georges, J. Bellemore.
Absent—Rev. W. Dore, C.S.B. (Assistant Coach), M. Pillon, P. Ray, A. Chaseley, P. Cullinane, P. McCann.

TIP-OFFS



By FRANK A. WALSH

King Football has had his day, and his game is now a thing of the past. Fandom which is ever quick to forget a hero of yesterday and to laud a new one has turned with keen interest to Judge Basketball, who has started his Court sessions in the gym.

Tip-Offs, as you know play a pretty important part in all basketball games. So too, we hope that it will play an important role in these sport pages in tipping you off to certain players and incidents pertaining to the game of the basket and ball.

The fans, players, scorers, time-keepers and the referee are all set for the initial tip-off of the 1927-28 basketball season. Amid deafening cheers of "Come on Assumption, let's go" the ball is raised and then immediately tipped off, and once more the game of the gym is in progress.

They say that the Scotch love this game on account of so many "free throws" in it.

Then again I hear that the Scotch don't like it on account of so much tipping.

Speaking of Scotchmen reminds me of this: The argument all started over some rare old Scotch, so a lawyer took the case.

On Nov. 28th eighteen men reported in the gym to Coach Father O'Loane, the Varsity mentor, to begin training for a long and hard schedule. Of this number six are from last year's squad. Among the recruits are many promising players, and all are working with one aim in view, that of gaining a berth on the Varsity team.

Three famous players, familiar to the followers of the Varsity quintet for four years, will be missing in the line-ups this year. John Higgins, George O'Leary and John Murray are the veterans who are no longer with us. They were numbered in the graduates of last May and since then have been carrying the B.A. degree upon their athletic shoulders.

Of the six veterans left among this year's squad, Tony Kramer and Carl Dettman are the deans of the outfit. Tony and Carl are both starting their fourth year as members of the College team, and both are players of renowned ability.

Little "Jake" Donlon and Charlie Armstrong are starting on their third year, while Gourley Howell and Merv Murphy are appearing in their second year as members of the Varsity Basketball team.

Great things are expected of Gourley Howell who is a star in this game of shooting baskets. Before coming to A.C. Gourley was the outstanding player on the Western University quintet of London.

The name Higgins after all will not be omitted from the line up. Lee, a brother of John, is one of the new members on the Varsity. Lee is already known to us, for two years ago he was a shining star on our High School quintet. After an absence of a year he returns to us and we hope this star will shine for the Varsity as he did for the Hi.

Another new member on the College crew is Don King whose name stands out prominently in Ontario basketball circles. Last year Don was a member of the Windsor Alumni team which became the champion team of Eastern Canada. Don starred in the play-offs for the Dominion championship.

Paul "Ribbs" Ameling, last year's star performer on the Hi team, is up this year with the College and it is hoped that "Ribbs" will continue his spectacular playing in the higher ranks.

Edward Pokriefka is the new manager of the Varsity quintet. "Poke" succeeds the writer who was the manager last year. The writer feels badly that he must retire from the pleasant task of managing such a great team, and offers his best wishes and good luck to the Coach, Manager and players of the Varsity Club.

They tell me that the first assignment "Poke" had to fill out as manager was an order from "Spot" Bradley for tape, gum, iodine and resin.

Fifteen players reported to Father McGee, coach of the High School quintet when he issued his call for sharpshooters. Of this number only two were members of last year's outfit.

This year's Hi team is made up practically of last year's Tai-Kun quintet. Fr. MacDonald, coach of the Tai Kuns, is glad to give you this information, and he will go on to tell that this year's Tai-Kun team will be just as good as last year's for he expects great things of them in the basketball limelight. The Reverend Coach is to be congratulated for the early training and coaching of these players and commended on their making good in higher circles.

Ed. Skrzyski, a new member of the Hi team, is a sure basketball player. Last year Ed. was a big "gun" on the U. of D. Hi Five. In football, a game in which Ed. was not supposed to be a player, he turned out to be a star. So we are wondering how far Ed. will go in a sport where he has a great name.

"Bugs" Brady is one of the star members of the Warriors but the Club is worried about their freckled friend, for the Coach found a match in "Bug's" coat and thought he was breaking training rules. "Bugs" claimed he had this because he was going to match his coat at the pant store.

Although the notes in this column pertain to basketball, a few words must be said of boxing which was started here a week ago. Mr. Arnold Schneider, who was a prominent boxer of no mean reputation in his day, decided to revive the interest in the art of self defense here. At his first call fifty followers of the Queensbury rules reported for instructions in swinging fists or taking the "long-counts."

"Snitz", or "Hub", as he was known in fistic circles, was the Amateur lightweight champion of the Middle States, and Canada in 1916. During the World War in 1918 he fought at Brest and won the Army and Navy middleweight championship of that port. He later won the heavyweight championship of his own regiment. So the ardent devotees of Tunney and Dempsey have a great instructor.

Tony Rocco is the heavyweight among the cauliflower enthusiasts and seems to pack a wallop in either mitt, but some say they heard him singing "Brown eyes why are you blue?" after a four round bout with his instructor.

McErlane, the "big train" in football, is an ardent follower of the ring. Yes, he walks all around it. He claims he has often risen early and laced Kid Shoes. And during a day's work he has boxed Oranges and even given old man Postage a good licking.

It might be alright to mix boxing with basketball here on paper but don't do it in the game. I had better quit or they will be calling this column, Tip-Off & Punch. Beware the rabbit punch.

Well, boys, it's time to pack up now and hustle home to prepare for Santa Claus. Here's wishing you all a Very Merry Christmas. My Sport Colleagues, Messrs. Higgins and Donlon just came in and wish to broadcast their season's greetings to you.

NORMALITES NOSE

OUT VARSITY 26-22

(Continued from Page 8, Col. 1)

style while he took good care of his man. Kramer was also very much in the game and his scintillating rushes were again a factor in the play of the locals. Higgins, Armstrong and Howell performed creditably.

Considering that this was the initial clash for the opposing teams, a rather fast brand of the winter pastime was in evidence. The purple-clad cagers' great detriment was the fact that they did not begin to steam up from the start. Had they displayed their offensive powers of the last twenty minutes of play the verdict would certainly have been in the Purple's favor.

Ypsi broke fast from the start. They sent down three and four men on offense and their peculiar style of blocking off a man had the Assumptionites bewildered at the start. Ten points were amassed before "Ribbs" Ameling finally broke the ice for the locals. The local five was now roused to action and they began to sally into enemy territory with some effect. Kramer and Howell added to the scoring and Ameling also had a hand in soaring Assumption's total to 11 points before the end of the half. The score at the rest period was 18 to 11.

The second half told a different story. Assumption, imbued with a new spirit, launched its hardest drive and Ypsi was forced back to a defensive game. King, who stepped in the breach at this moment, began to find the nets. He dropped three baskets in the hoops in rapid succession some eight minutes after the resumption of play and from then on it was a merry battle. Assumption forged to the front and Ypsi came right back to wring the lead from the locals. It was a toss up from then on and the lead see-sawed back and forth. Ypsi began to shoot from farther out and Dame Fortune smiled upon their efforts. About one minute before the conclusion Crouch dropped one through the meshes and insured victory for this team.

The line-ups:

ASSUMPTION	M.S.N.C.
HowellR.F.....	Morrow
DonlonL.F.....	Van Fleet
AmelingC.....	Whitney
KramerR.G.....	Crouch
DettmanL.G.....	Muellick

Field goals—Ameling 3, King 3, Whitney 3, Crouch 3, Kramer 2, Morrow 2, Van Fleet 2, Howell 1, Paulesen 1.

Free throws—Ameling 2, Kramer 2, Crouch 2, Noble 1, Muellick 1.

Substitutions—Armstrong for Howell, Higgins for Donlon, King for Dettman; Shanklin for Morrow, Noble for Shanklin, Paulesen for Van Fleet.



Read the ads in this paper and patronize the advertisers. Mention the Purple & White when you do.

Tai Kuns Triumph Over Huron A.C. 17-6

EVANS AND BYRNE GARNER 13 POINTS

Father MacDonald's well coached Tai-Kun outfit hopped into the limelight by besting the strong Huron A.C.'s in their opening game by a score of 17-6. The Tai-Kun mentor used nine men in this fray, all of whom played considerably well for their first game of the season. "Willie" Byrne carried off the high point honors scoring four times from the field and holding the opposing centre scoreless. "Hot Shot" "Jimmy" Evans at right forward played up to his old time form. He dropped the sphere through the loop for five points while his floor work was outstanding. The guarding of "Cowboy" Vahey was worthy of praise. Besides holding Peters, a forward of no mean calibre, to a lone basket, he was himself responsible for two points.

The passing attack of the Tai-Kuns was brilliant throughout the entire contest. Dribbling has been eliminated from their offensive play, with the result that Father MacDonald can boast of a flashy combination that is hard to stop. To date the Tai-Kun schedule is not complete, but "Eddie" Bresnaham, their manager, promises to book games with the best teams available.

The line-ups:

TAI-KUNS	HURON A.C.
EvansR.F.....	Lyons
GuinaL.F.....	Peters
Byrne, W.C.....	Todd
VaheyR.G.....	Bullard
FordL.G.....	Renauld
Field goals—Byrne 4, Evans 2, Vahey 1,	
Peters 1, Renauld 1, McNichols 1.	
Free throws—Peters 2, Evans 1.	
Substitutes—McNichols, J. Byrne, Lewis and Mahoney.	

With the Junior Sub-Minims

The Junior Sub Minims whose roll call numbers Fifty players have two teams entered in the Bantam division of the Border Cities League. Mr. McGouey, the able director of this young army has his hands full in selecting the teams, as every member is working hard and all are bent on making either team.

The House League which has always held a prominent place in the S-M basketball season will be well under way after the Christmas holidays. As in the past, four teams will comprise the Senior loop while the Junior section will have eight teams.

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He is a noted personage
And wondrous to behold;
In moleskins clad, he's quite the lad,
Talked of by young and old.

* * *

The coach, intent, looks on his form;
His hopes on him are set.
For Assumption's name, he's in the
game,
A noble seasoned vet.

* * *

Ere game time comes the crowd is wild,
The roars do rock the earth;
Alone o'er him, with fire and vim,
The Sandwich studes make mirth.

* * *

In fev'rish heat the teams line up,
The vet is at his post.
The ball is kicked, our hero's picked
To prove Assumption's boast.

* * *

He grabs the ball and rushes on
With fury in his eye;
He stops for none, save only one
Who lays him cold.—Oh, My!

* * *

Our luckless hero, prone and still,
Is carried from the field,
The docs are rushed, the crowd is
hushed,
Their lips with grief are sealed.

* * *

Meanwhile, the teams, his fate unknown,
Fight on in frenzied strife.
Assumption studes, in downcast moods
Urge on their team to life.

* * *

The players, purple-clad, are slow,
Their pep is from them sped;
The missing star, their thoughts afar
Seek out in fearful dread.

The game goes on and on,—alas!
Our line is almost crossed.
The team holds fast, they drop-kick past
Our goal—the game is lost!

* * *

At least, the lowly rooters say
That it is lost—but look!
He dashes past with fearless cast
Who had the game forsook.

* * *

A mighty yell does shake the stands
For him who short before
Had lain so low, crushed by a foe.
They shout: "WE'RE OUT FOR
GORE!"

* * *

Two minutes left, three points behind—
"What can he do?" they ask;
A touchdown now all do avow
A Herculean task.

* * *

But Gourley to his team-mates cries
In accents loud and shrill:
"The signals call, give me the ball,
I won't stop now until

* * *

I've made the goal." They bide his will
And, marv'lous to unfold,
The enemy host, the gallopin' ghost
Doth pass, as he had told.

* * *

He starts, he stops, he twists, he turns,
He side-steps, changes pace;
The goal is gained, the touchdown
claimed
By Assumption's noble ace.

* * *

The students long that tale will tell,
The campus long will hold
That brilliant story of noble Gourley
The Gallopin' ghost so bold.

By Ye Ed, '28.

CALENDAR

- Dec. 15—Assumption Minstrel Show—Windsor.
- Dec. 16—Varsity vs. Western U.—Home. Hi vs. Walkerville C.I.—There.
- Dec. 17—Christmas Vacation Begins.
- Jan. 2—Vacation ends at 8.00 p.m.
- Jan. 3—Classes resumed.
- Jan. 10—Varsity vs. Mich. State Normal—Home.
- Jan. 13—Varsity vs. St. John's U.—Home. Hi vs. St. John's Hi—Home.
- Jan. 16—College course mid-year examinations begin.

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SEVEN BASILIANS TO BE
ORDAINED DEC. 21

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

took both his High School and his Arts course here and graduated in 1924 with a B.A. degree in Philosophy. Father Murphy during his student days distinguished himself both as a leader in the classroom and in the handball courts. During the days of "Mickey" McGillick and the "Tres Bien" Club he enjoyed the handball championship of the yard.

Rev. Joseph O'Donnell, C.S.B., B.A., a member of the graduating class of '23, also spent three years under Assumption's genial roof, and made a name for himself not only in the classroom, but on the stage. All who saw him act the part of Hamlet in the Dramatic Society's presentation of that name back in '22 will remember the great talent that he displayed and which many critics affirmed to be bordering on the best that any professional actor could offer.

Rev. J. B. Flannagan, C.S.B., B.A., was a student here for five years and a member of the graduating class of '23. He will be remembered best as the scrappy Tai Kun quarterback and catcher. "J.B." was the title by which he was known to all and his ready wit never failed to make any situation a humorous one.

Rev. Stanley Lynch, C.S.B., B.A., came to Assumption in 1916 and left as a member of the graduating class of '23. To the students of former years he will be remembered as the good natured sorrel-topped day scholar, whose genial winning smile made friends for him everywhere.

(Continued in Column Three)

Oratorical Contest
Entry List OpensMANY APPLICATIONS ALREADY
RECEIVED; THREE SPEAKERS
ARE HEARD

The outstanding feature of the last meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society was the opening of the Oratorical Contest entry list. Quite a few of the members submitted their applications for entrance into the semi-finals to the Reverend President, Father Bondy, and a great many more names are expected to be added to the list before the first week in February, when the entry list will close. Fourth and First Arts had decidedly the majority amongst the applicants at the meeting, but the other two classes will undoubtedly produce members who will put in a bid for the oratorical honors and the prize.

The members of the Society were favored with three interesting speeches at the meeting. Mr. Donlon gave a delightful talk on the advantages and the worth of the Rhode scholarship. He was followed by Mr. Drew, who outlined the rise of Mussolini and gave a clear account of just how great a factor he has been in the timely redemption of the Italian people. Mr. Dettman, the last speaker, handled a very interesting topic in a logical and clear manner. He pointed out to his listeners the fact that our present educational system is far from perfect and he suggested a way of improving it that has already been put in effect at one of our leading universities.

(Continued from Column One)

The students of later years recall him in the role of rec master and professor of Greek, and in these capacities he endeared himself to all those with whom he came in contact.

Rev. Ernest Lajeunesse, C.S.B., M.A., graduated from here in 1923 after completing seven years of student life in this institution. To "Laj" can be accredited no small amount of the "pep" that kept Father Tighe and the philosophers of those years from eking out a monotonous dreary existence on that historic flat. He was always ambitious in the classroom and continued his undaunted quest for knowledge during his theological course so that now he possesses an M.A. degree in Honor French from the University of Toronto.

Rev. Leonard Dolan, C.S.B., B.A., spent three years here as a member of the college staff and graduated with baccalaureate honors in 1924. He will be remembered by all who knew him personally as a real friend—one who always had a solution for every problem, no matter how intricate or distressing it might be.

To these seven young men who are about to be ordained their many friends at Assumption extend heartiest congratulations and wish them every success and blessing in their holy walk of life. That the hand which has led you thus far may continue to lead you on through life showering an abundance of graces, blessings and happiness upon you is the sincere wish of all your friends at Assumption.

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Dec. 30—Detroit at Windsor
Jan. 6—Hamilton at Windsor
Jan. 9—Toronto at Windsor
Jan. 11—Stratford at Windsor

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As The Editor Sees It -



950,400 seconds until the grand get-away! At least, that's what we were told last week. 129,600 is nearer right now than the first figure, however, and they are still slipping by at a merry pace. Again we reiterate with the sages—it won't be long now!

* * *

We have noticed the more thoughtful amongst us eyeing the ethereal regions and scanning the weather forecasts of late. Their worries concerning the appearance of the red-clad gent with the white locks and whiskers seem to have been groundless, for the latest report has it that this Christmas will be a white one,—and that the sleighing will be fine.

* * *

Believe it or not, the seamstress claims that she has been besieged with an enormous quantity of antiquated socks of late and that they are still pouring in from every section of the building. She is doing her utmost to accommodate all the students and supply them with a substantial supply of holeproof hosiery for the family fireplaces. More worries for the North Pole regent!

* * *

The lady of the sewing table vents much of her wrath upon the inhabitants of Father Guinan's Flat. She claims that the "wide open spaces" in their inner footwear are wider and more open than any she has had to span in her many years of service.

* * *

Her indignant protests seem to fall more pronouncedly upon the shoulders of our luckless friend "Scotty" Steele. "Scotty", she claims, has just deposited his fifth armful with her with the promise that he might be back with more.

* * *

This disclosure might throw
(Continued in Column Three)

THE LONE PIONEER



Mr. Thomas McGouey, pictured above, our humor editor, has the distinction of being the only remaining member of the Purple and White's pioneer staff. When the paper was established four years ago, he was chosen to look after the less serious trend of events and to add mirth to the paper's columns. He is the originator of the Lighter Vein supplement and his sayings, witty, wise and otherwise have never failed to keep the boys laughing between issues for the past four years. "Four years a humorist" is an unparalleled record here and will certainly be difficult to equal in the future.

✿ ✿ ✿

Be Good to Yourself

Christmas time is the time to treat yourself to the best.—Another reason why you should buy rings, pennants, and pins.

HIGH QUINTET BOWS TO HIGHLAND PARK 29-21

(Continued from Page 8, Col. 2)

"Nibbs" Ameling did not break into the game until the second half but his debut into high school circles was an impressive one. His timely scores kept the purple colors always near the top and he shared the scoring honors with Mencil. In the defensive sector Potucek held the limelight at left guard. He played the whole game at that post and gave the enemy sharpshooters an exceptional amount of opposition. His mates on the defensive were Love, Morneau and Ptak and they put up a stiff front that was at all times hard to penetrate. Williams and Kane were the scoring lights for Highland Park, while Clark's work was outstanding on the defense.

The line-ups:

ASSUMPTION HIGHLAND PARK

MenardR.F. Kane
DickesonL.F. Williams
MencilC. Densmore
LoveR.G. Arthur
PotucekL.G. Clark
Field goals: Williams 4; Densmore 3;
Kane 3; Pierce 2; Mencil 3; Ameling 3;
Menard 2; Dickeson 1; Ptak 1.
Free throws: Densmore 2; Pierce 2;
Williams 1; Menard 1.

Substitutions: Pierce for Arthur; Lindsey for Clark; Crowell for Kane; Manual for Densmore; Wulf for Crowell; Morneau for Love; Ameling for Dickeson; Ptak for Morneau.

✿ ✿ ✿

(Continued from Column One)

some light upon the perplexing problem that has been baffling "Scotty's" flatmates of late. As this issue of the paper went to press they hadn't been able to explain the Scotchman's zealous campaign amongst them for old rags and discarded socks. Now, however, a light is beginning to dawn upon them.

* * *

All the same, you've got to give "Scotty" credit. He is evidently determined that the bewhiskered old gent will leave Parkhill with an empty bag and an empty sleigh.

* * *

But, getting back to what we started to say, there seems to be so many "Merry Christmas's" and "Happy New Years" flying around our columns and elsewhere that we deem it wise to drop the formality and just wish you all a safe journey back.

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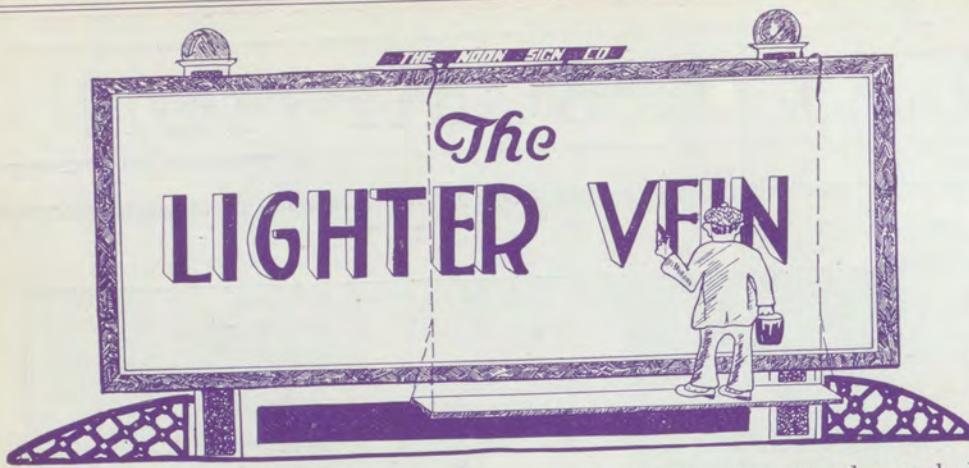
- MOVING DAY -



- DEC. 8 - SMILES -



- FROG LEGS -



A PENNY ON THE DRUM



Mr. James J. Murphy, ex-stagehand, known to many as “Whispering Jim”, wants it made known that only Mr. Ray McCormick and himself are authorized to collect money for injured Sub-Minim players. They are aided in this undertaking by little Donald Desjarlais, who plays the violin at all the meetings. Every day Messrs. Murphy, McCormick and Desjarlais can be seen at some corner of the campus shouting for subscribers. Our photographer was fortunate in snapping the trio in action. Mr. Desjarlais may be seen playing the violin. Mr. McCormick is clad in kilts, and Mr. Murphy is trying to attract the crowd by sounding a bell. The latter gentleman claims that all the money collected will be given to the injured players. Mr. McCormick verifies Mr. Murphy’s statement. “Every penny”, says he, “goes to the injured except a wee bit which covers expenses,—and that amount is less than seventy-five per cent.”

Mr. Murphy is planning on making a personal call to every room. He claims that these open-air meetings are waning. At first McCormick would not dance the Highland Fling unless a dollar were collected. Now, however he is willing to dance for a dime. “Business is bad” are the words uttered by Mr. Murphy.

This paper feels that these two philanthropists deserve our financial support. These two gentlemen may be remembered by many as the two who took up a collection last spring for blind cattle.

A unique contest was staged recently by the Pulmotor Club of Assumption College. The president of this association, Mr. Sam Saravolatz, is to be highly commended. The contest was open to all. It was to last one week. The prize was an autographed pulmotor. This was to be given to the man who gained the most weight in one week. Bulletins were posted every night and the interest rose high. By Wednesday the field was reduced to three: Mr. James Cooney, Mr. Leo O’Grady and Mr. George Brady. The last mentioned was a dark horse. No one had conceded him a chance with the two professional eaters. Brady confessed that he had had wide experience and had waited for four years for such a contest as this. Hard luck dogged him, however, and he developed a charley-horse in his left arm Thursday night. This virtually put him out of the contest. Brady could not defeat Cooney or O’Grady by using only one hand. The field, then, by Friday had been reduced to two—O’Grady and Cooney. Their gains were about even, varying about a half a pound a day. Followers of this sport prophesied that

the spurt on the final day would tell. Both the contestants were doing their utmost to win the coveted prize. It has been reported that O’Grady licked all the paint off his bed hoping to get the jump on the slumbering Cooney. The next morning two bathrobes were missing and no soap could be found. By noon on Saturday, the final day, the betting was even. Sam Saravolatz, the popular president of the Pulmotor Club, personally tied an anchor to both of the contestants’ ankles. They were getting so bloated that Sam feared they would float away. O’Grady won by a large margin but both the judges declared him very lucky. Cooney had the edge on him until three o’clock in the afternoon, when he tripped over the anchor and fell. The fall lost the race for him, but Cooney himself said: “It was not the fall that cost me the prize, but the getting up.”



Lady (visiting prison): “And how did you come to be put in here, my good man?”

“I’m unlucky,” declared the imprisoned wood alcohol vendor, who was in a confidential mood. “One of my customers didn’t go blind and he identified me.”

It Needed A Fortune Teller

The beautiful young woman interviewed a fortune teller on the usual subjects. “Lady,” said the clairvoyant “you will visit foreign lands and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark and aristocratic looking.” “And young?” interrupted the lady. “Yes, and very rich.” The beautiful lady grasped the fortune teller’s hands and pressed them hard. “Thank you” she said. “Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?”



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Vol. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, JANUARY 15, 1928

No. 6

VARSIITY 39 -- ST. JOHN'S 22; HI 31 -- ST. JOHN'S 17

University Mid-Year Examinations Underway

HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL STUDENTS WRITE FIRST TESTS
JANUARY 23

With the resumption of scholastic activities at Assumption an added air of diligence and industry is noticeable in the study-halls and throughout the classrooms. The advent of the mid-year examinations is the plausible solution for the studious bent of the student body. All are gathering together every possible weapon of knowledge in order to survive the veritable storm cloud that is about to descend upon them in the form of exams.

The University examinations are already underway, the most of the upper classmen having received their initial tests yesterday. The High School, Commercial and Grade students will begin to unburden themselves of their accumulated knowledge next Monday, January 23rd.



Newly-Ordained Alumni Say Mass for Students

SIX FORMER ASSUMPTIONITES ORDAINED AT CHRISTMAS TIME; SICKNESS HINDERS ONE

Several newly ordained alumni have visited Assumption within the past two weeks and have honored the students by celebrating Mass for them in the college chapel and bestowing their blessing upon them individually. Those who have visited us to date are Rev. Stanley Lynch, C.S.B., Rev. W. Murphy, C.S.B., Rev. Jos. O'Donnell, C.S.B., all members of Rhetoric Class of '21. Rev. J. B. Flannagan, C.S.B., has yet to receive his final orders, having been forced from the ordination ceremonies by sickness. The other Assumption graduates who were invested with the office of the holy priesthood are Rev. L. Dolan, C.S.B., Rev. E. Lajeunesse, C.S.B., and Rev. W. Nigh, C.S.B.,

Home Floor Scene of Double Purple Victory

TOLEDOANS OUTCLASSED BY VARSITY AND HI CAGERS; ARMSTRONG, AMELING AND SKRZYCKI IN LIMELIGHT

(Sport Special)

If the Casaba performers from St. John's University take any stock in omens, they will avoid meeting Assumption on Friday, the 13th in the future. For two aggregations representing the Saints journeyed here last Friday—the 13th—and locked horns with our Varsity and Hi Cagers, only to suffer two severe drubbings at the hands of their purple-clad hosts. After our High School Cagers had tripped up the St. John's High five to the tune of 31—17, the Varsity came back in the main attraction and romped over the Blue-and-White Senior quintet for a 39—22 victory.



Preliminary is Good
"Ribbs" Ameling In the curtain-raiser, both quintets started off at a dizzy pace but it wasn't long until the Hi boys stepped into

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)



CALENDAR

- Jan. 17.—Hi vs. Walkerville C. I.—There.
- Jan. 20.—Hi vs. Windsor C.I.—Home.
- Jan. 21.—Varsity vs. City College—Home.
- Jan. 23.—High School Examinations begin.
- Jan. 27.—Hi vs. Windsor C.I.—There.
- Jan. 28.—Varsity vs. Det. Inst. of Tech.—Home.
- Jan. 31.—Varsity vs. Det. College of Law—Detroit.

High School Debaters Break Even With Sarnia

ASSUMPTION LOSES AT HOME BUT WINS BY SAME MARGIN IN SARNIA

Continuing their efforts to retain the W.O.S.S.A. shield, two Assumption High School debating teams met teams from Sarnia Collegiate on Friday afternoon, December 16th. The team which debated at home lost a closely contested match by a three to one margin, but the Assumption representatives in Sarnia reversed the verdict and thus gained an even break in the two debate series.

Messrs George O'Brien and Del Pfrommer, speaking here, attempted to disprove the proposition "Resolved—that the British form of government is better than the American," while Steve McCormick and Lawrence Coughlin were victorious in upholding this resolution in Sarnia.



Oratorical Contest Entry List Closes Feb. 9

AVIATION, THE PRESS, CULTURE AND MORALITY, COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE DISCUSSED AT MEETING

The last meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society for the present term, held last Wednesday evening, eclipsed to some extent any of the previous gatherings. In the order of interestingness it excelled by far all of the former meetings held this term.

An important announcement made by the president of the society, Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., M.A., L.L.D., set February 9th. as the final date for applications to enter the Oratorical Contest of this year. This is the date for the next meeting of the Society and the Reverend President urged more of the members to submit their names before that time.

The speakers at this meeting displayed a
(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)



Old Boys' Page



Tidings Come from Fr. Jacques in Manchuria

TELLS OF PACIFIC VOYAGE AND FIRST MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

Shortly before the Christmas holidays the following letter was received from Father "Benny" Jacques, Class '21, noted Assumption athlete of a few years ago, and now a missionary priest in Fushun, Manchuria.

"Fushun, Manchuria, and feeling fine. Had a very pleasant and enjoyable trip. Save for a day and a half I proved to be a pretty good sailor. In an endeavor to withhold my contributions from the deep, I ruptured a vein in my left eye and thus emerged from the fray with a blood-shot eye. The others were more generous to the fishes and escaped without any marks of battle.

Kobe, Japan was the terminus of the ocean voyage. From there I took a train to Shemonaski, which gave me an opportunity to view Japanese farm life and rest my eyes on beauty spots famed in song and story. At Shemonaski took a boat for Fusan, Korea, and there boarded a train for Seoul. After visiting the missions in Korea, I headed north and reached Fushun on October 11th and received a royal welcome.

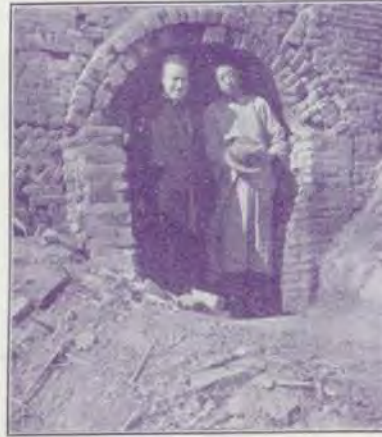
Fushun is situated among the hills and has a population of nearly two hundred thousand. Of this number five are white men and are priests of this mission. The city has three sections, Japanese, Chinese and Korean, which gives us an opportunity to study the life and customs of each.

At first as I walked out among them I was a little timid but now that feeling has given place to one of security. The Chinese are a happy-go-lucky people and no matter what their mood might be, you can generally get a smile from them.

The other day I accompanied a Chinese priest on a sick call to a little village outside the town. It was the first time I stepped into a Chinese home, a mud hut with two rooms. The family had prepared the sick room for our arrival. On the floor they had placed quilts out of respect for us, so that we might walk on them instead of on the mud floor. You can rest assured that such an act by this poor Christian family left its impression on me and will not be forgotten. They have great respect for their priests. It is nothing for them to walk ten or twelve miles to church.

I like the life here and I feel that once I acquire a working knowledge of the language I'll be of some use to these people.

"BENNY" IN A NEW ROLE



Only a few years ago "Benny" Jacques was Assumption's outstanding grid and diamond star, and there are still a few students at Assumption who remember his remarkable runs on the gridiron and the way he used to thrill the fans by his spectacular scintillating in the outfield of the Varsity Nine. To the boys of those days "Benny" is a character never to be forgotten. He is a Windsor boy and his pleasing personality and that neverfading genial smile won for him the friendship and admiration of the whole Border as well as of the students here.

He was ordained to the holy priesthood last spring and he left this country late in the summer for Manchuria, the scene of his missionary labors. In the picture above we see Father Jacques arrived at his destination and evidently none the worse for the long trip and the strange surroundings and companions. That your sacrificing efforts in the service of God be crowned with bountiful success and that the "Giver of all Good Gifts" may heap manifold blessings upon you in your new work Father, is the wish and prayer of all your friends at Assumption.

At the present time all I have to do is to get the language. I have a private Chinese tutor who comes to my room for two hours each day. I expect to be here for about six months studying the language.

The "Purple and White" arrived here last week and you can rest assured that it was most welcome. It wasn't long before I had it read through. This weather up here is ideal for football and at times I feel like donning the old togs.

Trusting that these few lines find all in the best of spirits and health and with kindest regards to the Mission Society, I am

Yours Sincerely in Christ,

A. Jacques.

MICHAEL

HIS STORY
By An Old Boy

(Continued from last issue)

III

'Twas Autumn time and the year was '87. I had spent the month of September and most of October with my brothers in the cornfield. Though only thirteen I could wield a corncutter, half a scythe blade with a handle on it, with considerable dexterity and managed to uphold my end fairly well. For weeks I toiled at this branch of husbandry until we had cut our forty acres. Then came a change in my fortunes, or rather a resumption of them.

It was near the middle of October and the weather was glorious at that season of the year. My oldest brother was drilling grain, the second was engaged in shoveling furrows for drainage and I was—let me tell it as it happened.

It was seven o'clock in the morning of that beautiful, October day. I had completed my morning chores and was standing on the verandah in front of the house, just waiting for orders for the day. Nothing in particular was running through my mind at that time; I was just waiting.

Father quietly stepped alongside of me. Clearing his throat with a preliminary 'ahem', he threw the all important question at me, "Well, son, what are you going to do; go to school or go to work?"

Without weighing the question I bravely replied, "I'll go to work."

"Very well," said he, "just run around to the shed and bring an axe and a spade."

I started off brave in the consciousness that now I had decided to be a laboring man. In due time I appeared with the tools of trade, the axe on my shoulder and the spade swinging in my other hand. I looked at him for information and he simply said, "Come with me."

Together we started down the road to the far field on the front of the farm. My brothers were already at work when we arrived. Without stopping to parley, discuss or debate anything we two, father and I, passed them by and strode off across the ploughed field. In the far corner stood a buttonwood stump that had thrown out roots that took up about a quarter of an acre of land. It was impossible to plough it, and it seemed a pity to have all that land wasted. In a very laconic fashion, father said, "Dig around that stump." And he walked away.

(To be continued)

As The Editor Sees It -



Who said "Happy New Year?" We have noticed that with exams, exams and more exams coming on Assumption students are eeking out a very painful existence. For the most of us "Happy New Year" begins on February 1st. And what a Happy New Year it will be if the profs' "blue marks" are favorable!

Speaking about profs, did you notice the way that "Pat" O'Hare conducted himself (not the class) on Football Night? He'll never be a success at anything else. One glance over the respective members of that class will tell us that. Verily intelligence personified!

Here they are as we see them:
"Colonel" Kelly—The collegiate cowboy;
Abud—The fleeing Frenchman;
Monahan—The miniature Bambino;
Regan—Al Jolson's shade;
Hardman—The teacher's pet;
Krahwinkel—The erratic Greek;
Cooney—A mere shadow;
John Byrne—The fast stepper;
Rogers—Big shot (not);
Sheehy—The towering Wallflower.

Reports have reached us from the outlying hamlets to the effect that the Wallflower "W" was much in evidence during the holidays on the chests of the gallant crew.

By diligent investigation we have been able to find a solution for the morose and gloomy disposition that Manager Sheehy is evincing of late. It appears that the present tendered him by the members of the Wallflower aggregation last Football Night has turned out to be a century plant and will not bear blossoms for another hundred years.

We can sympathize with John but we can't let his troubles worry us. Our only consolation these days comes in the new watchword adopted at Assumption.

What is it? Just STUDY!



The Alumni team wants a large Old Boy following here for their game on Sunday, Feb. 5th. If you're an alumnus, and in striking distance of Assumption, show your PEP and be here.

HOME FLOOR SCENE OF DOUBLE PURPLE VICTORY

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

the lead and gradually increased it. They only enjoyed a four point margin at the first rest period but in the second quarter Assumption's offensive attack began to show results and the tilt was safely stowed away at half time. Ed. Skrzycki helped himself to fourteen of the 22 points amassed in the first half while Potucek and Ptak were playing bang-up defensive games and allowed the visitors to register only eight markers.



Charlie Armstrong

Father McGee allowed the reserves to finish the contest and they maintained the fast pace of the preceding stanzas and fought on even terms with the Blue-and-White aggregation. The final score was 31-17.

Varsity Returns to Form

It was a renovated Varsity quintet that took the floor against the St. John senior cagers. They couldn't be recognized as the spasmodic troupe that bowed to a crippled Ypsi team three days before. It was a nip-and-tuck struggle from the start and both teams exhibited passing attacks that were marvellous to watch. "13" was Charlie Armstrong's lucky number, Friday the 13th, his lucky day. Before the first quarter was complete he had sunk five baskets and it was mainly due to his uncanny sharp shooting that the Varsity was able to enjoy a 19-13 lead at the mid intermission.

The second half was marked by "Ribbs" Ameling's complete return to form. After a mediocre exhibition against Ypsi and a listless first half of this occasion he began a campaign of net bulging that brought despair to the faces of the St. John following. Six times he dented the meshes after the half and his total for the evening was sixteen points. Dettman and Kramer put on an excellent exhibition of the defensive art and allowed the Toledoans only five field goals all evening.



ORATORICAL CONTEST ENTRY LIST CLOSES FEB. 9

(Continued from Page 1 Col. 3)

variety of subject matter and style that was interesting and impressive and the various speeches were amongst the best heard this year. Mr. Gouchat discussed the justice of the United States criminal courts and his first appearance in the society augured well for his future ones.

In developing his theme, "The Dream of a Century Realized," Mr. Harris outlined the history and the different phases of aviation, going to some length in portraying the great possibilities that the future holds for mankind in the conquest of the air.

"The Power and Influence of the Press," was handled very skilfully by Mr. Arnold

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 2)



By FRANK O'HARE

We are "up a tree!" No, it was hardly to be expected that the verbal quintet as crudely grouped as that first sentence would rock the world or produce any radical changes in the governments of men. However, the cause of its ineffectiveness, may be attributed to the fact that a justifiable reason for an arborial location is not immediately discernible. If so, let us ramble on. This is an Exchange column. (We refer the faintly skeptical to a caption about two inches nearer the top of the page,) and, since scarcely enough of the seconds and minutes of the New Year have winged their way to the realms of the past to warrant the receipt of a flood of exchanges, we are "up a tree". The wintry atmospheric conditions of our lofty retreat made it imperative that we seek a more desirable position both from a climate point of view, and since we are rather unskilled in the art of the steeplejacks, from a viewpoint of safety.

(the dashes indicate that several minutes have elapsed.) Just as we were on the point of giving up wholly to the buzzards of despair hanging over us, the Detroit Collegian and the Gothic happened upon us. We have been deriving a "huge kick" from the Collegian's "Silhouettes." The column holds forth very cleverly on the literary content of the world. In its Theatre Column, the Collegian pans and praises the offerings of Detroit's theatres with a refreshing flippancy. The Collegian is decidedly an interesting paper.

The Gothic, "favete linguis," maintained its high standard in its December issue. One bit of its content particularly worthy of mention is an almost literal translation of Horace's wellknown ode to the Font of Bandusia, rendered in a lyric form that adheres closely to the metric scheme favored by the master of the lyric.



"ANOTHER COUNTRY HEARD FROM"

A few lines of greeting have just arrived from Mr. Thomson L. Marcerro, of St. Thomas Seminary, Denver. "Best regards to all my old friends," he writes, "both among faculty and students at Assumption and also to the "old gang." Tell them through the "Old Boys' Page" that there's another country heard from." That's the old spirit, Tom.



Rev. Joe Walsh, C. S. B., Class '10, paid us a visit during the Christmas holidays. Father Walsh at present is treasurer of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Read "Michael." It's an Old Boy's own story.

PURPLE & WHITE

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	A. Kramer, '28
Associate Circulation Mgrs.	M. Murphy, '28
	J. Steele, '28
Sport Editor	F. Walsh, '29
Associate Sport Editors	J. Donlon, '29
	L. Higgins, '31
Alumni Editor	J. Embser, '28
Humor Editor	T. McGouey, '28
Exchange Editor	F. O'Hare, '30
Class Editor	F. Burns, '28
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Richard Donovan Jas. Skrzycki Robert Rolland
Arthur Brake George Chizmar Clyde Neveux
Vincent Gignac Wm. McCormick Edward Lynch
Deimar Ploumer

Another New Year

Twelve chimes have rung out and already it is the new year! The glistening blanket of snow sparkles in the moonlight as the zero winds swirl along rapidly on their course. But as they glide swiftly by their frosty, whistling blasts make many a lonely traveller gather his coat closer around him. The city and countrysides seem to sleep peacefully unaware of the starry heavens, the silvery moonbeams and the pure white snow. However there is revelry in many a house.—Boisterously they "blew out" the old year and with equal clamour "welcomed in" the new; There is peaceful slumber in many homes—rightful slumber that belongs to and is sought by tired workers when the day is done; and there are lights gleaming from whence comes melodious voices—it is the nuns in choir who rise at the midnight hour and atone, somewhat, for the sinners' forgetfulness and guilt. What a sight these holy virgins present to us! Their lives are sacrifices of love. They live in solitude, but God in return gives them a life so calm and so serene! One nun expresses it as "a foretaste of heaven".

We have now just entered upon the new year and it is well for us to pause and think. We have been dissatisfied with our past lives but how shall we amend them if we let the years roll by without contemplating a remedy and a time when to apply it? There is no time so fitting as the present to renew your past year while you are starting to record a new page in your book of life. A famous man once said that "every adult human should spend at least forty per cent. of his time in solitude and in thinking." Now that is something to think about!

Nature Worship

In this enlightened and sophisticated age of the twentieth century there appears to be a revival of nature-worship. This golden age of science, with man's unparalleled success in materialistic pursuits has clouded the minds of the intelligent and ignorant alike. God has been exiled by the elite in many of our modern universities and in His place they have substituted nature. The common man, whose mind has been poisoned by insidious and damaging periodicals and books, has in many cases looked upon nature as his only deity.

Now, nature is not what we first conceive it to be, but it is really a very capricious deity. Nature is sun-sets and water-falls; Nature is gorgeous landscapes and inspiring sights; Nature is the kind mother feeding and protecting her young. Nature is grand beyond description; but nature is more than this; Nature is sordid and ugly; She is the savage beast destroying innocent victims; Nature is a cruel and heartless tyrant. Nature spares neither the innocent nor the guilty; Nature is an enigma and a paradox. She is kind yet treacherous, most cruel and unreasonable.

We can see the reflection of our own age in the history of the ancient Greeks. These eminently enlightened and intelligent men, the guides and pioneers of pagan antiquity, followed nature. Perhaps their civilization was the highest ever attained by man, yet there stands pre-eminent in the history of Greece the error of nature-worship which caused their downfall. They set out to follow nature and fell into most unnatural crimes and inconsistencies. Like many of our modern apostles they had no sincere sympathy with the weak and helpless. They killed innocent babes as though they were mere brutes. The aged were often executed by the Spartans because they became a burden to themselves and to the state. Our modern nature-worshippers would put to death the weak and infirm; they would ostracize the aged and would carry out by law other unnatural ideas which they unconsciously learn from their mysterious and paradoxical god, nature. Christians have an explanation for these contradictions in nature. Christians have a moral code that originates in God. Our idea of God explains many things that are otherwise hidden. But to the atheist who is logical, nature and the universe must appear nothing but absurdities and stark madness. Those whose only God is nature, like nature, will become cruel and heartless though, at times they conceal these qualities by graceful attainments of culture.



Varsity plays City College here next Saturday. We've GOT to beat them this time. Get some more spirit and make our team win.

Today's Pseudo Candor

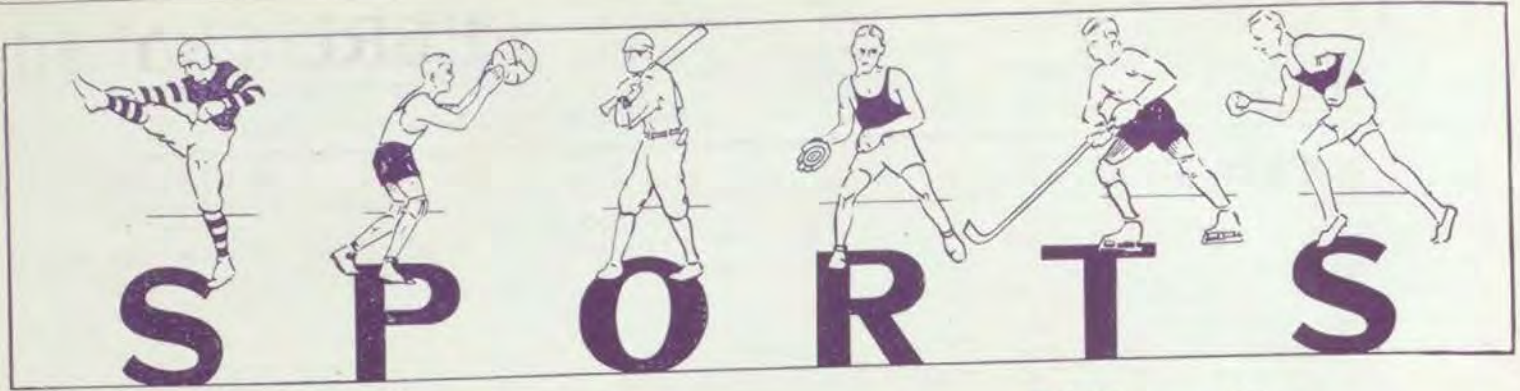
"Be frank!" It is the shibboleth of the present generation. Ignorance may be bliss, but, knowledge is power—so be frank! As a cat laps a saucer of cream, so greedily do the people at large imbibe this chalice of clichés proffered by a handful of hedonists to gull the gullible public into sanctioning a partial inversion of conventions. That, really, is the meaning of modern frankness—just a sufficient weakening of standards to permit "the new decadents" to enjoy overtly modes of life which could no longer be theirs privately. Female protagonists of the new fraud may at bridges and teas express their beliefs with a candor hitherto confined to the livery stable. Still, it is to be doubted that any one of them would admit that the purchase of the new hat she wears postponed indefinitely the realization of her husband's vision of a smart Dobbs to replace his old brown derby. Or how many of them, daughters of Midas, would admit to their select circle the proverbial "poor relation?"

The tendency of some of our irresolute Catholics to sway with the trend of ideas is noted with alarm. They seem to have no inclinations toward ideas for the betterment of sociological conditions, or toward the advance of science, but toss into the wind some wine-engendered bit of inanity, and an unerring instinct guides them to it. One Catholic young man is opposed to Foreign Missions, believing it best for everyone to live and die as he was born, yet he is the sponsor of everything else from a barn dance for the benefit of retired barbers to the erection of kennels for homeless dogs. When dining with non-Catholic friends he would prefer to eat meat on Friday rather than brook the comment which abstinence might provoke. Frankness is his professed creed. People of this sort would hate like the very devil to have anyone discern in them characteristics which might trace their origin to the soil, but with what startling frankness do they display their knowledge of matters, which, back in the dim, distant ages of a prewar era, were the sole property of the M.D. With what maidenly delicacy does a young woman attempt to cover a yawning mouth, but with what amazing openness does she tell the world that her pedal extremities are not necessarily confined to foot, ankle or a point two inches above the latter. Your fashionable dowager of today, would not for the world let anyone learn of her repressed love for the sentimental novels of an earlier day, but with what astounding avidity does she dig publicly in the dung-heap of the modern "best-sellers".

As someone aptly put it: "It is not difficult to be frank about those things which have never been made objects of ridicule."



The best way to settle an argument—KEEP STILL.



VARSITY COPS TILT FROM WESTERN "U" CAGERS 31-25

LEADS CITY COLLEGE AT HALF 19-5 BUT IS NOSED OUT 30-29

Playing in familiar surroundings seemed to imbue the Assumption Varsity five with new ambitions in their struggle with the Western University crew and they came out of the conflict boasting a clean cut victory by the count of 31-25. Previous to this contest the locals had battled a couple of opponents on foreign courts without success, but at home there was no denying their superiority.

Western came here prepared to turn the tables on the purple wearers, but they found the Sandwich youths in a determined state of mind after ceding a couple of tough decisions and Assumption, not to be fooled with, proceeded to hand Western their first setback of the year. The victory was a jubilant one for the local students who previous to the meeting of Western, had been robbed out of one possible victory by the Fates against their ancient-foe-City College of Detroit—and nosed out by Ypsilanti in the closest kind of game.

Keyed to a high pitch the locals displayed their best offensive and defensive powers to thwart the thrust of the Western five. Western proved a formidable foe and the way they passed the oval around and gathered in points in the early portions of the affray boded ill for the locals, but once Assumption found its bearing and assumed the lead, the Forest City five never caught up again and bowed once more to their Purple and White hosts.

While Assumption's display in the Western tilt was commendable, those who were fortunate to see them in action against City College will tell you that the local purple wearers never played a better brand of ball. They seemed to be playing an inspired article of the winter pastime. Their shooting was faultless, their passing of a high order and their defensive was so tight that the Detroit team piled up but 5 points in the first half and these were all by foul shots.

That Assumption was forced to start its trek home minus the spoils of victory against the Holmes charges can simply be blamed on the turn of Fates. Never did Assumption deserve more to cop a game. They led the enemy till the last minute and with victory apparently in their grasp, the tide turned and City College scored a basket to give them the advantage of one point. The score of that contest was 30 to 29 and never did City College—boasting a string of stars from the amateur ranks of Detroit teams—get such a scare.

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

Belvederes Nosed Out in Season Opener 12-8

COACH FATHER BONDY MOLDS
PLAYERS INTO FORMIDABLE
OUTFIT

Although beaten by the Windsor Auto Specialties in their first start, the Belvederes showed plenty of talent against a strong opponent and with a few more practice sessions behind them they should gain their share of the victories. Opening games are seldom top-notchers, but more than a little action and fast play was evident in this fracas. Neither team could gain a substantial lead. The visitors drew ahead at the close and the final whistle found them victors by a 12-8 count.

The Belvederes evinced a few defects which are always apparent in initial contests, but at times their good team work added a little lustre to the play. The team deserves some degree of credit for the favorable showing so early in the season against this strong Windsor quintet. We feel safe in saying that Coach Father Bondy has every reason to expect a successful season on the court.

In this contest with the Auto five Captain Irv Murphy at left guard, Dick Donovan at center, with Cullinane and Markey on the forward wall, stood out prominently. Since the holidays Father Bondy has been putting his players through some hard workouts in preparation for the long and hard schedule which Manager Jack Nelson has arranged.

Hi Cagers Nose Out Tech To Tie For Wossa Lead

COP TILT 25-21 BY LAST MINUTE
SPURT; SKRZYCKI GARNERS
SIXTEEN POINTS

Only by a determined last-minute spurt were the Assumption Hi Basketeers able to conquer the Windsor-Walkerville Technical five here last Tuesday and insert themselves in a tie for the top rung of the standings in the W.O.S.S.A. League. The final count was 25-21.

First W.O.S.S.A. Tilt

Tuesday evening's tussle marked Assumption's first appearance in the W.O.S.S.A. League and it was with the greatest of difficulty that the Purple-and-White five avoided a tumbling. Something appeared to be lacking in the team's play and the forward line experienced great difficulty in even getting the ball in scoring position.

Careless ball-handling and ragged play were all that either team dished up in the first stages of the fray and fully five minutes of the first canto had elapsed before Skrzycki, purple-clad forward, dented the laces for the first score of the evening. This seemed to start things off and each team had amassed nine points when the half-time bark sounded.

Second Half More Like It

With the resumption of hostilities, the respective quintets settled down to exhibit some real honest-to-goodness basketball. It was a tight race and the end of the third canto found the score still knotted at 17 all.

Skrzycki's remarkable ball-tossing in the second half was the only thing that prevented the Hi boys from being snowed under. On six successive occasions the elongated blonde bulged the nets for timely baskets.

Mainly on this account the Purple crew found themselves still on even terms with the Mechanics with only two minutes of play remaining. Harry Dickeson took matters into his own hands here and dropped in two badly needed buckets that sewed things up for the home team. The battle ended with Assumption on top 25-21.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

ALUMNI GAME SET FOR FEBRUARY 5th

Warriors Win First Two Tilts

HOLY NAME QUINTET IS TWICE THE VICTIM

Fr. Burke's Warriors started their season on the courts in impressive style by winning their first two games by decisive scores. The Windsor Holy Name Club, meeting the Warriors in a two game series, was the team to suffer both blows. The Windsor boys lost the first one 22-9 and came back hoping to taste victory. They were decisively trounced again by a 19-6 count. This game was staged before a packed house, as the Warriors and their guests played the preliminary game to the Varsity-Western U. game, and kept the fans in high spirits by showing them plenty of action.

Now that the holidays are over the coach is putting them through some hard and stiff drills in preparation for their coming battles.

The Warrior line-up:

R.F.: Brennan, Sowers, Jones, Ostrowski
P. Cullinane.

L.F.: Cavanaugh, Georges, A. Beausoleil.

C. Brady, J. Sullivan.

G. Otterbein, Burns, Gelinas.



Minims Hand General Byng Five a Trouncing

BUT STERLING COAL QUINT WINS 22-6

Opening their schedule with a bang, Father Bart's Minims thoroughly trounced the General Byng Junior High Cagers. McCormick, Revnew and Craig on the forward line were just too good for the visiting guards, and as a result they divided 21 points among themselves. Frank Flood contributed the other two markers to the general cause, making the final score 23-11. McCormick gave the spectators a few thrills when he dented the meshes from difficult angles far out on the court. Flood and Brasgalla played fine defensive games, being particularly effective in breaking up the opponents passing attack and in recovering the rebounds off the backboards.

In a game played a few nights later, the Minims received their first set-back of the season at the hands of the Sterling Coal Basketeers. Fighting hard from start to finish, Father Bart's ball tossers were forced to accept defeat from a far superior team by a 22-6 score. McCormick, Revnew and Nicholas bulged the nets for two points each while Fox of the Sterling Coal outfit accounted for 16 of his team's points.

BANG-UP BATTLE EXPECTED WHEN GRADS CONVENE FOR ANNUAL TILT WITH VARSITY

MURRAY, HIGGINS and O'LEARY ARE VALUABLE ADDITIONS TO ALUMNI CAMP

That the Varsity cagers will have anything but an easy time of it when the alumni quintet invades their quarters next February 5th is more than apparent at the present writing. Word recently has been received from Dan "Shag" Shanese, manager of the grads, to the effect that the alumni will put a team on the floor this year which will eclipse by far any representative five that they have boasted of in the past.

In addition to "Susie" Zott, Clarence Kenny, Walter Dunne, Ken Cook, "Greg" Grimaldi, Charlie Murphy, and "Shag", the alumni team will have three newcomers in their ranks. John Higgins, George O'Leary and "Big Boy" Murray, all graduates of last year. This trio will certainly prove a valuable addition to the already strong personnel of the grad outfit.

The alumni players through these columns wish to convey an urgent request to their "Old Boy" supporters to put in an appearance here on the afternoon of February 5th to help them along in their determined efforts for a victory.



HI CAGERS NOSE OUT TECH

(Continued from Page 6 Col. 3)

Lineups

Assumption	W. W. Tech
Rivard, rf. 3	Anderson, rf. 6
Skrzycki, lf. 16	Howard, lf. 0
Mencel, c. 2	Hull, c. 5
Potucek, rg. 0	Vic, rg. 2
Ptak, lg. 0	Fisher, lg. 0
Dickson, rf. 4	Hoole, lf. 8
Ameling, lf. 0	Elliot, lf. 0
Staffan, lg. 0	MacLaren, c. 0

25

21

Referee—Kinsel

Tai Kuns Amass Three More Victories

SCORE 81 MARKERS TO OPPONENTS 22 IN THESE TILTS

Father MacDonald's flashy Tai Kuns added three more scalps to their belt of victories. The first of these tilts was against the Auto Specialties, who were far too weak for the strong Tai-Kun outfit. The final score was 40-4. Valentine, right forward for the opponents, scored his teams only points. McNicholas for Assumption scored 14 points, Willie Byrne bulged the meshes for eight more, while Evans and Guina bagged three baskets each. Ford, Mahoney and Burke added one apiece. Father MacDonald used fourteen men in this game and every man gave a good account of himself.

The following game against the All Saints Club was much like the preceding one, and ended with the Tai-Kuns on the big end of a 21-3 score. Vahey and Ford played bang up defensive games and each slipped the ball through the hoop for their share of the markers. Jones and Mahoney who substituted for them continued the good work. Evans and McNicholas amassed 13 points while the Byrne brothers contributed two markers each. The third game was against the General Byng quintet, which proved to be a snappy outfit but trailed as the final whistle blew by a 12-15 score. Evans sunk the sphere for 12 points and Willie Byrne garnered five. Long and Mahoney added the other three points by a basket and foul respectively. To merely mention the men who scored the points would be an injustice to the other players. Father MacDonald seems to have created the impression that shooting baskets is secondary, and that the primary principle is to advance the ball by good passing into a scoring position. As a result he can boast of no individual player, but of a squad that can pass fast and accurately.

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OFFS

BY FRANK WALSH

Happy New Year, everybody! Although we are a few days late in our greetings, the Sport Department wishes everyone a joyous and prosperous New Year.

Everything comes to an end, even holidays. And now we are face to face with the hardest task of the year—getting through the exams.

We can't make out what race or creed the honourable Mr. "Poke", manager of the College quintet, belongs to. "Poke" claims that his New Years Day comes on Feb. 1st. when the exams are all over. Then everyone can wish him a happy and sleepful—pardon us—peaceful New Year.

Little Jake Donlon, the diminutive forward of the Varsity crew, is in a happy frame of mind. Jake is all elated since Christmas. He says that after all there is a Santa Claus, for he was treated handsomely by him. What we would like to know is what the well known Mr. Claus treated friend Jakie to.

"Bucky" Harris—no, not of the Washington Senators, but of the famous Belvedere quintet—said he heard a great Scotch song while on his Christmas shopping tour a few weeks ago. It is called the Scotchman's Christmas song: "Let the Rest of the World Go Buy."

Tony Kramer was re-elected captain of the Varsity five for the fourth consecutive basketball season. This is a wonderful tribute to the big Dutchman's ability. Atta boy, Dutch! Now all together—Push 'em in, Tony!

"Ossie" Beausoliel, who sprang into basketball prominence while a member of the Assumption Hi team, is up with the Varsity this year. "Ossie" put in three good years of the court game in the junior circuit and this year he is setting a fast pace and is right at home in his new surroundings.

Art Haneline, who hails from Cleveland is another new member of the College quintet. Art is a hard and earnest worker and is making his presence felt on the club.

"Army" Armstrong, one of the star forwards of the Varsity, is having a terrible time these days. Along with trying to shoot baskets a new way and preparing for his English exam, Charlie has his hands full. He had hoped to relieve the situation during the holidays by taking a special English course at home but his parrot died. However he thinks that perhaps the few words he picked up here and there on the golf links last summer will help.

Joe Sowers claims there was a mistake in the Warrior write-up which appeared in the last issue of Purple and White. Joe protests to the sport writers. He claims that they announced him to be the Warrior captain. He claims that he is not the pilot, and couldn't be, for it would be impossible for him to have any grave responsibilities thrust upon his shoulders and thus cause his smiling countenance to be changed to one of hard and stern visage.

Father MacDonald's Tai Kun team is one of the greatest little teams turned out here in years. It is a treat to watch this quintet in action. They work like a well-oiled machine against all comers and to date have won four and lost none.

Father Burke, coach of the Warrior basketball team, gave us some interesting news concerning his famous squad of last year. Of the fourteen players, three—Harry Dickeson, George O'Brien and "Nibbs" Ameling—have gone up to the Hi. Seven are with this year's Tai Kun team. Three did not return this year and the other one, the fourteenth, is the old faithful stand-by, Mr. "Bugs" Brady.

The Belvederes recently won for themselves the nickname—"The Rainbows." In their first game of the season every player appeared wearing a different colored jersey. Captain Murphy was decked in green, Cullinane in red, Donovan in white, Markey in red and white, Collins in gray, Harris in purple, Onorato in blue and Ouelette in orange (or was it lemon?) But when Mr. John Joseph Aloysius Sheehy, the elongated gentleman from Miami, Florida, appeared on the floor great excitement ensued. The fans thought Jack was performing without a jersey. But he fooled them. His was flesh color.

Sub Minims Win Two Games During Holidays

Father Guinan's Sub Minims who have always carried away prized trophies and made great records on the basketball court, are on the right track for another banner year in the cage game. Not contented with taking time out during the holidays the Subers decided to do some playing. Three teams were taken on and the Assumption kids were victorious against two. The lone defeat came at the hands of the Windsor Canucks who nosed out the Sub Minims in a bitterly contested game 13—10. In the first game the Sub cagers downed the Prince Edward School team 21—6; Les Canadians fell to the tune of 22—8. The reporter was unable to find out the date of the Canuck game, but it is thought it was played immediately after the boys' Christmas dinner. This would easily account for the team not being able to make up four points and defeat their old rivals. McLeod, Waddel, Saravolatz, Flood and Cole are all making names for themselves by their consistent performances.

The Sub Minim House League gets under way this week, and, as last year, there are three leagues, one Senior and two Junior with four teams in each circuit.

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VARSITY COPS TILT FROM WESTERN CAGERS

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

For the second time this season the Assumption Varsity basketballers were forced to bow before the Ypsilanti five in a rather mediocre exhibition of the winter pastime by the score of 30 to 20. In the first meeting of these aggregations, Assumption had made matters real interesting for the big Green team but on the local floor the home team never found itself all night and had to accept the short end of the score.

Michigan State started right off to subdue the enemy and before the Purple five was aware that a basketbill game was in

progress the visitors had amassed a total of 11 points. Ypsi looked like easy winners at this point. Their floor work was excellent and their passing game was a treat to watch. At this stage something seemed to rouse the local team's spirit and they began to make their presence felt. Baskets were then garnered by Kramer, Howell and Detman, to bring the Assumption team on an even footing with their opponents. The locals began to look like their old selves at this moment and stepped in the lead, but it was short lived. As soon as the second half got under way A. Brown returned to the game and Assumption wilted once more. After that it was all Ypsi. The Normalites ran into a

big lead and the Purple five never seriously threatened thereafter.

Lineups

Assumption	Ypsilanti
Higgins, rf. 2	Giles, rf. 0
Haneline, lf. 0	Van Fleet, lf. 4
Beausoleil 1	A. Brown, e 6
Kramer, rg. 4	Crouch, rg. 14
Dettman, lg. 2	Muellich, lg. 4
Howell, rf. 5	L. Brown, ef. 0
Armstrong, lf. 4	Noble, lf. 0
Donlon, lf. 0	Whitney, c. 2
Ameling, c. 2	Moran, c. 0
King, g. 0	Quinn, g. 0
—	Heitch, lg. 0
20	—
Referee—Kinsel	30

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OUR BARBER SEZ:



“Extry! Extry! Big Scandal! McCormick tips barber”—were the words that greeted one of our reporters as he was hurrying along on West Chatham Street in Windsor last Christmas eve. He stopped as one dead when he found out that it was none other than the ‘Irresistible Ray.’ He immediately wired his chief who was holidaying back home on the farm. After waiting three hours he received the reply—‘Investigate at once.’ Our reporter expected just such a reply but he hoped that his superior would at least let him have Christmas day to himself.

To cut matters short we will briefly outline our scribe’s report on the matter. He found out that McCormick did tip the barber. Furthermore it was the barber’s first customer. The reporter claims that McCormick tramped all over Windsor looking for its worst barber and found him. When the owner of the shop saw what

kind of a job his apprentice did he pulled a gun and covered McCormick from the rear. He nearly shot himself, however, when he saw McCormick tip the novice. Now the reason for this phenomenon is this. McCormick had to get to Detroit that night. (It has been hinted that some money was involved). Three times that day our friend tried to go through the customs but three times he was turned back. He told the officers he lived in Buffalo and was going to Detroit. The officers told him that the Scotch quota was being revised at Washington and he could find lodgings at Windsor. McCormick became frantic. Finally he thought out a plan. He visited the barber shop and then bought his fare to Detroit for the fourth time that day. McCormick got by the customs with little trouble. He told them he was an air-mail pilot and had fallen 2,000 feet from his plane and was returning to Selfridge field. On reaching his destination he enquired for a letter from his long lost uncle’s lawyer. He was promptly bounced out when the holder of the letter compared Mac’s renovated countenance to a photo accompanying the letter. We are pleased to state, though, that Mac got his letter, although, he himself confessed that he had to take his shirt off and show the man his birth mark.

It may be of interest to some to state that the barber who shaved McCormick was held up the night after Christmas and robbed of fifty cents.

Jim Murphy, ex-stage hand, has been signed by this department for the coming social season. His first bit of news was an interesting one. Jim reports that Dan Monahan is lamenting the loss of his fiancée. When Dan was home on his vacation he told his girl friend that he was carrying

the mail at Assumption. His ‘dream’ immediately ordered him off her father’s premises. She told him that she would never marry a sailor or a mailman.

The following ditty was passed into this department for publication. It is a chorus to be sung after a prominent member of fourth year Arts eulogizes.

It may be so,
But we don’t know,
It sounds so mighty queer.
We hate like heck to doubt your word
But your bologna don’t go here.

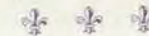
The contributor does not wish his name to be published. But we are forced to give this information to our readers—he uses green ink.



NOT EVEN A PUFF

“Man, if Ah didn’t have no mo’ brain dan what yo’ got, Ah’d—”

“Hesh up, boy. If you’ brains was dynamite, and dey doubled every second fo’ a hunnerd yeahs, and den sploded, dey wouldn’t blow yo’ hat off on a windy day.”



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Father MacDonald: "Name some liquid that doesn't freeze."

'Hustling' Tom: "Hot water."

Weisy (at radio): "What is it that whistles when I turn the dials?"

Father Dore: "That means that you're coming to the next station."

Gainey: "Yes, my father has contributed very much to the raising of the working classes."

Regan: "Is he a Socialist?"

Gainey: "No, he makes alarm clocks."

ORATORICAL CONTEST ENTRY LIST CLOSSES FEB. 9

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 2)

Schneider, who impressed on his fellow-members the stupendous part that the present day newspapers play in molding public opinion. Mr. Schneider's delivery and bearing was of a calibre that stamped him as an orator of no meagre talent.

In delving into the problem of contrasting culture and morality, Mr. S. Murphy presented to his listeners an oratorical gem regarded by many as the best speech of the term. The subject itself was a most

interesting one, one that is probably more widely discussed at the present day than any other. The speech itself was a masterpiece of ideas logically propounded and clothed in excellent dictation.

Mr. Clifford Blonde, the last speaker of the evening, gave a highly interesting and convincing talk on companionate marriage. He showed clearly and logically the evil effects that would beset any couple entering into such a marriage contract and the great danger to society that lies in the spreading of this irreligious and despicable creed.

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PURPLE & WHITE



VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY 1, 1928

No. 7

VARSAITY SWAMPS DETROIT TECH, 49-25

George S. Morrow, Detroit Poet, Visits Assumption

REV. P. J. CULLINANE, CLASS '93, ACCOMPANIES PARISHIONER

It isn't often that poets, renowned or otherwise, come to Assumption to pay their respects to this institution of learning and learn of the lore that goes with our aged-old halls but such was the case last January 20th. Mr. George S. Morrow of Detroit, whose recently-published volume of verse, "Bits of Life", is rapidly gaining public approval and is winning for him a place of distinction in literary circles of the present day, honored us with a visit. Accompanying him was Rev. P. J. Cullinane, one of

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)



Alumni Basketeers Ready For Clash With Varsity

STRONG GRAD QUINTET INVADES STAMPING GROUNDS SUNDAY

It's a determined alumni aggregation that will take the floor against the local Varsity cagers next Sunday afternoon. Undaunted by past reverses, the grads are coming back stronger than ever this year and on paper their lineup is one that should be powerful enough to carry away the bacon, even though the Varsity team is just hitting top form.

"Shag" Shanese, manager of the alumni troupe, has rounded up all the talent available in the "old boy" fold and he is confident that what his team will have to offer will be a little more than Assumption's present representative cagers will be able to swallow. He wishes to express through these columns to all alumni court artists whom he hasn't been able to reach by mail an urgent request to be on hand and ready for action next Sunday afternoon, February 5th.

PURPLE CAGERS DISPLAY FINE PASSING IN WIN

KRAMER AND DETTMAN SHOW BEST FORM OF SEASON

It was with apparently little difficulty that the Assumption Varsity cagers romped to an overwhelming victory over the Detroit Institute of Technology five on the home court last Saturday evening. But the ease with which the Assumptionites established a 49-25 verdict can be attributed more to the superior brand of passing displayed by them than to any other cause.

The Detroit Mechanics, undefeated in their previous starts, invaded Assumption territory intent on maintaining a clean slate. They made matters somewhat interesting for Father O'Loane's mesh-denters at the start, but it wasn't long until the purple-clad performers started plastering the laces with a steady fire of shots that gave them a comfortable lead. At the half-time interval the Purple-and-White aggregation was leading 26-12.

After the rest period the boys began to find the nets with such an uncanny persistency that the reserves were rushed in to allow the hoops to cool off. They

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 3)



CALENDAR

- Feb. 2—Feast of the Purification.
- Feb. 3—Feast of St. Blasius; blessing of throats.
Varsity vs. John Carrol U.—Home.
Hi vs. W. W. Technical—Walkerville.
- Feb. 5—VARSAITY VS. ALUMNI — HOME.
- Feb. 6—Varsity vs. Univ. of Western Ontario—London.
- Feb. 8—Varsity vs. St. Mary's College (Winona, Minn.)—Home.
- Feb. 10—Varsity vs. Highland Park J.C.—Home.
Hi vs. Walkerville High—Home.
- Feb. 15—Varsity vs. St. Mary's College—Orchard Lake.
Hi vs. St. Mary's High—Orchard Lake.

Today is Old "Review's" Twentieth Anniversary

FIRST NUMBER EDITED ON FEB. 1ST, 1908 BY PIONEER JOURNALISTS

Twenty years ago today was a day of more than ordinary significance for Assumption's pioneer journalists, the first editors of the "Assumption College Review." Headed by indomitable "Ted" Kelly, that little band of knight-errants stepped unpretentiously into the journalistic world on February 1st, 1908, when the first number of the "Review" appeared.

It is on this anniversary that we, the present journalists, express gratitude to our predecessors for the inspiration we received from them to "carry on".



Assumption Day Students Enjoy New Cafeteria

LUNCHROOM IN NEW BUILDING OPENED FOR STUDENT BODY

Assumption day scholars no longer are worrying about their noon-time lunchroom. When the grocery stores and lunchrooms along Huron Line were moved to parts unknown to make way for the new bridge, a problem of more than ordinary significance was presented to the versatile minds of the "day dogs." They were at a loss to find an answer to the question: "Where do we eat?"

It wasn't very long, however, before two of their more promising sons solved the question when they announced that the new cafeteria in the classroom building would be officially open for business in the near future. The quality of the food and the brand of service to be afforded patrons was evident from the fact that they themselves (the promising ones) were to be joint proprietors. Thus did Charlie Armstrong and Jimmie Donlon, the sophisticated juniors, arise to prominence over night and come to the salvation of their fellow-students. They respectfully solicit the patronage of all.



Old Boys' Page



Another Reminiscence

St. Patrick's Church,
Kinkora, Ontario

Dear Editor:

The reminiscences of some of the Old Boys who ruminates on this page of Purple and White remind me very much of certain *post bellum* memoirs and revelations of which we have had a deluge since the war. One of these is Sir Philip Gibb's "Now It Can Be Told." There are a lot of things about our college days that now can be told with impunity, which, if told then, would have cost us at least a "testimonial."

Some time ago I had the pleasure of a visit with Father Cushing, my former superior during the nineties, now at the Novitiate in Toronto. I surely got a big "kick" out of telling him of certain escapades which escaped his ubiquitous eye during his term of office. I think that he got as much "kick" out of these revelations as I did. He was greatly amused and was intensely interested in the Old Boys. Strange to say, I scarcely ever think of Assumption College without thinking of Father Cushing. He certainly left his impress on the minds and hearts of his "Old Boys." But I do not think that many of us knew the real Father Cushing until we left College and met him not as superior, but as plain Father Cushing. What a hard time he must have had to conceal that big, kind, warm, human heart behind the mask of ice which he thought necessary to wear as superior in order to keep the fear of the Lord in the souls of his boys.

I think that I was one of the few who discovered the real Father Cushing as a student. This good fortune came to me in the form of sickness. I contracted diphtheria and asked to go to the sickroom. Father Cushing was suspicious of malingerers, and he had good reason to be. So was Doctor Casgrain as was Sister Immaculata. The best I could do was to be allowed to stay in the old Community Room until I nearly choked to death. I secretly wished that Father Cushing would choke first. Then I was quarantined in the Old Building for a month. Father Cushing was my only visitor. That is when I "discovered" that he really had a human heart. I think that he felt a little guilty for his first suspicions of fraud, but he amply atoned for his mistake by his "motherly" care of me during my confinement in the pest house.

From that experience, during which I became almost familiar with Father Cushing, I thought surely I would have a "pull" with him during the rest of my college

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)

MICHAEL

HIS STORY
By An Old Boy

Like a good general I surveyed the field of battle and then started in to dig and delve, hew and cut. When the spade could make no impression on the soil, owing to the number, thickness and toughness of the roots, I wielded the axe.

Well, the cool of the morning was succeeded by the heat of the day. I toiled on. Soon my hands began to show signs of blisters, but as blisters and stone-bruises were part and parcel of the business, one was supposed to give little heed to them but just proceed as if everything were all right. Under such conditions I scratched and clawed and sweated and scratched and clawed some more. Noon came and I dropped my tools and implements and marched very soberly to the house, about a third of a mile away.

Dinner was ready and so was I. It had been a long forenoon and I was ravenous. I did not talk much. I just forgot all rules of diet and the limit of my endurance was the measure of my appetite. The meal over, we adjourned to the verandah for a little rest—just a little, till one o'clock. I lay down to absorb more rest as I then considered that mode of recuperation the better suited to my pathological condition. I was just nicely settled into a comfortable position when I heard my father remark, "It is time to go," and off we went.

There was not the usual spring to my step, but I was courageous. Back to the spade and the axe and the buttonwood stump I wandered alone. The afternoon sun beat down upon me as I struggled and strove with those cantankerous roots. I was much impressed with the variety of things mundane, especially buttonwood stumps and their attendant roots. However, I continued hacking and clawing at that piece of soil trying to convert it into ploughed ground. I managed about four o'clock to complete my task, that is, I had left the print of the axe and the spade on every inch of the soil, and I felt satisfied that I was through the disagreeable task. Those of you who have read the story of John Adams and his Latin Grammar may be assured that John had no advantage over me when it came to experience. I could readily have emulated the old darkey out in the cotton patch when he found the weeds thick and the ground hard and the day hot. He took off his old hat and mopped his head with his red bandanna, and lifting up his eyes to heaven he said, "Oh, Lord, the day am

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 2)

Monkey Business

One of our reporters was sent out not long ago, to get some "inside dope" on the alumni basketball team. After some diligent sleuthing he was able to confiscate the following important document:

Dear Shag:—

Received your sweet epistle regarding the basketball game between the Alumni and the Varsity of Assumption and was glad to hear from you and also to learn of your plans.

It is my supposition that you were aware of the fact that when you asked me to indulge in a few minutes of basketball, you were asking a man weighing in at 170 honest pounds, due to his speed and agility with the knife, fork and spoon, to be dragged off the floor feet first, if any.

However, far be it from me to shrink from action when the Old Boys yelp and I'll be glad to be there to do anything I can to help CHEAT the Varsity of the spoils. I have everything needed to indulge excepting a pair of basketball pants and if I don't get them I'll be running around in my supporters and they are not clean.

Thanks for the invitation to come up and talk things over. I'd like very much to do that if I can. If not I'll see you on the stamping grounds on Feb. 5th.

Sincerely,
Dick Kent.



ARE YOU FOLLOWING

MICHAEL?

It's an Old Boy's
Own Story

and well worth the attention of Old
Boys as well as new.



THE LAST OF THE 'COKES'

We were pleased to observe in our midst a few days ago the smiling countenance of Mart Daly. Mart hails from Sister Lakes, Michigan and is a member of the famous "Coke" trio, so well known to all Assumption students of the past ten years. By his stellar performances on the High School basketball team last year he established for himself the reputation of being one of the best guards ever turned out here.



Everyone likes the new Assumption pennants. One would look nice in your room.

“Bits of Life”

By
GEORGE S.
MORROW

God is Everywhere

I never hear the song of bird,
Nor stand before a tree,
Nor walk a garden path
Where rose and lily beckon me;
I never watch a troop
Of merry children at their play
Nor gaze upon a sunset
At the closing of a day
But I sense some Great Creator
Must have brought all these to bear,
So it is I come to realize
That God is everywhere.

That Golden Bye and Bye

When comes that time we're going to learn
How little here we knew;
Then every fond hope shall return
And every dream come true.
Our loved ones gone, we'll see again
On those last shores beyond the sky,
And there we'll all be happy in
That golden bye and bye.

God's Sweetest Gift to Me

This day the whole world pauses in its rush
with strife and care
To kneel before you, Mother, in your little
old arm-chair,
Your hair is turning silver but your eyes still
softly shine
With the light of love and tenderness for
me, Oh, Mother-Mine;
And of all this Life's true blessings which are
mine now to enjoy,
The sweetest of 'em all is that I'm still your
little boy
So heed my vow, O Mother-Mine, whatever
is to be
I'm thankful for—above all else—God's gift
of you to me.

The Song of the Wayward Tramp

Should I go in where the home's aglow
With love like I've always needed so;
In where the sweet little children sing
Nearest the mother who's fond arms swing
A tiny infant that knows no touch
Save the hand of her that loves it much?

*The old tramp bowed his head and then
After a pause looked up again:*

“No I cannot disturb their rest,
Better, by far, my way be pressed
With hurt and hunger, than to see
Those little faces frown on me.
Here comes a man in his brass and his blue
So goodbye, sweet home,—good luck to you”



GEORGE S. MORROW

This page is dotted with a few selections from George S. Morrow's recently-published book of poems, “Bits of Life.” Assumption students are particularly interested in Detroit's youthful scribe and his works from the fact that he was our guest of honor some ten days ago and was kind enough to donate to the students a number of the new volumes.

Our readers can judge for themselves from the published selections how that Mr. Morrow's creations rank with those of other modern verse-writers. The fact that he recently celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday augurs well for the poetical career of the youthful poet.

Despite the fact that “Bits of Life” is only two months from the press it is already attracting the interest of the reading public and is drawing favorable comment from all quarters. The Detroit Free Press in a literary survey comments as follows on the recent publication:

“Bits of Life” is an ideal title for the slim volume of verse by George S. Morrow, recently published by the John Dale Publishing Co. Mr. Morrow—who by the way, is a Detroitier—like James Whitcomb Riley and his host of followers looks and writes of the little things in life, that are nearest to us and in the end dearest to us as well. His booklet would have us know that “pleasures and palaces” have no hold comparable to those of home with its beloved everyday happenings and thoughts. Mr. Morrow's simple rhyme schemes and vocabulary, suited admirably to his subject matter, make his verse enjoyable. His favorite songs are of children, home ties and friends, of work and religion.

A Day

A day is but a fleeting thing
Beginning with a dawn,
And ending when the sunbeams fling
Their evening covers on.
A group of moments neatly hung
Together in a chain
Each link consecutively strung,
A smile and then a pain.
A little stretch of time to live
A while to love and learn
A bit to take and more to give,
And things for which to yearn.
A day is but a fleeting thing
With hurt and laughter blent;
A pain to bear—a song to sing
A prayer when it is spent.

From Boyhood to Manhood

Your childhood paths now barren lay
'Mong cherished dreams of yesterday
The games which you and your chums played
Through hours of sunshine—hours of shade
Have lost their glamour and no more
Your playmates call you to your door
Your fleeting boyhood days have flown
And into manhood's realm you've grown.

Some day the world will need a man
Of noble character who can
Above all with his great strength tower
And come forth master of the hour.
And here's my prayer said earnestly:
May one such man you grow to be,
Or lose the goal for which you plan
Come through an honest, splendid man.

To The First Robin

Little Robin, burdened with the cold
Waiting as some beggar at my door,
I've a word to say to you before
You turn in flight in fear that I may scold.
I cannot understand your gypsy way,
Leaving the southern sun and marsh and
bay.
Little robin, always here too soon,
When will you learn we have no early spring?
Has our God sent you to my door to sing?
Then, feathered friend, your song is out of
tune.
Is it the cold which makes you sing this way?
Or is it I misunderstand your lay?



“Bits of Life” is worth reading. No library is complete without it.

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The Real Murderer

The murder wave which is inundating the United States today is causing careful mothers a frenzy of anxiety. Their children are no longer safe outside the home. In every issue of the daily papers more gruesome accounts of brutal degenerate murders appear. These crimes are alarming the public at large and are rocking the very foundation of society. The executives of the country are searching for an answer to the question: "What is the cause of this tidal wave of murderers and why are there so many similar crimes, unheard of before, startling heretofore peaceful and law-abiding communities?"

These murders are suggested, planned and directed by a master criminal. It is he who brings to light the mistakes of those less fortunate predecessors who are caught and punished for their lawlessness. This master-mind takes great care in portraying each detail in order that the murderer of the future may escape apprehension. He dilates diabolically on methods of greater cruelty, savagery and degeneracy. Every minute detail is arranged in a clear manner.

Who is this master-mind whose activities reach from ocean to ocean through all the land? *This criminal is the press.* The daily newspaper eagerly wallows in the filth of every crime to drag out sordid escapades and ravage the sensibilities of every refined person. But to the thousands of degenerates throughout the country, the publicity given these gruesome murders is a dangerous weapon. These horrible criminal pranks are read and remembered and on them depraved minds become concentrated. The weak minds of the underworld mob are a prey for murderous thoughts and a murderous

(Continued in Column Three)

Senator Heflin vs. Senator Robinson

Some two weeks ago the senate house in Washington was the scene of a bitter controversy. Within those walls the cry of intolerance was raised. Within the same city where Liberty's stronghold is embodied in the numerous pages the United States' Constitution, there came a denunciation of every man's right—religious toleration. Senator Thomas Heflin of Alabama was the advocate of this unpatriotic creed. He declared that Governor Al Smith could not be nominated for president "because he is a wet, a Tammyite and a Roman Catholic." This senator spoke for two and a half hours on that subject. The Senate was held spell-bound at this new attack upon the Catholic church and the Alabamian's claim that it was "what he termed its political machine."

But the representatives of that Liberty for which our forefathers fought and which they won with their blood could not stand mute in the face of this bigoted statement. Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic party leader, rose to his feet and denounced Senator Heflin in no vague terms. "He does his country no service" who lights the torch or sounds the cry of religious intolerance and persecution," said Senator Robinson.

Senator Heflin began his speech with an attack on William Randolph Hearst for publishing the Mexican documents, "since declared to be spurious," and called attention to the fact that Mrs. Hearst is a Catholic. He also insisted that the Catholics acted in conspiracy with Hearst to publish the Mexican documents.

"I have never been classed as an Al Smith supporter," Robinson retorted, "but I am not of the class who believe he ought to be excluded because he is a Catholic. I believe that one who is a Catholic has as much right to apply to his party for preference as a Methodist or one of any other denomination." He then recalled the World War and remarked that "above the smoke of conflict there towered one figure, venerated by men, women, and children throughout the allied world. It was the figure of a Catholic cardinal, Cardinal Mercier. God bless his memory. No man made greater sacrifices, endured more prolonged hardships, faced death with more unyielding courage than this Catholic."

By Senator Robinson's defense of religious toleration he showed the entire world that he is a man,—a man in whom there exists no bigotry, a man who has the courage and convictions to uphold the sound views of America's first president, George Washington, and to advocate the principles of its great immortal genius, Abraham Lincoln.



Are you saving your copies of *Purple and White*? Every student should take home a bound volume at the end of the year.

(Continued from Column One)

frenzy results. Thus does the press hurl forth the daggers that waiting criminals sink deep into the flesh of innocent victims.

Freedom of the press had always been synonymous with freedom of filth. It seems bewildering that the various editors do not let their consciences be their guides and refrain from this wanton publicity. Will people spurn the dailies if they refuse to print such depraving trash? It is logical to believe that the sales would not be lessened. On the other hand the crime wave would be diminished and a better state of society would result.

Let us hope that our leading editors will realize the harm they are doing and censor this undesirable news. By remedying the present evil the public press would be converted into an influence for good rather than for evil.

—W. GAUCHAT, '31.



Religion and Joy-- Do They Conflict?

True religion will always be discernible by its characteristics of consolation and joy. A sombre religion which is in reality a joy-killer certainly defies the very purpose of religion. Melancholy was never the mark of sanctity and piety. The most abstemious of Catholic ascetics were not melancholy men. St. Francis of Assisi, one of the greatest Saints, was not made dismal or morose because of his sanctity. On the other hand, St. Francis even to this twentieth century, towers above old rivals as a paragon of cheer and mirth. G. K. Chesterton has well emphasized this fact when he states of St. Francis: "He devoured fasting as men devour food. He plunged after poverty as men have dug madly for gold. Yet we can say with a deep certainty that the stars which passed above that gaunt and wasted corpse staring upon the rocky floor had for once, in all their shining cycles round the World of labouring humanity, looked down upon a happy man."

There is enough of sadness in the world without making life more gloomy. True religion teaches a man seriousness which is wholesome, but never melancholy and gloom. The man who views life as a serious and important undertaking is only facing that which is a fact. The realization of this fact will tend to increase and will not stifle real happiness.

Our conviction that the truly religious are the most joyous is constantly evident from experience. The closest followers of Christ are not disheartened by earthly vicissitudes; they see beyond them the celestial joys that surpass all imagining. They are enabled to persevere in conflicts, to bear up under reverses, to keep within the bounds of success. They are at peace with God and man and can afford to be happy-go-lucky. True religion is the bearer of good tidings, of peace, of joy, of strength and is the sworn foe of lugubriousness and pessimism.



WITH THE CLASSES



Senior Slants

John Steele thinks the exam fee is a discrimination against the Scotch. There are enough disagreeable features about examinations, he says, without taxing the candidate five dollars.

Several members of IV Arts who have become authorities on baldness think that exams are the chief cause of falling hair. They hope that if they have any hair left in May they will be able to keep it.

Why do students lie about their examinations? Ask the best student in the class how he did in the exams and the odds are two to one he will stoutly declare that he "flunked." Whether he really believes this or whether he is just lying for lies' sake is a question some clever psychologist should decide.

Junior Jibs

III Arts yearns to hear from some of its former classmates who helped make history for Rhetoric last year. Frank Russell, an old Purple and White contributor, is asked to write telling of his hair-breadth experiences in the past year. We know Frank to be a seeker of the adventurous. "Putz" Nugent, Joe McCabe and "Beano" Brown are also asked to contribute a word.

Mr. "Bucky" Harris says if the exams ever come to an end he will cast aside his melancholy look and step out. There won't be any stopping him either, for when the Pinckney model and fashion plate gets out he makes 'em all bow.

Donlon and Armstrong, the cafeteria promoters, are starting out to rival Tex Rickard. It is known that Tex started at an early age. They are next promoting the six-day bike races in the gym and Poke has already made known his intentions of entering his Star car.

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Rhetorical Rumors

Since "Poke" Pokriefka finished the English exam in high style, he has become a nomenclator; His latest for "Pat" O'Hare is "drawer" (Shakespeare's word for a keg tapper.)

"Pat O'Hare showed his limitations after the logic inquiry when questioning numerous students about the logical intention of "horse." Jim Murphy, the veterinarian, said that the intention of the horse is to put itself underneath the saddle, or in front of a plough.

The latest from Rhetoric is that Pokriefka "killed" the Latin exam. We are not certain yet whether he shot it or starved it. Ask him about all the elephants he encountered in the hunt.

What the well-dressed man will wear in 1928 is being displayed by our president, M. L. Doyle. The outfit is called a "hunting suit"—(he is hunting for the pants).

Dan Drew would like to know what kind of a game the University is playing with us now. By all authority the latin exam, was partly sight; but Dan says it was all sight.

Father Tighe has a unique method of illustration. To give the Psychology class an impression of a "nauseous odor," his Reverence enlarged in a flowery speech upon the odor of boiled socks.

Freshman Flashes

In regard to the common view that students never study, one should have watched the Freshmen plugging especially before the recent latin test.

We are afraid that the Freshmen will need at least a week to recuperate after the exams. There have been a couple of casualties so far in the persons of Messrs. Gayle and McDermott.

Our friend Beausoleil was all smiles after the R. K. exam while Mr. Goodwin looked like an escaped convict. The reason? The former picked out several questions that were on while the latter misjudged every one.

The exams seemed to have a terrible effect on James McDermott because after the three science exams, we found our friend in the infirmary.

Art Haneline almost had his English paper confiscated. He was bending over tying his shoe-lace and the presiding officer thought he was skiving.

It was not only possible for the Pre-Meds to receive a plus fifty in their Chemistry exam but if they happened to get their true and false statements twisted it would mean a minus fifty.

Doctor Ouellette has made a New Year's Resolution not to work as hard this term as he did the first one.

"O! Henry, why don't you grow up," is one of Mather's expressions to La Framboise. But La Framboise is, at least, trying to be a man in growing a mustache.

Flickers from Fourth High

"Pickles" Hines was accused of carrying a nipple on a string around his neck, but after "Bud" Ford, (the house detective), had investigated the case closely, he announced that Hines carried the key to the candy pond there.

Paul Ameling has announced that there will be no more phonograph concerts in his den on the third flat until after examinations in June.

John Hopkins has assumed the burden of seeing Martin Arundel home safely in June.

Rocco made the announcement on the Third Flat that the aforementioned flat was for men. The following day Doyle McGlaughlin left for the Junior Study Hall.

"Bill" Guina is visiting his classes in 4th Hi this week.

Rocco bought a speedy car,
He pushed the throttle down too far
Twinkle, twinkle little star
Music from the G. A. R.

What's the matter with the reporters from the lower casses?

Parisian Refreshment Co.

Manufacturers of

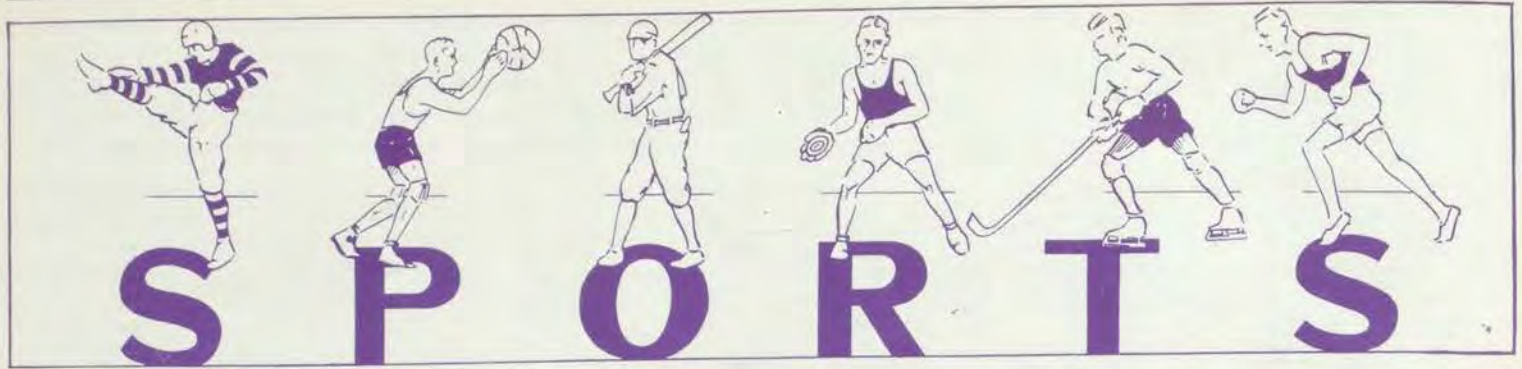
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City College Five Trims Varsity Cagers, 45-26

PURPLEITES OFF FORM AND BOW TO FAST-STEPPING MUNIES

A strong and powerful aggregation of basketeers functioning in perfect machine-like fashion swept to a decisive victory over the varsity team on January 21st. The score was 45 to 26 and City College's colorful five clearly earned the margin. They showed without a doubt that they are the cleverest aggregation of cage artists to perform here this season and another such band of wily basketballers will be hard to find.

With Schecter and Gunn to lead them on, Coach Holmes' charges simply swooped down on the Assumption basket and could not be stopped. That Gunn and Schecter are important units of the Detroiters' machine can be gleaned when one reviews their contribution to the score. Something like 33 points were amassed between these two stars.

Before the contest opened, hopes were high in the Purple camp for a victory. Invariably Assumption has led all the way, only to have victory snatched out of their grasp at the last minute. On Saturday night, there was no questioning the superiority. Assumption scored first, but Schecter tied it up a few seconds after and from then on the Detroit team walked away from the local athletes. Schecter would loop a pass in the direction of the basket and Gunn's huge frame would leap up, grab the oval and dribble in to score or Schecter would get a pass from Gunn who blocked off a man very effectively to score a dog. They repeated these tactics all night and the Purple was at a loss to stop them. When Schecter and Gunn did not collaborate to score, the guards would take a hand in the proceedings and help swell the total.

Assumption roused its enfeebled followers by looping a "long tom" every so often. Close shots could not be had and sometimes the Fates would let one of these long toms rest in the basket. The Assumptionites should also have made better use of the foul line although they counted ten times from it. The score at half time was 23 to 11 and the second half was productive of many more points. When the final gun barked the boys called it an evening till next year when Assumption vows to overtake the City Collegians.

High School Cagers Capture Two Wossa Tilts From Windsor High Quintet

RED AND WHITE BOWS 31-15 AND 30-26; LONE DEFEAT BY WALKERVILLE, 22-16, LEAVES PURPLEITES IN SECOND PLACE

By virtue of a double trouncing handed to Windsor High School's cage team last week, Assumption's High School basket-fingers took undisputed possession of second place in the W.O.S.S.A. league standings and placed themselves right on the heels of the fast-stepping Walkerville High team, last year's W.O.S.S.A. champs. Walkerville gained the league lead a week previous by administering a 22-16 defeat to the Assumptionites. The margins by which the local High cagers established their supremacy over the Windsor team were 31-15 and 30-26.

The latter score indicates the outcome of the last game which took place in the Windsorites' gym last Friday. It was a nip-and-tuck struggle all the way and the Assumption team, crippled by the loss of Menard, star Purpleite forward, was pressed to the limit to emerge from the battle with the spoils. The Windsor five was trailing 14-13 at the half and surged ahead in the latter canto, but the timely scoring of Mencil, Dickeson and Begley put the Purple team in front.

Assumption Wins Here

After battling on almost even terms in the first half of the game here, the purple cagers proved their superiority by doubling the final score, which read 31-15. Aitchinson was the high point man for the Windsor crew denting the meshes five times from the field. Captain Mencil accounted for 10 of his team's points besides playing a snappy floor game and holding his man to a lone basket. Menard and Skrzycki helped themselves to 15 points, while Ptak dropped in a pretty "long Tom". With about five minutes of play remaining Rivard was inserted into the Assumption line up and before the final whistle blew he had sunk two baskets. It was a clean, fast game, and proved to be more interesting than the lop-sided score indicates. At half time Assumption led by a 12 to 9 margin, and the game was anybody's until well on in the second half. Mencil, Menard, and Skrzycki presented a passing attack that spelled defeat for the "Red and White." Short, fast passing was used in the Purple triumph, and as a result several open "dog" shots were scored. But while the forwards were running in baskets for Assumption Potucek and Ptak were playing the game of their lives at guard. Their defense was impregnable, causing the Windsor cagers to shoot hurriedly and at random.

In a tilt three nights previous to the W.C.I. game, Walkerville Collegiate established its hold on first place, by turning in a 22-16 victory over the Assumption High cagers. The game was played on Walkerville's miniature court

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

Warrior Quintet Blanks Holy Name Hi, 22-0

STERLING COAL CAGERS COP CONTEST, 24-18

The Warrior basketball aggregation now holds one record that will likely remain intact at least during the present season. Father Burke's basket-hawks are the first this year to completely shut out an opponent. The victim of this prank was the Holy Name Hi five of Detroit, which was snowed under 22-0.

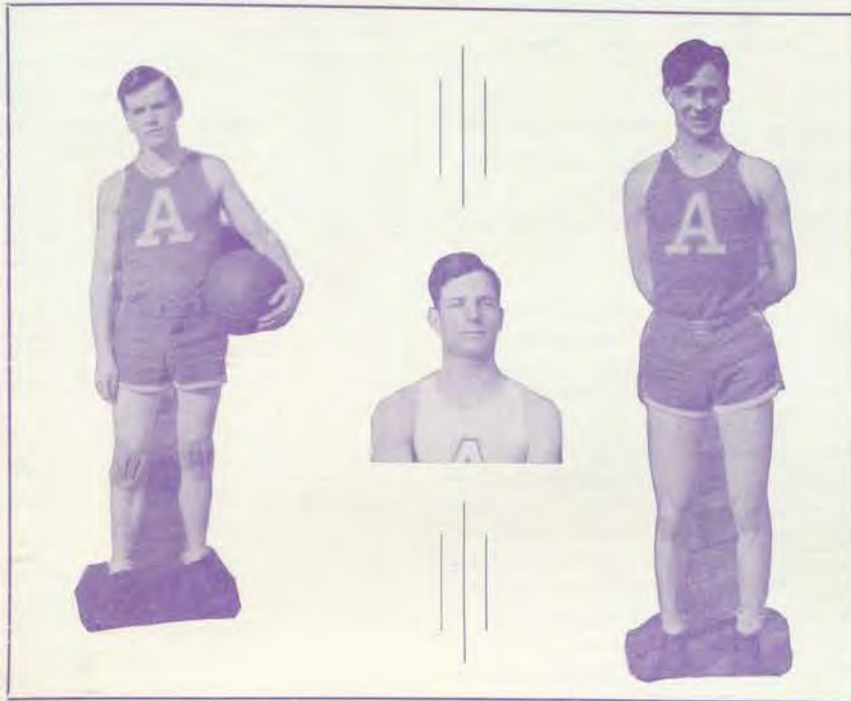
Sterling Coal Cagers of Detroit furnished a little more opposition—too much in fact; for the Warriors were forced to bow to them by a 24-18 count. This was a bang-up game—one of the prettiest exhibitions seen in the Assumption gym this year. The Warriors were enjoying a 12-10 lead at the first intermission and at half time the score was deadlocked at 12-12. The third period saw each team adding six points to its score but the "Koal Kids" were able to pile up a six point lead before the final whistle to capture the tilt, 24-18.

Otterbein and Sowers were outstanding in the Warrior defense while Marty Cavanaugh and Joe Sullivan were the best on the front line.



Save your copies of Purple & White and get them bound at the end of the year.

This Powerful Trio Boosts Alumni Stock



Pictured above are three late editions to the alumni basketball team—all graduates of last year—Higgins, O’Leary and Murray. It is on this trio of court artists that the alumni aggregation is pinning its hopes for a win over the Varsity. In recent years the Varsity’s supremacy has been easily established but a real battle is anticipated this year and the grad outfit can boast of an array of stars that will be anything but “easy meat” for the Varsity cagers.

HOCKEY SLANTS

By F.A.W.

Due to the mild weather our open-air arena hasn’t seen much skating, not to say anything of hockey. The national winter sport of Canada is making great headway across the line these days and hockey interest is becoming wide-spread throughout the States. The greater American cities are taking to the sport with much enthusiasm. Hockey attendance records shatter those of all other indoor sports with the exception of an occasional boxing bout in Madison Square Garden.

We have been asked by fans where our hockey team is. Well, all we can say is—our hockey team is walking around the corridors these days in the person of Father Spratt, who was the greatest amateur hockeyist in the Dominion when he was a member of the St. Michael’s team of Toronto. The Reverend Father had a letter the other day from Ed. Lowry, University of Michigan’s hockey coach, asking for a game.

Ed. is a member of the great Lowrey family, hockey-famous throughout the continent. His brother, Father Robert, now stationed at St. Thomas College, Houston, Tex., was a star on the Assumption hockey team of 1921 and is also a former St. Mike’s star. His brother, Jerry, is one of the finds of the year on the Toronto Maple Leafs of the National Hockey League.

Here’s some interesting hockey news and its no little tribute to the coaching ability of Father Spratt. Last year Father Spratt coached the Owen Sound Greys and under his leadership they became Junior Dominion champions. This year his entire team is up in professional ranks. “Harry” Martin Lauder is with the Boston Bruins; McDougall is with the Toronto Ravinas and the other four—Markle, Paddon, Moore and Grant—are with London. This is some jump—from Junior Amateurs to the National loop. They are all making good—and why shouldn’t they? Look who their coach was!

We are pulling strong for Jack Adams and his Detroit Cougars, who are making hockey popular in Detroit. On the Detroit team are three former St. Michael College players. Dr. Stan. Brown, “Reg” Noble and Aurie are the St. Mike’s boys and they are all star athletes. Mr. Adams, one of hockey’s greatest players, is having marked success as a manager and we are boosting for his Cougars to top the struggle in the National League race.



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Swinging the Mitts

By F.A.W.

Mr. Arnold Schneider, our boxing instructor and past master of the pugilistic art, (See Christmas issue—Tip-Offs) has his boxing club going at full swing and wishes to announce to the members that regular attendance at the instruction is the important rule of the game to be followed by beginners. Boxing classes are held every Tuesday and Friday afternoon in rooms 64 and 65.

Tony Rocco and Ambrose O’Donnell, the latter of the southpaw type, are the two promising heavyweights of the division. Both are exceptionally fast and pack a mighty wallop in each paw.

In the lighter ranks Gillis, Belanger, Long, Buckel and Kintz are amongst the most promising contenders for the lesser crowns.

It is rumored about that Tex Rickard will be here in the near future to look the boys over and sign some of them up for his great elimination and championship bouts. Two other prominent promoters are also making bids for the boys’ services. Mr. Umberto Fugazy and Mr. Edwerto Pokriefka are endeavoring to garner the pugilists’ services for appearances in Brooklyn and Sandwich. The latter will stage his contest in the College gym on which he has a 99 year lease.

St. Catherines Trowned Twice by Sub-Minims

LOCAL YOUNGSTERS CHALK UP 7 WINS, 5 REVERSES

Father Guinan’s hustling Sub Minims have played seven games in the past two weeks, coming out victorious in four of them, and thus making their record for the season seven victories and five defeats. Two of the three reverses recently suffered were lost by one point margins, five minutes of overtime being necessary to decide the victor in one of the tilts.

Of the four victories the most outstanding were those inflicted on the St. Catherine team of Detroit. Windsor Panthers and Ontario St. School were the other victims. The three defeats were suffered at the hands of the Windsor Canucks, General Byng and Windsor A.C. The last two were thrillers each game being lost by one point. Every Sub Minim who participated in these last contests played exceptionally well. The work of Cole was outstanding while McLeod and Saravolatz showed up in fine form.

The lineup: R.F.—Moeller; L.F.—McLeod; C.—Saravolatz; R.G.—J. Flood; L.G.—Wadell; Subs—E. Brown; Cole.

THE BIGGEST GAME OF THE YEAR—

Varsity vs. John Carrol U. Here Friday Night

TIP-



OFFS

BY FRANK WALSH

Hello! How are you?

Well, it's all over now! The exams finally came to an end and everyone is gradually getting back to normal.

A few casualties from the intellectual encounter were reported. Some are going around with their arms in slings due to the excessive pen-pushing. A number are wearing double or "x-visioned" glasses to regain their sight which has become affected from peering too deeply into the print—trying to see what it was all about.

Quite a number have large callouses on their brains from overstudy and an odd one is groping about with his head in a plaster cast. The peculiar decoration is probably due to a slight concussion or possible skull fracture caused by the brains and bats fighting for possession of the upper story. A few are going about on roller skates having received strict orders from the M.D. not to walk or run on account of heart trouble. Their "tickers" have not been functioning properly since they had heart failure from not seeing their pet questions on the exam paper. Others are still in hysterics from trying to do a year's work in one night and having nightmares the following day.

However no one has been admitted to the asylum, although one fellow was nearly lynched the other day when he expressed the opinion that he wished mid-year exams would come every month.

Mid-year exams, the Varsity team's stiffest opponent, showed their effects on our athletes in the Detroit City College game. The Purple-and-White representatives were far from their top form and clearly showed the results of much "plugging".

Coach Holmes claims that this year's team is the best he has ever had at City College and he isn't far out in his statement. The Munies are a great outfit and at present are holding down first place in the Michigan Collegiate Conference having defeated Mt. Pleasant and Western State Normal of Kalamazoo, last year's champs.

In the Varsity-City College game, which the Munies won 45-26, Schecter and Gunn, the stars in the Green-and-Gold lineup, trimmed us themselves. These two mesh-denters amassed a total of 33 points between them,—enough to beat us by seven points.

The fans who witnessed this game could hardly believe that our quintet lost by only

one point to them in their own gym last December. And that's not all. At half time in that game Assumption had left City in the dust—19-5.

So, cheer up, fans! The boys have that out of their system and are intent on turning in about a dozen successive victories. And there's more than a little opposition for them this month. On the 3rd John Carroll University of Cleveland makes its initial appearance here while on the 8th St. Mary's College of Winona, Wis. also pays us a visit. Our old rivals, the Poles, from St. Mary's College at Orchard Lake will make their annual visit on the 28th. Highland Park J.C. has a reputation for turning out good court teams and the Highlanders will be our guests here on the 10th.

"Josh" Wilfred Woolcott, one of our "old boys", certainly knew how to work his name into this column. He sat in the "press box" at the City College game and made himself known by his silver-tongued orations, humorous wise-cracks and spirited cheers. It is not known whether Mr. Woolcott's ticket called for a seat amongst the scribes or up in the rafters. Call for one of Mr. Poke's investigators!

We will now broadcast a little bed-time story. Title—"Rocco, the Bell (not Belle) and the Mob." Once upon a time—well, anyway,—it was after the game in which the Varsity quintet trounced St. John's U. and Mr. Antonio Sebastian Woodrow Willoughby Rocco took the famous old hand bell and began leading the whole school on a victory snake dance down into the neighboring hamlet. General Rocco, followed by his army, was stopped outside the college walls by a band of St. John rooters, and one big Ohio representative demanded the bell as a souvenir of their defeat. But the Ohioan didn't know that the unassuming Tony was one of Mr. Schneider's cauliflower aspirants in possession of a wicked southpaw haymaker. In a moment stars, great constellations of stars, moons, quarters and halves, comets, fire and smoke reigned about the belfry of the Buckeye ambassador and Mr. Antonio went on leading his joymakers and ringing his merry "ding-dong". Then the Assumptionites shouted the St. John yell: "He's a man! Who's a man? He's a man!—Rocco."

Jimmie Evans, star performer on the Tai Kun five, is at his home in Detroit having a swell time. Jimmie has the mumps.

Mr. Frostbite is a very important personage at our basketball games. By the

Minims Down General Byng Quint 32-12

REVENU AND HOPKINS SHINE

The Minim cagers took another tilt from the General Byng five last week to the tune of 32-12. The fracas proved to be a regular field meet for Father Bart's proteges. Every member of the Minim aggregation saw action in this fray. John Hopkins, the Cleveland flyweight, distinguished himself by scoring five points. Navarre Revenu flashed some brilliant form in the early stages of the fracas denting the meshes four times in the first three minutes. It was a great night for both regulars and subs.



MAPLE LEAFS MAKE STRONG BID FOR JUVENILE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

The Maple Leafs, Assumption's fast-stepping day scholar aggregation, are making a strong bid for the Juvenile championship of the Border Cities. Under the capable coaching of Mr. Cy Watson they have been able to down the Windsor Tech Jrs., 15-14 and the Walkerville "Y", 36-27.



Wossa Standings

	Won	Lost
Walkerville	4	0
Assumption	3	1
Windsor	1	3
W. W. Tech	0	4

yells he receives a casual observer would think the artic lunch was a player.

An important notice was overlooked in our last two issues. At a meeting of the Border City Basketball League last December, Father Guinan was elected vice-president of the league. This is a high tribute to the Reverend Father's coaching, keen interest and untiring efforts in behalf of the junior basketeers.

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HIGH SCHOOL CAGERS CAPTURE TWO W.O.S.S.A. TILTS

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

which accounts, to a certain extent, for Assumption's reverse. However due credit must be given to the Walkerville five. Their passing was almost faultless and their shooting bordered on the uncanny. The return game between these two teams will be played at Assumption on February 10th, and the game should be a real hair-raiser. J. Stewart was high scorer for the evening, registering a total of ten points. Menard looked best for Assumption. He plastered the hoop for nine points, besides playing the best floor game of any man on the court. Time after time he broke up the Walkerville combination while his tricky foot work kept the opposing guards guessing. All who saw the game were convinced that the return tilt will have more thrills for Assumption, and many look forward to a reversed score.

The line-up:

ASSUMPTION		WALKERVILLE	
Menard	R.F. 9	Beaton	R.F. 4
Skrzycki	L.F. 3	J. Stewart	L.F. 10
Dickeson	L.F. 0	Allison	C. 4
Mencel (Capt)	C. 2	A. Stewart	R.G. 0
Potucek	R.G. 0	Young (C)	L.G. 4
Ptak	L.G. 2		
	16		22



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Menard's Services Lost To High School Team

Dame Hard Luck dealt another severe blow to the High School quintet last Thursday afternoon when "Red" Menard, star Purpleite forward, suffered a broken leg in a wrestling match in the local gym. This mishap came as a rather severe blow to the team and the students as well.



"RED" MENARD

"Red's" work to date on the High five has been exceedingly brilliant and all recognise in him one of the best forwards ever to wear an Assumption High School uniform. This fact is the more significant in that this is his first year in High School ranks. Last year "Red" was the mainstay of Father MacDonald's flashy Tai Kun quintet. In the six games in which he has performed this season the auburn-topped lad has chalked up a total of 45 points. His ability to find the nets from any angle ranks second to none here but it is his tricky floor work and unerring passing that has made him such an important cog in the High team's play.

This mishap is the more unfortunate in that this is "Red's" last year in High School but we hope to see him back next year "strutting his stuff" in Varsity circles.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

hardly slackened the pace, however, and the final bark of the gun gave evidence to the fact that Assumption had amassed 49 markers to the Detroiters' 25.

While every Varsity man turned in an excellent performance, we cannot help but say a word about Captain Kramer. "Dutch" undoubtedly turned in his best game of the season. His defensive work was of brilliant calibre and he managed to chalk up 12 markers in between times—the high mark of the evening. Dettman played his usual stellar game at the other defense post and contributed six points to the score.

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EAT WITH ZEST!



The sage who said—"You never can tell"—was undoubtedly a very wise sage or a lucky mortal. At any rate the impossible has happened. Mr. "O'Gee" Armstrong (Knut to his friends), dealer in old Fords or what have you, and Mr. Jakie Donlon, the versatile virile vinegar vender, have formed a partnership.

Mr. Donlon and Mr. Armstrong, through the columns of the P. & W. extend to all a hearty invitation to inspect their new dining room which recently has been

opened to the public. Their adopted slogan is "Eat with Zest." In a chat with one of the staff reporters, Mr. Donlon seemed quite optimistic. The first day they thought they had broken just a little ahead when someone suggested paying the milkman.

The new cafeteria is advertising for a "domestic cow." Mr. George Brady invited Cooney into the new shop but when Cooney saw the want ad he 'smelt a rat' and declined.

The new managers have many plans for their future. They are thinking seriously of engaging an orchestra for the lunchroom or of giving a free bowl of soup with every ten-cent order.

The new owners invite you all to give their establishment a trial. They say it may be a 'one-arm lunchroom' but it's not a 'one horse' affair. They are now busy with the painters who are going to decorate the walls with appropriate mottos such as "Eat with Zest", "Scoot or Buy", "Not OKMNX but MNXOK", (Ham an Eggs—O.K.) and "We Yank You."

John Collins, the Ohio farmer, is now firmly established at Assumption. He likes the place fine. Holidays to John are very distasteful. He'd rather stay right here. What struck John most was the fact that the boys went to bed so late and got up so late. The first two nights he was here he fell asleep at eight o'clock; he just couldn't wait up any longer—nine o'clock seemed too far away. The next morning he thought he would become bed ridden

waiting for the bell to ring. The only draw-back that John finds during the winter months is that there is no barn to go to when he wants a piece of timothy.



The professor had just finished an evening talking on Sir Walter Scott and his works, when a lady said: "Oh! Professor I have so enjoyed your talk. Scott is a great favorite of mine."

"Indeed," said the Professor. "What one of his books do you like best?"

"Oh," answered the lady, "I haven't read any of his books, but I am so fond of his Emulsion—I've used a lot of that."

A policeman was walking his beat in a residential district when a badly battered house-to-house salesman rushed up to him.

"Say, officer," he panted, pointing to a redheaded iceman who had just climbed on his wagon. "I want that man arrested. Just look what he did to me!"

Stalking majestically into the street, the policeman waved the icewagon to a halt, and demanded, "Did you hit this man?"

"Oi did," was the shameless reply.

"What for?"

"Alienation av affections," replied the iceman. "He sold Bridget Nolan's missus wan av thim electric iceboxes."

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GEORGE S. MORROW, DETROIT POET,
VISITS ASSUMPTION

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

our distinguished "old boys", now pastor of St. Ambrose Parish, Detroit.

Mr. Morrow, who is one of Father Cullinane's parishioners, was highly interested in the time-honored halls of the "old building" as well as in the many features of the architect's art that are displayed in the new classroom addition. Mr. Craft and Mr. Griffith, two prominent Detroit business men, made up the rest of of the party that visited some of the classes. Mr. Morrow upon request favored the students with a reading of some of his verse.

Some 200 volumes of our poet-guest's latest work, "Bits of Life", were donated to the students of Assumption. The poems contained therein are in every instance interesting and the simplicity of their themes and style together with the lofty sentiment and beautiful language expressed in the verse stamp them as amongst the best poetical creations of the day. Despite the student's hereditary aversion to anything poetical we urge you all to glance over at least a few of Mr. Morrow's poems. Every one of them will bring home some forgotten truth to you or teach you one of those simple lessons that all must know who tread life's pathway and hope to reach the haven at its end.



ANOTHER REMINISCENCE

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 1)

days. Some time after my recovery I tried to work it. I was the last one in a long line-up one Thursday morning seeking permission to go down town. Father Cushing, as usual, was standing at that high desk in his office. He hadn't shaved that day which was a bad omen. The interviews were short and final and there was a "nothing doing" look on the faces of the applicants as they filed out in rapid succession. My immediate predecessor undertook to argue his case. I heard the argument. It was a very one-sided argument. I also heard a quick move inside and Mr. Argumentator shot by me followed by "Cush" who stopped just long enough to ask me what I wanted. "Nothing, Father," was my meek retort. "Well, go out and look for it," he flung at me. I went "sine die."

(Continued in Column Three)



It's a thankful sigh of relief that your scribes vent forth today for themselves and the rest of the student throng. All who have survived to tell the gruesome tale of the past two brain-splitting weeks should feel like a few sighs of relief too.

* * *

But once more we're off on a new lap and everyone has a fresh start for the second plunge into text book intricacies. There's nothing wrong with saving the spurt until the finish but don't lay back on your oars now and coast along. The current will carry you down into the abysmal sea of ignorance where you will flounder and "flunk."

* * *

Breast that current of intellectual difficulties and ply steadily onward. Make your classes and study hours as many good strokes towards the headwaters of knowledge and the goal toward which you are striving.

* * *

Some unimpressive advice-slipping you may call this, but our money is on the man who heeds it. The odds are with us that he will be a winner. Time will tell!

* * *

So with this much ado we'll dispense with the past term's "post mortems", let the future take care of itself and live in the present as all successful men do.



MICHAEL

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

sure hot and the weeds am tough and the ground am hawd, I reckon this nigger am done called to preach." But I did not think of it. I just gathered up my belongings and set off for the corner of the field where my father was standing, talking to my brother.

"Well, son, through?" said father.

"Yes," I replied rather laconically.

"Let us take a walk over and see what you have done," said he.

Away we went in silence across the field. He took one look at it and decid-

(Continued from Column One)

Sometime later Tom Ford and myself got permission to go down town. We came back half an hour late and went in to report. I pushed Tom in first. Some push! Tom lost his voice. I peeked in between his quivering knees and whispered to him to say something. Father Cushing said something that sounded like "I see you're back." Then he saw the pair of us disappearing around the corner where the old clock used to be.

Here it began to dawn on me that I didn't have a "pull" with "Cush". Neither did any one else. Father Cushing had no pets or favorites. We all looked the same to him. But he was just.

Some day Father Cushing may be canonized. When his case comes up I hope that a lot of his "Old Boys" will be there to give him a "boost".

Rev. T. P. Hussey.

ively remarked, "Why you have hardly begun yet." I was crestfallen and tired as an old dog.

He must have noted my mental as well as my physical condition for he simply said, "That will do for today. Just step over into the lane and drive the cattle up to the house." I obeyed willingly. I did not want to see that buttonwood stump again.

They did not have to send me to bed early nor rock me to sleep that night. I just disappeared as soon as possible to sleep a profound sleep forgetful of life's woes.

Next morning the usual procedure of rural life occurred. I was up at five and attended to the multitudinous small jobs that fall to the lot of the "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," and all the rest of it, and according to custom, stepped out on the front verandah after breakfast to view the weather from that angle and await the day's instructions.

The orders arrived promptly. I was surveying the scenery, and thinking somewhat on this occasion. The old familiar "ahem" resounded in my ears and without much formally my father repeated the question of the preceding morning in about the self-same, "Well, son, what do you intend to do; go to work, or go to school?"

Without a moment's hesitation I replied, "I'll go to school."

"Very well," said he, "just gather up your books and trot along to school."

(Continued Next Issue)

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PURPLE & WHITE



VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, FEBRUARY 15, 1928

No. 8

Student Actors Resume Activities on Feb. 22

DRAMATIC CLUB PREPARES SKIT FOR PRESENTATION TO STUDENTS

After a couple months lay-off due to vacation time inactivity and exams, Father Vahey's footlight luminaries will once more shake the mothballs out of their costumes and appear before the student body on February 22nd to celebrate the birthday of the renowned Washington. The boys are keen to get back in the spotlight again after the long rest and they are intent on surpassing their previous showings, all of which drew much praise and favorable comment.

The student-actor troupe will appear this time in a dramatic picturization of early revolutionary days, entitled "Nathan Hale." Word from headquarters gives us assurance that the coming presentation will be devoid of all the weird and ghostly aspects of the last performance, so the weaker-hearted may plan on an evening of fun with no misgivings.



Alumni Cagers Partake of Student Fare Again

RETURN ONCE AGAIN TO REFEC- TORY AND SHANESEY TALKS

There they came strutting down the centre aisle of the same old refectory, some of them a bit reticent at the voluminous applause which greeted their ears, others quite unmindful of it all as they showed the self-assertion which life in the "outside" world has given them. They were the "Old Boys" who came back to battle their successors in the annual Alumni basketball game.

A special table had been set aside for them by the hospitable Fr. Nicholson and around it they all gathered. Many heartfelt greetings were exchanged as the former pupils met once more their former "profs", but on equal footing this time. A rousing cheer went up as the Grads saw Fr. Moylan, the traditional symbol of all that Assumption is, marching in to the

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)

A Tribute to Our Dear Friend "Father Van"

*Inspired by the Passing of his Feast
Day*

It affords Assumption College a signal pleasure to tender her *ALTER EGO*. Monsignor Van Antwerp, an appreciation for his beneficence for her behalf, and to voice, in view of his recently celebrated feast day, her heartfelt wish that a sequence of many felicitous years will add the crowning touch to a life graced by the dedication 'ad majorem Dei gloriam'.



MONSIGNOR
VAN ANTWERP

Half a century has hallowed the Monsignor's student days at Assumption but the passing of time has added the richness and mellowness of age to memories of vibrant youth as a student in these halls. Under the regime of Father O'Connor Monsignor VanAntwerp received his education and was prepared for the priesthood here.

It is worthy of record that throughout the years "Father Van" has kept in closer communication with his Alma Mater than any other alumnus. During the years intervening his ordination and receipt of his pastorate at Rosary, the Monsignor partook of his Yuletide dinners at Amherstburg in the company of the faculty of Assumption College. These journeys to Amherstburg were usually accomplished via the horse and sleigh with "Father Van" in the role of Master of Festivities. Now, of course, the countless duties devolving upon him as pastor, prohibit such close association. Nevertheless, our beloved friend has

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 2)

Impressive Ceremonies Mark Forty Hour Service

ANNUAL EXPOSITION IS SOLEMNLY HELD AMIDST BEAUTIFUL SETTING

Last Wednesday morning, Feb. 8th, the college chapel was the scene of the opening of the annual Forty Hours Devotion at Assumption. A solemn high Mass followed by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament marked the beginning of the exposition. The ceremonies were carried out in impressive style and the beautifully decorated sanctuary added a devotional tone to the setting.

The exposition continued throughout Thursday and Friday and the manner in which the student body entered into the spirit of the devotion was very edifying. A solemn high Mass was sung each morning and the services were terminated in the evening by solemn benediction. The sacristans deserve a generous share of commendation for their efforts in the sanctuary and the fine quality of the singing afforded by the choir has already drawn favorable comment from many sources.



Students Celebrate After Exams by Ice Carnival

SPEED! BUMPS! THRILLS! ALL ADD FUN TO COLORFUL PAGEANT

It was a carefree and happy mob of students that invaded the open air rink on the campus last February 1st to celebrate Assumption's annual ice carnival and the passing of exams. Disguised by attire that bespoke everything from the most "flapperish" of flappers to staid, dignified preachers and stern officers of military rank, the jubilant band of joy-makers sallied forth undaunted into the brisk winter air and skimmed over the sparkling sheet of ice giving vent by lusty shouts to the happy and light-hearted feelings within.

Directed by Father Spratt, the various races came off in brilliant style and the

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)



Old Boys' Page



Alumnus Describes Scene at Investiture Ceremony

REV. HUBERT COUGHLIN WRITES OF ROME AND PAPAL POMP

Dear Editor:

The Purple and White arrived last week. Let me congratulate the staff on the high standard of the paper. I enjoyed it very much and hope that the fact that these efforts are duly appreciated will compensate to some extent, the time and energy expended in the work.

Several interesting events have taken place here during the past month. The New Canadian Cardinal, Archbishop Rouleau from Quebec, arrived in Rome Dec. 18th. We all met him at the train; he is staying at our college. Two of the official investiture ceremonies were held in our chapel, and two at the Vatican. On one occasion there were seventeen cardinals present. The final affair at the Vatican was a marvellous event. The occasion was the conferring of the Red Hat on the five new Cardinals. This took place in an immense auditorium. The procession of the clergy was a brilliant spectacle. There were thirty Cardinals, a multitude of Bishops and attendants and finally the Pope on his immense sedia, carried by sixteen stalwart courtiers. The Italians are very enthusiastic as was evidenced by the applause and cries of "Viva el Papa," which resounded through the hall as the procession advanced. The Pope smiled kindly and blessed all while passing. He was escorted to his throne at the front. The ceremony that followed was rather long but one that leaves a lasting impression.

Our Christmas passed very quietly. There was no snow or cold weather so we had to depend considerably on the imagination for Christmas environment.

Accept my best wishes for the continued success of the paper and extend my best regards to the staff and students of Assumption.

Sincerely yours,

HUBERT P. COUGHLIN.



STUDENTS CELEBRATE

AFTER EXAMS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

speed artists of the crowd came into their own on this day. The bumps and spills experienced by the less fortunate added to the fun and merriment of the occasion.



If you aren't reading MICHAEL you are missing something worth while.

MICHAEL

HIS STORY
By An Old Boy

(Continued from last issue)

IV

From that moment things began to develop. My first urge towards future progress occurred shortly after I resumed my work in the highest grade in the school. My teacher one day, in a friendly and confidential manner, whispered in my ear as I was poring over my lessons, "I want you to get ready to write the Entrance Examinations at Christmas." We had that opportunity at that time and I felt rather proud over the matter, and her confidential tone made me feel certain that it was within my power to succeed. I set to work with a will, reviewing and advancing with her assistance, and at Christmas time I succeeded in my efforts.

Now I was a real High School pupil. How important I felt the first day I came to school with a whole bagful of new books. They all had to be examined by my classmates, although they all had the same. Just think of it! algebra, physics, botany, book-keeping, and all the rest! Whew! "Wasn't it great to be eddicated?" My introduction to the continuation class was made with more than a passing ambition to keep out of the way of button-wood stumps.

Springtime came, and I had made some advance in my studies. As yet I had little thought of what the future held in store for me. I just took things as they came and let the future take care of itself. But there were others taking an interest in my welfare. I think they must have conspired somewhat in the matter of my advancement. If they had conspired, I was the gainer by it.

V

I was accustomed to accompany my pastor to the neighboring mission on Sunday morning to serve at Mass. Besides this I had the pleasure of going with him on sick calls through the country. I cannot say I was much company in the latter case, but I suppose he was in a position to make a study of me and keep a watchful eye on me at the same time. One Sunday morning on the way to the mission he abruptly threw a question at me that took me by surprise. Without any preliminary he said, "How would you like to go to college to study for the priesthood?" I replied in my usual laconic fashion, "All right." "Very well," said he, "I'll see your father," and that ended the matter for the time being. The thought of becoming a priest had been in my head for

Alumni Basketeers Flash Old-Time Form But Lose

MANY FORMER COURT LUMINARIES ON HAND FOR ANNUAL TILT

"Shag" Shanese's rejuvenated band of alumni court artists descended upon Assumption last February 5th and locked horns with the Varsity crew in a jolly old basketball game that terminated with the younger generation on the good side of a 46-30 count. The grads exhibited a brand of basket-tossing the like of which they have never shown before and it was only a little lack of condition that prevented them from galloping to a win over the present-time lace-denters.

There was Father Allan Babcock "strutting his stuff" in that same brilliant fashion that marked him the star of Assumption's varsity crew some ten years ago. Those ten intervening years seemed to have detracted little from his play and he dented the meshes with as little effort as he used to in days gone by. And there was "Susie" Zott travelling the floor in all his glory pushing 'em in from all angles of the court. The former Assumption captain and star found the hoops on five different occasions and contributed one-third of the points chalked up by the grad outfit. And how many times did "Shag", our portly star of '22, '23 and '24, thrill the fans by his long-range shooting and mirth-provoking gesticulations on the court. And there was Assumption's famous "Red" Kessel, as red and as jolly as ever, giving it to the Varsity for all he was worth. Teaming up with him was Dick Kent, our mound ace of the past, displaying that same athletic prowess that won him fame in days gone by. And little "Micky" McGillick, all the way from Cleveland, rang in the shots as of yore and found the hoops on three different occasions from way out on the court. Then there was Byrne Kildea, court, grid and diamond star of a few years back, just as good as ever. Jimmie Burns, Dick Buysee, Clarence Kenny, "Pork" Petrimoulx, "Gunner" O'Leary and John Higgins completed the grad array and helped to make matters interesting for the present basketeers.

four or five years, although I did not know how such a thing was going to come to pass.

The current of my life ran along the usual channels. I said nothing to anyone about my conversation with Father John.

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 3)

As The Editor Sees It -

They came, they wrote, they conquered! Thus can we paraphrase Cæsar and ruminate on the recent tussle with declensions, theorems, equations, philosophic quandries and the like. It was a lively battle while it lasted but Assumption studes returned every blow struck by that veteran of many campaigns—Exams—and they countered the barrage of questions with a return fire of answers that assured them of a hard-won victory.

Not a few of us all but succumbed to the death-dealing blows of the mighty monster but application-to-study proved our best weapon during the conflict and enabled us to withstand every attack and call the day ours as the smoke of battle cleared away.

It was only an odd one that left the field maimed and, according to recent reports, the number of casualties was exceptionally small. The official verdict, recently published, marked another Assumption victory!

This column's last message to you was an exhortation to start gathering forces NOW for the return engagement next May and June. Our numbers won't help us. It's a well-fortified (upper) storeroom that will eventually decide who's who in this "big parade." Get in line now, ye studes of '28. The tramp is long and the going rough.

Jim Cooney, "Bugs" Brady and Frank Flood are already in step and their storeroom is packed to the doors. They are tramping the corridors with expanded chests these days but they won't be any better than the rest of us after the paper man's visit to Assumption.

"Read with zest!" Armstrong and Donlon have no objections. It's good for the appetite, they claim.

Visitors

Fathers D. J. Ryan and E. Hannick of Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit.

Father Thomas Moran of St. Thomas, Ontario.

Father J. M. Aboulin, of St. Anne's Parish, Detroit.

Father Francis Forster, superior general of the Basilian Congregation of Toronto.

Father Daniel Forster of Helena, Mich.

Fathers M. J. Ryan, Christian, Plourde and Todd of St. Anne's Parish, Detroit.

Mr. Raymond Nicholson of Cleveland, Ohio.

Father E. M. Cullinane, Jackson, Mich.

ALUMNI CAGERS PARTAKE OF STUDENT FARE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

evening meal. Did the "Old Boys" enjoy the simple repast? They certainly did and many expressed wonder as they recalled the times when they used to grumble about the "eats."

As in the parable of the marriage feast at Canaan the best wine had been saved for the last. When the honored grads were wending their way out of the refectory amid the hearty cheers of the students several piercing shouts of "Speech" arose above the tumult. In respect to the demands Fr. Forner "collared" Shag Shanese and ordered him to orate. The bouncing Beau Brummel responded with a short address in which he signified his intention of filing a protest about the game. However, he apologized for his lack of oratorical ability and expressed his sorrow that he had forgotten his violin. Father Bart promptly appeared with a "fiddle" and the rotund gentleman with the curly pink locks beat a hasty retreat. Many advanced the reason for his hasty exit to the rumor that he had played the violin in the orchestra for two years and used a soaped bow. Of course this is mere hearsay and should be taken with a cautious dose of quinine. Anyway Assumption certainly enjoyed this visit from her former children and looks forward to the next one as the father looks for the return of the prodigal youth.

On the Sidelines

During the memorable Alumni game on the afternoon of Feb. 5th our cub reporter spotted the following celebrities:

Oscar and Ernest Petrimoulx of Sandwich; Howard J. Pray, Telegraph Editor of the Border Cities Star, Windsor, Ont.; Edward and Anthony Grosfield of Detroit; Steve "Stiff" Sylvester, who is now proprietor of a pharmacy on 14th and Michigan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; Don Triziski of Detroit and points north; Dominic Waters who has entered the industrial field of the Auto-City; Father Al. Hafner, the former football star.

CALENDAR

Feb. 15—Varsity vs. St. Mary's College—Orchard Lake.

Hi vs. St. Mary's High—Orchard Lake.

Feb. 17—Varsity vs. St. John's U.—Toledo.

Hi vs. St. John's Hi—Toledo.

Feb. 21—Hi vs. Rosary High—Home.

Feb. 22—Ash Wednesday. Washington's Birthday—Holiday.

Varsity vs. University of Dayton—Dayton.

Feb. 28—Varsity vs. St. Mary's College—Home.

Hi vs. St. Mary's Hi—Home.

Tony, Take Notice!

Circulation Manager,
Purple and White,
Assumption College.

I do not recall when I have read of any one contributor to the Purple and White forwarding a protest. All good papers should, however, occasionally receive a protest, for that is a sign that they are read by those who receive them.

Therefore, I am making this, heated, fiery, and anything else you wish to call it, protest. Once in a while, I have had somebody spell my name Prey instead of the right way. But it has remained for the Purple and White to pull a new one. My, what a razzing I get from my wife every time the mailman leaves a copy of the Purple and White at our house, addressed to Howard CRAY.

"And you went to Assumption for nearly eight years and they don't even know how to spell your name!" That comment is always the first thing I hear and I am getting tired of explaining that the error will be corrected with the arrival of the next issue. So therefore, in order to prevent further domestic discord, I pray you address Purple and White henceforth to

HOWARD J. PRAY.

and I shall be forever indebted to you.

H.J.P.

Old Boy Takes Exception

The following communication was received through the mail a few days ago. It is the sincere wish of this old boy that no offense is taken from it. He merely desires to express another tribute to the beloved Fr. Cushing.

"We, the students of yesterday object to Father Hussey's statement that he was one of the few who discovered Fr. Cushing's heart. That puts us in the Dumb-Bell class—we simply did not have a young or an Old Boy page in those days to express it. Fr. Cushing's heart was never circumscribed. He was whole-hearted all the time to all the students. You had to get sick to learn it."

P.J.C.

The years resemble stepping stones
Hurled by the catapult of time
E'en age with its rheumatic bones
Must hobble on and keep in line.

Army claims that the best way to make a cigarette lighter is to take out half of the tobacco.

Mr McGouey: "Was it a bad accident?"
Gabby: "Well, I was knocked speechless, and the wheels were knocked spokeless."

(Kramer claims that it couldn't be done).

PURPLE & WHITE

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Tunney, the Man

The world's present heavyweight boxing champion has been receiving considerable attention of late. His winning of the coveted crown is not really that about which everybody is talking. Instead they are discussing *the man!* The discussion mostly concerns Tunney outside of the ring.

From a poor youth he has become a rich and successful man, due to his work on the canvas. But Fate alone seems to have decreed that he should be a boxer. For it was only after he enlisted in the Marines that he acquired the art of boxing. The Marines taught him and he "came through with the goods". Even then he only boxed for "fun". But various managers, who heard of the wonderful skill that made him the champion of the Expeditionary forces, did not allow him to remain only the champion of the Marines. They predicted his success as a heavy-weight boxer and the future showed the truth of their belief.

However, it is President Coolidge's statement, "Mr. Tunney does not look like a prize-fighter" that causes a great deal of discussion and thought. For it is true that once Gene has cast off his boxing gloves, we see him portraying a different role in life. He possesses a pleasing appearance in a tuxedo; his facial features bespeak sterling character and culture. He also is endowed with foresight and a noble personality. We all know of his scientific boxing and true ability during the striking "rounds", but we marvel at the combination found in this man.

His simplicity, congenial nature, refinement and high mental cultivation, coupled with his boxing skill, is a mixture rare in-

(Continued in Column Three)

The Brotherhood of Man

A better understanding among nations, then sympathy and love, and ultimately, a "World State"—Thus, past masters in the art of "heaving the heifer" give verbal expression to the wine-begotten dream of a universal Utopia. We are not prepared to state whether or not such a happy condition is possible, nor if it is, shall we delve into its foundations for possible merits, but we cannot refrain from confessing a desire to ascertain if there is method in the seeming madness of the "World State's" proponents, or madness in their method.

To begin with, these idealists consider it a laudable idea to send parties of citizens from one country to another for the purpose of creating understanding between nations. "Creating understanding" would seem to imply the mutual imparting of all facts, favorable or otherwise, to each nation. It is possible, but it seems hardly probable that each envoy would not enlarge upon the beauties of his native land, and "put the soft pedal"—ever so slightly—on its defects. Picture a robust, affluent nephew of Uncle Sam in conference with a son of the Land of the Pig-tail and the Chopstick. While the misplaced laundryman listens in wonder, the offspring of Liberty draws a graphic picture of a land where the lowest drive sleek limousines down golden boulevards, drink nectar, and arise in the morning to the accompaniment of warbling cherubs and golden-throated seraphim. However, Chicago's gunmen, partisan spoils and Greenwich Village are kept well in the background along with H. L. Mencken and the Anti-Saloon League. Still, granting that each "ambassador of good will" would make a "clean breast" of everything, it would require an almost supernal appreciation of values to bring about a relationship between such diversified viewpoints as those of the Orient and the Occident. Yet, lenient to the last, we cede them another point—understanding. What then? Well, understanding would give to each nation an insight into the heart of the other. And if that heart contained principles contrary to reason, taste and decency, is it reasonable to believe that the other nation would clasp the hand of the first, call it "brother" and sob sympathetically on its shoulder? No prizes for the correct answer.

Unless each country has its origin in paradise, it is apparent that understanding is not a guarantee of good-will, since it can lead to suspicion and hate quite as readily as to sympathy and love.



Brotherly Love

Ribbs: "When I was a little boy your age I didn't tell lies."

Nibbs: "How old were you when you started?"

"Even sew" exclaimed the judge as he rendered his decision at the sewing circle contest.

(Continued from Column One)
deed. Mr. Tunney is a man of consequence in the ring and in society. No one can justly criticize him. Anyone who argues over "the count" at Chicago shows the lack of good sportsmanship; for after all, sportsmanship calls for accepting the referee's decision. Mr. Tunney represents ideal American manhood. He is a true sportsman and a gentleman.

To Catholic men he should be a source of inspiration. Over the whole world he is known to be a Catholic and, just as he is no coward in the prize ring, he is not afraid to admit, to be proud of and to practice his religion. In particular he represents the ideal of Catholic manhood.



Impartiality

Impartiality implies a balance of mind consisting in freedom from prejudice, and in fairness, when evidence is to be examined. It does not restrict one from arriving at a definite conclusion but safeguards and enables the mind to reach the right conclusion. It is no sign that a man is just and well poised because he has failed to arrive at a conclusion in religion and philosophy. No reasonable foundation exists for that absurd modern opinion, which bars a man from the list of fair judges, simply because he has courageously reached a goal in his religious and philosophic questionings. It is an erroneous assumption that the sceptic has no bias; for he usually has a decidedly obvious one, and the so-called free-thinker often proves to be the least free and the most prejudiced of thinkers.

We might mention myriads of impartial thinkers, who reached fixed conclusion regarding the great question of life. Among the greatest we could point to Aquinas, Descartes and Newman. But against them could be placed impartial agnostics like Huxley who failed to embrace any definite conclusion regarding life and its origin. However, history has proved if there is one class of men especially capable of going quite wrong in all directions, it is the class of highly intellectual men. From experience alone we might reasonably state that the majority of impartial and broad-minded thinkers reached some definite conclusion.

However, there is not the slightest reason for regarding every clever man who cannot make up his mind, as an impartial judge, and considering every genius who does make up his mind, as a servile fanatic. The modern world seems to object to a thinker, because he has succeeded in arriving at a reasonable conclusion. In the words of a great modern writer: "We call a man a bigoted slave of dogma because he is a thinker who has thought thoroughly and to a definite end". Impartiality is merely playing the game of thinking fair, and it in no way forbids its devotees to arrive at certain and sound conclusions.



WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

John Steele has never seen an angel, he informed the philosophy class. The discussion which followed decided that unless he is very careful he may never have that experience.

Poetry is taking a strong grasp upon the graduating class. During the search for suitable verses to head the biographies many musty volumes of poetry have been given a breath of fresh air.

The meeting at which the standings were pronounced produced various results upon the audience. Some it pleased, others it affected little, while some few it filled with sadness.

The serious ones are now beginning to think of the coming graduation and the many preparations necessary to make the event one worthy of the class.



JUNIOR JIBS

A cool, calm and calculated atmosphere now reigns over the III Arts boys. The promenade was made once more into the classroom for the second term with new flushed cheeks and new hopes and resolutions that cannot be broken with any knockout punch.

Charlie Armstrong, our used car medicine-man and until recently the cake and pie man, is taking to the cafeteria business like a duck to water. It is said that he is already getting friendly with some of the Chinatown lads with whom he is contemplating entering the bigger side of serving these "eat with zest" seekers.

Frank Walsh, the erstwhile business manager of the varsity gang, had an inkling of how the team behaves under the care of his supplanter the other day when he followed the boys to London. Frank enjoyed himself too, let it be known. He was seen in the five and ten buying souvenirs.

Pickney's pompous, poetry-eating, "pickle" player has taken a resolution to get down to hard studying this coming semester. Mr. Harris, commonly known as Buckey, has an idea that he wasted a lot of time last season. It may be that "Buckey" got too infatuated with psychology.



2B is sorry to lose a valuable member, in the person of "Lefty" Otterbein who is quarantined with scarlet fever.

8th Grade has had an addition to its members in the person of Richard Brown.

FRESHMAN FLASHES

It was incredible, happening as it did in the Twentieth Century. Some called it another Reign of Terror but methinks it was more like the Slaughter of the Innocents. Another name was called out and another person was carried out. The color of the countenances of the audience was ashen gray. Everyone was trembling with fear and nervousness. Silence prevailed and was broken only by the occasional shriek as someone heard his name called. The sombre-faced judge paced up and down the room, sole master of our destinies. The last name was read out and the last man passed away. No one was left to carry him out. He was forced to lie in a pool of ignominy. No it was not a massacre but just the reading of the results of the Freshman mid-year exams.

Collins claims he has only a hazy idea of college.

Ed. Goodwin suggests that there be an Intra Mural Swimming League. Yes, this would be fine as it would give the Freshman Class a chance to clean up.

A new course has recently been added to the curriculum of Assumption. It is Fire-fighting under the supervision of Richard Donovan, Pre-Med '29.

Gayle says negroes don't count in the south but they sure shine in Detroit.

We wonder if Beniteau has yet found out that formaldehyde is not a kind of leather.

A riot was recently averted in the Frosh Latin Class when "Scotty" Collins was asked to pay attention.

EDITORIAL—Six cents at 5½% compounded annually for 2500 years will give one piece of solid gold many times the size of the earth. McPherson says "Yes, if the bank does not go bankrupt."

As Freshman Duggan Sees Assumption—

Plastery-haired youths with Fashion-Park suits and corncob pipes. Collegiately dressed collegians with fraternity grad-hands; frosh with horn rimmed specs and cork-tipped cigarettes; frosh with tonsils and adenoids; creatures with misplaced ties and unkempt hair; cocky frosh with no hats and flashing ties; meek frosh with fleppy hats and retiring habits; austere seniors with books, pens, pencils and heads in the clouds.

The physics class was rather doubtful about plants growing on top of the Alps until Father Tighe asked the students if they had ever heard of the "ice plant."

RHETORICAL RUMOURS

The results of the mid-year brain-ticklers were published recently and all so far have advanced a fair report in Rhetoric.

"Pat" O'Hare was advised to delve more into the pages of the text books than into the composition of the renowned "lounge".

Talking about "Pat", though, we wonder if any of the metropolitan editors ever notice the snappy, yet true editorials, advanced by our magniloquent youth.

Fr. Tighe was earnestly endeavoring to impress the psychology students. For an example his Reverence asked: "Where does your fist go when you open your hand?" Dan Drew, with his Irish wit retorted: "Where does your hand go when you close your fist?"

With the successful outcome of the exams Rhetoric students will soon be journeying to the photographers and will enter their would-be gentlemanly facial features in the Rogue's Gallery.



FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Fourth Hi can boast of two stars on the college team, Paul Ameling and Don King—Go get 'em, boys!

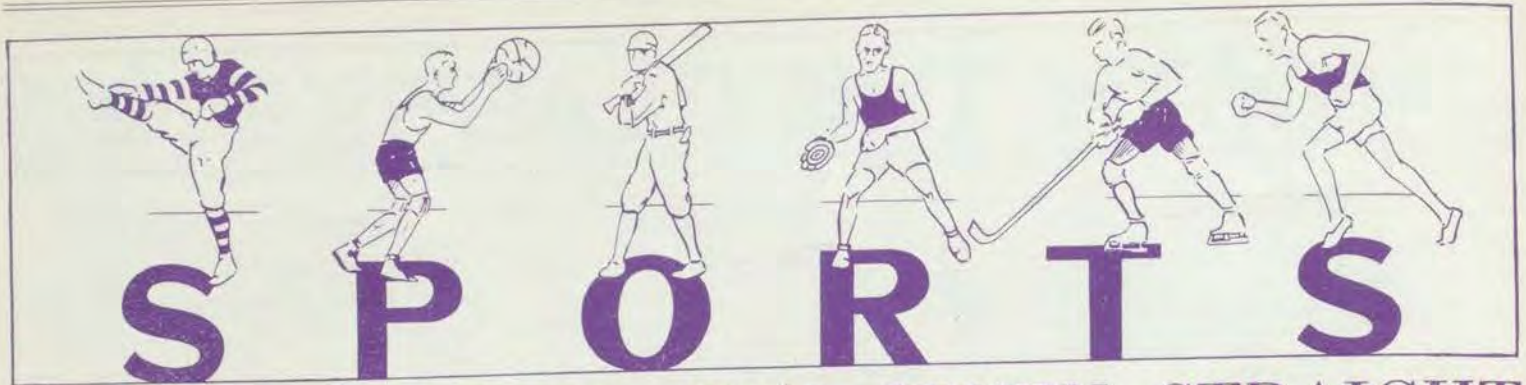
We take pleasure in welcoming to our class Charles Corcoran who has just arrived from Sacred Heart Seminary.

At the annual election held in Fourth Hi last week, the following officers were elected; President, Frank Potucek; Vice-President, Ted O'Grady; Treasurer, James E. Regan. These boys will make fine officers and it looks as though the class activities will thrive.

It looks like the annual Fourth Hi banquet will be a real feed—Ted O'Grady is Vice-President.

Martin Arundel, who was a member of Fourth Hi during the first semester, is now attending St. Leo's Hi, Detroit.

"Pickles" Hines was engaged in a heated argument with a boy from Ann Arbor. "Heinie" was trying to prove that Youngstown (the steel city) was and is a great city. He was asked if there were any other persons in "Youngstown" like himself—he replied that they were just the opposite to him. Hines won the argument on that statement.



VARSITY CAGERS WIN SEVEN STRAIGHT

Detroit Lawyers, John Carroll, Western,
Winona and Highland Park Latest Victims

SENSATIONAL VICTORY CONQUEST OF PURPLEITES EXTENDS SEASON
TOTAL TO NINE WINS, FOUR DEFEATS; AMELING SCORES 127

In one of the most sensational win streaks every recorded in the history of Assumption College basketball, Father O'Loane's Varsity cage artists have gained consecutive verdicts over no less than seven opponents in the last two weeks. Detroit College of Law fell, 33-17, John Carroll "U", 45-17, Western "U", 33-13, St. Mary's College of Winona, Minn., 42-36 and Highland Park J.C., 45-34.



DON KING

The clash with the Red-and-White quintet from Winona was one of the prettiest ever witnessed on the Assumption court. Some 1200 spectators packed the gym to witness the contest and it proved to be a rip-roaring battle from start to finish. The purple-clad basketeurs rushed the Minnesotans off their feet in the opening canto, piling up 13 points before the visitors were able to chalk up a single tally. The Saints found themselves soon after and cut down the Varsity's lead but never seriously threatened.

King Stars

It was Don King's sensational work at right forward that was a feature of this contest. His seven baskets all were timely and kept Assumption in the hunt. King's stellar offensive work has played a prominent part in the recent victories and has won him a regular berth on the first five.

It was undoubtedly a too strenuous grind that affected the playing of the squad in the Highland Park game. The Assumptionites were way off color and didn't exhibit their slashing attack that played so prominent a part in the other wins. It was mainly due to "Ribbs" Ameling's consistent mesh-denting that the Purpleites were able to cop the tilt. The big blonde garnered twenty-one points, his high mark of the season.

Carrollites Never Threaten

There was no questioning Assumption's
(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)

Tai-Kuns Defeat Walkerville Reserves

VICTORIES NOW TOTAL 10 WITH 2
LOSSES

Since the last publication the fast travelling Tai-Kuns have played three games and have come out on top in each contest. To date their total conquests number 10 with only 2 reverses, giving them a grand percentage of 833 with their stock still climbing. The Tai Kun's latest victim was the Windsor Collegiate Reserves whom they downed 14-12 in one of the closest of games. Next they won over Windsor A.C. 24-16, and then ran away from the Walkerville Hi Reserves 24-4. The Walkerville boys were completely outclassed and they garnered their only points in the first quarter, thereafter being completely shut out in the three remaining stanzas. This last victory means a great deal to the Tai Kuns as the Walker boys are leading the "Wossa" Reserve League, with the Assumptionites only a few points behind in second place. The Tai Kuns are favored to cop the title and are bent on doing so. Geo. O'Brien, Evans, Leszynski, McNichols, Vahey and Mahoney are responsible for a great deal of the Tai Kuns' success.



Stud: "Dad, can you write with your eyes closed?"

Dad: "I suppose so."

Stud: "Then will you please sign my report card?"



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Belvederes Nose Out Baltimore Five, 27-25

JOHN HIGGINS, FORMER VARSITY
STAR LEADER OF MARYLAND
QUARTET

In one of the most exciting spectacular and dazzling basketball contests ever waged by a Belvedere quintet the team of that name emerged victorious over the Baltimore Rovers of Baltimore, Maryland, last week, 27-25.

This team which was captained by John Higgins, former Assumption Varsity star and captain, and now studying at St. Mary's Seminary at Baltimore, came along with his quintet looking for the laurel wreaths of victory, and had it at times, then didn't, then tied for the cherished honor and then in the final five minute overtime period succumbed to the hard driving Belvederes.

It was a great old game,—one jammed with action from the tip-off until the bark of the gun, ending hostilities. Kapel and Higgins were the two outstanding players for the Rovers. These two players alone registered their team's total of 25 points. Kapel chalked up 13 while the former A.C. player made an even dozen markers. John Collins, who is known in the basketball circles as "Joe College" was the star of the Belvederes, winning the game with a one-handed overhead shot in the overtime period. He also accounted for 9 of his team's points, while Bradley, McPherson and Donovan each did exceptionally good work.

The line-up:

BALTIMORE ROVERS—Higgins, (Capt.), Kapel, Lyons, Finn, O'Reilly.

BELVEDERES—Bradley, Collins, McPherson, Donovan, Markey, Sheehy, E. Cutlinane, I. Murphy (Capt.)

REFEREE—Father McGee.



YOU HAVE TWO WEEKS TO GET
READY FOR THE BIG BATTLE
WITH THE POLES,
FEB. 28TH



Save your copies of Purple & White and
get them bound at the end of the year.

High School Quintet Bows to Walkerville and Loses Chance for W.O.S.S.A. Title

BLUE-AND-WHITE CAGERS COP DECISIVE TILT, 29-20; PURPLE PREPS GAIN SECOND PLACE BY TROUNCING TECH AND WINDSOR

Walkerville High School gained its third successive W.O.S.S.A. group championship by virtue of its victory over the Assumption High School basketeers here last Wednesday evening, 29-20. The Blue-and-White aggregation thus robbed the Assumptionites of a tie in the local group and another crack at the honors. The Purpleites entrenched themselves in second place, however, by downing Windsor-Walkerville Tech 31 to 15 and Windsor High in a replay game 21 to 16.

Walkerville too good

It was flashy combination work and an uncanny ability to score from any place on the floor that enabled the undefeated Walkerville quintet to gain the verdict over our High School boys. Before the Assumption forwards could find the basket, the white shirts had rolled in four tallies. Skrzycki then sunk three "long toms" in rapid succession, and Ptak dropped in a beauty from outside the foul ring. At half time Assumption was leading by a 9-8 score. However, in the second half Walkerville came back strong and scored six baskets in as many tries at the hoop, and one foul. Dickeson then dropped in a "dog"; but the Walkerville boys slapped in three more buckets in snappy fashion. Love and Ameling were inserted in the Assumption line-up and both boys made their presence felt while they participated in the fracas. In the last few minutes of play, the Assumptionites made a final drive and outscored Walkerville 7 to 2; but the gun ended their spurt, and left Walkerville High School the undisputed league leaders.

In a league fixture previous to the Walkerville High game, the Assumption cagers romped over Walkerville Tech. in the latter's gym, by a 31-15 score. Mencil and Skrzycki did most of the scoring in this tilt, garnering 21 markers between them. Hoole and Howard scored 13 of their team's points. The stellar guarding of Ptak and Potucek was outstanding. However, first-honors go to Mencil in this game, for besides rolling in twelve points, he stuck to his man like a clinging vine and didn't allow him a single marker.

Assumption takes replay

Due to the fact that an ineligible player took part in the last meeting with Windsor High, which was won by the High cagers, 30-26, the game was ordered replayed. The Assumptionites repeated their previous victory when they downed the Red-and-White five for the third time this season, 21-16.

The score was close throughout but after the High basketeers stepped into the lead in the second quarter they were never headed. Mencil was high point man for his team, garnering eight points while "Big Boy" Skrzycki was right behind him with seven. This victory gave Assumption undisputed possession of second place in the league standings.

BITS OF BLARNEY About That London Trip

BY JAKE

Let it be known to ye folks who thrive on the familiar sport of exalting marathon winners and who await the opportunity of unburdening yourselves of some wreaths—in the fashion of the B.C. days, more accurate Pericles time—that your pleasure can be gratified right here in our midst by crowning the Varsity basketeers and its throat-roaring varsity pepper boys.

For days it seemed, the team travelled through thick and thin in the face of perilous dangers, stale cookies and what-have-you and inspired by their guiding light Poke, they conquered almost unsurmountable barriers to reach London.

The journey was an educational one and especially appreciated by Tony Kramer, the team's poet and nature lover. The undulating hills and weeping willows were the subject of much poetic talk from the captain and although try as he could to stop the covered wagon, his influence was useless upon the stick-to-it-ive Mr. Pokriefka, who said, "Don't you realize that this is a marathon contest and undying fame awaits us?"

A feature of the journey was the contest to find the best looking fellow in the crowd. Poke refused to enter and when the contest narrowed down to Frank Walsh and Ossie Beausoleil, the latter resigned. Mr. Walsh, we are sorry to state, has yet received no film contract.

The forum speakers on this occasion were Donlon and Armstrong who outlined in very intuitive fashion to the pop-eyed fans how business is carried on and should he carried on in big restaurants. They went on to show how a pie can be stretched into ten pieces and showed the boys how a bottle of milk can be shaken into two.

Many miles of the journey were spent in meditation on the erudition of one Mister Pokriefka. It was amiably agreed that Poke was born under two stars and possibly three. Moreover, he got his bodily strength, which has yet to be manifested, in training mules.

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

Minims Nose Out Fighting Sub-Minim Quintet 19-17

OVERTIME PERIOD NECESSARY TO DECIDE WINNER

Father Bart's Minims proved their superiority over the classy Sub-Minim quintet when they were forced into an overtime period. McCormick slipped in the winning tally in the fifth episode making the final score 19-17. The game was featured by the clever passing and close guarding of both teams. Coming from behind in the last half, the Sub-Minims forged their way into the lead for a short time; and when the final whistle blew the teams were deadlocked with seventeen points each. The Minims were only able to garner two points in the over-time period, but this was sufficient to win. O'Brien and McCormick accounted for thirteen of their team's points, while Moeller and McLeod rang up the same number for the Sub-Minims.

The line-up: Minims—McCormick F. 6; Revenew F., 2; O'Brien L.F., 7; King F., 0; Record C., 0; F. Flood R.G., 0; Braggalla L.G., 4; Total—19.

Sub-Minims—McLeod R.F., 6; Brown F., 0; J. Flood L.F., 0; Allor C., 2; Saravolatz C., 0; Lewis R.G., 2; Moeller L.G., 7; Total—17.



Warriors Break Even in Two Contests at Home

SWAMP AUTO SPECIALTIES AND BOW TO ST. ROSE

In a lop-sided affair with the Auto Specialties, Father Burke used eighteen players and clinched the contest to the tune of 20-8. McGlaughlin was the high point man for the evening, rolling in a total of nine points.

A few evenings previous to this game Father Taylor brought over his team from St. Rose's and defeated the Warriors in a hotly-contested tilt, by a 19-16 score. Twomey for St. Rose was the star of the evening. He dented the meshes four times from the field and twice from the penalty strip. Brady, Sullivan and Cavanaugh played a snappy offensive game while Sowers and Otterbien stood out on the defense.



Merv Murphy (gracefully jumping to the ground from the running board of the "Gray Ghost"): "I can do one thing that the airplane does."

Gourley Howell (putting on the brakes): "What's that?"

Merv: "Hop off."



Varsity vs. St. Mary's of Orchard Lake here—Feb. 28th.

TIP-



OFFS

BY FRANK WALSH

Well folks! Here we are again.

Great things have happened since I last broadcasted. Our Varsity quintet defeated, in fine order, such notable teams as John Carroll of Cleveland, University of Western Ontario, and St. Mary's of Winona, Minnesota and now they hold a winning streak of six consecutive victories.

The next big game of the season, and in fact the head-liner here annually for the past 15 years, is scheduled for Feb. 28th when St. Mary's of Orchard Lake visits us. They are more commonly known as the "Poles" and in basketball circles are regarded as real "hawks."

So buy your ticket early for the "Pole" game, folks. A record crowd is expected. Some are already on their way. A special boatload is coming over from Poland and are due at Ellis Island almost any day.

Mr. "Tex" Pokriefka, who holds a 99 year lease on the gym, is thinking seriously of removing the roof and making a regular old-time coliseum out of the athletic building in order to take care of the immense crowd expected to witness this grand clash between the Poles and Assumption.

It's the battle royal of the season and it is rumored that One-eyed Connally will be here for the event.

Counting players, coach, manager and newspapermen, along with a few camp followers, a party of 29 made the trip to London for the game with Western University.

Gourley Howell, one of our star forwards, is a great entertainer. Besides, Gourley is almost a finished M.D. Going to London in the bus Dr. Howell spent his time between playing bridge, pinoche, rummy, 500, 400 and 99 in giving health lectures. In one of his travelogues the Doctor remarked that he hoped none of us would catch any sickness from riding in buses, as he knew of a man who caught jaundice while riding around in yellow taxi-cabs. While talking of sickness he went on to say that he knew it to be true that even dumb-bells can catch Bright's disease. Yes, that is a bright one, Gourley.

Mike Doyle and "Chuck" Bradley also went to London. Each sported a new pair of spats, but no cane or upper lip decoration was noticeable. Will Rodgers (no, not Will Rodgers of Beverley Hills) also was in the party, and remarked on observing the covered footgear of Messrs. Doyle

and Bradley that he never wore spats since his chiroprapist called them ankle kimonos.

London turned out in fine style to watch us humble, their University quintet. Something like 999 or 9999 fans witnessed the game.

The largest crowd of the season, and perhaps the largest which ever witnessed a basketball game here, packed our gym to capacity until the walls fairly bulged on Wed. Feb. 8th. The cause for such a vast crowd was a rip-snorting double-header. The fans started coming from early morn and continued until game time. Seats were all sold out by noon. Then began the sale of seats up among the steel rafters, which went as high as \$10 a parking space. They were sure high seats no matter how you looked at it. Doesn't that sound like a championship fight, and it was a championship affair, for a basketball title was at stake.

The first game of this doubleheader was between Walkerville High and our High quintet with the championship of the local Wossa group hanging in the balance. The first half of this battle was a dazzling exhibition, filled with suspense, hysteria and excitement, with our team leading by one point at the intermission.

The last half was altogether another story, and a sad one for the purple rooters. The perfect machine-like movement of the A.C. High five stalled and failed to function again. In the last few minutes of play they made a valiant effort to snatch the wreath of victory, but it was too late. Bang! went the gun and everything was over. However, even in defeat our boys deserve a great deal of praise for their fine showing with the odds against them. A week before this crucial game their star, "Red" Menard, broke his ankle.

We take this opportunity to congratulate Walkerville on its wonderful achievement in winning the local "Wossa" Group title for the third successive time, and we wish them the best of luck in their remaining Wossa games.

The second and main event of the evening was a clash between St. Mary's College of Winona, Minn. and our Varsity quintet. This was a real battle from start to finish. In the first five minutes of play our team registered 13 points before the Gophers counted once. But when the Minnesotians once got started they certainly made things interesting.

At times this game represented every sport imaginable. The tackling and block-

Maple Leafs Trim

Gen. Byng Hi 27-13

LOSE OUT IN JUVENILE LEAGUE RACE

With the Border Cities Juvenile League closed, in which the Maple Leafs ran a close second, the Leafs are now turning their attention to other teams. Although the boys didn't cop the title they had a great season for their first year in organized basketball, and they, along with their coach, Mr. Cy. Watson are to be commended. Since the close of the league the Leafs have defeated the Windsor Wanderers 31-15 and the Windsor Y. 36-30. The latest victory was over the strong General Byng Hi, whom they trounced 27-15. A great deal of the Leafs' success is due to the fine playing of Strong, L. LeBoeuf, R. Chauvin, M. Parent, Westfall, A. Hogar and McLean.

ing displayed showed fine football talent, while again baseball was brought to view in the fine sliding. Some of the boys should be real good base stealers during the coming baseball season. Wrestling was even in evidence. Half-nelsons, jack-knives, and even the strangle-hold was exhibited. One's thoughts were brought back to the racing track when one fan remarked that the track was fast.

Even with these assortments some classy basketball was exhibited and every minute was jammed with a thrill.

Don King, who has already made a great name for himself in this, his first year under the Purple & White banner was the leading scorer, chalking up 14 points. The strong defensive play of Capt. Tony Kramer and Carl Dettman was a big factor in the victory.

Gourley Howell pulled the trick play of the evening and made it count two points. On the throw-in he bounced the ball on an opponent's chest, grabbed the rebound and shot a neat basket. 'At a boy, Gourley!

"Ribbs" Ameling showed his speed in this game, and it was some speed. As a fan remarked: "That boy's so fast, alongside of him a streak of lightning looks like a sunset."

As usual our Siamese twins, Lee Higgins and Art Haneline got into the game. They came in together, worked together, and left together.

It may be more or less but it looks like more! Anyway, "Ribbs" Ameling, Varsity star and center man has scored 127 points this season—AN AVERAGE of almost ten a game.

BITS OF BLARNEY

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

When Chatham was reached one particular gentleman was seen to shed tears. It was the cause of much remorse from the remainder of the squad and upon inquiring it was found that Cliff Blonde felt sorrow and repentant at the thought of his villainy in his boyhood days when he roamed the streets of Chatham.

London, the asylum city and for which institution the place has carved itself into history, on learning of the Assumption gang's conquest of the treacherous journey, turned out in flocks to get one gaze at some of its heroes. In cases like that it's better to keep the heroes under cover and so the Sandwich boys were kept in secrecy.

After a time our "on-the-button boy" was delegated by the Assumption troupe to test the good will of the crowd. He wove his way through the band and led the boys safely into their headquarters. Mister Schneider for this act was amply commended and consequently received the keys to the city.

It wasn't long before the bell-hops in the hotel made themselves present and Don King was the first to be paged by one of the boy friends. He was also the last. Don remained perfectly still even when the crowd invoked him to put a stop to the darky's voice.

Out to see the town Mister Snitz Schneider entered one of the barber shops and he was grossly insulted. One of the barbers after shaving Arnold produced the appropriate tool and said "wet or dry". Snitz told him to never mind his politics and make it dry.

Gourley Howell, who at one time was the big noise at Western U, found himself a social lion everywhere he chanced to step. The girls had recently heard that Mister Howell had become a peer.

In the restaurant, the service was not so good and so Ameling advised one of the "chink bozos" to drop him a card from

(Continued in Column Three)

Sub-Minims Garner Three More Victories

In the past two weeks the Sub Minims played three games and chalked up as many victories, bringing their standing up to 10 wins and 5 defeats. Of the latest conquests two were over the strong Omar five of Walkerville Tech with whom they waged two close and exciting tilts, taking the first by a 10-9 count, and the second by a 15-10 score. LePage, Girard, and W. DesJarlais were the stars in these games. The other victory was over the Tenth Troop Boys of Windsor whom they trounced 31-17. Flood was high-scorer in this melee registering 15 points, while McLeod and Moeller played a great steady defensive game.

The Sub-Minim Bantam team is tied for the championship of the Border Cities League with the Windsor Rangers. The playoff will take place in a few days. Folgarelli, Smafield, Boutelle, Coe, Marshall, Reaume, Girard and Don DesJarlais are all members of this great quintet.



ANCIENT HISTORY STUDENTS PLEASE NOTE.

It will be well for the Ancient History students to follow the battles of the Sub-Minims House League and thereby become acquainted with the famous old warriors and battles which the youngsters are representing and enacting in the gym. (At least that's what the reporter thinks from the names of the teams).

As the first half of the season ended we find the Olympics and Maroons tied for the Championship of Section A. The Athenians copped the title in Section B after trimming their traditional rivals the Spartans, and having disposed of the Thebans and Carthaginians. In Section C the Dorians ran away with the flag. After getting off to a flying start, they were never headed by the Macedonians, Ionians or Cretans.

The second half of the League begins Feb. 17th, and who knows, perhaps Mr. Alcibiades will referee the opening game.

(Continued from Column One)

time to time and let him know how the killing jobs were getting along.

In the manner of the big-business and butter and egg craters, Poke outdid himself on big cigars. Poke said in the capacity of such a responsible position, you can't smoke butts.

Our friend Mr. C. Dettman, the team's bid for a first rate policeman, was unsuccessful in landing a job in London. Carl says it's alright anyways. He doesn't like the top headgear the coppers are sporting up there.

Our big noise, Mr. Staffan fairly outdid himself in his gyrations and yell-producing stunts. He had his rooters fairly shaking the beams out of the armouries with their piercing and tuneful yells.

Our friend, Ernie Ladouceur, looked as good as ever, but not so in the game. He was well taken care of and he never roamed alone near the hoops. Tough, Ernie!

The journey homewards was one of much abuse for Mr. Five Hundred, Euchre and what-have-you. Our not too educated card players learned much. Mr. Jake Donlon is much wiser now after some tutoring by Père Spratt.

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THE MASKED PIPER!



Here's news for all. A prize has been offered by the management of the cafeteria to the person who can identify the masked entertainer of their establishment. The new managers have created a sensation with their orchestra. It boasts of two pieces—a violin and the pipes; occasionally, however, Mr. Jim Murphy (ex-stage-hand), the owner of the orchestra, accompanies his players on the harmonica. One of the players is well known to the patrons. He is Mr. Donald Desjarlais, the violinist. Mr. Desjarlais is a favorite with the boys and is applauded graciously by all present when he makes a solo effort on the high note of "Coming thru the Rye." The piper tries for this note as well but only gets red in the face for his effort. Much can be said about the piper—he's daring, he has a cultivated coffee-house stare, he is popular, still,—nobody knows who he is. He wears a black mask. He is known as "The Black Masked Piper." The patrons are seriously thinking of wearing plaid four-in-hands in his honor. Many boast that he is a perfect gentleman. It is rumored, however, that he smokes a pipe (apologies to Lucky Strikes).

This lengthy discourse on the "masked piper" has been prompted by a motive. The above paragraph is sufficient to give you a fairly good idea of the character and ways of the man, while the accompanying tintype will help you further. Submit all your guesses to Mr. James Murphy, or Mr. Ed. Goodwin, the confectioner. This last mentioned person has agreed to help the contest so as to put to flight the recent rumor that friction exists between the "Truck Shop" and the new dining hall. The prize is a pair of turtle-doves.

Social Notes

Mr. David Monahan, the erstwhile mail carrier, reports a mild winter in Sandwich. He complains that he has not had time to read all the postcards before he comes in sight of the college due to the recent removal of the houses on Huron Line.

Mr. Francis "Mickey" MacDonald spent a few days with his class mates this weekend.

Mr. Richard Donovan was the recipient of a large bundle of papers from his home. Dick still enjoys reading the "Farmer's Almanac."

A shower was tendered to little George Chizmar and his immediate locker mates in the Junior locker room last Monday.

Waiter: "Yes, sir, we're very up to date. Everything here is cooked by electricity."

Diner: "I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?"

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Professor: "Can you give me an example of wasted energy?"

Freshman: "Yes sir, telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man."

Mother to children: "Here's a quarter. Go down to the saloon and get yourselves some ice cream and soda water and on your way back stop at the drug store and bring your father home."

"THE BUNK"

"That stuff's the bunk," I heard him say
As o'er his books he bent;
"Those lines of mem'ry work won't pay
Us for the time we've spent

Just tryin' to learn the dizzy rhymes,
—Their authors all are dead.
They won't bring us in any dimes
Or earn our daily bread."

Geometry with theorems long
To him was *worse* than bunk;
He'd always work them out so wrong
He couldn't help but flunk.

The same old grouchy attitude
He showed in Latin class.
"Now why in heck does any stude
Need this dead stuff to pass?"

Thus to his fellows he would moan
And o'er his fate lament.
He couldn't see why he alone
The days in moping spent.

His classmates didn't seem to mind
The things that were to him
Just labelled "bunk" of every kind
From ages past and dim.

For "bunk", friends, isn't found in books
That students use in class
Or taught by teachers' fiery looks
That urge us on to pass.

It's peddled by some hapless fool
Like I've depicted here,
Who makes of ev'rything at school
"The bunk." It's him, I fear.

Ye Ed, '28.

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VARSITY WINS SEVEN STRAIGHT

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

superiority in the John Carroll and Western U. conflicts. Assumption's offense and defense never functioned with such precision and power as was evidenced in these tilts. Against Carroll, the locals swooped down the floor and registered points after points and with such abandon that the Carrollites, though try as they did, were at a loss to stop the determined rushes. Western was also given an impression of the locals' strength. In the Assumptioners' defense, they found an almost unsurmountable barrier while their defense was not good enough to stop the locals.

The fruits of victory were especially pleasant for the Assumption Varsity against Carroll. The invaders from Cleveland had thumped the locals last year in their own gym, but Assumption more than made amends for that set-back.

The Purpleites set right in from the opening whistle to make it unpleasant for the Clevelanders. They let loose a sterling offense that carried the visitors off their feet and soon jumped into a comfortable lead.

With "Ribbs" Ameling to lead the locals on their quest for victory, the Varsity lads to the joy of their followers continued a bombardment of the enemy basket all through the contest and at no time was Carroll in danger of copping the contest. The Clevelanders showed a nice combination attack, but they could not match the efforts of the local boys and they had to succumb to a better team.

Western Not in it

The Western cagers in view of the stiff tussle that they had furnished in the game on the home floor were looked upon as troublesome, but on the contrary, the Assumptionites, armed with their eagle eyes and putting up without a doubt the stiffest defense that Western has encountered so far this season, coasted to a well-deserved win. The Westerners matched their ability with the local visitors for a short time, but after five minutes of play relinquished the lead and their hopes from then on faded.

Assumption's "big three" again played a prominent part in the locals' march over these two strong teams. Kramer, Ameling and Dettman were big factors in bringing home the sweets of victory. The two defense mainstays spread a barrier before these teams' offense that had them completely baffled, while Ameling, the big

A TRIBUTE TO "FATHER VAN"

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

always found time to visit the scene of his schoolboy days, and now and then to grant the present occupants of these old halls a much-coveted "general". To such an extent has he furthered the ends of Assumption's students by financial contributions, works in behalf of the students and their activities that the terms "Friend" and "Monsignor Van" are synonymous in the eyes of the student body. The Monsignor has preached no less than twenty-eight retreats at Assumption in the last thirty-five years—each one looked back to as an oasis in the scarred battle-ground of life.

And so, Reverend Father, Assumption's wish today is that each passing day may be a lily in the garden of your life, and when your work is completed, may form for you a sheaf of consummate lilies for you to lay before the Throne of Heaven.

scoring threat of the Assumption team in practically all the games, continued hooping the oval in fine style.

Howell's work was outstanding in the Western tiff and Armstrong has been showing some of his old time form along with the rest of the squad who are doing their bit in making this Assumption's banner year on the court.

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MICHAEL

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

Had mother been alive I should have spoken to her about the matter, but as she had died some years previously, I kept my own counsel and let the matter rest till the pastor broached the matter to father. I just sat back and awaited developments.

The school year terminated and vacation came. I took my place with my brothers doing farm work. The harvest was about over and nothing had developed yet. I was not exactly anxious but felt somewhat curious about the issue of events. The outcome happened as simply as the original incident.

We were all busy around the farmyard getting ready for the threshers in the early part of August. About nine o'clock one morning Father John came strolling down the walk and casually dropped in. He quietly manoeuvred father off to one side. I had a rather strong suspicion of what the conversation was about as I saw father take a look at me now and again rather studiously. I just continued my work as if nothing more important than the weather were being discussed and his looks in my direction were nothing more than to see if I were doing my work and not merely decorating the landscape. They continued talking for a while and Father John just moved off in his easy, dignified manner. After a brief while father came over to where I was working and casually remarked, "Father John wants you to go to College." "All right," I replied, and let it go at that.

(Continued next issue)

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PURPLE & WHITE



Vol. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, MARCH 1, 1928

No. 9

Six Assumption Grads to be Ordained This Month

ALL MEMBERS OF RHETORIC '22;
DETROIT CATHEDRAL SCENE OF
CEREMONIES

Six Assumption grads, all members of Rhetoric '22, will receive priestly orders at the cathedral in Detroit on March 25th. The Right Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, will officiate at the ceremonies. The ordinandi are: Raymond Buhl, Ruth, Mich., 1917-22; Bernard Hoey Dexter, Mich., 1920-22; William Hogan, Detroit, Mich., 1918-22; James O'Mara, Kalamazoo, Mich., 1920-22; Cletus Rose, Detroit, 1920-22 and Frank Hay, Detroit, 1919-22. All except the last mentioned made their theology at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Norwood, Ohio, while Mr. Hay completed his course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

With these ordinations sixteen members of Rhetoric '22 will have been ordained
(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)



Capital Punishment and Socialism Discussed

LAST LITERARY SOCIETY MEETING
CLOSES ORATORICAL ENTRY
LIST

The last meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society brought forth some very forceful speakers with subjects that proved of more than casual interest. Mr. Haneline gave an interesting account of the present evil conditions existing in Russia and suggested a remedy for them. In an eloquent denunciation of capital punishment. Mr. O'Hare brought forth many convincing proofs showing that no such form of punishment is necessary. Mr. Deneau's dissertation on the various phases of Socialism was very interesting and one of the best oratorical efforts put forth in the society this year.

The entry list for the annual oratorical contest to be held in April closed at this meeting and not more than a dozen names were found on the list. The preliminaries for the contest will be held around the last week in March.

O'Hare Chosen as Purple and White Editor for Next Year

FATHER DILLON ADDRESSES STAFF
AT IMPORTANT MEETING

At a meeting of the Purple and White staff held last Thursday evening Frank P. O'Hare, a member of Rhetoric '28, was elected to the office of editor for the coming scholastic year, 1928-29.



FRANK O'HARE

At the beginning of the meeting Rev. Father Dillon delivered a brief address to the members and impressed on them the necessity of the incoming editor being familiar with the duties entailed in the fulfilment of his office. It was then decided to elect an editor for the coming year in order to enable him to become somewhat acquainted with the work before the present term expires.

In taking this step the present staff established a precedent because it was the first time an editor has been elected before the actual time of his taking office. In view of the fact that twelve of the members are graduating this year the step was certainly a commendable one and will make it much easier for the students of next year to carry on the work of publication.

Students Honor Memory of George Washington

REVOLUTIONARY WAR PLAY STAGED
BY ST. PAUL'S DRAMATIC
SOCIETY

On the evening of February 21st., the entire student body gathered in the Assumption Auditorium. The purpose of the assembly was outlined by Mr. Frank O'Hare, the chairman for the evening.

"Out of respect," he said, "to the American students and because a noble man always excites admiration and respect, we will in our small way renew the memory of the man who has, through his achievements and uprighteousness of life, gained for himself the title, "Father of his country — George Washington."

In honor of the occasion the main feature of the evening was a revolutionary
(Continued on Page 3, Col. 2)



Foreign Mission Society Begins Fresh Campaign

STUDENTS URGED TO HELP MAKE
MISSIONARY WORK HERE
A SUCCESS

With new executives at work St. Francis Xavier Mission Society is endeavoring to make the second term of this school year a success. The co-operation received from the students during the first term was much below the standard set in former years and it is the earnest wish and request of the director, Rev. Father Pickett, that all unite and make up to some extent for the poor showing made in their missionary endeavors by Assumption students last term.

The work of the society depends entirely upon the co-operation of the students and the regularity with which they contribute to the missionary fund. The sacrifice you are asked to make is so slight as to be hardly noticed and it is the only instance here where you are called upon to contribute to the welfare of someone else. Ten cents a month for our missionary priests, suffering hardships and the pangs of poverty in foreign lands, is not too much to expect of you. Let's loosen up and make those odd dimes count!



Old Boys' Page



After a recent visit to the Old School with Ignatius Fitzmaurice, famous as the organizer of the Allababies, and a star on



JIMMIE BURNS

the Varsity baseball team, we began talking over the many interesting incidents, that happened when we were there. I thought that some of these incidents might prove interesting to a number of the Old Boys.

I wonder how many remember John Howard Worthing? It was early in September. The candidates for the various teams were reporting for practice. Friend "Dip" Dillon asked John Howard, why he did not show some College spirit and join the ranks of some squad. John Howard agreed that he should demonstrate what was called school spirit and decided to try out for the team. "Dip" introduced him to the alleged coach Ignatius Fitzmaurice. Fitz looked him over very critically and decided that John needed more wind. He gave John Howard a football and ordered him to run up and down the field. John Howard obeyed the orders until he dropped from exhaustion.

Elmer "Chippie" Brennan, who received the D.S.G. Croix de Guerre and several other medals overseas, and I were great pals while at Assumption. Our beds were beside each other in the dorm. Every night George "Tubbie" Weiler would get up after the master left, and go to his extra locker, which contained a large assortment of fruit. After loading up, he would go out on the verandah of the third floor lavatory and enjoy his banquet. "Chippie" and I frequently invited ourselves to George's feast, but he would not heed us. We then spent a day in figuring ways and means of getting even. Finally we decided on a plan to prevent George enjoying his usual nocturnal feast. We plugged the key hole of his locker door with matches and that night, when George went to his "pantry" he was very much disappointed. He reported the matter to Father Ryan, but it was several days, before the lock could be removed, and before that time the fruit had spoiled. I can still hear Father Ryan saying, "I wish I knew who did this; I would expel him this minute." Chippie and I both agreed that it was a dirty trick and that the culprit should be punished.



PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

MICHAEL

HIS STORY

By An Old Boy

(Continued from last issue)

VI

And so I was destined for College. The mountain had become a mole hill, and the mole hill, level plain. It soon became the talk of the neighborhood with varied comments on the part of friends, acquaintances and all. I experienced considerable bantering such as, "Won't you be a power in the pulpit if you continue to roar the way you do around here? Sure they can hear you for miles. It'll be a treat to hear you roll out the "per omnia saecula saeculorum." I'm thinking that we will have to stuff our ears with cotton if you get worked up and let loose with nothing but the four walls and the roof to hold you back. I'd advise you never to let yourself get into full gear or you'll knock the church down." I endured it with a smile, knowing their hearts were with me generally, for we had few enough priests from the neighborhood in the fifty years of the existence of our Irish parish. I may remark here that in the course of events the same folks were delighted to see me come back ordained.

There was great bustling around home to get me ready for the great adventure. I was going into a mysterious land and the family was not very well acquainted with the court etiquette of that place. Numerous conferences were held with Father John and some decision arrived at. Later on, as a sort of climax to the conferences and debates about my welfare we, father, sister and I, set off for the neighboring town to make the requisite purchases for my future wants. Oh, it was a great day for me. From store to store we went and each place added to the pile of goods I was to have at my disposal for the coming year. I never had so many new things at one time in all my life up to that time. It seemed to me that we were just out on an orgy of spending money. The dissipation came to an end and I think that father must have concluded that an elephant had tramped on his purse at the end of the day. We all returned home with piles of bundles and boxes in the family phaeton. Little remained to be done to put me in the proper state of preparation for my splurge into the sea of learning. Only one thing proved difficult to me. I was quite willing to let them busy themselves in furnishing me with my proper impedimenta, and in fact I did not request father to cease laying out a little more money on me, but what did hurt was the breaking of home ties. I was the first of the fam-

"Fat and Funny"

"QUEEN HIGH" COMEDIAN CAST IN "SUNNY DAYS" ROLE

(Gleaned from a New York Daily)

FRANK McINTYRE brings his sunny corpulence to the chief comedian's role in "Sunny Days," musical version of "The Kiss in a Taxi". Frank may be recalled as the fat boy who made everybody chuckle in the poker game in "Queen High," winning the bet that made Charles Ruggles his valet. Years ago he left Assumption College to become a Detroit reporter. He met Frank Keenan in court and was given a job in his show.

ily to go, but the recollection of that buttonwood stump helped me a whole lot and softened the blow.

VII

Tuesday, Sept. 4th, 1888, that was the day and date that was to see me make my departure from Maple Run, our quaint, little village snugly located out there in the woods. There was no time for any great display of emotion on the occasion, and what tears there were were shed later. Besides the threshers were at our place on that day and all hands were too busy to go into an ecstasy of emotion over my departure. It was merely a swift, fervent embrace and I was on my way to the depot, the first of many journeys on the railroad. Father John timed his arrival to my farewell to the folks, and we set out together.

My travels were about to begin. Since then I have journeyed over sixty thousand miles and have been in half the States in the Union as well as doing considerable jaunting in Canada.

The Accommodation train, better known to the natives by the name of "Old Sally", finally came along, and we got aboard. To me it was a new sensation and accompanied by a considerable amount of nervousness. I was not very well acquainted with the traits, habits and idiosyncracies of railroad trains, and trusting to Father John's company I took a seat beside him and hoped that all would be well.

I had the happiness of meeting two other College students whose friendship I have ever prized. One of them is now a distinguished Monsignor of London Diocese, the other is a prominent physician, and I am up here where the pines are still murmuring in the historic ground where the track of the Indian's moccasin may still be seen, and the smoke of his fire still rises from his campfire, somewhere south of the North Pole.

(Continued Next Issue)

As The Editor Sees It -



Today the elongated February has departed and with it much of winter's ferocity. With milder temperature ahead we advocate that all students make more use of the sidewalks in their journeys to and from classes.

* * *

The underground passageway to the new building is quite a convenience when the surface trails are snowbound and slippery. But now the wide open spaces above ground and the invigorating freshness of this pre-spring climate should entice Assumption studes out-of-doors in their arduous journeys across the campus.

* * *

Jim Cooney claims that he has already worn out eight pairs of shoes just walking to and from the classes held on Patricia Road, while Sheehy yesterday put his one hundred and seventy-seventh nick in the projecting wall at the top of the up-hill grade in the tunnel.

* * *

Many is the wooden door sash that our towering freshman has dented since he "arose to prominence" but he maintains that the tunnel ceiling is made of much sterner stuff. It is a grateful sigh of relief that "Lanky John" emits when he finally gains the open lobby which extends to the top of the tower. This is his one big chance to straighten out and relax after the cramped walk to his classes.

* * *

All the more reason why one and all should hit the cement trails in the future!



See the Varsity in action against Adrian here March 10th—the last game of the season.

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Blessed Virgin Sodality to Receive New Members

COLLEGE CHAPEL TO BE SCENE OF RECEPTION ON MARCH 25th

Announcement was recently made by the prefect of the Blessed Virgin Mary Sodality that a reception of new members will be held in the College chapel on March 25th. Any student who is sixteen years of age or over and who has been in attendance at Assumption for a period not less than six months is free to become a candidate for entrance into the sodality. As this is the first reception held during the course of the present school year a goodly number of applicants is expected.

Any student wishing to have his name numbered amongst the sodalists may become a candidate for reception by handing in his name to one of the following officers: J. E. Goodwin, J. J. Murphy, J. Sheehy, D. Mousseau and attending the meetings held in the chapel each Sunday morning.



STUDENTS HONOR MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

play by St. Paul's Dramatic Playboys, under the supervision of Rev. T. J. Vahey, C.S.B.

The play depicted the courageous military actions of the hero, Nathan Hale—starring John Barnard. His rival for the fair hand of Alice Adams, (H. Gordon), was the enemy Major Fitzroy, represented by M. Cavanaugh. J. Cooney assumed the difficult role of impersonating a dual part—a colored servant and the widow Chichester.

The colleagues of Capt. Hale were Col. Knowlton, Capt. Adams, Tom Adams and Capt. Hull, represented respectively by B. Byrne, P. Kintz, J. Flood and A. Gleason. John Murphy, J. Collins, P. Lewis, Winchester and Maust impersonated soldiers of the British Army.

Interwoven in the historical sketch were the love scenes featuring Capt. Hale and Alice Adams. Love finally surmounted all barriers and saved the Captain the unpleasant sensation of hanging as the play deviated to a more romantic conclusion.

The intermissions were pleasingly filled in by the selections from the orchestra and also the singing of Ed. Hardman, Bill Guina and Dick Batti. Professor Napolitano favored the audience with selections from his violin, while Dick Batti, joined in part by J. Marx, contributed musical numbers upon the saxophone and trumpet.



HEARD FROM THE SEM

"Let me congratulate you on the good work you are doing on the Purple and White this year. It gets better every issue and I enjoy the fortnightly review of Old Assumption."

J. A. McMillan.



The following little gem is an excerpt from the Rosary Chimes (Detroit): "There is always time for courtesy". Courtesy is the attribute which makes us mindful of others and forgetful of self. It is the kindly word, the helping hand, the generous deed. Courtesy displays itself in the corridors, in the class room, and on the stairs. It is one of the "little" things which makes life worth living."

Echoes from the Pines reverberate: "Life tries the work of education—of what sort it is. If our life stands the test, it is more beautiful than before, its colors are fixed. If it breaks—and some will inevitably break in the trial—the Catholic education has left in the soul a way to recovery. Nothing with us is hopelessly shattered,—we always know how to make things right again."



SIX ASSUMPTION GRADS TO BE ORDAINED THIS MONTH

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

and several more are now finishing their theology and will enter the ranks of the priesthood next year. To those alumni who are being so signally honored this month, the staff and students of Assumption extend heartiest congratulations mingled with an earnest hope and prayer that God will shower blessings upon them in their priestly labors.



CALENDAR

- Mar. 2—Varsity vs. Highland Park J.C.—There.
- Mar. 6—Varsity vs. Detroit College of Law—Home.
- Mar. 7—Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas.
- Mar. 9—Hi vs. St. Mary's (Mt. Clemens)—Here.
- Mar. 10—Adrian College—Home.
- Mar. 15—Detroit Inst. of Technology—Detroit.

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Doctor Little

According to Doctor Clarence Little, president of the University of Michigan, "Youth recognizes the need of getting back to the sort of direct and fearless methods used by Christ. When, however, they look for a chance to do it, they find on every hand obscurity and dodging of issues. It should be remembered that Christ had to make issues and pull weakness and hypocrisy out of their hiding place."

In this latest outburst of condemnation by Doctor Little one is not so sure of just whom he speaks. He declares that "Most churches and their representatives today are spending their time in interpreting Christ as an historical figure, or in debating the divinity of His origin, or the infallibility of the Bible." Now does Doctor Little mean that the majority of congregations within the various bodies professing to be Christian, though they may worship somewhat differently, have fallen into this error which he has pointed out; or does he mean that most of the religious bodies, known as different churches, have erred in this manner? If this latter be true, could we go so far as to think that the exception or one of the exceptions is the Catholic Church? Of course should Doctor Little infer such a thing and therein praise the great church of the ages, the praise is not flattery. But we are inclined to believe from previous statements and condemnations that Doctor Little is not so liberal in bestowing his praises on the Catholic Church. Rather he seems to conflict vitally with her doctrines.

As to the Roman Catholic Church being obscure and skilfully dodging true issues, there is nothing so ridiculous. She indeed comes out and emphatically tells the world she is the only Church founded by Jesus

Christ, protected to the end of time by His promises. She clearly declares what man is to do and what he is not to do. The Church teaches the same doctrine now as she did in the Apostle's time and in the middle ages, and she will teach this doctrine until the end of time.

It seems that Doctor Little thinks the Church is afraid of frankness and wishes to hide behind a "clumsy analysis." Yet he has no proof of this. There are millions of Catholics spread over the whole world who know definitely just what is necessary for the fulfillment of God's commandments and, as a result, for the salvation of their souls.

Again Doctor Little fears a religious "whirlwind." To this the Church need pay little heed. She has weathered more than whirlwinds in past ages. Of course there may be a reason for fear by those that have cause to fear—Churches not established by Christ.

However, in regard to the "intolerant creeds or dogmas," to which Doctor Little refers, we are inclined to think he has forgotten the story of the man trying to put the whole ocean of water into a small hole on the shore. It can not be done. So too in regard to the human mind; it is not for man to know all things nor to know the reason for all those things of which he is aware. If man did, he would not be man but rather God!



Read, but Read Carefully

Milton, in his famous book has written, "I know they are as lively" (meaning books) and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men." Milton in this passage does not over-estimate the power that books have either for good or evil. An evil book contains a potency that can destroy the beauty and refinement of a sensitive mind forever.

In later years there has arisen a condition that is to be lamented and feared. This is the disturbingly large number of immoral books and salacious magazines that are printed, not mentioning the low level to which legitimate drama has fallen. The news-stands are flooded with magazines clothed in cover illustrations that a few years ago could be found only in a brothel. And the frontispiece is more than indicative of the contents. A great number of authors are making fortunes by their writing which, judged by literary standards, could be improved by a high school student, but endless editions are sold because of the filth contained therein.

A cynical critic argues that if the people want filth, let them have it. But the public that craves for it, although large and growing greater is still a minority. A few years ago these same readers would have been genuinely shocked at the stuff passed out, not as literature, but they are being educated in vulgarity by money-mad and conscientious publishers. A few of these teachers are the editors of the tabloids,

and magazine editors, such as Bernarr MacFadden, with his flair for making money at philanthropy. He published "True Story Magazine" with the kind intention of showing the dangers of youth by giving them vivid examples of fallen virtue. This magazine has had such great success that more than a million copies are sold every week. True Mr. MacFadden as first was imprisoned because of some questionable articles appearing in a number of his issues. But as always, he was the martyr, or so he said. Later, magazines appeared that were not only questionable but downright salacious. These were never suppressed and are growing worse.

We will pass over the sordid philosophy contained in the books of Sinclair Lewis, the balderdash of H. G. Wells and the morbidity of the Freudian writers. The danger threatening does not come from any one book or any one writer, but is found in the widespread and increasing demand for the trash that is endangering the moral structure of a nation. More than fifty percent. of the plays produced on the American stage last season dealt with sex as the subject of the plot, one more degrading than the next. But the enthusiasts of the drama are demanding a different menu. This is a good signal; let us hope that readers will tire and turn with disgust from the erotic and unhealthy stuff written mainly, it seems, by filthy-minded undergraduates.

Let us encourage those writers who, cherishing high ideals, refuse to lower the standard of their art just to feed depraved appetites. Let us read and subscribe for books and magazines that refresh our minds instead of soiling them. Let us read books for enjoyment rather than for prurient excitement and finally let us hope for a return to a safe, sane, and normal standard of literature.

—William Joseph Gauchat, '31



THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

There's joy upon his manly face,
His eyes are seldom sad,
There's cheerfulness in every step,
This happy little lad.

His life is full of perfect bliss,
The world's for him a dream,
And even 'midst his childish tears
He sees the sunshine gleam.

He is quite earnest in his work
And more so in his play;
He follows duty as a star
That lights and guides his way.

His tasks are always light to bear,
Because he makes them so;
He is a little gentleman,
There—see him blithely go.

By L.C.M.
2/5/28.



Be sure and save your copies. You may want a bound volume in June.



WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

The philosophy class was given a startling piece of information the other day when John Steele said he wasn't quite sure that he was conscious. He may have been thinking of conscience.

A certain member of IV Arts who has gained a reputation for being best man at weddings is now kept busy attending anniversary celebrations.

They say amnesia is a form of insanity. In connection with this Father Tighe remarks that a number of young men forgot to hand in essays and notebooks.

One university recently expelled 700 students simply because they did not know anything. The injustice of it all!

RHETORICAL RUMORS

Pokriefka's appreciation of Shakespeare's Hamlet consists in the following words: Isn't she "hot"?—Poke was referring to Ophelia, and not to the atmosphere in the theatre.

Believe it or not: "Chuck" Bradley was on time for a History Lecture lately. It happened that there was no class.

Between ourselves this is a secret. But, while cruising down the hall the other day, the following words were wafted to my ears from "Pat" O'Hare's room, (with apologies to Wm. Shakespeare and his advocates): "To graduate or—Oh yes, then again,—not to graduate. That is the question. Whether it is nobler to ease the mind with somnific tendencies, or to suffer the monotonous polysyllabic verbal utterances of the Profs.—To sleep—to eat—and then to sleep again. No more. To sleep! Perchance to dream! Ay, the bed is the mean wherein I will catch the dream. Then come, Sleep, O Sleep that certain knot of peace. Soft you now! The fair Father Guinan doth approach."

JUNIOR JIBS

Bucky Harris, the genius of III Arts, tells us he found out the last time he was out stepping in the big city that money sure talks and boy, how it takes a lot to talk to some of these cute bims!

In philosophy class the other day, Walsh said that if the soul enters animals when they die, the slain pedestrian must find real consolation and satisfaction in being a porcupine.

On the subject of politics, which is a common topic in the III Arts discussion periods, Mister Irving Murphy said that the guy who crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope would be a great candidate in these wet and dry political times.

III Arts Chants this Dirge with Army Good-bye, Leaping Lena, a fond farewell
The junk man has you now
You've earned your rest, I hate to sell
Your carcass I allow.

The Seniors are also in Sympathy with Howell

The junk man soon may strew you far
Your parts he may dissever
But my spirt with you, Gray Ghost car,
Goes on and on forever.

FRESHMAN FLASHES

Father Tighe would like the Physics class to take up research work in order to find out if the steel hair in watches springs from "The Iron Man."

Bill McKenna not only said that solids will not expand when heated but he proved it by applying heat to his head. However, Mr. Gayle gave the explanation for this by saying that the solid was too thick.

When a cure for sleeping sickness is found LaFramboise will not be able to sleep during a lecture.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Oswald Bondy, who drives to school on his bicycle every morning from his farm in Sandwich, relates an amusing tale. A lost balloonist was flying over Oswald's fields. He asked Oswald where he was. Oswald cleverly replied "You can't fool me, by gum, you're right up in that basket—Giddap, Ophadelia."

Hines—"Rocco quit smoking this year and he wants me to quit too—but that's playing the New Year's Resolution thing a little too strong—a man's got to have a little pleasure out of life and if you stick to 'Old Golds', they can't hurt you. Not a cough in a carload, I'll tell the world.

THROWING IT IN 3B

Fr. Pickett (regarding Foreign Mission Dues): Sh—Sput—Soap! Say what is this name?

Skrzycki (brightly): Perhaps it's Skrzycki.

"Not a cough in a carload," proudly declared the nurse as she inspected the scarlet fever brigade.

The Scotch pair of 3B, LaPointe and McLeod, are hoping against hope that Cavanaugh will remain ill until March. Matty is the class collector for the Foreign Mission Society.

Groundhog Day was a success in 3B, according to Beniot, Allen saw his shadow, and promptly advised the class to sleep for another six weeks.

The other day the janitor complained of a terrific gust of wind coming through the ventilator from 3B. It was merely Frank Flood arguing about Youngstown.

"Meekus" McLeod certainly enjoyed the "Merchant of Venice." He almost choked when Shylock uttered the words, "Three Thousand Ducats."

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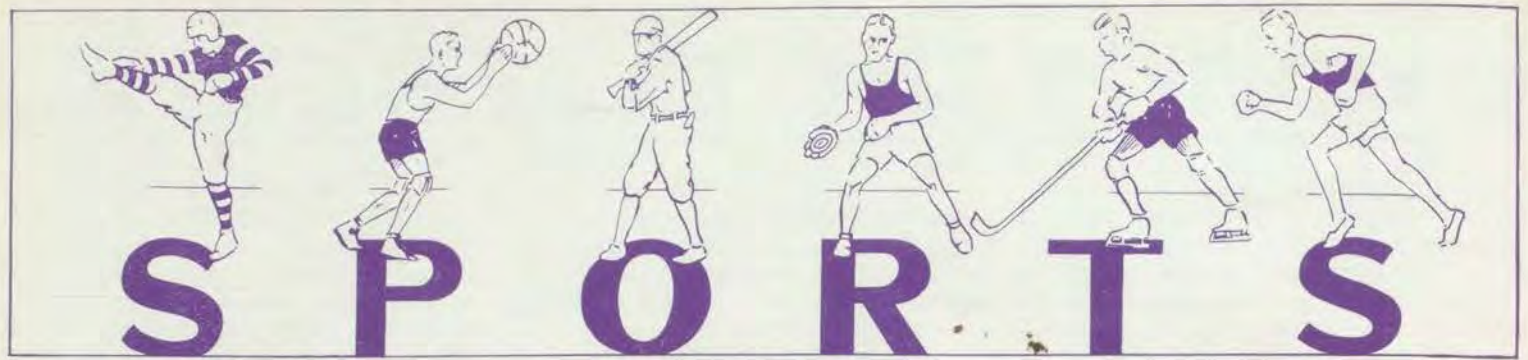
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Varsity's Win Streak Broken by Poles

ST. MARY'S WINS, 37-27; ST. JOHNS BOWS AGAIN BUT DAYTON COPS TILT.

It was a crack team—or teams—that the Dayton Fliers sent out against the Assumption Varsity cagers in Dayton last Wednesday night and the fast stepping Ohioans



GOURLEY HOWELL

Dayton's Numbers Tell

The clash with the Fliers was much more of a contest in the early stages of the fray than the one-sided score would indicate and at the mid-intermission Assumption was trailing 19 to 11. Hereafter the superior numbers of the Dayton quintet began to tell on the Assumption crew and the Ohioans managed to ring in 27 tallies in the last half. In the Purple camp there was no outstanding star, although Howell was high scorer with four goals from the field. Wilcox and Captain Debesis were outstanding in the Flier's attack besides turning in brilliant guarding games.

Assumption Crippled Against Poles

All roads have their detours. Assumption's Varsity basketballers were forced to detour off the road called victory after a journey that extended into seven conse-

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

High School Quint Trounces Rosary and Mt. Clemens Fives to Emerge from Slump

POLES WIN IN ORCHARD LAKE, 28-11 AND ST. JOHNS IN TOLEDO 21-20

After dropping tilts to St. Mary's High in Orchard Lake and St. John's High in Toledo by 28-11 and 21-20 scores, Assumption's High School basketballers snapped out of a two weeks slump of indifferent basketball and ragged playing to trounce Rosary and St. Mary's of Mt. Clemens by 23-22 and 30-25 counts.

Two Sad Tales

The less said of the Toledo and Orchard Lake games the better it will sound to our readers. Against the Poles the High School Five simply seemed to crumple up and the Red-and-White cagers were given little opposition. So listless was the play of the Assumptionites, that they had chalked up one lone marker at the half-time interval to St. Mary's 13. The second half was a little more bearable and the High performers managed to add 10 tallies to their total while the Poles were amassing 15 more. This made the final score 23 to 11.

The St. John crew eked out a victory over the Purple team when Captain Farcas of the Saints plastered the meshes from the field in the last 15 seconds of play and gave his team a 20-21 verdict. But it was the same St. John outfit against which Assumption High had doubled the score here some six weeks previous. The play of the purple-clad highmen was ragged and sparkled at times only with individual efforts.

A Different Team

These two miserable exhibitions caused Coach Father McGee to bench the regulars in the clash with Rosary and send in his second-stringers in an attempt to shake off the slump. Ptak was the only High regular to start against the Detroit cagers.

The Rosary outfit found this state of affairs much to its liking and was entirely master of things in the first three cantos. The weakened Assumption team managed to count only twice from the field and entered the last period trailing 17 to 8.

15 Points in 8 Minutes

Here the story changed. The Purple-and-White regulars were inserted into the line-up and these five players opened up with a prettier passing attack than they have displayed all season. A scoring rampage was the inevitable result and the inspired Purpleites managed to ring in 15 markers in the remaining eight minutes of play to nose out the Rosary five 23 to 22.

Skrzycki's basket from mid-court with only 40 seconds of playing time to be ticked off cinched the battle for Assumption.

Bathers not Easy

The tiff with the St. Mary's cagers in Mt. Clemens was in its early stages a walk-away and the Assumption had blanked the Saints in the first quarter, 10-0. The Red-and-White cagers came to life in the second half and were trailing 14-8 at half.

The High team's lead gradually dwindled and the last period started with Assumption to the good by a 22-19 count. The spectacular long-range shooting of Bahorski tied the score in the closing minutes of play, but Harry Dickeson cinched the tilt for Assumption by dropping in three timely buckets before the close to give his team the verdict, 30-25.

The line-ups:

Assumption		Rosary	
Rivard, rf.	0	Taylor, rf.	3
Ameling, lf.	2	Mullins, lf.	4
Begley, c.	1	Doran, c.	0
Ptak, rg.	2	O'Connor, rg.	0
Love, lg.	0	Kurzava, lg.	5
Corcoran, rf.	2	Lazowski, c.	8
Skrzycki, rf.	8	Campbell, lg.	2
Dickeson, lf.	5		
Mencel, c.	2		22
Potucek, lg.	1		

23



Maple Leafs Cop Tilt From Ford Aces 23--17

WIN TEN, LOSE FOUR TO DATE

The Maple Leafs are far from being faded and are still basking in the sunlight. To date the Leafs have won 10 and lost four games, giving them a high average of 714 points. The Ford City Aces were the latest victims to fall, the Maples losing 23-17. L. LeBoeuf, Chauvin and Parent were the high scorers. They totalled 18 points among them, enough to win the game themselves.

VARSITY'S DEFENSIVE BARRIER



Pictured here are Carl Dettman and Captain Tony Kramer of Varsity fame. These two lads need no introduction to Assumption students. Their defensive work on the Varsity quintet this year has been of an excellent calibre and their consistent good work one of the main reasons for the unprecedented success enjoyed to date by Coach Father O'Loane's lace-denters.

Minims Add Four More Victories to String

TAKE OVERTIME CONTEST FROM WYANDOTTE QUINTET, 26-24

After battling on even terms for four periods with the Wyandotte school quintet, Father Bart's Minims slipped in the winning tally in an overtime session to win 26-24. "Dixie" O'Brien was the big gun for the Minims helping himself to eleven points, while "Scotty" McCormick rang in seven. Three other teams tasted defeat at the hands of the Minims previous to this tilt. The Holy Name outfit went down to a 12 to 10 defeat. General Byng school likewise submitted to a 21-11 drubbing; while Dearborn was knicked off to the tune of 21-12. In this last exhibition "Banjo eyes" O'Brien accounted for fifteen points, enough to beat "Jake" Young's sphere slingers, himself. Father Bart has developed a strong scoring combination in O'Brien, McCormick and Brasgalla; while his defensive work is being well taken care of by Sam Nicholas and Frank Flood. Such men as Revnew, Devaney, Craig, Record and King have proved their worth, when called upon for the relief work.



Sub-Minims Bring Win Total to Thirteen

TROUNCE WINDSOR PANTHERS AND WYANDOTTE CAGERS

Fr. Guinan's hustling Sub-Minim Club is still reaping victories. In the past two weeks they handed the Windsor Panthers a 31-19 lacing, and took an exciting and thrilling contest from the 10th Troop boys at Wyandotte school, 13-12. This was one of the most spectacular games of the whole season. The Sub-Minims were trailing behind with a minute to go when McLeod sank a beauty to cinch the game. A rare thing about this contest was that only five men played throughout.—Cole, J. Flood, E. Foster, McLeod and Moeller. The Sub-Minims suffered one reverse since the last issue when Ernie Belanger, former S. M. player of River Rouge, brought over a strong outfit of Lady of Lourdes Hi Reserves who defeated the Subers 22-19.



The second half of the Sub-Minim House League is under way with 'Boots' Boutette's Olympics leading. Much of the team's success is due to 'Boots' assistant, Prof. Coe, whose psychology seems to be responsible for their wins.



Did you know that the Varsity has scored 532 points this season to its opponents' 445 and that the Hi cagers have chalked up 395 markers to their opponents' 326?

Tai Kun Quint Extends Wins to Fourteen

TIE WALKERVILLE FOR LEAGUE LEAD

By virtue of their triumph over the Windsor-Walkerville Tech. outfit, which they defeated by a 19-11 score, Father MacDonald's Tai Kuns have lengthened their win column to eight straight victories. Previous to this tilt the Tai Kuns defeated in rapid order: John Campbell, 21-16; Lawndale Merchants, 24-12; Emonon Club 28-22; and The Nite Hawks, 22-18. The last team mentioned was made conspicuous by the presence of "Norb" Saeky, a former player on the Warriors a few years ago. In the last six or seven games Father MacDonald has used an average of twelve players a game, hence it is impossible to name any one of these as "The Star." "Jimmy" Evans, "Willie" Byrne, Mc-Nicholas and O'Brien are real scoring "Aces," while Dyer, Leszczynski, John Byrne and Pfrommer are no mean ball-tossers. Mahoney at guard is a real ball hawk. He specializes in grabbing rebounds and intercepting passes. Vahey, Hines, Jones and Ford are also potent defensive players. There is no doubt that these "lace-bulgers" will cop the Junior W.O.S.S.A. Championship if they can keep up their speedy pace. To date they are sharing the top notch in the league with Walkerville; but they are determined to become the undisputed occupants of the upper berth.

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

To ye wild-eyed scouts, engaged in hunting artists of the manly art of scrambling ears, gladiatorial instinct, nose dive specialists and what have you a-la-two-fists, we send you greeting to wend your way into the headquarters of the thriving Biffing Bozo sanctum and there witness entanglements as they should be.

Before going into the details of our tour within the Biffing Bozos' haunts we will introduce the man who has won his spurs and qualified for the job of trainer, chief bouncer and generalissimo of the rapidly growing and thriving cauliflower club. The big cheese and chief commander is none other than 'one-punch' "Snitz" Schneider, who is said to have won the championship of Belle River in his prime.

It was under the protection of this dependable knock-out artist that we safely conducted a tour of the club's headquarters and came out without losing any flesh. The restlessness of the boys was explained by the trainer as the diet he had prescribed for his fighters. Raw beef and hot tamale soup!

'One-punch' "Snitz" had the boys do some of their preliminary stuff for us. Rocco did a bit of shadow boxing and it was a treat to watch. Rocco said he used his imagination in this phase of training

(Continued on Page 11, Col. 1)

TIP-



OFFS

BY FRANK WALSH

Well, Well, once more we meet!

They're still playing basketball, but it won't be for long. A month from now and it will be all over. Then we will be hearing the sweet sound of the ball and bludgeon meeting together.

The ball clubs have passed over the beaten trails into the South and are hard at work in training for the inauguration day ceremonies of the big leagues, April 11th, when King Baseball ascends to the throne of the sport kingdom.

It won't be long now. The American League opens April 11th. Detroit pries the lid off against St. Louis at home on this date.

Assumption also opens the season around then. Mr. "Snitz" Schneider, our veteran keystone sacker, says he hopes it will be an open season and not a closed one like last year.

"Where are we going to train?" queries "Snitz", and Father Spratt answers, "Why we are going South!" "South?" says Mr. Schneider, all smiles, "Yes, south to Tecumseh," comes the reply.

Well, that's enough about base ball for now. We must stay with basketball awhile longer. It's a money game like football. It comes in quarters and halves.

However they don't die in basketball or any sport except one, and that's football, where they kick off.

The Varsity quintet has been doing a lot of road work of late. Of all the trips the one to Toledo takes the purse. As for the game, it was O.K. Our boys downed the St. John crew 20-14. But the trip resembled a detour—the roughest and longest journey between two points. The 120 mile marathon was finally finished in two days with no "time-outs"—just "blow-outs". The bus was like one of those "also ran" nags.

As soon as basketball is over a number of the players are going to enter C. C. Pyle's marathon race across the continent and show the bus companies that "ride on rubber" doesn't mean a thing.

Don King, the flashy star forward of the Varsity, says he'll be the first to enter the marathon after that 'ride on the rim' trip into the Buckeye state.

The Sport department of every great newspaper always tries frantically to land

some famous athlete to write articles for its paper regarding the sport in which he plays. After enticing sums well up in the 'grands' have been offered, the athletes reluctantly, yes, very reluctantly, agree to write. Gene Tunney, Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Bobby Jones and Bill Tilden, are examples of those writing in their particular branch of sport activities.

Even the sport department of this paper has two great athletes writing articles concerning the sport in which they shine. Like the above-mentioned stars, these two gentlemen, Messrs. Higgins and Donlon, were finally induced to sign on the dotted line of a gold-gilt contract calling for a portion of the U. S. mint. These player-scribes are covering their sport—basketball. So, gentle readers, see what an accurate and graphic account of the games you get when reading their articles as told by them in action. The details—play by play,—come direct to you from the basketball floor.

This Mr. Donlon, otherwise known as 'Jake', 'Hustling Jimmy', and "Lightning" has taken on a new cognomen. Now that Mr. Donlon is in business with "Army" Armstrong, he is being introduced as 'Navy' in order to hold up the other side of this war department firm. Well, anyway 'Navy', as we now know him, has taken a great liking to Harry Bullion's "On the Button" column, and now Jake, I mean 'Navy', is starting one of his own, called "Sparring with the Biffing Bozos". The opening number is in this issue. Be sure and read it. You'll enjoy it. He puts across his fistic notes with a bang.

Mr. Frank Regan, the good-looking gent from Marine City, called at the sport office the other day and gave out interesting news concerning some famous athletes. He informed us that this mild, unassuming fellow, Potucek, who is a star guard on the Hi quintet, has been elected president of his class—Fourth High. Wilfred Love, ex Tai-Kun star and another member of the Hi five, is a regular gunner in his first season in big company. Frank went on to say that he would like to say something good about his room-mate, although it hurt him to do so. "However, my room-mate, Mr. Doyle McLaughlin,—Do you know him? Well 'Red' McLaughlin—now you know him—is a star on the Warrior Five. "I am also on this team, but I wouldn't say that I am a star. In fact there are a lot of stars on this team. The whole gang are stars. I'm one of the gang. I guess you could refer to us all as a constellation of stars, or the big dipper."

Assumption Bantams Win
First Play-Off Tilt

SHOW GREAT FORM IN 21-16 VICTORY OVER RANGERS

The Assumption Bantam cagers defeated the Windsor Rangers by a 21-16 score here last Wednesday night. This is the first battle of a two-game series to decide the championship of the Border Cities in the bantam class. The other game will be played tonight in the Windsor Collegiate gym. Girard of the Assumption squad and Sutherland of the Rangers shared the scoring honors with five baskets apiece. Boutette and Coe along with Girard, starred on the offense for Assumption, while Smafield and Don Desjarlais played the best game of their career at guard.

For this valuable news Mr. Regan was given a complimentary pass to the Barnyard Golf Tournament which takes place over in Ossie Beausoliel's back yard next May.

In speaking of 'Barnyard Golf', Mr. John Collins, alias "Joe College", intends to open a B-Y golf course here in April. His partner in this enterprise is none other than the notable Mr. John "Flint" Gainey, who has pitched both hay and horse shoes in his day. All those wishing to enter this tournament of shoes may hand in their names to the above-mentioned gents. All information regarding rules and regulations of this game of the barn and will be gladly furnished between the hours of 5:30-6:30 a.m., either at room 129 or 122.—Phil. Flat.

A word of praise is due Messrs. Carl Dettman and Bill McKenna on the basketball score cards. Mr. Dettman designed and inaugurated the score card here at the games this year, while Bill looked after their distribution. Bill has also played the part of sport publicity man for the P. & W. in obtaining ahead of the games inside information concerning all visiting teams coming here. The score cards have been a complete success in this, their first year.

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**VARSITY TEAM'S WIN STREAK
BROKEN BY POLES**

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

cutive contests. Journeying into Orchard Lake, with a team badly crippled, the Assumption Varsity five met a real snag and once again the pesky Poles copped the decision. This time the score was 37-27.

Minus the services of Don King and Ribbs Ameling, two big cogs in the locals machine, it is no doubt the locals morale was somewhat broken and the Poles conquered the Purple five. Ribbs has been the locals' scoring Ace and King has been a factor in the offense all year.

To show what our boys can do with these two stalwarts in their ranks is exemplified in the locals' debut two days after the Poles had conquered them, when they invaded Toledo and scalped the St. John team in a bitterly fought affair. The score in this game was 20 to 14.

Both the St. Mary and Toledo game were of the strenuous and rougher variety of basketball. The Poles' style is of that nature and they thrive on a rough and tough brand of the court pastime. Our boys stood well under the heavy going, but the absence of their centre and forward was felt throughout. The Poles took the lead at the outset and the Sandwich lads were always trailing.

A referee once told the Assumption team "that a good legitimate body check was alright" and this seemed to be St. John's contention of the rule. When Mr. Kinsel referees, body checking soon becomes tabooed, but unfortunately at Toledo, Mr. Kinsel was not refereeing and Assumption had to play under that code. At that, our boys showed that they can take and give it in the Toledo affray pretty well, in fact too good to suit the St. John team, with the result that Assumption returned home with the bag of

spoils. Taking the lead at the outset our boys set the pace throughout and Toledo never seriously threatened to step into the lead. The score was not so large and this is the direct result of the close checking methods employed by the St. John boys.

Captain Kramer found himself right at home in this kind of playing and he stood the gaff like a good seaman. In the Toledo conquest, his sallies up the floor were daring in the most and often he left in his wake, two or three of the would-be tacklers. Ameling came back into the game with a vengeance and he caged some nifty shots. The boys all acquitted themselves in great style and even Gourley Howell, our one and only basketball player boasting the fadeaway shot, was able to put it on display in these strenuous games. You tell 'em Gabby.

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TRY TO GET BY!



Yes, sir; Gabby has resurrected the Gallopin' Ghost,—or to be more correct, the Gallopin' Ghost's picture. It seems that the Seniors recently had their maps outlined for the Western yearbook and when Gabby was asked for his photo, the above picture is what he submitted for publication. It was taken last summer during the famous Latacina cross-country race. The daring photographer endangered his life just to give this action snap to posterity. Mr. Howell claims that it would be doing the Gray Ghost an injustice to leave its picture out of the yearbook. The faithful side-wheeler has carried Gabby to class no matter how sorely afflicted and the esteemed owner would have been hard pressed to capture his degree without it. This is why he is sharing baccalaureate honors with his trusted steed of the cement trails.



This time of the year is known as 'vanity time' around Assumption. The studes in fourth and second year arts have their pictures taken for posterity. Some despise it, others actually abhor it while others (and only a few) delight in it. It is not my intention to write an editorial on such a subject but to relate in part that which was my good fortune to see part of.

The other day word was sent out to the

members of fourth year to meet at the class photographers at two o'clock. Immediately after lunch I asked a classmate to wait for me and accompany me to the studio. He agreed. At the time agreed I called at my friend's room and much to my dismay found he had already left some time previously. I arrived at the studio and found the place in great disorder—my friend was sitting before the camera. He had been there since one o'clock and was still on the chair. The photographer was frantic. He was waving cupey dolls, while he was not standing on his head, at my friend who was as sober-looking as a New England judge. Finally our worthy in the chair cracked a smile (and what a smile!). The room, filled with gaping classmates, seemed filled with sighs of relief. But a catastrophe happened,—our friend in the chair started to choke. A clap on the back produced a large piece of wax. He nearly swallowed some of his makeup. During the excitement the blue lights were extinguished and we saw our classmate in the light of day. We hardly recognized him. His eyes were shaded green, wax had lined his mouth and pencil marks were prominent. My friend had deserted me for the makeup box. He took his task too heavily. Nevertheless on the wish of the whole class he sat again before the camera in his true self and when the blue lights again blurred we felt a little remorseful at the sight that met our eyes, and we heartily wished that the smile he attempted had not caused him to swallow his wax.

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Barnard—And who are you?
Carey—A big mattress man from Hot Springs.

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"Just two minutes to play, Dan" said Edgar Defevre, "Let's go before the crowd starts."

Professor—Order please!

Hines. (in an absent-minded manner)—Hot beef sandwich.

Teacher—If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would a number of camels be called?

Nibbs—A carton.

Ribbs—Say, Begley, what did you do in Russia?

Begley—Oh! bombed around with some Reds.

Potucek—Do you like mush and milk?

Love—I don't care mush for milk.

Rocco—What is the charge for that battery?

Garage Man—One and one half volts.

Rocco—How much is that in American money?

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SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

and that it worked wonders in his behalf. His shadow boxing reminded us of the combined efforts of a whale, elephant and giraffe in a slow motion scene of laying down.

“One-Punch” next put on display another phase of his training program which he said is bound sooner or later to grow hair on their chests. Leaning Tower “Pisa” Sheehy on command went through a bit of rope skipping and he showed real ingenuity in this respect by doing the black bottom—charlston dances while he was skipping. The trainer explained that this was sufficient to indicate the windmill had mastered a step in the boxing game that was sooner or later to bring him up the pugilistic ladder.

Our educational boxing research work was not ended there. We came upon a portly toil-worn individual enthusiastically performing hand signs over a limp form. We queried our adviser and obtained the information that a plastic surgery job was being performed by “Doc Pill” Howell. The result will be announced later.

The hour was soon approaching when we were looking forward to our biggest thrill—the big heavyweight combat scheduled for 3.49½ p.m. The fighters were announced as “Nosedive” Kramer and “One Round” Blonde.

The gong sounded amidst the din of hundreds of voices. Every inch of the club headquarters was packed. Referee Pere Spratt gave the boys the once over and promptly laid his money on Kramer. “Nosedive” said he wouldn’t be dis-

appointed. Advise was meted out and toe holds were barred.

“Nosedive” promptly called on his wicked right to end the fight in the first round, but “One Round” Blonde ducked prettily and he promptly engineered a sweeping smasher in the direction of Kramer’s optics. The latter had received the telegraphic message from his handler, Goodwin, and before the punch could breeze in his direction he had done his famous nosedive. Blonde walked to his corner, but Nosedive did not waken for five minutes. Thus “One Round” Blonde is still the champion and open for engagements.

The second bout of the evening brought together the “Banana Mauler” Pokriefka and “One Yard” Tape Bradley. As soon as Poke came into the headquarters a shout “ship-a-hoy” was heard. This was explained as a stretching of the ropes of the ring to permit Poke to navigate around in comfort.

No need going into details about this sparkling encounter. Bradley finished his opponent with a rabbit punch on the latter’s cauliflower ear. Thus ended the career of a famous mauler.

The remainder of the boxing card was postponed to a later date. “One Punch” announced that it was time for his little pinochle game with a few of his friends.

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VOL. IV

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No. 10

Dates Announced For Preliminary Speeches Easter Vacation Extends From April 4th to 10th Wide Range of Discussion at Literary Meeting

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SLATED FOR MARCH 27TH
AND 28TH

With less than two weeks remaining before the time when the contestants for the coveted oratory prize display their talent in the preliminaries, the various entrants in the contest are grooming themselves in an effort to gain one of the three coveted berths on the program for the final night. The dates for the preliminary speeches which will be given before the members of the society, have been announced as March 27th and 28th and the three who are adjudged the most finished orators will compete for the prize shortly after the Easter vacation.

Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., Ph.D., president of St. Basil's Literary Society, announces that a goodly number of speakers have their names on the contestant list and he predicts a spirited race for the oratory honors.



Following Number To Be Dedicated To Old Boys

ISSUE WILL APPEAR ON APRIL 5TH
AND WILL CONTAIN MANY
REMINISCENCES

In view of the fact that hundreds of Assumption's "Old Boys" are interested readers of the Purple and White, the present staff has decided to edit another Old Boys' Number next month and to feature in it some choice reminiscences of the past. The Old Boys' edition last year received commendation from all quarters and it is our object to bring to light a few more of the escapades of the students of former years.

Since this edition comes at Easter time it will also serve the purpose of an Easter Number and will contain the usual "Easter Number" features. Any alumnus that can furnish material for the issue is urgently requested to help us as soon as possible.

SPRING HOLIDAYS TERMINATE ON
TUESDAY EVENING AFTER
EASTER

Word from the President's office has it that the Easter holidays this year will begin Wednesday morning, April 4th, and will terminate at eight o'clock the following Tuesday evening, April 10th. This period of six days affords a considerable time for the spring holidays and will enable the university students to get back to the books for a final tussle with intellectual problems before the advent of their exams early in May.

Due to the fact that three long months have elapsed since the students returned from the Christmas holidays it is with no little anticipation that all look forward to the brief sojourn at home.



Cafeteria Management Announces Mission Day

FATHER PICKETT TO TAKE PLACE
BEHIND COUNTER; PROFITS
GO TO MISSIONS

A recent announcement made by the "Cafeteria Kids," Armstrong and Donlon, brings to us the news that next Monday, March 19th, will be "Mission Day" at the local kitchen. All profits made in the sales of the day will go to the mission fund.

Father Pickett, president of the Mission Society, will pass out the sandwiches from behind the counter and will take in all the forthcoming shekels. He urges day scholars and boarders to unite in making the project a success. Remember the date—March 19th—and "Eat with Zest" for the missions!



CALENDAR

Mar. 15—Varsity vs. Detroit Institute of Technology—Detroit.
Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. Holiday and General Permissions.
Mar. 19—Feast of St. Joseph.
Mar. 27, 28—Oratorical Contest Preliminaries.

EVERY SPEECH DRAWS FAVORABLE
COMMENT FROM VARIOUS
CRITICS

The polemic in topic presentation made itself felt at the last meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society. Each of the speakers of the evening, however, gave excellent reasons for the views held. Mr. Armstrong compared the lives and characteristics of the poets, Segar, Brookes and Kilmer in a manner that betokened an easy familiarity with them. Mr. Higgins' substantiation of his belief that music in conjunction with the cinematic art will tend to render inaccessible the end of the latter, evinced a keen insight into so controversial a subject. With the assurance of a practised speaker, Mr. Howell removed the "lid" from present day morals and advocated some very practical remedies. Eloquence and sublimity of thought attained their zenith in Mr. Cullinane's remarkable oration—"God's Law and Man's Law."



Classes Dispensed With In Honor Of St. Patrick

STUDENTS GET HOLIDAY AND
GENERAL PERMISSIONS ON
MARCH 17TH

News that should bring smiles to the countenances of all Assumption students comes to our columns from the Striking Committee. It gives us no little pleasure to inform our student readers that next Saturday, March 17th, will be a holiday. And better yet, general permissions will be granted to one and all in the afternoon.

A holiday on St. Patrick's Day is a traditional custom at Assumption. The fact that the Hibernian Saint's feast day falls on a Saturday this year apparently would rob the students of a free day. But the general permissions will more than make up for the few hours of class that will be missed and the calendar will once more be the loser.

Old Boys' Page

MICHAEL

HIS STORY
By An Old Boy

(Continued from last issue)

"Old Sally" finally wheezed into Windsor, and we were still intact. As there were no street cars near, and as the College was not far off, we decided to walk along the river road to reach our destination, the College of the Assumption.

The walk, the scene, the activity on the river, the sight of Detroit with its towering lights impressed me very much. The long rows of sailing vessels towed four or five in tandem style by a puffing, snorting little tug, reminded me much of a small boy with a huge armful of wood, puffing and grunting his way toward the wood box behind the kitchen stove. It was all new to me, for I had not been a very frequent visitor to Windsor, in fact I had been to Windsor but once or twice, and then I was half frightened by my surroundings and could not get a proper perspective of that busy mart of trade.

Across the river stood the City of Detroit. It was an unknown land to me with its huge buildings and towering lights reaching skyward. It was a glorious sight to behold the City lighted up at night. These lights have long since been taken down, as one boy remarked to me, to let the moon go by.

Boys carrying valises at this time of the year and directing their steps towards Sandwich was a certain indication to the neighbors that College was about to open. Like the coming of the first robin of Spring we were early on the ground to verify the conclusions of the natives.

VIII

I was now on historic and holy ground. The old gateway at the bank of the river gave an air of antiquity to the place. The old convent with its barred windows, its steep roof and general appearance of decay impressed me with its age, its purpose, its history of early struggles with poverty and pioneering conditions. The old cemetery near the river, with scarcely a vestige of its purpose remaining, like the old convent, was in a state of general neglect, nothing more than an enclosed field with a few trees and a wealth of weeds.

Two rows of towering trees, their branches interlacing overhead, made a leafy tunnel through which ran a gravel walk whose right of way was disputed by the encroaching grass.

A short walk and there burst upon our view the massive grandeur of Assumption Church and off to the side, faintly seen through the dense growth, we received a partial view of the old palace.

REMEMBER THE COKE GANG?



Left to Right: Anon., Marty Phillips, Lou Warden, Paul Vogel, Ray Durocher, (Rev.) Tom Vahey, (C.S.B.), Phil Ryan.

The quiet of the hour, the droning of the locusts, the atmosphere of antiquity, threw a spell over me and I felt as if I were entering a land of enchantment and mystery.

A short stroll through what remained of the grandeur of the old palace, with its dilapidated appearance, together with the conversion of some of the chambers to a heating plant, brought us to the college with a sense of something sacred subjected to defilement.

We entered the College by the end door as it had been called for years. As I looked down the corridor for the first time it seemed to me to be at least a mile long. I had never been in many large buildings before and the length of the corridor with its multitudinous doors mystified me. I said nothing. I had made up my mind about two or three things: The first was that I was as green as the grass of my native heath: the second was to keep my mouth closed about things I did not quite understand and then I would not be saying anything: the third was to keep my eyes open and learn from the other fellow. These simple rules stood by me nobly in after years.

Marching along with more or less heavy tread, depending on the weight of the boots worn, with the corridor resounding to the echo with our measured tread, we reached the old clock in the hall and came to a halt.

Father John rapped at a door as if he were familiar with the geography of the house. Our summons was answered by the Rev. Father McBrady, then in the keyday of his vigorous manhood. He was the first priest I had the pleasure of meeting in Assumption College. We were duly introduced, that is two of us were, for one of our group had been a student at the College for some years and was welcomed back with a gracious smile like the meeting of an old friend.

(Concluded in next issue)

More News From Father Petipren in Korea

Catholic Mission,
Shingishu, Korea,
January 23rd, 1928.

Dear Editor:

Happy New Year! Since today is the Chinese New Year, greetings are in order. It may not seem so to you in good old U.S.A., but if you were here, you would readily know that today is no small feast among our Chinese and Koreans. During the year our people toil hard and long, to earn their daily rice. Poverty makes it impossible for them to do much celebrating, but, when New Years arrives, even the poorest comes parading along our Broadway with his new white cotton suit, and the festival board is laden with rice cakes and even meat is added to the menu. All the Christians greet you with their profound bow and happy smile.

With us who follow the sun instead of the moon to start our new year, New Years and Christmas are now days only of pleasant recollection. Christmas was a particularly happy day for me as our little chapel was crowded; and about one hundred and fifty received Holy Communion. I had three baptisms, which now brings the registry over four hundred in Shingishu.

The young men of the parish prepared a Christmas play, and, although I was too busy hearing confessions to see it, I know the scenes; telling of Daniel and Isaias' prophecies about the coming of Jesus; the Annunciation of the Angel; of Joseph and Mary seeking shelter and finding no place in the Inn; also the coming of the Magi before Herod and the worshipping of Jesus by the shepherds,—all made a profound impression of the Christians and helped them to appreciate Christmas as we know and love it.

Another pleasant recollection of this happy feast was the fact that the father of a family came, asking for a catechism, and stating his intention to prepare for baptism. Another lady came in with a stack of bibles and Protestant books, saying they made her dizzy. Protestants encourage private study of the bible but this only brought her confusion and unhappiness. I told her she would find peace in the study of the simple truths of the catechism. She went away happy, promising to prepare for baptism. I tell you these things for they make me feel vast progress is being made in Shingishu. Extend my best wishes to the fathers and staff of Assumption.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

Roy D. Petipren.

As The Editor Sees It -



The Ides of March! This was the fateful day in the life of the great Caesar, but, to all appearances, it will not be such an ill-boding one for us. With grey skies blending into blue ones and biting blasts into cool spring breezes, with the barren diamonds on the campus steaming before the rays of a frost-dispersing sun and a long-awaited vacation drawing nigh, Assumption students have little room for complaint.

* * *

Assumption's surroundings always take on an air of freshness and expectancy about this time of the year. Morose characters have gayness cast upon them, the more carefree of the crowd become jubilant and, all in all, a grand light-hearted spirit pervades the halls and campus of this venerable font of knowledge.

* * *

Our distinguished friend, Ed. Pokriefka, seems to tramp along with self-satisfied mien these days. He is getting ready to close shop soon and undoubtedly this has been one of the greatest court seasons our esteemed "gym head" has ever experienced. All attendance records were smashed and a couple boxing enterprises added something new to the list of gym events.

* * *

While friend Ed. is sitting back enjoying the fruits of a strenuous year in our athletic palace, two hustling juniors are seen dashing around with even greater haste. The fact that basketball season is over and the little cork-centered pellet will soon hold the spotlight of athletic activity means not a thing to our prospering cafeteria kids, "Army" and "Jake." Their business affords plenty of work for them the year round. "Jake" looks on this phase of it as an enjoyable one, but the other half claims that he would trade his interest in the enterprise any day for a week's rest from the sandwich-spreading.

CAMPUS CHIRPS

By "DUCK'S DISEASE"

Facts about Howell
He is *only* at the demure age of 18.

Our latest Scotch joke is credited to Mr. M. Doyle. He says the biggest hearted Scotchman he ever saw was the one who drove sixty miles an hour to get a free ticket.

Who said Babe Ruth never helped revive interest in Homer?

"Collegiate" Poke says all he needs now to make a hit is a racoon coat.

Headline—"Two can live as cheaply as one." From a Scotch paper we presume.

Armstrong says a speeding maniac is anyone who tries to pass his Leaping Lena.

Our friend, "Butch" Rochleau, the Deputy Sheriff, says things are quiet and have been quiet for months in the court room. It seems the latter would impress upon us that the folks are afraid of the latter's iron-hand sleuthing.

It seems from a little story which leaked out the other day that Mr. Rocheleau made a "faux pas". He was called on to address the criminals on some fatherly advice and that he lectured the jury for five minutes before he was aware of the fact that he had the wrong men.

The diminutive member of the company claims that the invigorating freshness of the climate has whetted the appetites of the sandwich-devouring studes and that an increasing clamor for more sandwiches is daily heard in the vicinity of the chop house.

* * *

So the merry cherubs of the springtime aren't the only ones that have reason for giving vent to joyous feelings today. The Ides of March have portentous tidings for us all-

EXCHANGE



BY F. P. O'HARE.

Ohio State's school of journalism is to be commended upon the publication of a paper possessing at once the outstanding features of a metropolitan daily and the intimacy of tone essential to the expression of university life—a rare combination.

In the February issue of Notre Dame News an article appeared concerning itself with that well known incident of a cherry tree,—fallen,—a little boy with a hatchet who had no genius for inventive mendacity, and an irate parent. This little anecdote in the language of the old Romans, evinced a familiarity with the conversational qualities of Latin, which we hitherto considered peculiar to Cicero and his contemporaries.

Marygrove's Watch Tower is certainly fortunate in the possession of a writer of rare and remarkable ability (profuse apologies for the alliteration) in the person of Miss Gertrude Maher. In all honesty she is one of the most facile wielders of the pen we have read in some time.

It is universally understood that "esse quam videri" should be the object of human endeavor. Accordingly it is with pleasure that we congratulate the "powers that be" of the Mother Seton Journal upon the realization of the ideal aforementioned. Not that we can recall a time when such was not the case, but, in view of current hypocrisy the impression was intensified to such an extent that we deemed it wise to bedeck the Mother Seton Journal with the last of our laurels.

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A Glimpse of St. Patrick

Fifteen centuries ago, in Northern Ireland, there passed away one of the dominant personalities of the world's history, and one of the greatest Saints of the Church, whose influence will only end with the final echo of time. What Confucius was to the Orientals, Moses to the Israelites, Mohammed to the Arabs, St. Patrick has been to the Gaelic race. The fame and power of these other great men, we can certainly say, will not outlive the name and influence of this great Irish apostle.

Like other famous mortals, more than one place has been proud to claim him for a native son. However, the chief facts of his life are fairly well established and familiar to all; how a Wise Providence allowed him to spend several years of the formative stage of his life as a slave among the Irish, learning their language and customs; and how later he accomplished the unique feat of changing the whole character of a nation from Pagan to Christian without blood-shed and martyrdom during the span of one life-time.

It might be well for man to endeavour to get an insight into the character of this spiritual giant. We see him in a rare combination of the spiritual with the human. Like the beloved St. Francis of Assisi and Soeur Therese, with other Saints he is eminently saintly, and with human beings he seems especially human. His shining virtues make him the kin of Angels, while his Celtic frailties make men feel that he was a brother to all, especially all Irishmen. He was both passionate and impetuous; his torrential anger against tyrants, his teeming fierceness against sinners in high estate, are well known. Irish hearts could not but be touched by the qualities which they so admired in their

(Continued in Column Three)

Concerning the Modern Stage

Probably the most glaring fault to be found in the "home of Thespis" to-day is the quasi-realism which the theatre has adapted as its *raison d'etre*. In the first place the playwright attempts to hold a mirror to the face of nature instead of vying with her in the creation of a world of his own fancy. Is there not enough realism in life without doubling its intensity by reproduction on the stage? The stage should divert, enthrall and make for the betterment of man. Does it? Well, it seems hardly reasonable that the sexy slush permeating the theatrical atmosphere today could make for anything but a race of moral degenerates. Objections to the extravagant flaunting of sex are over-ruled by that cant phrase, "It is real, it is life!" And one is rather hard put to it to offer a single instance of human life being taken to satisfy the requirements of the drama, but on every hand sex in its most abhorrent habit is thrust before the vision of the theatre going public. If entertainment is the end of the stage, let the producers cut out realism. If to reproduce nature is its purpose, then let realism be real. Whatever the motive let consistency be the characteristic of the stage.



HOMEWARD

"The brightest scenes before me lie,"
Says the sailor to the seas,
"Onward ten thousand leagues,
That is the place for me."

I like to look ahead myself,
And hope the best to fare,
But after I've been wand'ring far
It's for one spot I care.

I love to contemplate once more
The place that gave me birth,
With the simple townfolk in it,
The gayest souls on earth.

Where the gladness of the morning
Survives the buoyant day,
And the restful peace of evening
Seems never far away.

Oh, my heart gets ever yearning
Wherever that I roam,
And I hear the townfolk calling
Their lad to come back home.



PHONETIC LOVE

(Get a practice teacher to read this one for you.)

O MLE, what XTC
I always feel when UIC!
I used to rave of LN'S I'S,
4 LC I gave countless sighs;
4 KT, 2, and LNR
I was a keen competitor.
But each now's a non-NTT,
For UXL them all, UC.

—Ex.

(Continued from Column One)

hero, the terror of the warrior with the tenderness of the woman; the ferocity of the lion with the gentleness of the lamb. Pervading this grandeur of soul, this greatness of mind steeped in humility, was an unquenchable desire to gain souls for Christ, which has seldom been paralleled and never surpassed in missionary annals. Such is but an incomplete resume of him to whom Christianity and civilization owes so much, and who will never be forgotten in the kindly depths of the Gaelic heart.



"So Big"

It is remarkable that in the hustle and bustle of the Twentieth Century one should find a rose among the thorns. In this age of cheap literature, which is a thorn in any educated person's side, we find a rose namely, "So Big" by Edna Ferber.

In "So Big" we find a character, Selina De Jong, who almost eclipses Goldsmith's Doctor Primrose. How many of us, sympathizing with Selina who remained on the farm raising the lowly pigs that her son might receive an education, have not recalled our own dear mothers sacrificing themselves for our sake? Selina who labored from early 'til late for her son is exemplary of our own mothers giving up all, that we may look up to none.

In Dirk De Jong and Roelf Pool we have two characters that can be found in any of our Modern Universities. Dirk De Jong started out with a high ideal in life only to abandon it when beset with difficulties. He was only "So Big." Roelf Pool started out with a similar high ideal but held a firm grasp on it till he became a success in the world. How big are we? Are we a Dirk De Jong or a Roelf Pool? Are we going to be a disappointment to that little mother of ours or are we going to be the cause of her joy? That mother who has done so much for us and expects much in return, what will be her compensation? Now is the acceptable time to determine our sphere in this world remembering that success is not measured by wealth.

Finally we see Selina attempting to give the Dutch farmers an education. We see again Roelf Pool reading the dictionary for want of something else to read. Contrasting their education to the one we now enjoy, we realize how fortunate we are. Should not this alone urge us to apply ourselves to our studies?

In conclusion we may say that Edna Ferber has accomplished three noteworthy objects in "So Big."

(1) She has placed Motherhood on a pedestal surpassed only by Mary, Mother of Christians.

(2) She has in Dirk De Jong given us a character that is very true of modern life.

(3) She has depicted a vivid picture of rural education with its trials and difficulties.



WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

Fr. Tighe says we should never pass as educated men unless we can speak five languages fluently. It's of no practical use but it rounds you out like the parsley on pork chops.

A member of the History of Philosophy class may soon start a new school of philosophy. He refused to be convinced that there is such a thing as a universal idea.

The attendance at R. K. class is not what it should be. In fact, Fr. O'Loane threatens to take the roll call.

A member of the graduating class who is a very diligent student, declares that he found an English word in Chaucer.

RHETORICAL RUMORS

Another version of Tigheism: During an English Class Mr. Corrigan and Fr. O'Donnell were discussing a topic concerning Hamlet. Finally the Professor requested Mr. Corrigan to write an essay on the subject for next week. That is just another way of expressing Fr. Tighe's favorite conclusion "We appoint you as a Committee of one to investigate the matter."

What is the world coming to? Fr. Tighe requested J. Nelson, of the Rhetoric Psychology Class to undertake the ridiculous task of walking up Woodward Ave. without his trousers. When is the big parade, Jack?

The time is drawing near for "Poke" to close his gymnasium. We all wonder what will be his occupation with introduction of baseball.

Well, well, Mr. Pokriefka won the elections. Yes, "Poke" was elected to act as Chairman for the Rhetoric banquet. The other subsidiary positions are: Dan Drew as Historian, and Jack Nelson as Prophet. Bring on the Eats.

Fr. Burns told the Latin Class of II Arts that Epicurus was a philosopher of old advocating the pursuit of pleasure. "Poke" thinks that Epicureans spent all their time eating.

FRESHMAN FLASHES

In describing the character of Horace Fr. Vahey tells us the former could be found at any race track. Perhaps this is where he conceived the idea of Horace's Odes (Horse's Oats).

The Freshmen sympathize with John Murphy on his illness and patiently await the day of his return to lectures.

Fr. McGee says that through invincible ignorance of religion a pagan may get to Heaven but that invincible ignorance will not save any Freshman on the Finals.

Gainey was inclined to be poetic at a recent party when he saw a man under the influence of Bacchus. He was heard to murmur "The stag at eve had drunk his fille."

Fr. Vahey claims that both Assumption and Western having Purple and White colors is a coincidence. But Haneline claims it's a nuisance in the annual basketball games between the two institutions.

Boys meet "Africum" Gayle. He is a big south-western gale from Louisiana.

LaFramboise's misplaced eye-brow has been causing considerable attention of late. He wants it to be known that he is not selling books or advertising any dandruff cure.

Many are called but few choose to wake up at the end of a Freshman lecture.

Outside the multitude surged hither and thither. One, on witnessing the scene, readily recalled Shakespeare's fickle Roman mob. And so it was. The crowd was in a frenzy and uncontrollable. Order had abdicated and riot reigned supreme. Shouts of "Ain't he grand?" "Look at

him," "Oh! the Sheik" filled the atmosphere. Now I ask you was it John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, or some other luminary from Hollywood? Emphatically no. It was "Red" Costello on his way to give a speech in Public Speaking Class.

THROWING IT IN THREE B

Bill Predhomme of 3 B says: "I call her Mine, because she's such a gold-digger."

Fr. McGee (in the lab.): "And this is an alum solution." Ribbs (brightly): "Slippery alum?"

3 B has the most learned staff of teachers in the house. Look them over and admire: One Ph.D. (Fr. Bondy), two M.As. (Fr. Dore and Fr. Bart) and three B.As. (Fr. McGee, Fr. Burke and Fr. MacDonald).

The mysterious disappearance of the 3 B sage, Jimmy Foley, has been explained by Hawkshaw Jeannette. The famous sleuth disguised himself with a haircut and discovered the absent member has contracted mumps.

"They laughed when I sat down at the piano," relates Harry Buckel of 3 B, "but when I started to play they roared."

"They were surprised," bashfully states "Meekus" McLeod, the 3 B Scotchman who never tips, "when the waiter spoke to me at all."

"No," remarked Fr. Dore, during geometry period in 3 B, as he squared the rectangle, "it won't be oblong now."

Bill O'Brien in 3 B (sadly): "Everything comes out in the wash,—including the buttons!"

2 B has put in a petition for another chair to be put in the classroom. When Don DesJarlais and Andy Beausaneau are at the board they have to stand on a chair. At present only one of them can be there at a time.

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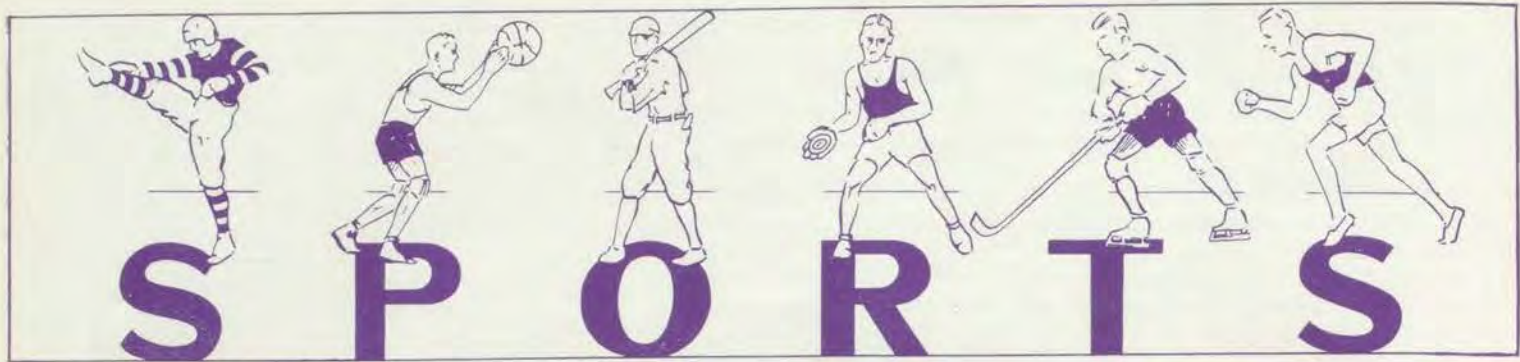
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Varsity Loses Last Home Contest to Adrian, 44-28

HIGHLAND PARK FIVE AND LAWYERS BOW; POLES WIN AGAIN

In the last home fracas of the season Assumption Varsity cagers succumbed to a fast-stepping Adrian array, 44 to 28. Previous to this tilt the Purpleites managed to slip through to a win over the Detroit College of Law quintet, 30-29, and Highland Park Junior College bowed, 42 to 36. Some two weeks ago the Poles descended on Assumption and left with another victory, this time by a 45-20 count.

Adrian Pressed to Win

The orange-and-black mesh-denters from Adrian had anything but an easy time establishing their supremacy over our Varsity crew. They walked away to a 12-2 lead in the early stages of the fray but the Purple quint retaliated before the half and was leading at the mid-time rest, 13 to 11.

Rallying to a worthy cause, the Purpleites all but overtook the Adrian five early in the second period and at one stage of the melee they were trailing 20-13. Here the orange-shirts' uncanny hoop-plastering took heavy toll and they gradually drew away to cop the tilt by a 44-28 count.

Lawyers All but Win

It was all the Assumption aggregation could do to eke out a victory over the Detroit College of Law quint a few nights previous to the Adrian game. A whirlwind finish gave Assumption the verdict by a 30 to 29 score.

Highland Park Loses

Highland Park's quintet were jolted for the second time this year right on their home floor when the Assumption Varsity team paid them a visit on Friday, March 2nd., and galloped off with a 42 to 36 victory. The local athletes showed an improvement in their display of the court game and well it was too, for the Highland Parkers made the issue plenty interesting.

Something of a change was made in the personnel of the starting lineup. Coach Father O'Loane trotted out his second team to start matters off and they stayed in for a quarter. They played well enough to hold the Suburbanites on even terms and then the regulars were summoned to duty. They came to life with an attack

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

High School Basketeers Snatch Wins From Pick of Detroit Parochial Fives

PURPLE PREPS TAKE THRILLING OVERTIME MATCH FROM ST. JOES, HAND SEMINARY QUINT LONE DEFEAT AND ROMP OVER BATHERS; ST. THERESA'S WIN, 29-26, AND POLES, 37-20

A fighting Assumption High School team, using as its weapons brilliant team-play and a sparkling, consistent passing attack, climaxed its season by winning a thrilling overtime tilt from the St. Joseph cagers, erstwhile Detroit champs, 19 to 17. and coming from behind to top the undefeated Sacred Heart Seminary five, 21-17.

St. Mary's of Mt. Clemens fell before the determined onslaughts of the Purple Preps last Friday to the tune of 35-11. Previous to these games St. Theresa High, Detroit Parochial champs, gained the verdict over the Assumptionites, 29 to 26 and the Poles of Orchard Lake 37-30.

Hand Seminarists

First Defeat

In downing the Sacred Heart troupe, the High cagers were the first to accomplish the feat



Captain Mencil

this season. Father McGee's proteges were at top form and proved just a little too good for the Detroiters. Captain Mencil's work in this game was outstanding and his timely scores near the close of the tilt put his team out in front.

Bathers Outclassed

In the clash with the Mt. Clemens Five last Friday the Purple High cagers maintained the same pace and romped to a 35-11 win over the Bathers. Ed. Skrzycki's brilliant mesh-denting was a feature of the contest and he collected no less than 13 markers in his team's cause.

St. Joe's Surprised

At the time Assumption met St. Joe's the latter held the parochial championship of Detroit and it was quite a boost to the High team when the one-time champs were downed, 19 to 17. In the first half the Purpleites played mediocre basketball, scoring only two points while St. Joe's rang up 13.

At this stage of the game the outlook for Assumption was dismal. However, it was a different team that took the floor in the second half. Forgetting their listless style the Purple-shirts displayed some real class, and their score began to mount. Mencil started the fire-works with a pretty field goal, and Skrzycki and Dickeson followed suit. While the Assumption forwards were plastering the basket for 16 points, Ptak and Potucek were stubbornly checking the St. Joe forwards, so that they

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 2)

Good Record Attained by Tai Kuns But Lose Race

W. C. I. RESERVES FALL BEFORE THEM AFTER EXCITING TILT

Victorious in eight straight games, the Tai Kuns suffered a reverse at the hands of the General Byng quintet, in the latter's gym by a 19-17 score. Petiford and Cross scored 16 of their team's points, while Dyer, who was high scorer for the Tai Kuns, accounted for seven tallies. This victory for General Byng put them in first place, while the Tai Kuns were forced down to the second rung of the league ladder. However the General Byng boys dropped a game to Walkerville, which gives the Walker team the Championship of the league. A few nights after the above mentioned game, the Tai Kuns trounced the W.C.I. Reserves in a merry battle which ended with a 19-17 score. There was no particular star on either team and the scoring was evenly divided. O'Brien scored twice from the field and once from the penalty strip, while Evans and Dyer each dented the meshes twice from the field. To date the Tai Kuns have played 18 games and lost three, giving them a percentage of 883. This is a very good record, and it is to be hoped that they will continue their good work.



Be sure that you are saving your issues for a bound volume of this year's Purple and White.

Sub Minims Add Six Wins To Bring Total To 19

SUFFER ONLY FIVE DEFEATS ALL SEASON

The Sub Minims stock is still climbing and they now hold an enviable record of 19 wins and 5 defeats for a grand percentage of 79.2 points. They also boast a record of 10 straight victories.

Since the last issue the Subs have played 6 contests and have captured every one. The Dougall Ave. school lost both ends of a two game series to the fast travelling S.M.s. by the scores of 22-16, and 28-21. Both games were close and exciting and were in doubt to the final gong. Wyandotte St. school succumbed 31-18 as did the Canucks who are the Border Cities League champions, who fell under a 17-7 count. The 15th Troop Boys waged a game and close battle but lost out 22-17. Then along came their old friend and rival, the General Byng five who were snowed under a 36-8 tally.

Several of the players made great names for themselves in these games. In the game against Wyandotte Ernest Forster made 15 points, almost enough to win lone-handed. Moeller, Flood, Wadell, Allor and McLeod have done great work in all the games. Walker, Durocher, Gatfield and Joe Skryzcki all showed up well in the Dougall game.



Belvederes Come Out of Slump

DOWN RADIO CLUB 32-17

All great teams fall into a slump some time or other in their career. That is what happened to the Belvederes. They fell into one which pursued them for three games, although it was not such a bad one, for these games were lost by very close scores. However, they came out of it with vengeance and bounced on the Zenith Radio Club of Detroit, trouncing them 32-17. Chuck Bradley and John Gainey divided the scoring honors, each making 10 points. John Collins, Dick Donovan, and Capt. Irv. Murphy each played a steady, and as the old saying goes, a reliable game.



The Universal Pictures, International Newsreel and a few others are kicking themselves for not being here to take the greatest exhibition of slow motion that has ever been displayed. According to the Associated Press "Tiger" Flaughter and "Moscow" Krawinkel put on the slowest, weakest and most realistic slow movements in the last round that has ever been displayed since before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment.

HOCKEY SLANTS

By FRANK WALSH

There are three reasons why the Sport Department is running a column on hockey in this issue. We will not arrange them in one, two, three order, for one is just as important as the other. So take them as they come.

HOCKEY—has taken such leaps and bounds in the sporting world during the past two years that a sport page is not complete without some words on the game of the ice.

In hockey the fans get all the action they want, and it's swift action. The following is from a write-up describing a hockey player in action, it gives one a vivid and imposing picture, "Down the rink the forward speeds in a burst of brilliant action; eyes intent on the bounding puck, muscles tensed for a shot at the guarded goal—flashing skates singing as they rip the surface of the glassy ice—a colorful, vivid figure; as energetic as sound training and refreshing rest can make him."

ASSUMPTION—had the honor and pleasure of being visited by two hockey celebrities two weeks ago. Jack Adams, one of the greatest defense men the game has ever known, who was with the Ottawa World Champs last year, and who this year is manager of the Detroit Cougars; and Larry Aurie, formerly of St. Michael's College and who this year, his first in the big show is a regular sensation, playing right wing for the Cougars.

Dr. Jerry La Flamme, who was a teammate of Father Spratt on the St. Mike's team the year they won the Senior World's Championship, is a referee in the National Hockey League. Jerry is often seen officiating at the Detroit Olympia.

TO ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM OF TORONTO—We send greetings of congratulations in their recent wonderful showing for the Junior Championship of Canada and the World.

After a brilliant season in which they won all their games in their own group, the St. Mike's six met and defeated the leaders of two other groups. They were then groomed against the strong Marlboros of Toronto for the semi-final series for the Championship.

This two-game series with the Dukes in which total goals on the round counted was packed with action. Speed, sustained every second, and brilliant plays mixed with daring efforts all combined to make the series a classic in hockey history.

Although St. Mike's lost to the Duke's 4-1, and 4-2 they have been given the

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

Minims Show Improvement in Recent Games

DEFEAT RIVER ROUGE BY BIG SCORE
BUT BOW TO ST. ALPHONSUS 19-18

Defeated in a hotly contested tilt with St. Alphonsus by a 19-18 score, the Minims returned to form to lick the strong River Rouge outfit to the tune of 25-12. Mr. Irv. Murphy who has been ably assisting Father Bart, has certainly done his share of the coaching, and has done it well. In the River Rouge game Mr. Murphy used every man on the squad and they all distinguished themselves while in the fracas. "Brassie" Brasgalla was perhaps the busiest man on the floor. He was pitted against Logan, the big gun for the River boys, and he handled his job in smart fashion. Besides being high scorer with seven points to his credit, he played a fine floor game. Nevare Revnew was right on his heels with six markers, while McCormick tallied twice from the field for four more. Flood, Devaney, O'Brien and Quigley each scored one basket to help swell their team's score. The Minims' play has improved 100 percent. since the beginning of the year, and they should have a good record at the end of the season.



Warriors Defeat Wolfe A. C. 26-18

The Warriors famous in all branches of sport, fell prey during their recent basketball schedule to old man Slump. But the boys ditched this old fellow after three defeats and merged out on the long count of 26-18 in defeating the Wolfe A.C. of Detroit. Capt. Joe Sullivan led his men in this important victory, registering 10 points himself. Jones, Brennan and Cavanaugh all played superbly on the forward line, while Bellemore, Dick Burns and Prokopp shone out on the defense.

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VARSITY LOSES LAST HOME CONTEST

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 1)

that could not be denied and from there on the Highland Park team knew that they had a battle on their hands.

Gourley Howell, the Assumption jewel, shone with a brilliance. He was the glaring light in the local offense, garnering 13 points.

The pesky Poles came, they saw, and once again they conquered. That is the drige that wrings a pang of sorrow from the Assumption basketball supporters.

Many a time and oft the St. Mary's team from Orchard Lake Seminary has come and gone and always have they left in their wake on Assumption's battle ground a disastrous note. Their team that swooped down here on February 28th, to do battle with the Assumption Varsity boys was no exception and again the Purple had to stand by and accept the inevitable defeat to a 45-20 tune.

It was a hard ride of fate, to see our boys try hard, essay an act of comeback but with such futility. Many long years, veterans on the local team had planned to take the Orchard Lake team into camp, and many who are playing their last year on the team, have seen this hope die. They will have to come here and, instead of play, they will sit and watch a team, having their whole-hearted support fight to overcome the fates.

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TIP OFFS



By FRANK A. WALSH.

The Poles came. We saw them. They conquered.

All poles are hard to climb, but the bunch from Orchard Lake is sure hard for us to surmount.

Our High quintet downed the strong St. Joseph's Commercial College five, champions of the Greater Detroit Catholic High School League, 19 to 17 in a thrilling five-minute-overtime contest at the Detroit Armories, March 3rd.

The game was a preliminary to the U. of Detroit—U. of Dayton clash and was witnessed by one of the largest crowds that has packed the Armory this year.

It looked too bad for our boys at half time when St. Joe's led 13 to 2. The Commercial rooters could see nothing but a sweeping victory for their crew, but they were almost swept out of the building, along with their performers in the second half. The Purple-and-White lads started off with a burst of speed in the last stanza, registering point after point until the end found both teams deadlocked at 17 points. Then in the overtime period our friend, Skrzycki, made the needed basket, winning a thrilling contest.

Ptak and Potucek played a wonderfully strong defensive game in the second half as the score attests. During all this period the Champions could only gather 4 points.

This fellow Ptak is a newcomer to our ranks. This is his first year at Assumption and he has showed us that he is a finished basketball player of great worth. Mild and unassuming he stood on the sidelines watching the team practice at the first of the season and never gave any intimation that he could even hold a ball. One day someone asked him to join the squad. He did and since then he has been a regular.

Harry Dickeson and "Big Ed" Skrzycki were the high point men in this 'win at the wire' game. Between the two they accounted for 14 of the 19 points.

Mr. Arnold Schneider has entered the ranks of the great promoters. He now stands on even terms with Tex Rickard. Edwerto Fugazy and Tex Pokriefka.

"Snitz" put on a very successful boxing show last week. Nine bouts were on the card and each one was a rip-snortin', biff-banging contest of the Queensbury rules.

Sub Minim Bantams Win Border Championship

WIN PLAY-OFF ON ROUND, 42-37

Mr. McGouey's Bantams of the Sub Minim Club are proud possessors of the championship of the Border Cities Bantam League. The youngsters deserve the highest praise for their fine showing in winning the title in this, their first year. They carried themselves like seasoned veterans in both the home games and the ones on foreign floors.

The series for the title consisted in two home-and-home games with the Rangers of Windsor, points counting on the round. In the game here the Bantams won 21-16, but at Windsor the youngsters were forced to accept a tie, but won out on the round 42-37, and thereby copped the flag. Every member of this Champ team deserves high praise as does its coach. The players are Boutette (Capt), Coe, Girard, Don DesJarlais, Smafield, Marshall and Folgarelli.



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HOCKEY SLANTS

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

greatest tributes we have ever seen any team get in defeat.

The following tributes are clipped from the Toronto papers and show the high esteem in which Coach Joe McGahey, C.S.B., and his players are held by the sport writers and fans.

“The fans are sorry to see this colorful little Irish team pass into the Limbo of the Eliminated.”

“It is a tribute to the college lads that, despite the almost impossible barricade of goals they were asked to surmount in the second engagement fully 3,000 more fans attended the last contest than saw the initial encounter.” (Some 6,000 attended the first game while over 9,000 were in attendance at the final).

“It was a sad blow to the hopes of the Irish supporters. But the hockey public and the Dukes know, that St. Mike’s gave their all and despite their reverse, have added another bright page to the already large volume of their ice achievements.”

“St. Mikes were glorious in defeat, memories of their stirring battle will linger long with the fans that packed the arena. Veterans of hockey were forced to go back many years to find a more ‘fightener’ team, a club that would not be counted out until

(Continued in Column Three)

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETEERS SNATCH

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

could only muster four markers during the entire second half. Two of these precious points came in the last 15 seconds when Schell tied the score with a ‘long-tom’. In the overtime period the Assumption Studes passed the ball around in bullet-like fashion, slipping a pass to Skrzycki who sunk the sphere for the winning tally. It was a great game for the High basketees to win, and no one deserves more credit than Coach Father McGee for their triumph.

Previous to this game, St. Theresa’s High defeated the Assumption crew 29 to 26 in a somewhat ragged tussle on the latter’s floor. Mencil and Skrzycki garnered 19 of their team’s points, while Hayes and S. Pheney accounted for 21 of St. Theresa’s tallies.

Two nights later the Poles from Orchard Lake locked horns with the Assumptionites in one of the fastest tilts of the season, and St. Marys carried off first honors by a 37 to 30 score. The shooting of the Poles was uncanny, and it was this factor alone that kept them in the lead. The passing of the Purple lads was very good, and they were never trailing by a very great margin. Ptak and Potucek played stellar games at guard, so that most of the St. Marys points were scored from outside the foul ring. Mencil was high point man for Assumption, scoring 12 points; Dickson was next with nine, while Skrzycki made seven. Begley got the other basket for his team.

(Continued from Column One)

the referee sounded the final bell. The school spirit of the Irish college was a predominating factor in their courageous stand.”

“The Saints gave their every last ounce, and quit the ice as a beaten team should always leave the ice, with nothing left but their equipment and unquestionable spirit.”

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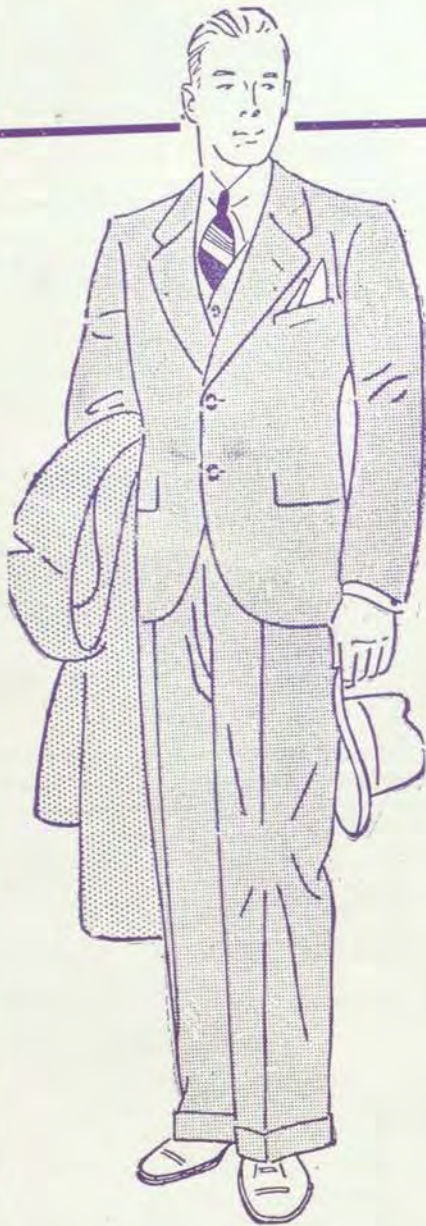
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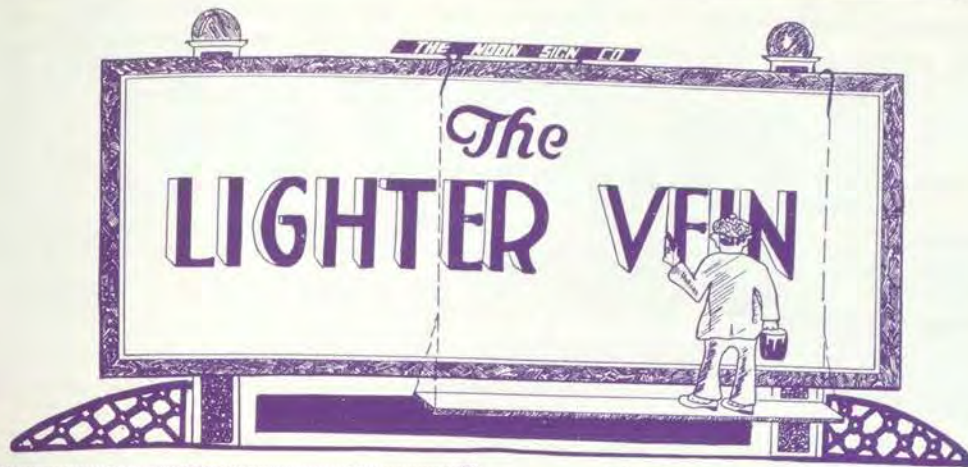
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"A rolling stone is worth two in the bush," at any rate "what goes up must come from beneath," in short, McCormick is well again and the first thing he did when he left his "near-death" bed was to sue his partner, James J. Murphy, ex-stage hand. McCormick claims that Murphy used him as a means to collect money without McCormick's permission. McCormick confessed that he agreed with the plan that Murphy offered for collecting some "remittance due to a sick man"; but he was to get fifty percent. of the collection. Murphy, it seems, drew up the contract but McCormick couldn't sign it on account of being strapped to the bed. The contract however, according to McCormick, should be upheld to the letter. All that Murphy had to do was to empty the box every night. McCormick, on the other hand, claims he had to look the sick man all the day through. The hardest part, however, was the absence of his faithful pipe.

We are glad to record as this issue goes to press that a reconciliation is about to be effected between the former partners. McCormick, when interviewed, claims that a settlement is in sight. The particulars he could not divulge, but he hinted that when it gets a little warmer there may be an extra blind man on one of the local corners.



Save your copies of Purple & White and get them bound at the end of the year.

It's the Way They Have

A Detroit contractor had purchased a number of lots in a certain subdivision in the northwest section and was rushing through the completion of about fifty houses in order to put them on sale before the winter.

One morning the foreman rushed into the contractor's office and exclaimed: "Bad luck, boss. One of them new houses of ours fell down last night."

"What was the matter?" inquired the boss. "How could that happen?"

"It's them new inexperienced workmen we hired last week", replied the foreman. "They went and took the scaffolding down before they put on the wall paper."

Very Strange

He had been out the night before with a party of friends. Arriving home late, he managed to get in without his wife hearing him. The following morning his head ached so badly that he was unable to rise. Wifey went down to get the breakfast, and came running upstairs right away, exclaiming, "John, something has happened last night downstairs, there is not a picture on the wall that is straight", to which John replied, "Why that's funny, I straightened every one of them when I came home last night."

Editor (to aspiring young poet): "This stuff is no good. Nothing but a great outburst of gas."

Poet: "Oh, now I know what the matter is. It's the meter."

S-S-S-S-MATTER?

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-hit it," he yelled.

"W-w-w-w-where?" asked the other.

"Ah, h-h-h-h-hell, now we'll have to h-h-h-h-heat it over again."

"Oh! Ma, come here quick!"

"What is it, Mary?"

"Look, Johnny ate all the raisins off the sticky brown paper!"

Mr. Schneider: What do you think of your first lesson?

Pupil: I've decided to have the rest by mail.

Remember that saying: HE WHO LAUGHS LAST—IS ENGLISH.

"How do you feel?"

"Corking," said the bottle.

"Rotten," said the apple.

"Punk," said the firecracker.

"Swell," said the yeast.

"Fine," said the judge.

"All wet," said the umbrella.

"Grand," boomed the piano.

"Grate," said the fireplace.

"Keen," lisped the knife.

"All done up," wailed the shirt.

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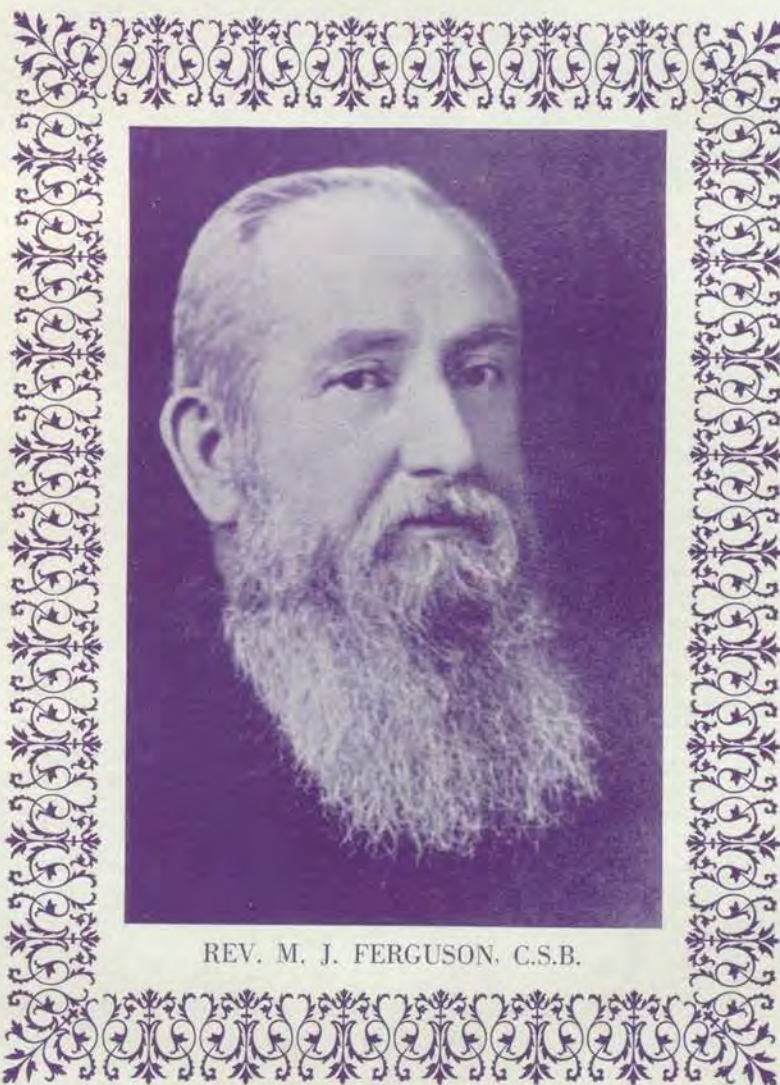


To that Great Teacher, so Cherished in Life, so Revered in Death, we Respectfully Dedicate this Issue

In undertaking a word-picture of certain events, scenes and characters, the writer is very often unable to find words to cope with the sublimity of his theme. If ever such was the case, we truly find it so when considering that embodiment of christian virtues and manly powers—the beloved Father Ferguson, of happy memory to all Assumption students of the earlier days. The very mention of that name brings rise to a wealth of happy memoirs and enkindles in the heart of the old grad a certain feeling of soulful respect, tempered by an endearing love, which only those who knew and studied under this great master can truthfully claim their own.

For forty years, from 1873 to 1913, Father Ferguson confined his labors to the four walls of Assumption College. Undoubtedly this venerable fount of learning owes more of her greatness to him than to any other individual, barring our esteemed founder, Archbishop O'Connor. The efforts of these two priestly geniuses combined to produce a result that no other combination could have affected. Both have gone to their reward, but the splendid traditions which took possession of this place under their harmonious guidance have continued to claim the homage of succeeding generations, and actuate the lives of those to whose sway her destinies have since been entrusted.

Through all the years that Father Ferguson labored under these historic spires, his class, his books, his flower garden, with now and then a walk to Windsor, made up nearly all the diversity his life enjoyed. It was the career of one at once professor, student and recluse. His reading was varied and unceasing. Whether it was a novel of Dickens, a volume on constitutional history, a nineteenth century scientific treatise, his interest was always keen, and his appreciation intelligent and sound. Thanks to a prodigious memory none of this was lost. He could at any time reproduce exactly a line of argument developed by an author whose works he had not



REV. M. J. FERGUSON, C.S.B.

opened for years previous.

As a student of pure English, undefiled, he indeed excelled, and it is a matter of sincere regret that he was so opposed to any exhibition of his gifts in the form of literary productions. He frequently contributed to Catholic publications, but always on the condition that his name be not subscribed to them. The students of his classes, however, received the benefits of his marvelous literary gifts and it was an education in itself to listen to the flow of choicest thoughts clothed in the classic diction, while he gave life and charm to the subjects of study, as was his custom, by a profusion of illustration drawn from every conceivable source: now from history, now from the classics of Greece or Rome, now from Catholic philosophy or theology, and, most frequently, by personal anecdotes vividly and elegantly narrated. In his latter days when he taught Theology, his grasp of difficult problems seemed unlimited, and there was no problem, however abstruse, but found in his mind an illustration, at once interesting and educating. Bishop Ward of Leavenworth, one of our prominent Old Boys and a

former pupil of Father Ferguson's, declared of his old teacher, "As a professor, he ranked above all others that I ever knew." This is high praise but there are many who would concede it in full.

Before coming to Sandwich, Father Ferguson enjoyed an extraordinary reputation as a preacher in Toronto. At Assumption he devoted himself almost entirely to the work in the classroom, and few outsiders were ever privileged to enjoy his oratorical powers, which were of the first order. It is doubtful whether his gifts in this respect have ever been equalled in the Catholic pulpit in Canada. By his unassuming manner and retired mode of living he despoiled himself of honors that all admitted to be within easy reach of talents so extraordinary. But this inborn oratorical genius was not wasted for it played a

(Continued on Page 10, Column 1)

Alumnus Defines Real Spirit of Assumption

NOTES HAPPY RECOLLECTIONS

Dear Mr. Editor:

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." This is the motto of the class of '13. Rather hackneyed, "a bromide." Still I have often wondered, through the years, why we ever chose that trite-expression. On the face of it, it is rather superficial for very serious men at the end of a very serious course to carry out into a very serious world. There was another class motto that I recall. If I mistake not it was the class of Rottach, De Puydt, McQuillan and Gannon. "Age quod agis." This I remember for I had a consciousness of power over the mysterious tongue when first I was able to decipher the meaning. The other immortal phrases beneath the other immortal physiognomies there in the old club-room never made any impression upon me. I'm thinking since, it must have been the idiom.

I may have a unique and individual remembrance of Sandwich, but for me these two class mottoes express what I am pleased to call the Spirit of Assumption. We saw it exemplified on the campus; in the classroom; in the chapel and, may I say it, in the refectory. In the refectory we did some of our most conscientious work. I often wonder if the expression on "Daddy" Semande's face, the Lord rest him, was joy at the sound of our devouring or consternation at the ebb-tide of the treasury. You will remember that it was only one fifty a year, laundry included. The Spirit of Assumption is: Do your best with the advantages at hand; and for the disadvantages? *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.* All said and done, a very essential attitude in a workable philosophy of life. Supernaturalize it and you have something approaching the ideal Christian standard. Sandwich idealized it and supernaturalized it. Assumption, whatever her destiny may be, is founded upon splendid optimism, and only giants with heads in the clouds and the eternal radiance upon their countenance could have carried on. Only men with a supernatural motive could have made it a success. We endured hardship; the boys before us endured greater hardships. These things are as necessary in education as fresh air and exercise are to the health. They may be had in a palace. But the priceless heritage that Assumption has bequeathed to every generation is the Spirit of Assumption engendered by the lives of the men on the faculty. The Basilians, particularly in reference to themselves, never preached the spirit of poverty; never preached the necessity of labor or detachment from the spirit of the world. They lived it. Both sides of the River have been singularly blessed by their presence. They have sent into communities far and wide a magnificent body of laymen and priests imbued with

ASSUMPTION

I seat me by the river's brim
Where sturdy vessels, neat and trim
Go drifting by,
And waters blue reflect the scene
Of clouds that float so bright and clean
Up in the sky.

Beside the mere the towers rise
Through leafy banks to reach the skies,

Assumption's glory;
Enriched her years of splendid past,
Her hopes fulfilled with measure vast;

A wondrous story.

Our Alma Mater smiles with pride
Though ever fain her worth to hide
In modest blushes.

Let others sing or speak her tale
Of noble men so strong and hale
As memory rushes.

Through decades past of glorious strife

'Gainst odds so great and trials rife,
'Twere half expected.
She'd fail and fall all wearied quite,
With scarce a trace of flickering light
With hope connected.

But faith and courage won the day
And softly, gently on her way
She blithely wandered;
Her smile so sweet the more enhanced,

Increased her charms as she advanced,
I've frequent pondered.

Her children, grown to man's estate,
Their mother love with love as great
Or greater every day,
And smile when others speak her well;

If only they had words to tell,
What they could say!

Those children whom she reared when small,
And guarded well in court and hall,
Are still her pride.

Her tender touch can still caress,
Her soothing voice still make impress
Whate'er betide.

The sweet aroma of her life
Serene amid the din and strife
Defined so clearly,
Enchant me more, the more I know
As each day I the older grow;
I love her dearly.

2COT.

the Spirit of Assumption, an accomplishment that man may not fully appreciate nor attempt to reward.

There are many other things that we cannot forget but retain as happy recollections.

(Continued on Page 26, Col. 1)

A Famous Night Fifteen Years Ago

AS TOLD BY AN OLD BOY

Editor,

Purple and White:

Some time ago, one of the members of your staff asked me why I did not occasionally contribute something to the columns of your wonderful paper. What



HOWARD J. PRAY Assumption.

could I answer truthfully? Only one thing. The answer was: laziness. I admit it, and in order to make amends I have decided to ask how many old boys can remember one of the incidents which stand out in my memories of more than seven years at

Just fifteen years ago, almost to the day, an event occurred which is not likely to be forgotten by the writer. At that time, he was a comparative newcomer to Assumption having been introduced to the student body a few weeks previous by no less portly a person than George Weiler. No One Dormitory was the place in those days to gain experience in the ways of college life. And I was given a bed and locker in No. One. The locker number, if my memory serves me right, was ten.

Well, to go on with the story. Father Murray and Louis Mailloux, of Amherstburg, were the dormitory masters. In those days, one large gas light in the centre of the dormitory provided the illumination and it was the custom of Fr. Murray to turn the light low and read in his Office after all "his good little boys" were sound asleep. I fear that at that time I justly deserved the title "good little boy", for I had the habit of going to sleep early. Others, however, did not. After 20 or 30 minutes, Fr. Murray would go downstairs, and then the fun would start.

On the night in question, I was rudely awakened about 10 o'clock. Somebody put his hand over my mouth and others held me. My bed (one of the old wooden ones) was completely dismantled. Remember, this was in mid-winter and in those days, the heat never reached Number One in sufficient quantities that it could be appreciated, and on the night in question the temperature was considerably below the freezing point. Eventually, I was laid out on the floor, and the sides, ends, spring and mattress of the bed piled on top of me.

About that point, somebody heard a noise on the stairway, and immediately everybody was "sound asleep" in their beds. I wasn't but Fr. Murray rescued me, "woke up" a couple of others and then assembled the dismantled bed. Then

(Continued on Page 27, Col. 3)

This Alumnus is Right

Mr. A. A. Kramer, Circulation Manager,
Purple & White,
Assumption College,
Sandwich, Ont.

Dear Mr. Kramer:

In your note to me of a few days ago I see a delightful opening for a thrust at you, and I can't resist the temptation. When your letter mentions that the Assumption students entered the journalistic field some three years ago, you raised a point of history.

Of course, alumni always believe they know more than under-graduates, whether they do or not! But at the risk of drawing that inevitable rejoinder, I'm going to recall that the students entered the publication pasture at least about nineteen or twenty years ago, when a charming little monthly magazine was started under the label, I believe, of *The Assumption College Review*.

Father "Will" Roach was Consulting Editor; "Red" Moffatt, Editor; Leo Kennedy, a classmate of mine, Sports Editor; "Bill" Flannigan, '12, and I were among the contributors.

Whatever became of that magazine? The answer to this question would, I fancy, give your editor the meat for an interesting article in *Purple & White* which he might illustrate by digging up a copy of the older magazine and reproducing the cover on one of your present pages. You might even start a little "column" under some such caption as "20 years ago on the campus," where you could publish newsy excerpts from the older publication.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph M. Maloney, '12.



Observations

Why do you ask us Old Boys to write for this modern page? In the old days (old days must be right if we are Old Boys) they tried to teach us to think, not to write. And of course we thought a lot of things and acted them out, but did not put them into print.

This age is no different from any other except that idolizers of Lindberg mostly fall in the ocean, whereas those of Columbus are unheard of, except for the sponsors of the Titanic. If you talk with the Old Boys, you can learn much about them but you do not see it in print.

So when good and saintly Father Ferguson taught us the derivation of words, he always said "I think," but he never said that he knew.

Father Cushing, who was—and is—the greatest philosopher of his time, always said "I think." We all learned to know that when Father Cushing was thinking—we were safe.

And just now I heard an expression used in reference to one of the boys in the old Yard which I have never heard before: "He could not hook traces very

ONE OF THE MANY



REV. H.D. MCCARTHY

He came to Assumption in '93 and presided over the studyhall even before the days of the famous Father Howard. Father McCarthy has been ordained nearly thirty years and every one of those years has been filled with good. He has a knack of doing things he plans, a knack of making friends and keeping them. St. Leo's is fortunate, Assumption is proud, and we'll join to wish him success, happiness, and God's grace in the years to come.



In The Studyhall---1890

There was his big foot sticking out from under the desk. Big, or rather, huge it was and there was I ready for anything in the way of boyish pranks, even though somewhat crude. I was plugging away at my work, diligently chewing gum at the same time. I spied the big foot straight ahead of me. Then the combination occurred,—gum—hoof—splash. I didn't miss a particle of that huge foot.

Oh, and the surprise he got—and, then what I got. He rammed his huge paw into his pocket, dragged out a plug of blackstrap, bit off a hunk of it, ground it up to atoms with vindictive fury—and then he let me have it all. He sprayed me from head to foot and I could hear him mumbling words that did not sound like prayers—and what could I do? He stood six feet four and I was only a kid. All this happened in the study-hall in 1890.

—2C: 93

good." The author of "Michael" should have embodied that in his serial and we would all know why he was sent to College.

—P.J.C.

An Echo of '89

It was way back there in '89 that it happened,—in the days of old when gasoline with its uncertain light endeavored to dispel the darkness of the night. He came from Bulgarorum Corners wearing the mantel of primitive innocence and everything about the college was a matter of wonder for him.

He was my seatmate as he had been in old S. S. No. 7 S. E. Only those who have been there will be able to interpret the mystic jargon. He was a credit to the school—leader in his class, an authority on all subjects in the curriculum,—but with all his learning there was an atmosphere of unsophistication about him which was a constant source of amusement to me, especially after entering Assumption in January 1889. You see, he didn't have the mental alertness that comes from daily contact of dense population to such a degree as I who lived in the exact center of Bulgarorum Corners. He was five miles away—consequently missed much.

Well, he arrived at College and took his place in study as my seatmate. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and darkness was falling. One of the larger boys started on his round to light the gasoline jets. When he reached the jet near our desk my innocent friend from Bulgarorum Corners looked up intently and then began to laugh.

"What is up?" I asked, surprised to see him chuckling almost to the point of disturbing the sacred silence of the studyhall.

"It ain't got no wick" was all he could murmur between chuckles.

—2C:93.



Cruel

Yes, I admit it. Wilfully and deliberately I did it. It was in the days when chewing tobacco was a high crime and a misdemeanor ranking next to high treason.

He was seated on a bench on the other side of the yard with some of his cronies. I wandered over casually, as it were,—and began to talk to him. At first he answered yes or no. Gradually his speech became less distinct, shading down to a mumbled grunt and then reducing itself to a nod or shake of the head. In the meantime his cheeks began to bulge and his eyes stuck out like saucers. I knew what was the matter. So did he. He dared not swallow for I do not think his stomach could have held it all. Deep distress was painfully evident. In pity I turned away and as if to ask a further question I turned suddenly. There was a stream of tobacco juice flying through the air for a couple of yards and copious enough to drown a cat. Humiliation and embarrassment settled on him like a horseblanket and I resumed my walk.

—1902



Old Boys! Tell us more of what happened during your time at Assumption.

Forsan Et Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit

He was one of the old grads, there for the reunion, living again the days of his youth in spite of the venerable dignity of white locks and the encroachment of advancing years. Seeing him, one was impressed by the serenity of his countenance and his patriarchal mien. It would be difficult to associate such dignity and venerability with blueberry pie. Yet such a commonplace thing as a blueberry pie did enter into his scheme of things,—but let him tell it as it happened:

"Twas years ago—oh, a multitude of them—and much water has passed under the bridge since it occurred. Father O'Connor was superior and I was just one of those present. Like all half-grown boys I was always hungry and when opportunity rapped at my door, I bade her enter, especially if she had anything in the nature of eatables.

One day as I happened to be passing the kitchen which stood just over there at the end of the Little Walk, I spied a pie,—a real pie—just-out-of-the-oven pie, resting on the edge of the window, challenging me with its aroma. I would not be bluffed by any pie that was ever made; I swooped down on that pie and bore it off triumphantly. I was making good my escape with the cook clamoring in the distance. I was just on the point of turning the corner when I heard the old familiar cough of our Reverend Superior within a few feet of me, yet out of sight, but terribly, oh so terribly near! What could I do? I dare not throw that pie away. I wanted it too much. And yet I must not be caught. Oh, happy thought! An inspiration came to me. I opened my vest in a flash, clasped the blueberry pie to my bosom, buttoned my vest, and with an air of innocence almost stumbled into the awe-inspiring presence of my Superior. I backed up, apologized, and with a reverential bow marched on.

Oh, that pie was a mess, and I was a scandal—and I did not want that pie any more."

—2C:93.



How many remember FitzMaurice in the role of King Alababi with his forty thieves? In '13 and '14, they kept the yard alive and the rec. masters worried with their doings. Occasionally, they felt called upon to admonish some erring fellow-student. Such performances ended with the victim held prisoner while the gang sang "We have saved one soul today." They had their gang song too. It ran something like this:

We are the Alababies, students of
Assumption C
We are the very best Knights of the
Ace, King, Queen
And we fight with all our might every
bit of jack we see
Hip! Hip! Hurray for the Alababies.

Kai Oi Tethnekotes

They have gone on their way where
Eternity leads,

Leaving to us but some memories of old,
They're fading from view, the list of their
deeds

Is all that remains for us, here to be told.

They were boys just as we in the years
that are gone,

Buoyant of heart and filled with fond hope,
And the sunshine of life on their youth
brightly shone,

With the oncoming struggle courageous to
cope.

Carefree and gladsome, with zest in their
play,

They scampered about all shouting in glee,
With scarcely a cloud to darken their day,
The joy of their young life was pleasant
to see.

Beneath the glad surface the depth of their
soul

Was plumbed by a purpose sincere and
profound;

God beckoned, they answered ere reaching
the goal;

They're lying at rest neath the cemetery
mound.

Look over the list, old timers, and let
your memories fondly dwell for a moment
on the friends of former days:—

<i>Ed. McDonald</i>	<i>Tom Delanty</i>
<i>Pete McDonald</i>	<i>Micky Regan</i>
<i>Jack O'Keefe</i>	<i>Phil Baillargeon</i>
<i>George Stopp</i>	<i>Henry Conlon</i>
<i>Simon Collins</i>	<i>Tom Conlon</i>
<i>Tom Gignac</i>	<i>Ed. Burke</i>
<i>George Brown—</i> <small>Senator</small>	<i>H. Corrigan</i>
<i>Tom Luby</i>	<i>Tom Burns</i>
<i>Jack Dunn</i>	<i>Archie Cahill</i>
<i>Jimmy O'Mara</i>	<i>F. Traher</i>
<i>Henry O'Neil</i>	<i>W. McIntyre</i>
<i>Jos. Sharpe</i>	<i>Ed. Howard</i>
<i>F. O'Rorke</i>	<i>H. Bourillon</i>
<i>D. Mulcahy</i>	<i>Sam. Beaubien</i>
<i>Mich. Schwind</i>	<i>Texas O'Mara</i>
<i>Joe Joos</i>	<i>Jim. Gibbons</i>
<i>Andy Dooling</i>	<i>Jack Mahoney</i>
<i>Mat Dowling</i>	<i>Joe Fuerth</i>
<i>Louie Tschirhart</i>	<i>C. Janisse</i>
<i>Fred Barry</i>	<i>Arsene Cote</i>

This is only a partial list of the departed sons of old Assumption. I have set them down as we knew them in the Yard, where we fought for and with each other in many a friendly contest in all kinds of athletic endeavor. To give them their more formal titles would take some of the charm that surrounds their names and memories.

Yours sincerely,

2C: 93.

Heard From the Hospital

St. Joseph's Hospital,
London, Ont.,

March 6, 1928.

Dear Gang:

Well, how is everything in the wild and wily Border Cities since the cops have lost their blinkers? I am flat on my back at present taking a ride on the Twelfth



Century Limited back to Healthville after an operation. It's nothing serious but I have to keep both eyes on the ceiling for about a week. There's only one other thing that's nearly as monotonous and that's looking for somebody by the

name of Smith in a telephone directory.

I hope whoever opens this won't mind my writing with a pencil but you know, and I know, and we all know that no matter how fresh a shot of ink may be—it won't run uphill. Which reminds me of that real gem: "I may be down and out, but when my shoes wear through I'll be on my feet again." Tom Ryan of Buffalo was its originator, I believe, the same Tom of the perennially oversized and chronically baggy brown corduroy pants and the owner of the grand-daddy of all trick hats ever worn at Assumption. Can any gentleman present remember Tom's pants and hat? What do you mean—call them trousers? No can do. Trousers are pressed.

Well, to get back to my own grief, woe and tribulation, Kid Ether didn't K.O. me until the third round. The Doc told me afterwards that he gave me enough ether to stop a firetruck in full flight. I believed him alright because that firetruck hit me just before I went out—then no birds sang.

I was out about eight hours and when I saw daylight again, I felt like a lost soul with no place left to get lost. That was Saturday. It's now Tuesday and they gave me my first meal this morning. You may think there is nothing harder than playing a banjo on the north end of a telegraph pole in a 40-mile gale. But there is. (Try and drink a cup of tea when all your toes are pointing toward the roof. It went down alright—some inside and some outside; but it went down. I got some egg on my chin too but it wasn't much more than I smear there when I have both feet on the floor—so it didn't worry me much.)

Well, friends, Romans and city folks, it's drawing near the stroke of high noon, the magic hour when I'm scheduled to put a half-nelson on a whole flock of full-grown vitamins. So I'll close for now. Better than best luck to everybody.

ANDY MCGUIRE.



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TALES TOLD IN SNAPS

(?) Two fellows whose specialties were baseball and music. Howard Olk is down in Missouri. Frank Hymes is in Detroit.



-1-

(?) A gang on the library steps. Frank Vens, John Gibbons, (anon), Clarence Dwyer, J. Dillon, Bill Griffin, Bob Curley, Vallie Dussia, Bill Kolb, Chas. Asselin.



(2)



-3-

(?) Father Barney Geller was our armchair philosopher and prince of good fellows. Red Kessel is a father too. He has two wonderful youngsters.



-4-



(5)



-6-

(?) Tom Currier was recmaster but he was more than that. He was the friend of the youngsters and the father of junior basketball.



-7-



-8-



-9-

(?) Here they are. Red Kessel can be proud and if they are half as fine as their daddy they'll find the world a pleasant place, full of friends.



-10-



-11-



-12-

(?) Charlie Asselin enjoyed calling the stations between Bay City and Detroit. He called them once too often and Dorm-master, Father Tighe, fulfilled a painful duty.



-13-



(14)



-15-

(?) They had a fire here the very night Allor came. He looks suspicious too. If O'Neil let him off he must be innocent for O'Neil was sharp.

(?) Reserves '16. Red Kessel, Art Fleming, Mr. Ches. Brennan, Jimmie Burns, Tom Nester, Whity Ware, and Spike Rockwood.

(?) Two princes! Ed. Carey laughed through all his years on earth and we hope he's happy still. Joe Paquette made friends. He was a quiet fellow from a quiet town.

(?) Ahern, Donnelly, Pettipren, Carey, Hickey Allor, Fleming, Ware. Needless to say, we walked on the grass.

(?) No introduction is needed! We all know Father Howard's smile and Father Burns' wit.

(?) The music teacher, Prof. Napolitano, talking it over with Bob Curley and Tom Nester. Poor Bob died just after ordination.

(?) Harry Lassaline and Benny Jacques were two Windsor lads. Benny has gone to China on the foreign missions. We wish him luck.

(?) Poet, gentleman and scholar. Mr. Bert Vernier, of Fair Haven specialized with gloves. Bert roomed with Christie and did his home work.

(?) When Geometry and Latin are caught taking a walk, they must be plotting dire measures against Second Year. Here we have Fathers A. McNabb and M. Bench.

Do You Remember It?

He was from Way Back Corners. You could guess that before he told you that "he was ruz on the back eighty and come to College to get a little schoolin." He looked truly rural and the atmosphere of the new-mown hay hung around him. Naturally he immediately became a topic for study on the part of all, and various were the tests to which he was subjected.

There was a tremendous commotion in the dormitory, and the sacred silence that broods over the sleeping apartments of the College was rudely shattered. I was not on duty that night so I had to get the report by relay. I thought my rural friend might have an original version of it, so I'll let him tell it in his own way.

"Well, Father, it was just like this. I got squared away for bed and threw back the clothes and got in. My feet struck a bottle that some feller had put in there. I got right up and put it away in my clothes closet and then got into bed again and threw myself back. I don't know what happened, but when I threw myself back, my head went down and my feet went up and I got all tangled up in the bed clothes and the more I thrashed around trying to get out the more I got tangled up and I was just about strangled when that 'er feller called Quillen came over and pried me out."

Hinc, lacrymae.

Statistics

If you are interested in statistics, this is what we found running through the directory of old students published last spring. Between 1870 and 1920 there were 38 Murphys at Assumption and they weren't small potatoes either. That name takes the record. The Ryans come second with a total of 36. There were 30 Kellys, 27 Sullivans, 25 Doyles, 23 Walshs, and 22 O'Briens. That is quite a formidable array of Irish names and leaves the impression that Assumption has been blessed with plenty of blarney.

There are 4410 names in the directory and frankly, we did not have the patience to take an exact count of national descent. A fairly careful estimate shows that the Irish lead in the enrollment with the French a close second. There were 18 Marentettes, 16 Ouellettes, 15 Girardots, and 15 Reaumes. Among the French, there is a greater diversity of names and during the last ten years the attendance of boys of French descent has increased very rapidly. The directory for 1930 may show a very different tale.

MICHAEL

HIS STORY
By An Old Boy

(Continued from last issue)

To me the occasion was of such vast import that I could scarcely find words to acknowledge the introduction. I was not exactly scared, I might rather say I was awed by it all. I felt like a barbarian wandering into Athens.

After a brief conversation Father McBrady invited us to call upon the Rev. Superior, Father O'Connor. If I had been almost swept off my feet by the mysterious and enchanting nature of the place before, I was now due for another sensation. I was now brought face to face with a man who seemed to be the embodiment of power and authority. I am simply trying to give my impressions of my first moments in the College. My reverence for the priesthood, the tremendous dignity of the man, his laconic mode of speech, his stern appearance just left me standing there like an automaton. I felt as if I could do everything but smile.

"Well, young man," said he, when he received my name and address, "you are entering College. I hope you will like it."

I managed to mumble something, for I was just scared stiff. My interview, together with my stay in his office, did not take much time. Another student happened in just then. Father O'Connor dismissed me simply, forceably and effectively by saying, "Here, D—, take this boy out and show him around." And off I went with D— to begin my excursions and meanderings around Assumption College. We sauntered out into the yard, and there I met Patrick D—, another lad from the rural parts, and D— just dropped me to make my way, just like a small boy dropping a kitten over the back fence to find for itself.

I did not fare so badly with my second acquaintance in my new, unknown land. Similis simili gaudet, and as P. was just emerging from the rural districts of Emmet, Mich., and parts thereabout, we just took to each other for the present, and have had a tender regard for each other ever since, and that is nearly forty years now. Together we sauntered about the grounds, indulged in a little game of catch, developed our acquaintance, and finally heard the bell ring for dinner. Shyly we wandered into the hall and just followed the small crowd of early arrivals and finally reached the refectory.

It was an imposing sight that greeted me. True, the room looked rather large but its appointments of long tables with red cloths all symmetrically arranged made me feel that there would be an immense crowd of students when all the tables were filled. On an elevation stood the table for the staff. Thus arranged the whole student body came directly beneath the gaze

Translated From the Original

Marvelous were the renditions of Latin into English in our early efforts to find out what it was all about. We were just beginning to decipher the mysterious jargon contained in a small book called *Epitome* and the results were sometimes weird. Here is a sample. Some lad from down the river towards "The Burg" was called on to construe a passage from the opening chapters of the aforesaid *Epitome*.

Very laboriously and uncertainly he read the passage: "Deinde Deus soporem in Adamum misit." And here is his version verbatim:

Deus—God
misit—put
deinde—a *dindon* (a turkey)
in soporem—into the soup
Adamum—of Adam.
AND THEN WE HOWLED!

—2C:93.

of the Superior, and this conduced to good order.

My first impression was that they had quite forgotten to set the table. The few of us present were given places and Grace was said by the Superior. All I saw, when we sat down, in the way of provisions, was a series of plates, knives and forks, a glass of water, a pitcher of the same, and a plate of beets. My heart sank a trifle for I had been accustomed to having the table loaded all ready for quick action, and the present state of destitution rather appalled me. I said nothing, wisely, for in a few moments, when the Scripture had been read, one of the larger boys, the waiter for the year, brought on the courses in order, and I saw it was another way of getting the same results.

You are all familiar with the rest of my life for the next five years, so we had better adjourn for the present. As for you, Joe, you may be able to extract some food for thought the next time you encounter a buttonwood stump."

"OLD TIMER".

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One day last year Jimmie Martin was assailed by an uncomfortable inward feeling. Eventually, he diagnosed this new feeling as qualms of conscience for neglect of opportunity. The baseball diamond, the hand ball alley, and the swimming pool had attractions which Jimmie found it hard to resist but in a desperate moment he resolved to give them all up just as good christian people give up eating spinach for lent. He resolved to become a recluse and to devote his whole talent and energy to study. In the library there were many good books but Jimmie made straight for the largest, oldest and dustiest. There were to be no half way measures about his resolution. At the back of the shelf, covered with dust, he discovered an old note book. The binding was almost gone and the book showed years of use. This seemed interesting so he sat down to examine it. Two hours later Jimmie was in the yard again training to break the records he had found, for the book first to his hand in the library was the record of the sports held on the old field days from 1896 to 1907.

That was the editor's story when he passed the book to me. A few moments with that book were sufficient to send the pangs of authorship creeping over me. Ordinarily, it is contrary to my habits to indulge in writing but the mere list of names and figures in that book would spoil it all. I could dream for hours about those days, the superior's feast, and the boys who celebrated. Today, I am going to dream as I write and let my tale run at random. We'll forget the more or less drab spots in college life and feel again the life of the yard. Out there in the games and tom-foolry every fellow did his best. Rough angles of character were worn off and a spirit was molded that was the spirit of Assumption. Traditions were formed and it is surprising how they last. Friendships there were more intimate than any other that time has brought and though the duties and purposes of life lead us far apart we find a common ground, the yard at old Assumption.

In 1896 Father Cushing was superior and his feast came on September 28th. That year Joe Sharpe took the cup with 22 points out of a possible 33. He had come down from Point Edward in '92 and this was his last year. There is another generation of boys at Assumption who remember him after he came back from Texas in 1914 and '15. Hard work and sickness had made him prematurely old but back in '96 he won the hundred yard dash in 12 and 1/5 seconds. That doesn't sound fast but try it. His record for 300 yards was 32 and 2/5 seconds. On the standing broad jump he did 10 feet and 8 inches and on the running broad jump 15 feet and 3 inches.

There were others who made good show-



ings. Emil Plourde of River Rouge was a little fellow who should have competed in second class but he stood second even among the big fellows. "Nig" Clarke pegged the baseball 30 yards and beat him but it took more than that to spoil Plourde's disposition. All sunshine and energy in the yard, all giggles and happy-go-lucky in class, he smuggled chewing tobacco for his friends, plotted ways and means of getting stalers at table, and smiled his way through college. Frank Sills led his class and in time led the school. John Dunne was the champion shot-putter with Tom Ferguson and Mike O'Neil close seconds. Richard Kramer stood high in every branch of play. Peter Ryan of Marine City threw the baseball nearly 100 yards.

In 1897, field day honours were more hotly contested. John Dunne won the cup with 16 points out of a possible 33. He made the hundred yard dash in 12 and 1/2 seconds and afterwards won the 300 yard dash as well. He's dead now but during his two or three years at Assumption, he took his bumps, played his part, and left a host of pleasant memories. J. M. Powers stood second that year. He was an all-around fellow, full of pep. He's like that now too, building a wonderful parish down in Cleveland. He could work up more enthusiasm in two minutes than most fellows do in a month. That's not at all like his brother. Joe was clever, a great reader and a good scholar, but he didn't enthuse much. Ray Hillenmeyer from Kentucky competed with the little fellows. I suppose he wrote home about his records but we won't repeat them now. Just the same, Ray was one of the most popular fellows that ever put foot in the yard at Assumption.

Some fellows who couldn't run a hundred feet now have their names on the list for records. Once upon a time "Mike" O'Neil and Frank Laurendeau tied each other on a standing broad jump. They made 8 feet and 10 inches, all in one jump.

O'Neil could put a 16 pound shot 36 feet. Laurendeau won the high jump and threw the baseball 79 yards. "Nig" Clarke beat him by ten yards and that shows that "Nig" was improving. He did 9 yards better than the year before.

O'Neil must have done some spring training for the next year he won the College cup by 13 points out of a possible 27. Last year a couple of lawyers tried to put something over on Father O'Neil but he made them sick of their bargain. If they had known him as the boys at Assumption did they would have saved themselves a lot of trouble. He was not exactly a fighter but no one ever tramped on his rights. The fellows liked him because he was square. In 1898, the ball-throwing was the most interesting event. Leo Charlton was a new fellow but he stepped up and put the ball 90 yards down the field. It was all Plourde could do to tie him, and Plourde was a real baseball player. Jimmie Fitzpatrick opened their eyes by pegging 100 yards. That put "Nig" Clarke on his metal. He felt he could beat that but it took several attempts. Before "Nig" was through he got one over for 101 yards. I think that record still stands and was only equalled once. That was by William Christian of New York.

Grat. Whitwham seems to have left this earth of ours. At any rate he has disappeared. During his four years at Assumption, he showed his love for the yard and the sports that went on there and I'd like to know how he is doing. In '99 when he won the cup they didn't keep records. There were the three Toms,—Ferguson, Hussey, and Ford,—O'Neil, Hogan, and Kroner. They were a great bunch of lads.

Some day, someone must take this book and tell the story after 1900; tell it better than I have been able. In the yard at old Assumption, there have been times too good to go untold, there have been characters too fine to be forgotten.

FATHER FERGUSON

(Continued from Page 1)

great part in moulding the characters of the students of those years. Of his fifty-two years in the priesthood, there were only a few—five or six perhaps—in which he was not called upon to conduct the May devotions. Old Boys—many of them—are strong in asserting today that, year after year, they watched anxiously for the return of this event. Twenty or twenty-five minutes each evening, thirty-one times in succession, they tell us, never seemed long. Each one of those obscure efforts was a real gem of oratory, solid, instructive, clear, every truth driven home, often rising to the highest flights of eloquence, in language at once forceful, beautiful, edifying, breathing a spirit of deepest faith and piety.

With a persistence which seemed excessive to those who did not know its sources, Father Ferguson kept to the quiet seclusion of his chosen calling, all the while maintaining an interest in every public concern, and frequently giving of his store to others, less gifted, but more actively engaged in practical affairs. To all who knew him the mention of his name recalls the genial kindly smile, the easiness of access, the keen sense of humor, the fondness for dwelling upon trivial incidents of the past, the disposition to magnify the heroic deeds of his childhood acquaintances, the lasting affection for all who at any time commanded his admiration. His was the life of one to whom familiarity

(Continued in Column Three)

A Tribute

To Rev. Chas. Collins, '93, Purple and White is greatly indebted for the timely assistance he has given in making this publication interesting



REV. CHAS. COLLINS

to students of former days as well as those of the present. We take this opportunity of extending to him our sincere gratitude, with the hope that more of the Old Boys will be inspired to keep our alumni section always fresh with articles and reminiscences of the old days. From their pens alone can come the true stories of Assumption life as it really existed then.

HOW MANY REMEMBER
ASKS JIMMIE BURNS

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)

glorious victory for the hot coffee splashed in my face and almost drowned the man behind me. Frank Bertrand was our special waiter.

The time "Izzy" Clerkin stole the phosphorus from Father Tighe's Chemistry Class and concealed it in his pocket, and

(Continued from Column One)

with great things accomplished by man only served to show more clearly the greatness of man's Creator and Master. In everything he saw the hand of God and this spirit was constantly reflecting itself in his conversation, in all he said and did.

In the early summer of 1912, a bodily ailment, to which he had at times been subject, asserted itself once more, this time in a form unusually serious, and before long it was evident that the last illness was at hand. Gradually growing weaker and weaker he lingered on month after month and the long, dreary fall and winter slowly and quietly passed away. Towards the end of April the figure so long familiar to everyone in and around Assumption was seen no more.

Within these walls hallowed by his memory, professors, old students, visitors, enjoying a few minutes together, live over again some scene or event of bygone days and breathe a prayer for the eternal happiness of one, the mention of whose name brings back so much that is pleasant to recall. The lessons of the great master live on though the voice that gave them forth is silent forever.

how he left the room with his pants aflame.

The Orchard Lake yell that went something like this, "make it a hundred."

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GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS

Alumni Eleven Holds Varsity Even

FORMER ASSUMPTION STARS BATTLE 6-6 DRAW WITH STUDENTS.

As hotly a contested football battle as has ever graced the Assumption College gridiron was played Sunday afternoon, when an aggregation of well-remembered former stars held the Varsity to a 6-6 draw in four 15-minute quarters.

Some first-class football was displayed by both sides and the old-timers would have undoubtedly put a victory across but for the fact that they had apparently no practice together and were not in as good condition as the present wearers of the Purple and White. All of the boys put up good games and showed the representative team how Assumption used to win its games. A reception and banquet were tendered the teams after the game. Line-ups and summary:

Alumni	1927-28	Varsity
SmithL.E.....	Kessel
Mailloux, W.L.T.....	Vernier
McMannL.G.....	Bondy, Chisholm
QuermbachC.....	Degan
Kelly, M.R.G.....	Griffin
MartinR.T.....	Bertram
DaltonR.F.....	Ryan
CotterQ.B.....	Rockwood
OuelletteL.H.....	Harrigan
Mailloux, O.R.H.....	White
McIntyreF.B.....	C. Kelly

Touchdowns—McIntyre, Kelly. Referee—J. J. Plourde (Assumption). Umpires—Savage, Carlisle.

Be sure and save your copies. You may want a bound volume in June.

Windsor Boy is Heavy-weight Wrestling Champ

The gymnasium season of Assumption College was brought to a close this week with a championship tournament. The program was in charge of Rev. Father Plourde and Athletic Instructor William Campbell, and was run off without a hitch. There was a large number of students present during the tournament and much enthusiasm was shown.

Frank Iler, a Windsor boy, won the championship of the heavyweight class. H. Herbert of Sandwich East, and T. Hein of Windsor, in the 115 pound class, and H. Kessel of Port Huron and A. McNabb of St. Thomas, in the 125 pound class, furnished the keenest competition in wrestling.

In the strength tests the boys did exceedingly well and their showing would be a credit to many older and more seasoned exponents of the art. Following is a summary of the events:

Wrestling

115 pounds—H. Herbert of Sandwich East won from T. Hein, Windsor, in 13½ minutes; W. L. Worden, St. Thomas, won from W. Mohan, London, in 7½ minutes; W. L. Worden won from H. Herbert in 8 minutes.

125 pounds—H. Kessel, Port Huron, won from A. McNabb, St. Thomas, in 12 minutes.

135 pounds—K. Crandall, Linden, Mich. won from J. White, Kinkora, Ont., in 8 minutes.

145 pounds—L. Ryan, Mt. Carmel, won from W. Trombley, Detroit, in 4 minutes.

158 pounds—Frank Iler, Windsor, won

Students Save College

FIRE AT ASSUMPTION CONTROLLED BY BOYS' BRIGADE

Assumption College, Sandwich, might be a heap of ruins today if it were not for the valiant efforts of the boys' fire brigade of the school. The boys, 29 in number, scantily clad, fought a blaze in the dining room building Tuesday night until the Sandwich Fire Department arrived. Father Foster said Wednesday that all of the buildings of the school might have been destroyed but for the prompt action of the brigade.

The fire started in the boiler room about midnight Tuesday and was discovered by Father Howard. There were 150 students asleep in the four dormitories on the third floor of another building. All rushed outside in their night gowns and watched the fire.

After an hour's hard work by the boys and the department, the fire was placed under control. Fire in the coal bins was the last to be put out.

The flames spread from the boiler room to the dining room and infirmary on the same floor, and destroyed practically all the furniture. A high wind was blowing throughout the entire fire, which made the work of the firemen harder. Damage will amount to about \$5,000.

from H. Cooney, Ypsilanti, in 8 minutes.

Strength Tests—First Class

Dip on Floor—H. Kessel, 1st, with 37 times; A. McNab, 2nd, with 31 times; L. Ryan, 3rd, with 30 times; L. Worden, 4th with 27 times.

Deep knee bend—Bowen, 1st with 30 times; A. McNab, 2nd, with 28 times; H. Kessel, 3rd, with 23 times; Droste, 4th, with 10 times.

Chin the bar—A. McNab, 1st, with 24 times; Droste, 2nd, with 22 times; Selinsky, 3rd, with 17 times; L. Ryan, 4th, with 13 times.

Shot put—Iler, 1st, Selinsky, 2nd, McNabb, 3rd, Broughton 4th.

Strength Tests—Second Class

Chin the bar—McNamara, 1st, with 13 times; Yacques, 2nd, with 12 times; McAvoy, 3rd, with 11 times; Tougeon, 4th, with 9 times.

Deep knee bend—Yacques, 1st, with 28 times; Lagorio, 2nd, with 17 times.

Dip on floor—McAvoy, 1st, with 25 times; McNamara 2nd, with 23 times; Yacques, 3rd, with 21 times; Tougeon 4th, with 17 times.

Yacques won the rope climbing contest in 6 3-5 seconds and the running race in 8 1-5 seconds.

Handsome medals will be presented to the winners of the championships.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



Reviewing the Reviews

This page is the result of a letter received some time ago from Joseph M. Maloney '12, a member of one of The Review staffs, calling our attention to the fact that Assumption students did not enter the journalistic field three years ago as was stated in the *Purple and White circular*. That letter is printed elsewhere in this edition and we humbly acknowledge our mistake, for it would be an untoward act to completely obliterate all semblances of the existence of that precursor of ours. Let it be known here and now to all the world that Assumption students of '08, '09 and '10, had some worthy and ambitious journalists in their ranks. This page is a fitting answer to Mr. Maloney's question, "What became of the old Review?" True, it did not weather the storm of the years, but its spirit lives on today in these *Purple and White* pages that come from the press at regular intervals. The last edition of the Review, appeared in the late spring of 1910. To the men whose ambitious and untiring efforts made possible that glorious record of Assumption life (they are the leaders amongst the clergy and laity today) we dedicate this page in happy memory.

From the first article in the initial number, entitled "A New Year and a New Venture," we surmise that the editor and his associates must have hit some stormy seas on that first journalistic voyage. It's not as hard, to find an intelligent and conscientious printer in this day and age as it was twenty years ago, and this fact alone makes their undertaking the more praiseworthy.

"Ted" Kelly, the instigator and first editor of the Review, certainly had some talented writers on his staff that first year. In his poem, "The Lasting Goal," W. J. Robinson, '10, brings out the moral very cleverly in the closing stanza:
*All else may crumble—but thy goal
Beyond these idle, empty fears
Awaits thee, trembling earth-bound soul,
And lives in ages, not in years.*"

What we glean from the "P. Y. Y." League from the Review leads us to surmise that there must have been some merry old games fought in those days. According to the records the Yard proved a little too good for the Yannigans and the Philosophers in 1907 and grabbed off the pennant.

The same year Assumption was one of four teams entered in the Peninsular Soccer League. The other three aggregations were Detroit, Sandwich and Walkerville. When the scheduled games had been played Assumption was tied for the top rung with

Sandwich and Detroit and from the account of the play-off game the Purple-and-White athletes were handed the dirty end of the stick by the officials. The play-off ended in a tie (after Sandwich had been donated a point by the ref.) and the league champion was not settled.

We glean from the alumni column of that initial issue that our far-famed alumnus, Frank McIntyre, '96, was at that time starring in "Classmates."



"The name of O'Meara is so conspicuous on our walls and fences," states the Review alumni editor, "that we cannot refrain from putting it in the first issue. That's right, James, make your mark in the world." Surely this can't be the venerable Doc O'Meara, now so prominent amongst Jackson professional men!

We garner from the sport pages that basketball was introduced at Assumption in 1908—just twenty years ago. This fact should prove interesting to present students as well as to those of former years. How well that writer of twenty years ago prophesied in the following lines: "The enthusiasm and the interest of the students assures the management that basketball has come to stay and will in future years be an important branch in athletics, for which Assumption College has gained a wide reputation."

What's this we read in the "Chronicle" column about the boys doing ample jus-

tice to the sumptuous turkey dinner tendered them on Thanksgiving day! That's one custom that must be revived at Assumption. (A hearty laugh from Father Nicholson is in order.)

Another note from the "Chronicle" tells us that work at that time "upon the new chapel" was progressing rapidly. Twenty years of valiant service that same chapel has rendered in the service of God and hundreds of Assumption students have crossed and recrossed its portals down through those two decades of years.

The Dramatic Club in the days of the Review was very active and we learn that the entertainment given on November 28, '07, was a great success. "More Sinned Against Than Sinning," was the title of the play. According to the Review reporter, W. Murray made a very designing villain. "Maurice Walsh was an excellent hero, and the whole-souled, jolly major, W. Moffat, made a very decided hit. "Ted" Kelly, as Teddy O'Neil, who likes no better fun than punching the land agent's head, shared the applause with the major, and the audience will long remember his clever disguise and capture of the smugglers in the last act."

Here is the way sports in the Yard are described by the Review :

Soccer

Two men, a ball, a football game,
A kick, a miss, one man is lame.

Rugby Football

Man with ball—twenty seated on his head
Twenty men get off—man with ball is dead.

The articles, editorials and stories that appeared every month in Assumption's first journal were certainly masterpieces of logical thought clothed in the choicest of diction.

While the A Club was not organized until 1912, we find that even back in '07 Assumption had a representative football team. Those pioneers of the gridiron who performed on the college team that year were: Busch, Flory, Robinson, Gannon, Longe, W., Cosgrove, Burke, McQuillan, E. Hetherington, McQuillen, F., Longe, J., Minich, Blackwell, Flattery, Graham and Maher.

The Review received the following note of encouragement from one of the Old Boys shortly after the first number appeared: "Am greatly pleased with the Review. Read it with as much gratification as I used to eat Joe McManus' candy and the pies we often stole from "Mag" (God rest her soul), the cook."

D. J. Murphy,
Toledo, Ohio.

(Continued on Page 29, Col. 1)

∴ THE PAST IN PICTURES ∴



ORATORICAL CONTEST SET FOR APRIL 17

Burns, Dettman, Murphy Survive Preliminaries

THREE SENIOR CLASSMEN COMPETE FOR COVETED PRIZE BEFORE PUBLIC

The preliminary speeches for the annual oratorical contest, staged under the auspices of St. Basil's Literary Society, were delivered before the members of the society on March 27th and 28th. Of the various contestants Messrs. Burns, Dettman and Murphy were pronounced the most finished speakers by the judges and they will compete for the coveted O'Connor Oratory prize before a public audience on the evening of April 17th.

The subject of Mr. Burn's oration was "The Church and Science." Mr. Dettman's talk concerned modern education and its problems, while Mr. Murphy contrasted culture and morality in their various aspects.



Following Issue to be Edited on April 20th

EASTER VACATION PREVENTS PAPER APPEARING ON THE FIFTEENTH

Due to a peculiar prank of the calendar, it will be impossible for the next issue of Purple and White to appear on the regular date of publication—April 15th. The Easter vacation begins on the 4th and ends on the 10th of this month. Thus there is not sufficient time between the return from the holidays and the 15th to get the issue from the press. The next best thing is to have it appear on the 20th, so that's the date that our readers' semi-monthly thirst for news will be quenched. This delay will not interfere with the scheduled publishing of the May 1st number.

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VERN B. DICKESON, Mgr.

First Purple and White Editor Recalls Paper's Early Existence

Mt. St. Mary's Seminary,
Norwood, Ohio,
March 5, 1928.

Editor Purple and White,
Sandwich, Ontario.
Dear Editor:—

Replying to yours of recent date, is it possible that the generation of students which inhabited Assumption's halls at the time of the P. and W.'s birth has de-



HUBERT H. ROBERGE

parted, and an account of this event would be of interest to the paper's readers? Makes me feel that I am getting old.

Well, Rhetoric class '25 had many noble ideals. And one of them was:—How to further the cause of old Assumption and at the same time obtain a revenue for the class exchequer! The germ of the idea of a school paper is traceable to Mr. Patrick Coyle, English prof of Rhetoric that year, and one of the best interpreters of Shakespeare it has been my good fortune to know. It was he who inspired Messrs. Austin and Redmond to broach the idea to the class. The class held a meeting. Where? In the rec-master's room across from the Prefect of Discipline's office. If the truth is to be told, I, at first, opposed the idea of publishing a periodical, not seeing how it could be put across financially. However, the majority were in favor of the idea, and the Striking Committee accordingly paid its respects to Father Dillon to secure his essential approval. I think that he shared my own

(Continue don Page 27, Col. 1)

Sodality Candidates Are Received on March 25th

FIFTEEN STUDENTS MAKE PROMISES AND VOUCH LOYALTY TO BLESSED VIRGIN

On Sunday evening, March 25th, fifteen Assumption students promised to honour the "Queen of Heaven" by saying her office faithfully, and they were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Preceding the reception, Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., Ph.D., delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon, taking for his theme the member of the Sodality as expressive of the spirit of the ideal college boy. Due to the fact that it was impossible to hold a reception of candidates last December 8th, it was decided to honour the Virgin Mary on the Feast of the Annunciation by an inaugural of young men into the Sodality on the Sunday within the octave.



Telephone Company Shows Intricacies of Exchange

On the afternoon of March 29th, the students of Assumption spent a very enjoyable and instructive period when they were initiated into the mysteries of the telephone exchange. Through the courtesy of the Bell Telephone Co. two switchboards were set up in the gym and four operators were provided to explain the steps involved in making various calls.

The Company has extended an invitation to such of the students who are interested to inspect the Exchange in Windsor and thus gain a more comprehensive knowledge of the occult lore of the vestals of the telephone.

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The College Teams Use Our Buses.

As The Editor Sees It -



Just why we have kept our readers in suspense until this late date concerning the contents of the Old Boys' Number demands probably a few words of explanation. The present generation of students would see little harm in dedicating an issue of Purple and White to the old timers on April 1st—the regular publication date. But the studes of former years would, without a doubt, see a significant implication in this action. April 1st is already dedicated to a class of individuals, greatly different from any of Assumption's Old Boys. That's why the news was reserved for today.

* * *

Our best efforts in bringing to light the incidents and anecdotes of Assumption's past can be none too good. What her former students did in the old days here, what they have accomplished since they left these historic grounds, and what they are doing today make topics worthy of columns much more pretentious than we are able to produce.

* * *

One cold blustery morning a few weeks ago we happened to be crossing the neighboring stream on business pertinent to this very production. Our casual observation of the many strange faces on the boat was suddenly arrested by one that was strikingly familiar and our gaze centered on this particular figure.

* * *

Immediately the picture of the baseball team of '87, printed in last year's Old Boys' Number, was foremost in our thoughts. And most prominent in that picture was the very face which was the object of our concentration.

* * *

Some might not have recognized him, but there he was in the flesh—that same brilliant third-sacker, who played so brilliant a part in making Assumption's early baseball history. Garbed in the cloth of the priestly profession, bearing lightly on his shoulders the burden of the intervening years that time had meted to him, he presented indeed a majestic figure.

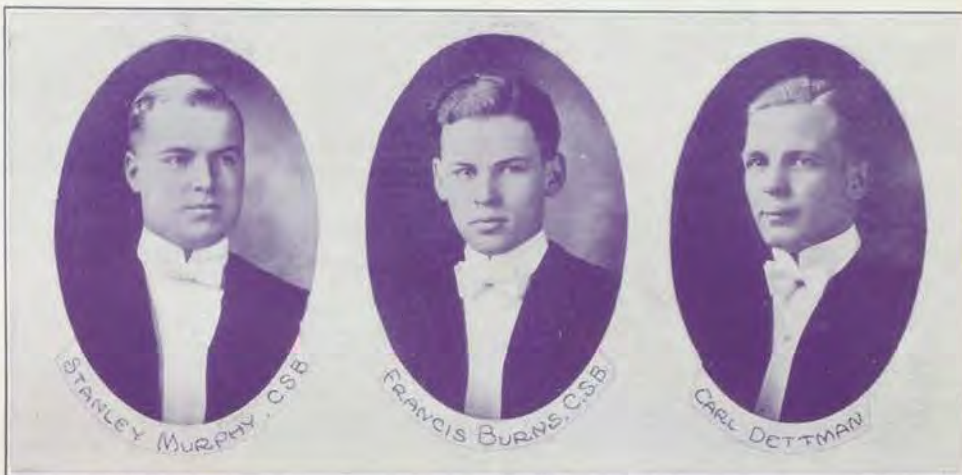
* * *

A staid dignity and reserved carriage, truly befitting one of the monsignorial rank, were added characteristics which that baseball picture of the early days did not portray. But a twinkle of the eyes that flashed good humour and mirth, a natural curvature of the mouth that bespoke a smiling jollity,—this all was there,—and seemed to combine with a certain something that added a depth of insight to his features.

* * *

As he rose, left the boat and was lost to us in the scurrying throng of Woodward Avenue pedestrians, a singular thought

ORATORICAL CONTEST FINALISTS



Pictured above are the three speakers who have been chosen to compete for the oratory prize on the evening of April 17th. They are all seniors.

struck us. *In such as he lives the true spirit of Assumption.* Quietly and surely it was molded in him during those bygone years that he spent under these portals. His brilliant career on the diamond merely foreshadowed the many years of valiant labor that he was to render in the service of God.

* * *

That same Assumption spirit is enshrouding the students of today. May it ever remain with them, as it has with the boys of the past, and be a wonder and an inspiration to the students of the future.



We notice some amusing facts, for facts they were, in looking over some of the advertisements in the Review. Boug, Windsor's greatest clothier of those days, advertises his suits as selling all the way from \$6.50 to \$20. The latter price would buy the best suit in the store. It would be a rather motley looking suit that would sell for six-fifty today and it's pretty hard to find a respectable looking garment selling at twenty dollars in this age of high prices and holdups.

As Bill Moffat saw the gang in '09:

Here lies the body of Aloysius Ashe
Who fell on the ice with an awful crash.

Anthony Scarnecchia lies in this grave
For on Washington's Day a long sermon he gave.

Beneath this sod lies William Flannagan,
No tears are needed—he was a Yannigan.

But shed a few tears for Cassius Kelly
who was doubled in two by a pain in his stomach.

In this grave lies Tom O'Rourke,
Who lost his life while dodging work.

And beside him lies poor Louis J.,
Who called Tim Moran an "A.P.A."

This grave belongs to Walter Rottach,
Whose life was cut short by a rap in the jaw.

Do not mourn for poor Dick Ryan,
For now he's gone, so there's no use cryin'.

But say a few words for poor Bill Gannon,
Who sat on the business end of a cannon.

And also for his friend John Young,
Who learned elocution, but punctured a lung.

This world has lost poor Joseph Bell,
I certainly hope he's gone to Heaven.

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PURPLE & WHITE

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What is Progress?

Progress! What means this word, which the modern world so glibly uses? How many sceptics and agnostics there are today, who deny nearly everything else, but still profess a special affection and trust in progress. They bow their heads before the shrine of Progress with such reverence, that apparently they fear to remove the veil of obscurity which enshrines its meaning. They religiously place a blind faith in the proposition that everything is advancing without any strict and definite idea as to where this advance is carrying them.

One of the alert thinkers of our day has clearly stated the idea of progress, which so many moderns confusedly entertain: "Progress is providence without God. That is, it is a theory that everything has perpetually gone right by accident. It is a sort of atheistic optimism, based on an everlasting coincidence far more miraculous than a miracle." It is the substitution of an insupportable and inconsistent optimism where pessimism would have been the logical result. Many of the modern apostles of progress love optimism more than consistency. They would keep the effect and dispense with the cause; they would like goodness without God; so they wax eloquent regarding progress, while they dispense with both the cause and goal of all progress.

The moderns mean by progress that the world ought, in its attempt to remain progressive, plunge forward and never heed the goal. They feel that everything will change for the better, while experience proves conclusively that there is very often a retrogression. History is a series of catastrophes, collapses of great dynasties and civilizations from their high pinnacles.

The Renaissance, perverted by the hollow and corrupt principles of the Reformers, madly followed the will-o'-the-wisp of progress. The direct result of this misguided progression is our own restless, sceptical, unprogressive era of intellectual chaos. The most important and self-evident truths are being wildly questioned; the strangest fancies and most absurd fads are being upheld. Systems of thought no sooner rise than they are annihilated by newer systems. If, amidst all this dark and destructive turmoil, one longs for a vision of true progress it may be necessary to quietly retrace our steps to the ages when confidence in the Creator enlightened civilization's advance. Here the world followed a path that was safely illumined by the burning lamp of faith.

Play Your Cards

By ARTHUR SMITH

When luck has been against you from the start,
And the cards are stacked for you to lose;
Just buckle in, and fight to win, don't lose heart;

Show the winners that if you really choose,
You can force them to let you in and share a part
Of life's success, and claim it's pleasures,
not it's blues.

The "higher-ups" may deal to you a crooked hand,
Take it boy, and make of it, just what you can;
Though things really look as though you can not stand,
Just buckle in, and fight to win, show them you're a man.
Then, when they see you can't be stopped,
they'll land
You on the lap of fortune, where successes have no ban.

Play your cards, just as to you they're dealt,
Crooked and unwanted though they may be;
Let not "hard luck" keep you from the champion's belt,
But buckle in, and fight to win, then the world will see,
That though among the famous your name's not spelt,
They've let you in to share the fruits of fortune's tree.

HE IS RISEN

This is a time of rejoicing. Nature is born again; spring with white lilies and the sacred Eastertide is here. And we recall that miracle in distant Jerusalem on a morning when the Judean land was garnished with silver light and decked in pure white lilies, that resplendent morning when Jesus rose from the cold sepulchre. He conquered Death as He had foretold. The dawn was just dimming the twinkling

stars when the holy women went to the tomb which contained their crucified Lord. The sepulchre was deserted except for a radiant angel who uttered these glorious words "He is not here; He is risen."

And once again we rejoice at Eastertide in this momentous resurrection. After the long penitential season we doff the sackcloth and don the garments of joy and happiness as our hymns mingle with the hallelujahs of the angels.

—W. J. GAUCHAT.

"Consumatum Est"

This coming Friday commemorates a day which can lay claim to being the greatest in the annals of mankind. It is known to all the world as Good Friday. For its origination we must go back nearly two thousand years to a time when the immortal God of heaven and earth had clothed Himself with a human body, dwelt among the Jews and had been rejected as their Redeemer. Despite their pernicious wickedness, He had shown His supreme love for man by His crucifixion.

At that first, bloody sacrifice the world was shrouded in an inky, deathless pall so that "there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour." The wind howled its lamentations as it swept across the countryside with great fury. The rocks gave forth thundering wailings. The whole earth quaked with sorrow. And well might all nature mourn, for its Creator hung upon a miserable cross. He was suspended between the black, frowning heavens and the blasphemous people on the earth. He was hanging by his nailed hands and feet,—man's tenderest parts; the ripped veins and crushed sinews throbbed with terrific pain; "the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed by overcharged blood"; and, finally, there was that added misery of thirst within the body. These maddening sufferings, coupled with nature's dreadful aspect, caused Him great anguish of mind and He cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Does not Jesus' pitiable state accuse us of broken commandments? Shall we not bow our heads in shame and sob, almost despairingly, at the thought of our sins' work? Yet Jesus encourages us for He cries out "I thirst I thirst for your love and salvation." At this outburst of love let us humbly avert his gaze and glance down at the foot of the cross. What do we see there? A tiny blade of grass leans lovingly against this blood-drenched tree. Look up, then, into Jesus' face, with eyes speaking the words of the heart, "loving Jesus, just to be a tiny blade of grass in Thy kingdom." At these words, I am sure, He will smile in the midst of His sufferings, happy that the sinner has returned and will cry out in a loud voice "Consumatum est."



WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

It is proverbial that old boys consider the students at college younger and more frivolous than they were in the old days (at least younger). Although this process has continued since there have been students and colleges, there is still a class to call itself senior.

Sickness has been accountable for the absence of Fr. Tighe and Fr. Burke. The rest we have been enjoying is only the calm before the storm.

We wish to congratulate the cafeteria proprietors on their fine spirit in promising to treat the senior class to a banquet.

Army is looking for a man with strong teeth to help behind the counter. It is rumoured that the last one lost a tooth in the buns.

When the philosophy class reached the tracts on love and friendship Mr. Schneider waxed confidential. It sure is a cruel world!

RHETORICAL RUMOURS

Is it possible? Fr. Tighe wants to know how long it would take a person to learn to swim if he had *never* been *near* water before.

Any student wishing alibis for no homework or for missing class see Mr. Pokriefka. "Poke's" latest alibi is that the black eye, which he is sporting, is due to a bad tooth. Maybe he was having a fight with the dentist.

An afternoon was recently enjoyed by the students of II Arts when they invaded Rembrandt Studios in Detroit.

Although there was only a 51% attendance—"Poke" (49%) being absent due to optic trouble—"Pat" O'Hare could still be heard in a distant dressing room soliloquising upon the ingenuity of the "wing" collar.

Mr. J. Onerato, with his quiet reserve, was a decided contrast to the Bay City youth. Mr. Onerato certainly had the appearance of a distinguished "prof," when decked out in the robe and collar.

These "out-in-the-world" boys come in handy when the affair calls for flashy clothes and formal wearing apparel. Messrs. Doyle and Bradley demonstrated their skill when the rest of us were stuck. Bradley dried the dishes afterwards.

Dan Drew's only fear now is that he might have to go through the same ordeal again.

FRESHMAN FLASHES

We are now rounding third base and are ready for that mad dash to home plate, namely, final exams. Some will slide in while others will walk in. The way these Freshmen study now one would be inclined to believe they will come in on wheel chairs.

The Freshman Basketball team, aided by two stalwart seniors, recently met defeat at the hands of Schecter, Gunn and Tennebaum, alias City College—'28 M.I.A.A. Champs, alias Tool Shop—'28 City Champs, alias Colonial Clothes '27 Class A. A. State Champs.

Recently at a meeting of the officers of the B.V.M. Sodality Ed. Goodwin was called to the door. He was heard to exclaim: "No I have a meeting, Love." We might inquire if Love in this case is an adjective or a noun. A sign over Ed's desk reads "Don't tell the wife." It looks bad, Ed.

The Freshman Class, in the person of Will "Buddy" Rogers, was the only Arts Class to be represented at the swim meet between Windsor Y.M.C.A. and Assumption.

McDermott may be an Irish name but we have our doubts. Imagine an Irishman wanting class on St. Patrick's Day when even the Scotchmen celebrate this great feast day.

Since LaFramboise has discovered the number of diseases caused by eating pork he has decided to take soup in its place and whatever germs may be in this liquid will all come out in the soup strainer (moustache).



2 A has been honored by an addition in the person of Eddie Derum, formerly of Trinity College, Sioux City, Iowa.

We wish to express our sympathy to Rene and Cecil Chauvin on the recent death of their mother.

1 B hopes that Thorpe Fishback will soon return to class. Arithmetic class is very dull without him.

Wm. Foley is back in 8th Grade after having had the mumps.

8th Grade is developing some talent for debating. Some such mighty matters as "The Country vs. the city"; "Boarders vs. day scholars"; and "Winter vs. summer" have already been threshed out.

Francis Dunlay and Ray Lundy are two newcomers who recently were welcomed to 8th Grade.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Wilfred Love has been crowned with the title of the "SLEEPING BEAUTY OF 4 B." The other day in English class "Will" interrupted the boy who was reading by talking very loud in his sleep.

One of the modern miracles pictures Regan and McGlaughlin (room-mates) attending their classes in 4th Hi at the same time.

"Pickles" Hines, one of 4th year's intellectual stars, is sending out his graduation invitations already. Mr. Hines announces that Youngstown, Ohio is sending a large delegation down to witness the great spectacle of Hines receiving the sheepskin.

Anthony Rocco, one of 4th year's big men (225 lbs.), is going to fly back to Cleveland in an airplane at Easter. (Recalls to us Archie Griener's famous 10 minute taxi ride). Mr. Rocco has been reading "Air Stories" magazines for two weeks now so that he may become acquainted with all the bird tricks. Tony states that he and his companion, Jack Long (255 lbs. Oh My!), are going to carry a long rope ladder, and in case the ship gets stuck in the air, they can climb down again. Here's to "Byrd" Rocco and "Lindy" Long!

Brendon Carey is a week-end guest of his room-mate, Johnnie Barnard, in *their* room on the third flat.

"Bud" Ford has announced his candidacy for the High School baseball team. Hello Pennant! I see you coming!

Carey made a statement a short time ago that Father MacDonald's last words on his deathbed would be "send Carey and Barnard to the locker-room."

THROWING IT IN THREE B

"Gunshoe" Gillis, the 3 B pugilist, persists in his belief that a cobbler is not a shoe-repairer, but an old turkey.

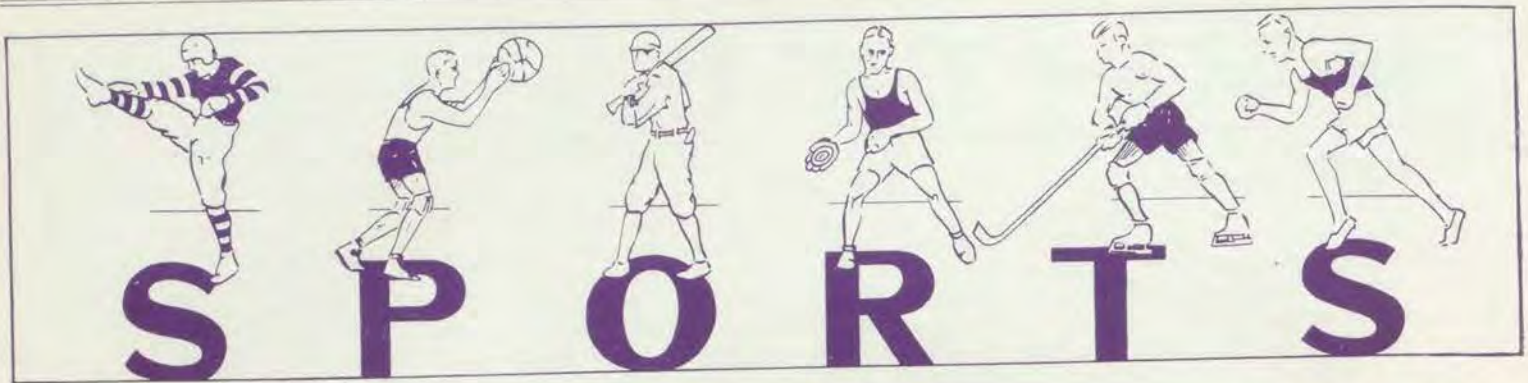
Carey (caught speeding): "But, officer, I'm from 3 A class in Assumption College."

Motor Cop: "Ignorance is no excuse."

Fr. O'Loane (in English period): "Are there no students here in 3 B that I taught last year?"

Sloan: "No, Father, they are all in second year yet."

Harry Buckel of 3 B threatens to quit his dancing lessons. He says he has been taking them for three weeks, and they have not taught him to sit out a dance yet.



Assumption Swimmers Are Impressive in Two Meets

1928 NATATORES FIRST IN HISTORY OF COLLEGE

Assumption has a swimming team, which is something new. Although the College pool, which is one of the finest in Ontario, has been in use here for the past 15 years, and has been enjoyed by thousands of the followers of Neptune, yet there has never been an organized team of swimmers until this year. Under the vigilant eye and patient care of Mr. Wm. Sheehan a fine array of natatorial artists has been developed. Assumption's swimming team has entered two important meets and has made a great showing in the initial plunge into swimming circles.

The A. C. swimmer's debut last month was made amongst the stiffest kind of competition in one of the greatest meets held in the Border Cities. Numerous teams were entered from Toledo, Detroit, London, Toronto, Windsor and nearby cities. In the long plunge event Tony Rocco placed third and received a medal for his efforts. Although the other Assumption entrants did not finish in the running they were always a threat and were watched with keen interest.

On March 21st the Purple swimmers entered another contest which was a dual meet between the Windsor Y.M.C.A. and Assumption at the "Y" Pool. Ten events comprised the card.

Tony Rocco and Harry Dickeson came in first and second in the senior 40 yd. free style win, while Paul Armstrong and Dan McManus captured first and second place in the junior class of the same event. In the long plunge Jack Long took second in the senior while Jim Cooney took first in the junior. In the 80 yd. senior breast stroke Forrest Flaughter took second while he also took the same position in the 100 yd. free style. Rocco took the honors in the senior diving contest outdoing all others in his own free style. Although the A.C. performers did great work they failed to lead the "Y" in points. At the end of the meet Assumption had 37 points to the Y's 48.

Arnold Schneider, Former Amateur Lightweight Champion, Develops String of Talented Boxers

ASSUMPTION AND K. C. MITTMEN STAGE FLASHY FISTIC ENCOUNTER
HERE; K. C.'S. ONLY ONE BOUT TO GOOD

Arnold Schneider, familiarly known here as "Snitz" and in fistic circles as "Hub," was a prominent amateur boxer with a mighty reputation in his prime. His career was a brilliant one and numerous were the titles, medals, and trophies which he captured during his regime in the ring. In 1916 he rose to prominence in the amateur world when he became the lightweight champion of the Middle States and Canada. Again during the World War while he served overseas he made himself known when he won the Army and Navy middleweight championship of Brest, and later became the heavyweight champion of his own regiment.



Coach Schneider

Last December "Snitz" decided to turn instructor and impart his knowledge to those interested in the art of self defense. Immediately after his call went out, about 60 eager and keen-eyed enthusiasts reported for lessons. Since then Snitz has been holding daily work-outs and has had two elimination contests for honors among the boys themselves. An interest in boxing which never before existed here has arisen and is bound to stay in the sport world of Assumption. Our only regret is that Mr. Schneider didn't start his classes sooner. As it is, he may well feel satisfied and proud of his efforts after watching his boys perform in the tournament staged here with the Windsor K. of C. Mittmen.

They may talk about Madison Square Garden and Tex Rickard staging championship fights, but they have nothing on the bouts staged here in March between Mr. Schneider's boys and the K. of C. lads. Nine bouts were on the card and each one was packed with action. Each bout was one in its own class. There was the thrilling, the slow and rather uneventful, the bloody, the tingling finishes with both youth struggling, half frenziedly, half desperately, and all the time the packed gym of students and outsiders applauded, shrilled advice, lauded and gave tribute to each youth as if the championship of the world were at stake.

The bouts were staged under the amateur code of the Queensbury rules. Captain Ordo of Windsor was the referee of each bout while Mr. G. Miller of the K. of C. and Mr. C. Dettman of Assumption were the judges. Mr. Schneider was in the corner acting as second to his men. All bouts were three rounders. The curtain-raiser brought together Bob Seaman,

(Continued on Page 25, Col. 2)

Tai Kun Aggregation Sets Wonderful Record

FLASHY PURPLE QUINT CHALKS UP
22 WINS OUT OF 26 GAMES

Fr. MacDonald's Tai Kuns have continued their terrific pace and since the last publication no less than four more teams have fallen before this well-oiled machine. The Westlawn A.C. succumbed to an 18-14 defeat, the Amo Club was trounced by a 30-26 score, St. Anthony's suffered a 32-25 defeat, and the Shamrock A.C.'s were downed to the tune of 34-18. To date the Tai Kuns have played 26 games winning 22 and dropping four, giving them a percentage of 846. They have scored a total of 570 points to their opponents 402.

The remarkable strength of the Tai Kuns was due chiefly to the fact that capable substitutes were always available for every position. There were no outstanding stars; rather they were all stars. Evans, O'Brien, Dyer, McNicholas, Leszczynski, Long and Guina were all competent forwards. Their work of gathering tallies was well done throughout the 1928 season. The final position was usually looked after by "Willie" Byrne. "Bill" looks like a good prospect for next year's High team. His floor play was pretty and he has a keen eye for the hoop. The fact that only seven of the teams that played the Tai Kuns were able to slip in more than 20 workers, speaks well for the purple guards. Mahoney, Hines, Vahey, Ford and Jones bore the brunt of the enemies' attacks and cannot be too highly commended on their fine work.

VARSITY '28



Back row: Rev. J. H. O'Loane, C.S.B. (Coach), M. Murphy, D. King, C. Dettman, P. Ameling, C. Blonde, E. L. Pokriefka (Manager).
 Front row: A. Haneline, L. Higgins, A. Kramer (Capt.), C. Armstrong, G. Howell; Absent—O. Beausoleil, J. Danton.

Varsity Quintet Leaves Enviably Record in Finishing Season With 13 Victories

REMARKABLE WINNING STREAK OF SEVEN STRAIGHT GAMES FEATURES SEASON; KRAMER, DETTMAN, BLONDE, HOWELL, MURPHY CLOSE CAREERS

Another basketball season at Assumption has rolled into the mighty oblivion of the past, at this writing, a word on the record established by the Varsity team is quite in order. Gazing down the list of games played, we find that Father O'Loane's court artists chalked up 13 victories, and bowed in defeat to eight opponents. Considering the fact that our senior sphere-slingers fought their way through one of the stiffest schedules ever mapped out for a Varsity team here, the story they have written in the history of Assumption sports is the more remarkable. Not a few enterprising outfits were brought to grief by the Assumption troupe. The team at times succumbed before greater combinations, but always distinguished itself, even when "off nights" took heavy toll and that mythical monster, Fate, paved the enemy's way to victory with the cream of the luck. The following is the list of games played in order:

Assumption	20;	Michigan State Normal	30
Assumption	41;	St. John's University (Toledo)	22
Assumption	26;	City College of Detroit	45
Assumption	49;	Detroit Institute of Technology	25
Assumption	33;	Detroit College of Law	17
Assumption	45;	John Carroll University	16
Assumption	46;	Alumni	30
Assumption	33;	University of Western Ont.	13
Assumption	42;	St. Mary's College, (Winona, Minn.)	36
Assumption	45;	Highland Park Junior College	34
Assumption	27;	St. Mary's College (Orchard Lake)	37
Assumption	20;	St. John's University	14
Assumption	24;	University of Dayton	46
Assumption	20;	St. Mary's College (Orchard Lake)	45
Assumption	42;	Highland Park Junior College	35
Assumption	30;	Detroit College of Law	29
Assumption	28;	Adrian College	44
Assumption	23;	Detroit Institute of Technology	13

677

614

Assumption had a good basketball team — of that there is no doubt. It would certainly take one mighty fine band of

basketballers to see that schedule through without quaking. Such a formidable array of opponents, we dare say, has never before been pitted against an Assumption team. The first two reverses were at the hands of the greatest ball-tossing machines in the Michigan Collegiate Conference this year and City College had little trouble in walking away with the championship. That leaves just half of the Varsity's reverses credited to the flashiest, most consistent college aggregations that Michigan could produce. University of Western caused the A. C. hoopsters little worry and St. John's U. of Toledo was given a double drubbing, thus succumbing to Assumption on six consecutive occasions in the past three years. An impressive trouncing, handed out to the Detroit Technology five, started the Assumptionites off on a winning streak that lasted through seven consecutive tilts. Most notable of the opponents who wasted themselves away in a vain attempt to stem the determined victory march of Father O'Loane's boys were John Carroll University and St. Mary's College of Winona, Minn. The Carrollites were trimmed with a vengeance and the defeat they meted out to us last year was amply repaid with compliments a hundredfold. The same might be said of the Winona cagemen. The Poles met a crippled Assumption team in their own gym and barely stopped that

(Continued on Page 25, Col. 1)

Assumption	22;	Michigan State Normal	26
Assumption	30;	City College of Detroit	31
Assumption	31;	University of Western Ont.	25

High School Basketeers End Season With Two Wins

PREPS STAGE BRILLIANT COMEBACK
AND COP LAST FIVE TILTS;
WIN 16, LOSE 7

Assumption's High School cagers rolled down the curtain on a successful season on Saturday, March 17th, when they trounced the St. Thomas High aggregation of St. Thomas, Ont., to the song of 24-14. The Blue Arrows of Windsor fell before the High array three nights previous by a 33 to 24 count. By virtue of these two victories the Purple prep squad boosted its string of victories to 16. On seven occasions the High cagemen were forced to bow in defeat.

Pausing to look at the season in retrospect, we note a few interesting facts and turns of chance that played a considerable part in shaping the destiny and moulding the record left behind this year. When Coach Father McGee sent out a call for candidates last November and of all that responded there was only one member of last year's whole squad back, the outlook for a successful season and a winning team seemed anything but bright. The first few practice sessions indeed showed much promising talent amongst the raft of new men, but another significant fact soon cropped up to make prospects even more uncertain—out of all the candidates for the respective positions, only two had had any experience whatsoever at high school basketball. This fact stamped the High outfit as a "green team." What kind of a showing it would make against the experienced and rangy W. O. S. S. A. League entries was a matter of doubt.

But the early games showed that Father McGee had a talented, snappy little team. Joe Mencil, a forward on last year's High team, took little time in cinching the center berth and was later elected captain. Ed. Skrzycki, former captain of the U. of D. High crowd, soon made it evident by his stellar performances that he would hold undisputed possession of one of the forward positions. "Red" Menard, a star on last year's Tai Kun team, got the call at the other side of center and "Red's" work in the early part of the season was nothing short of sensational. Potucek and Ptak soon loomed up out of the guard candidates as the most finished defense men and they formed the High's protective barrier. A finished passing attack was perceptible even in the pre-Christmas games. The Blue Arrows and Rosary High succumbed to the High's speed and hawk-eye qualities. Ed. Skrzycki's football injury kept him out of the Highland Park game and his absence was keenly felt. The Suburbanites got the call over our boys in a thrilling exhibition.

Well-timed passing and excellent combination work marked the victories over Tech and St. John's High of Toledo. The

ASSUMPTION HIGH, '28



Back row: Rev. W. P. McGee, C.S.B. (Coach), W. Ptak, W. Love, E. Skrzycki, J. Begley, H. Ameling, E. A. Cullinane (Manager).
Front Row: A. Rivard, W. Corcoran, J. Mencil (Capt.), F. Potucek, H. Dickeson.
Insert—R. Menard.

High team's next clash was with the Walkerville High troupe, two-times W.O. S.S.A. champions, and a victory for either team meant the league lead. That conflict was a battle royal and the smaller Assumption cagers gave and took with the best that the Blue-and-White had to offer. The actual play marked the fracas a draw but the Brewers had a slight advantage in the scoring column so got the call and the undisputed league lead. The purple-clad Highmen were conceded an excellent chance of downing the title-holders in their meeting on the Assumption court, but Luck scowled and placed a menacing hand on our ambitious cagemen when Menard's services were lost to the team after he had sustained a broken leg. Harry Dickeson stepped into "Red's" place and acquitted himself well, but the Walkerville outfit was a little too hard to crack so Father McGee and the boys had to content themselves with second place.

Just what a cageman's complex is has not yet been determined, but it gripped our High basketeers with a vengeance in the next couple tilts and they were many shades off color. The Poles had a field night at Orchard Lake and St. John's slipped through to a one-point win in Toledo. Father McGee, in a desperate attempt to evade the slump, started the reserves against Rosary. How that the regulars finally broke into the fracas in the last quarter and scored 15 points in the last eight minutes to win by a lone point is now a point of history.

The remaining tilts showed the High School mesh-denters an entirely renovated crew. The Poles and St. Theresa's gained close verdicts but the Purpleites closed the lid on the season with a resounding bang when they turned in five consecutive wins.

The St. Joe and Sacred Heart victories will ever be memorable in the minds of the team and those of its followers who witnessed these battles. The following is the record left behind by this year's team:

Assumption 22;	Blue Arrows	13
Assumption 21;	Highland Park	29
Assumption 27;	Rosary	12
Assumption 25;	Windsor-Walkerville Tech....	21
Assumption 31;	St. John's (Toledo)	17
Assumption 16;	Walkerville	22
Assumption 31;	Windsor	15
Assumption 33;	Detroit Bruins	12
Assumption 30;	Windsor	25
Assumption 31;	Windsor-Walkerville Tech....	15
Assumption 20;	Walkerville	29
Assumption 21;	Windsor	16
Assumption 11;	St. Mary's (Orchard Lake) ..	28
Assumption 20;	St. John's (Toledo)	21
Assumption 23;	Rosary	22
Assumption 30;	St. Mary's (Mt. Clemens) ..	25
Assumption 26;	St. Theresa's	29
Assumption 30;	St. Mary's (Orchard Lake) ..	37
Assumption 19;	St. Joseph's	17
Assumption 21;	Sacred Heart Seminary	17
Assumption 35;	St. Mary's (Mt. Clemens) ..	11
Assumption 33;	Blue Arrows	24
Assumption 24;	St. Thomas	14

587

472

The following table will give a brief account of how each man performed during the season:

	Games Played	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Per-sonal Fouls	Total points
Skrzycki	21	78	18 out of 36	22	174
Mencil	23	58	26	57	142
Dickeson	21	45	9	24	99
Menard	8	22	4	15	3 48
Rivard	13	12	3	7	9 27
Begley	12	9	6	11	9 24
Ptak	23	10	4	14	19 24
Ameling	16	8	2	5	2 18
Potucek	22	6	6	14	9 18
Love	12	3	2	5	4 8
Dyer	2	1	1	1	1 3
Corcoran	4	0	2	3	0 2
Morneau	7	0	0	0	13 0
Staffan	2	0	0	0	1 0
	23	252	83	192	130 587

Minims Chalk Up 16th Win and End Season

DOWN WYANDOTTE CAGERS IN FINAL GAME; SUFFER ONLY SIX LOSSES

After winning an 18-14 victory over the Wyandotte sphere-slingers, the Minims completed a very successful season on the court under the careful tutorage of Father Bart and Mr. I. Murphy. The Minim lace-denters have won 10 out of the 16 starts, thus boasting a percentage of 625. Seven good reasons why the Minims enjoyed so successful a season are: O'Brien, Revnew, Brasgalla, Nicholas, Flood, McCormick and Devaney. O'Brien, Revnew and Brasgalla developed into a strong scoring combination that proved hard to check. Nicholas and Flood played some classy basketball at the guard positions. McCormick and Devaney, the reserve forwards, were a pair that could always be depended upon to do their share of the work. Among the other members of the squad who filled the role of capable substitutes were: King, Quigley, Hojnowski, Ratke, Craig, Record, Seaman, Moran, Hopkins, Carey and Kunkle. All of these players have shown a great deal of improvement since the beginning of the season and look like good material for next year's crop of ball-tossers.



Save your copies of Purple & White and get them bound at the end of the year.



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TIP OFFS



By FRANK A. WALSH

Here goes for the final Tip-Off of the basketball season of 1927-28.

It won't be long now. Just down this column and then we turn to writing of the King of all sports.

Old Judge Basketball has had a great session in the court game this season. He is now all in and must retire amongst the moth balls until another season rolls along.

The Varsity quintet enjoyed a very successful season, coming through its twenty-one game schedule well up in the charmed circle above the 500 class. The season standing is 13 victories and 8 defeats, making a percentage of 619.

Congratulations are extended to Coach Fr. O'Loane and each player of the Varsity team on their fine showing in the season just closed. This year's quintet faced the hardest and stiffest opponents that any Varsity team has ever encountered.

Likewise greetings of praise are tendered to Coach Fr. McGee and his High quintet which passed through a brilliant and successful season. Of their 23 games the Hi boys came through with 16 victories and 7 reverses for a percentage of 696.

All in all, basketball had a very successful season here from the smallest team up to the Varsity. All of our eight teams finished their respective schedule above the 500 mark. A combined total of 175 games was played with outside teams. Of these, 122 were won by Assumption teams, while the enemy fives captured 53, giving us a percentage of 697.

Although Mr. Ray McCormick has been getting more than his share of free publicity, (which has caused his numerous countrymen to become peeved for they say you'd think he was the only Scotchman in the crowd,) we must tell this one on him. Mac refereed a game the other night in which the players found a great deal of fault with his tipping the ball. Mac said he enjoyed it, for it was the first time in his life he ever did any tipping, "and to think it didn't cost me a penny. Hoot Mon! "At half time Mac sang two new Scotch songs: "Just Another Day Wasted Away" and "Sleep Tight."

Earl Moeller, captain and stellar guard of the Sub-Minims, holds the record here for the highest number of points scored during the season, having 213 to his credit. This is a great record for a player on the youngest team at the College and far out-

Sub Minim Basketeers Have Record Season

ADD 7 VICTORIES, 1 DEFEAT TO MAKE SEASON TOTAL 27 WINS, 6 LOSSES.

The Sub Minims, who are always out to either break or make new records, have added another one to their list. They have played the greatest number and won the most games at Assumption this year. Their record is 27 victories out of their 33 game schedule which gives them a grand percentage of 818. Fr. Guinan, the Coach of this powerful organization, deserves high praise for his untiring efforts and the keen interest he has taken in the youngsters. They certainly show the results of his labors in their impressive victories.

Since the last edition the Subers have won seven out of eight games. The first of these conquests was over All Saints of Detroit, who were subdued 22-9. Next came the St. Mary Hi Jrs., who travelled all the way from Mt. Clemens to be downed 23-14. This team is an old friendly rival and the annual custom is a home and home game. The Sub-Minims journeyed to the Bath City for the return game and once more downed their friends 13-9. Next in order the Sub-Minims downed the Assumption St. School, 26-18. 18th Troop, 28-3, Arrows, 22-16 and then they met their first defeat in weeks, losing to the fast and powerful U. of D. Bantams 14-9. However the Subers got back on their feet and won out in one of the greatest battles of this season in downing the Walkerville Midgets at the latter's gym 16-14, thus closing the greatest season of their career.

Every man on this team is worthy of a great deal of praise. Moeller set a record in making 213 points, while McLeod was the greatest defense man the team has ever had. Volumes of praise could be given all these youngsters but space doesn't permit. The other members are J. Flood, E. Forster, Waddell, Saravolatz, Allor, Cole, C. Walker, Michaels, O'Rourke, J. Skrzycki and Gatefield.

distances those of his nearest rivals on other teams. Earl's feat is the more remarkable in that he performed on the defense line of battle.

There's the whistle; the game is over. Everyone is hurrying out of the gym. They are all going South.—Yes, South to the campus to prepare for the great national pastime.

Here comes Poke with the keys to lock up, so we'll leave the gym. Poor old Basketball picks himself up and hobbles out. He must give way to the King of all sports—Baseball.

Will see you at game of the diamond.

Hold your own rain check!

Maple Leafs Win Sixteen Games During Season

MR. WATSON'S TEAM GOES THROUGH HARD SCHEDULE; LOSES SIX

Mr. Watson's fast-stepping Maple Leafs brought a successful season to a close by trouncing the Ford City Aces 21-16. By virtue of this victory the Maple Leaf Basketeers, have run their string of triumphs to 16 out of 22 starts. Mr. Watson can boast of as fine a team as the record indicates. Chauvin, the rangy centre, has handled the pivot position like a veteran. He was usually flanked by McLean and Le Boeuf, two tricky forwards of no mean ability in hooping the sphere. Westfall and Strong took care of the defensive work. Coyle, Parent and Hogan saw a lot of service and proved to be capable substitutes for the Leaf team.

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BANTAM CHAMPS



Left to Right: Smafield, Mr. Dan Monaghan (Manager), Girard, Bonner, Boutette (Capt.), Marshall, Lynch, Malo, Fogarelli, Mr. McGouey (Coach). Absent—D. Desjarlais, Coe.

Here we see the Sub Minim Bantam aggregation, which won the championship of the Border Cities in that class. From a team of inexperienced beginners, Coach Mr. McGouey developed the youngsters into a smooth-working array of court stars and their victories in the play-offs were very impressive. The champs are at present patiently awaiting the medals that their signal efforts during the past court season have won for them.



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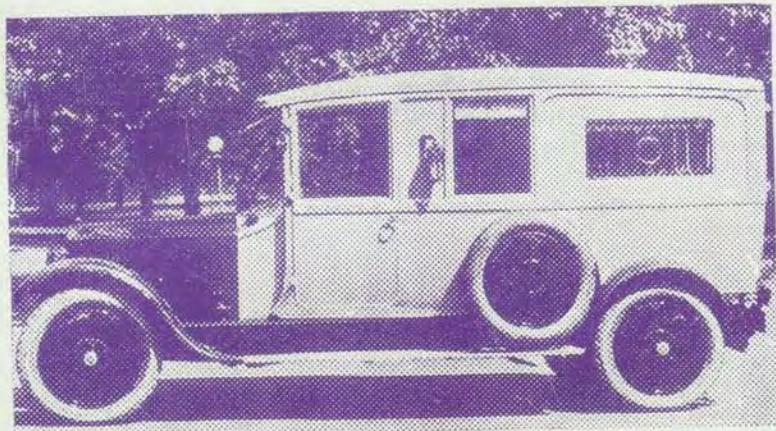
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Sub Minim House League Closes Brilliant Season

Quiet reigns in the Sub Minim House League. Championship games have been played and champions decided. In the Junior division the Cretans downed the Athenians in a two game series, winning on the round 26-15. The players of this champion team are: Capt. A. Boisseneult, Cogilati, LeBoeuf, Merlo, Parks, Pineau and Meloche.

In the Senior Division the Olympics won out over the Midgets, 11-8. The champs are: Capt. "Boots" Boutette, Marshall, Coe, Folgarelli, O'Rourke, Gerties, W. Foley and Maio.

The other evening Our Lady of Help Juniors came over and trimmed the Sub-Minims 24-7.



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Warrior Quintet Ends Season With 10 Wins

SUFFERS 7 REVERSES IN LONG, HARD SCHEDULE

It's all over for the Warriors. Of all the teams here at the College none suffered more misfortunes, bad breaks, sickness, trials, troubles and what have you in the line of Old Man Jinx, than the Warriors did during the past season. Yet the brave, sturdy Warriors withstood it all and even in the darkest moments they stuck together and upheld the morale of their team. Like all great warriors they passed through the battle season victorious with 10 victories to their credit out of their 17 game schedule, which gives them a percentage of 588.

The Warriors started their season with a bang, winning their first three games. After two reverses they won two more and were on their way to a long string of conquests when they lost two valuable players for the rest of the season, Joe Sowers and "Lefty" Otterbien. Butler, Cavanaugh, Jones, McLaughlin were all lost for long periods through sickness. Then to top things off their hard working coach, Fr. Burke, who had kept his men in high spirits through all their trials, took sick and was lost to his team for three weeks.

The Warriors roster: J. Sullivan (Capt.), Brennan, Brady, D. Burns, Gillis, Cavanaugh, Butler, Bellemore, McLaughlin, Jones, Regan, A. Beausoleil, Prokoff, Grosfield, P. Armstrong, Ostrowski, P. Cullinane, Buckel, J. Sheehy (Mgr.), Fr. Burke (Coach).



"Chickadee"

G. G., contrary to all rules of the College anent the giving of nicknames, never got anything but "Chickadee." Here's the origin of it. 'Twas a night—silent night—and all the small boys were settled into profound slumber. Suddenly, unexpectedly, hilariously, the stillness of the midnight hour was broken, shattered by G. G. sitting up in bed and exclaiming (apparently in his sleep) "sing a nice little song chickadee-dee-dee-dee-dee." He never heard his own name again in College.

—2C:93

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BATTER UP

BY FRANK A. WALSH

The stove league is closed. The robins are here. Spring is here, and baseball is here.

The diamond is marked and all set for play. The umpire struts briskly to the plate (not to eat, but to call 'em as he doesn't see 'em). He bellows out: *Batter Up!* Immediately a thunderous applause bursts forth from the sport world as King baseball comes out of his hiding from deep down in the off-season dugout. With bats swinging from shoulder to shoulder, he shuffles up to the plate and once more appears at bat,—opening another season of the national pastime.

Crack!!! The sharp single note of club meeting ball. A fast one hit hard. A mad scramble by the shortstop. A runner dashing in from third. A quick throw, a slide, a cloud of dust, and the impressive gesture of the umpire as he signals "safe." Hasn't that got you on your toes? That's action and competition for you,—the competition of brawn, trained muscles and minds. That's baseball!

The baseball training season began here on March 12th, which was a real spring day and has continued since, until now all the teams in the college are scattered over the campus on their respective training quarters, working hard in preparation for the coming season.

Father McGee, coach of the High School nine, opened his training season on March 22nd and thirty aspirants responded to the call. Since then they have been hard at work each eagerly striving to gain a place on the team.

"Nig" Clarke, former American League catcher and a student here from 1894-1901, paid us a visit the other day. "Nig" is still in organized ball and is starting his twenty-eighth season this year in the role of playing manager of the Cambridge, Md. team in the Eastern Shore league.

In looking through the musty old records and score books, we glimpse that Assumption has been in the spotlight of baseball for a great number of years and that the Purple-and-White athletes were known for their baseball ability far more than for any other sport.

Just think of it! A half century ago, Assumption began turning out wonderful nines. In 1885 she boasted one of her greatest teams. It was watched all season by Detroit and other big league scouts.

Up to 1901 Assumption had not lost a game for ten straight years and then it took all the Detroit Athletic Club, which was

Belvederes Close Season With Win

EQUAL NUMBER OF VICTORIES AND LOSSES FOR TEAM

Fr. Bondy's Belvederes ended their court troubles with a brilliant victory over the strong Holy Name Club of St. Theresa's Parish, Detroit, 29-23. Gainey with 9 points, Bradley and Donovan with 7 markers each were the principals in this victory which spelled finis for the season of 1927-28.

More than the victory of this contest hung in the balance of the outcome of this battle. The season's standing was at stake and a win meant the ending of the season at the 500 mark while a loss meant the going down below the elite circles into the below-par class. The Belvederes with this in mind played superbly throughout and thus have to their credit for the year five victories and five defeats placing them on an even basis of 500 percentage points.

Belvederes' roster: I. Murphy (Capt.), Bradley, E. Cullinane, Collins, McKenna, Donovan, McPherson, Gainey, Sheehy, Harris, Onerato, Gayle, J. Nelson (Mgr.), Fr. Bondy (Coach).

made up chiefly of old leaguers, could do to defeat them, and break this great string of victories.

Again the Collegé Nine got on a winning streak which continued until 1906 when it took the strong Fort Wayne soldiers to down it.

In 1907 another great championship team was in existence. It was on this team that Assumption had one of her greatest pitchers, (Fr.) Klick, who turned them all back. He was regarded as the best in College baseball at this time.

On, on the great teams came. In 1913 Assumption defeated a score of teams, among them the renowned U. of D. nine.

And on down through the pages of Assumption's athletic records we see year after year her noble and worthy feats on the diamond.

We heartily agree with the Sport writer of the old Assumption College Review of 1908 who had a wonderful article in the magazine on baseball at Assumption. He says it is the game of all games and here at Assumption it is the sport of all sports. "The season of seasons is here. After all there is nothing in the line of sports to compare with a good old game of baseball."

Let's keep it up Boys! Be out on the diamonds every day. Get right in the game. Throw the old pill around, and swing the bludgeon.

All set! Batter Up!

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

By J. A. D.

Partisans of Cauliflower Avenue are still agog with the manner in which Mr. Arnold Schneider's Biffing Bozos conducted themselves the other night in the big roundup staged by our trainer, promoter et al.

Mr. Schneider imported a stable of beefers from the Knights of Columbus sanctorium and right now I am going to tell you those boys know how to use their dukes and don't start anything in a blind alley with those maulers. To the good fortune of the reviving doctors on hand, Mr. Schneider had taken pains to show his boys how to hold their gloves a-la-Gene Tunney—protective style, and how to unloose them just like the Manassa Mauler and the result was a boxing fiasco where the fans don't climb all over you and holler, "I want my money back."

The way those boys hammered and tonged at each other sure made your fighting blood heat and feel like taking the old coat off and engage in one of those "good-old-days" fights, a-la-bare-fist with all the gore and no glory attached to it. Us old ring worms know coming fighters and, boy, some of those kids got the labels of "the goods" clamped right onto them. We look for 'em in one of Tex Rickard's stunt fights some of these days in good old New York.

Oratorical Contest-April 17



But getting back to the action scenes, boys, you and I have been fooled and framed more than once in laying our mazzuma on some tough looking pug. Well, that's what happened the other night in that classic K. of C. College charity bill for the Armstrong Howel used car graveyard project.

We placards our green pasteboards on some rough-and-ready fighting beeper from out Windsor Heights, we presume against

one of these here demure, soft-eyed, floosy haired "mama's boys", named Trenor. It's a fighting name and what a glove propeller! This Trenor lad whom we had picked to flop in the first round goes out and my, oh my, what a glove thrower. Of course we were tickled to see the long shot come across, yet the fleeting feeling of the slipping greenbacks caused us to incur diverse pains in the diaphragm.

There was another one of these lads that gladdened the hearts of these weary ivory hunters for biffing material. The announcer bellows out St. George. Now I ask you is that a fighting moniker? Nevertheless it makes no difference—this fighting name. Look at the faces wearing green pants and sporting Irish monikers. Well this lad, St. George, sure packs a nice chunk o' meat in that left soupbone of his. He shakes hands at the bell with a lad from the K of C headquarters named Mettan. This baby that opposes St. George knows how to handle his dukes and right well for him, but just the same, our ace from the school here which is just beginning to be recognized as a boxing habitation of some real fighting material goes out and hands his enemy a pasting. The fighting was lukewarm in this affray and how those gloves did smack when connection was made. St. George finds himself being exalted at the finish with the Ref. helping him to raise his hand.

They brings on some more fighters. Bill Byrne, the fighting Cactus from way out somewhere's once more upheld the honor of his school by winning a mile long decision against scrappy Benette from Sandwich. Bill had the reach on his opponent and won with ease.

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**VARSITY QUINTET LEAVES
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(Continued from Page 19, Col. 3)

sensational string of triumphs. Dayton had something of a “miracle team” this year and they shone with a brilliance that was too bright for Assumption. The Poles that took the floor against the Varsity in the second encounter were fortified with as many horseshoes and again made light of our team’s best efforts to down them. Adrian proved to be the only other thorn in the Varsity’s side and that match wasn’t decided until the waning moments of the fracas.

In bringing the court season of '27-'28 to a close, time, as it inevitably does, wrote “finis” on the careers of some of Assumption’s brilliant players. Tony Kramer’s name has been linked almost synonymously with that of “Assumption Varsity” for the past four years and it is hard for us to conceive the Varsity team without him. Yet, this stellar captain and guard will never more be seen leading our purple-clad teams in combat. A more brilliant basketball career than his at Assumption is certainly hard to conceive accompanying him in his departure is Carl Dettman, his running-mate on the defense. That lanky form of Carl’s has played a prominent part in Assumption victories for a number of years and his sterling, fighting qualities, always manifest on the court, stamp him as one of the greatest assets the team has known. Gourley Howell, another graduate, proved himself an effective link in the team’s attack

(Continued in Column Three)

**ARNOLD SCHNEIDER DEVELOPS
STRING OF TALENTED BOXERS**

(Continued from Page 18, Col. 2)

A.C. and Drew, K. C., two 124 pounders, who staged a nice snappy scrap full of action with Drew getting the decision by a shade on points. The second bout was between Bill Byrne, 126 lbs., A.C., and Bassett, 133 lbs., K.C. Byrne won every round due to his long reach and careful, well-aimed blows. Bout three was one of the best on the program. It was a fight between two real leather-pushers, who were not afraid to stand up and bang away. St. George, 118 lbs., A.C., and Metlaw, 122 lbs., K.C., were the lads that staged real action every second, who slapped, stung and sloughed each other until the final gong. St. George gained the decision on points. Bout four was rather lacking in punches. Maio, 134 pounder of A.C., was short and tricky, while Crew, 132 lbs., K.C., was tall and swung wildly. Maio did a lot of road work in this bout, running and ducking while Crew did a great deal of swinging. He tried hard to make it a fight and for this got the decision. Bout five was a good three rounder between Buckel, 134 lbs., of A.C., and Carey, 137 lbs., K.C. These boys fought on even terms for the last two rounds but Carey had the advantage in the first and got the decision.

Bout six was a rip-snorter between “Red” Trenor, 121 lb., A.C. lad, and Sharron, 124 lbs., of the Knights. Both started off with rights, lefts, uppercuts, side-wheelers and everything they had, but Mr. “Red” had a little too much for Mr. Sharron and the K. of C. entrant threw the towel in the ring in the second round.

Bout seven brought together Gorman, 151 lbs., A.C., and Robertson, 145 lbs., K.C. In the first round Gorman led by a big margin but slowed down in the second while Robertson waded in with deadly aim and finally landed a hay-maker which stretched Gorman out for the long count. Bout eight was one of the cleverest and snappiest of the evening. It was a battle between two scientific boxers, Gillis, 145 lbs., A.C., and Atkins, 144 lbs., K.C., who showed some fine mitt-handling. Gillis won on points.

Bout nine between Kintz, 147 lbs., A.C., and Wilson, 148 lbs., K.C., was the final of the evening and ended rather abruptly when Kintz found the going too hard to come back for the second round and threw in the sponge.

(Continued from Column One)

and turned in some flashy games at a forward berth. Cliff Blonde, on his departure, leaves behind him a long record of brilliant performances under the Purple and White banner. Merv Murphy is the fifth Varsity man to turn in his togs for good. “Murph” was often called upon to appear in a relief role and he too leaves behind him a career, of which anyone would be proud.

This summary would not be complete without some mention of “Ribbs” Ameling former Assumption Hi star, and now a star Varsity center man. “Ribbs” turned in some marvelous games and was high point man of the team. Not too bad for the first year in college circles! Armstrong, Higgins, Haneline, King, Beausoleil and Donlon formed the remaining part of the team’s personnel and all contributed to its success. The following table gives a summary of how each man performed during the past season:

	Games Played	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Per-Total Points
		19	27	28
Ameling	18	73	13 out of 28	38 159
Kramer	21	39	48	91 29 126
Armstrong	21	42	7	28 21 91
King	16	37	3	14 18 77
Howell	18	33	5	16 18 71
Dettman	21	23	9	25 30 55
Higgins	19	18	13	18 14 49
Blonde	14	8	2	7 3 18
Haneline	18	5	1	11 8 11
Donlon	9	5	0	4 2 10
Beausoleil ...	12	3	1	4 6 7
Murphy	6	1	1	4 3 3
	21	287	102	246 190 677

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(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

Can we forget:
 "Zip" Pierre, and, (Tu fit on ze ston)
 "Two feet on the stone." (Ho as my
 cu'shon) "Who has my pillow?"
 "Barb" Parker, the Hooligan Hat and
 Fr. Howard.
 John Howard Worthing and the eternal
 "Fatz" Swinehart, King of the Minims; and
 the dormitory rats.

"Nero" Holmes.
 Johnny Klich and baseball.
 Detroit College and their one baseball
 victory in history over A.C.
 Little Jimmy Burns who cried nearly
 every day for a year.

Father Murray and "The Holy Angels
 Sodality." The sum and substance of his
 weekly talk was, "If you use the weed,
 boys, you'll meet with a watery grave.
 And strange to say he was the only one
 amongst them that didn't smoke. Every
 one loved Father Murray, especially "The
 Holy Angels."

Periodically out of his pittance, he gave
 them a treat of fruit, cakes and candy.

George Brennan, Tom Fallon and Fr.
 Morley's clock.

Leo Kennedy's south-paw, Frank Mc-
 Quillan's catching, and Hugh McGinnis'
 line plunges.

St. Basil's Literary Society, Fr. Howard's
 "ninety-nine", and Stan. Brisson's Greek
 Speech.

The quartette and Max Brisson's beautiful
 voice.
 The old stalls in Sandwich Church.

St. Patrick the Second

We take great pleasure in announcing
 that this world has been gifted with another
 St. Patrick. In consideration of those
 skeptical minds that might bear this
 announcement lightly, we will refer all to
 our source of information—Mr. Howard J.
 Pray of Windsor, whose time here was
 from 1912 to '20. Mr. Pray's family was
 increased by one last March 17th, and the
 bouncing lad was singularly honored by
 being named after Erin's famous saint.



We are gratefully indebted to the
 following Old Boys for their contri-
 butions, both literary and pictorial,
 which have made this issue possible:

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 ALLEN GRAVIER, '08
 HUBERT ROBERGE, '25

Ed. Mackey, the all round, universally
 loved athlete and his broken leg.
 Father Powell's parliament and the al-
 most riot.

Phonse McIntyre's end runs.
 "Study man—study! Theh's a contempt-
 able cad heh (here) not fit to associate with
 peanut vendahs—Ave Maria gratis plena—
 and I tell you gentleman I'll do all in my
 powah to eliminate that individual—benedicta
 ty in mulieribus—" and the frog went hop-
 ping up the isle.

"Dot" McGinnis and the big fiddle, the
 snuff box and the syllogism.

McGinnis' idea for a newer, bigger and
 better Sandwich.

Father Cummeford's after dinner speeches.
 Mike Griffin, Harrison, Flues and Nick
 Firestone on the little walk. Also Jack Dee.

Frank McIntyre's talks at the banquets.
 Jim Kane's and Crook Richardson's after-
 supper contests in the music room.

Father Goldrick's rendition of "Jim."
 Easter Sunday in the reign of Father
 Kennedy.

Leo Roberge and the monthly entertain-
 ment. Also the vocation tests.

"Agnes" Phil Murray dismissed from class.
 Joe Fillion's fancy suits, and the "Cross
 of St. John."

Father Forster: "Fools' names and asses'
 faces are often found in public places."

Father W. Roache crushes smoking.

Father "Tommy" Moylan, the two pene-
 trating eyes, the beloved and feared of men.

Father Ryan, "the kindest and gent'lest
 of cratures."

Father Murphy, zealous, beloved, revered.

Father Howard, a friend in need and model
 of orators.

Father Cote, the French John McCormick.
 The wrestling match between Chauncey
 Depew and Bart Gaffney.

Norman O'Connor's concealed regard for
 the Basilians.

Mr. "Jim" McHugh's derby hat.
 The "Night of the Big Wind," Dec. 8, 1908.

Sincerely,
 (Rev.) Emmet Hannick.

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To the men of the 70's and 80's we offer our sincere respects. Their games and pranks are too remote for this generation even to imagine them. It is hard to get the old



men to write intimate stories of their days at Assumption and we are left without contributions of their times. It is our regret and your loss that this is true.

FIRST EDITOR RECALLS

PAPER'S EARLY EXISTENCE

(Continued from Page 14, Col. 2)

presentiment of the shipwreck upon financial rocks, so rather than have it said that he thwarted our youthful aspirations he wisely decided to let nature take its course and suffer our dreams to evaporate in the famous process of experience.

But the pessimists did not reckon with the dark horse we had as a business manager in the person of Frank McPhillips nor in his assistant, Ernest Chauvin. Now selling ads. is no joke at any time but selling ads. in a mythical periodical that is to be published some time in the future—well you present ad.-chasers, can conjure up a job like this. At another class meeting Frank was given a week in order to secure \$50.00 worth of ads. But lo and behold, in three days old Mac had \$112.00 and was out for more when I called him off so that we could have some space for news in this first number. (Oh yes! I forgot to tell you that after permission was secured to go ahead from Fr. Dillon, I was elected editor-in-chief, on account of my original opposition to the idea).

And then the gathering of the materials! We were nearly frantic but the whole class was enthusiastic. Phil Austin was handling the editorials; Dorsey gathered the class news; Tim McManus was Alumni editor; the two Johns—Higgins and McIntyre—were sport editors while Redmond engineered the rest of the crew in a subscription drive.

We were fortunate in securing an efficient and intelligent printer, Mr. Stephenson, who did practically the whole setting up of the first edition. (I am glad to see that The Planet is still doing your work—they helped a lot to make our venture a

success). So after about a month's frantic work our "masterpiece" was produced Nov. 15, 1924. I have a bound volume of that year's copies and what memories they bring back!

One feature we established and maintained—the paper came out on time, the 1st and 15th of each month. I believe that this has been adhered to, religiously ever since.

Of course we thought that we had established a mark to aim at when we produced a sixteen-page edition for our graduation number. But our efforts fade into insignificance in view of the splendid work accomplished in the last few years. Your Old Boys' and Christmas numbers would do justice to any professional journalist. I am especially pleased with the literary quality of the present paper, and let me congratulate you in having an exceptionally clever writer on your staff in the person of Mr. Walsh.

Yes, like a young babe, that first year of the paper's existence gave us plenty of work and some trials but they are happy memories now and furnish good material for stories. And when June rolled around we were justified in considering our effort successful, while our progeny has lived to exceed in accomplishment our fondest dreams. And may it live to a ripe old age!

Now if you want another good story, Mr. Editor, see Father McGee and have him tell you how Frank McPhillips and I secured permission to go to Chatham overnight in order to look after our "big" edition of sixteen pages.

Congratulations on your paper, and may the Purple and White ever become "bigger and better."

Sincerely,

BERT ROBERGE.

A FAMOUS NIGHT

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

it was discovered all my bed clothes with the exception of one sheet were missing. However, Fr. Murray found one blanket for me (I never knew where he got it, but no doubt he took it off his own bed) and after shivering for a few minutes I went back to sleep and Fr. Murray again went down stairs.

It was not long before my sleep was shattered even more rudely than the first time—this time, the contents of a pitcher of ice cold water being poured over me. I yelled. Somebody slammed the door, and there was quite a commotion. Fr. Murray returned but nobody would let him in the locked door. Three or four minutes later, another step was heard outside. It was recognized—that of Louis Mailloux. In ten seconds everybody but the writer was "sound asleep." I was shivering in my water-soaked night clothes and a half dry sheet when the door was unlocked and in walked Fr. Mailloux.

He didn't say a word. His shirt sleeves were rolled up and he walked down the narrow aisles of the dormitory, taking one healthy swing at the occupant of each bed as he passed. Those who were on the receiving end probably recall that evening as well as myself. Among them were Redmond, Thibodeau, Scotty Jacques, Chippy Brennan, Jimmie Burns, Hugh Cowan, Joe Gallagher, Jack Jordan, Joe McEvoy and others whose names at the moment I can't recall.

This account has taken some length, so Mr. Editor, I will adjourn with the hope that it draws something in the way of a contribution to Purple and White's columns from some other old boy who remembers that night. HOWARD J. PRAY.

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AS THEY USED TO BE



REVIEWING THE REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 12, Col. 3)

The handball tournament of 1908 ended up with the teams lined up as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per.
Mr. Klick-Theoret	21	5	.808
Mr. Casey-Fillion	19	7	.731
Robinet-Busch	15	9	.625
Minich-McQuillan	10	14	.417
Hartnett-Condricck	8	16	.333
Moriarty-Costello	7	17	.292
Kelly-Coyle	6	18	.250

What's this? The boys obtained permission on Easter Monday, '08, to cross the river and see Cleveland play Detroit. Their chief interest was centered on "Nig"

Clarke, who was catching for the Cleveland Indians. He got two hits that day and the Tigers didn't steal a base on him. "Nig" paid our present generation a visit a short time ago. He is player-manager of a team in the Eastern Shore League this year and has already left for the East to take up his new duties.

The Yennigans seemed to have little trouble in walking away with the championship of the P.Y.Y. League in 1909. The Yard team, which won the title the year before, ended up in the cellar.

"Bill" Moffat and Walter Rottach carried on the work of the pioneer journalists well and the issues of the paper, pub-

lished in the last two years of its existence, certainly reached the standard set in the first year.

The Review certainly had a talented artist in the person of Allan Gravier, who drew all the various section heads. Mr. Gravier's picture appears elsewhere in this issue. He is a resident of Cleveland, Ohio and keeps in touch with Assumption through the bi-weekly visits of the Purple and White.

OLD BOYS!!

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Sandwich. The postmaster has taken a great liking to him. He claims he is a good omen. The head of the mail force informs us that since Dan became mailman registered mail has been very popular at Assumption.

Tony Kramer says: "The man that wrote 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love' never had to write May exams."

One of Assumption's ex-poets tells this one: A young man of christian character found himself in the company of two young damsels who were entertaining a lord from merry England. The time was during Lent. One of the young ladies turned to the young man and proposed a dance. The young man, knowing it was Lent, replied: "No, no, I must not dance. What would the Lord think?" At which point the English peer exclaimed: "Go a'ead ole chawp, I cawnt dawnee much myself."

Tony Rocco is enjoying a poor season at marbles. Tony claims that a man with a "codt id ids eadt" hasn't a chance to win any nibs. He can't shout loud enough and hence he loses all close decisions.

Ed. Goodwin, owner of the Trick Shop, is looking forward to a big drop-off in his gum trade. Lent will soon be over.

Thorpe Fishback has lost the good grace of Mr. Pokriefka. In a conversation he referred to "Poke" as "one of the curators." Poke heard him.

"Busy?"
 "No. You busy?"
 "No."
 "Then let's go to class."

Aviator Husband: "Good bye, dear, I'm going to spend the week-end in the country."

Wife: "What country?"



Do not be 'ole wimmin'; nor be you double-faced. If the first you must insist on then the extra face erase. Please don the dress and bustle, put pince-nez on the nose, then a warning needn't be sounded wherever you may go. An 'ole une' and secrets are like the hands of a clock, but the word 'secrets' sounds as if 'twere paradox. Hark you, then, you knockers, of what will come to pass; 'tis decided that you join Mr. Schneider's boxing class. The canvas kids need practice to sharpen up their art, and a round or two with them may enlarge your shrunken hearts.

Spring is here in earnest, it's great to be alive; what care we for worry when the fields begin to dry. Discard coats and rubbers, brush off all the dust, grab a harp and scion and to the barber shop just rush. Speak to all the neighbors, shake hands with the cop; plant the seed of cheerfulness for this year's bumper crop. Open up the nostrils, the ozone you'll breathe deep; loose the tongue and holler: "So long Winter's sleep."

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Vol. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, APRIL 20, 1928

No. 12

OLD BOYS TO CONVENE ON JUNE 14

Reunion Date Announced By Father Dillon

UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS OF LAST YEAR'S MEET AUGURS WELL FOR COMING EVENT.

A recent announcement made by Rev. Father Dillon sets the date of the Old Boys' Reunion this year as June 14th. All those whose names appear in the list of graduates or who were students here before 1920 are invited to attend. The reason given for choosing a day so early in the summer is that more of the alumni will be able to attend, due to the fact that none of the priests and laymen will have entered on their vacation at this time.

When a new alumni association was formed last year the motion was passed that there be a reunion at the college

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 3)



Lloyd LeBoeuf Taken by Death During Holidays

FOURTH YEAR HIGH DAY STUDENT
SUCCUMBS SUDDENLY TO
SPINAL MENINGITIS

News that the stark, grim reaper had stricken Lloyd LeBoeuf, popular Fourth Year high school day student, came as a decided shock to Assumption students on their return from the Easter holidays. Lloyd had just recovered from an attack of ear trouble when he was stricken Holy Thursday with spinal meningitis and rushed to Hotel Dieu hospital. The best efforts of the hospital staff to save his life were futile and he passed away Easter Monday evening. The funeral was held in Assumption Church Wednesday morning and all the students were in attendance to pay their last respects to this school-fellow who had been snatched so suddenly from their midst. Last Monday morning a solemn requiem mass was sung in the college chapel for the repose of his soul.

Lloyd was a member of this year's high school graduating class. Born in Sand-

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 1)

MURPHY WINS ORATORY CONTEST

Contrasts Culture and
Morality to Take Prize

BURNS GAINS SECOND PLACE; GOOD
CROWD WITNESSES CLOSELY
FOUGHT CONTEST

An audience of some 500 persons assembled in the college auditorium last Tuesday evening to witness the annual oratorical contest, the most ambitious literary event on Assumption's calendar. The expectant assemblage was not disappointed in the least by the efforts of the three finalists, Messrs. C. Dettman, F. Burns and S. Murphy. Each speaker proved himself an orator of considerable talent and the battle for the prize was a very close one. Mr. Stanley Murphy of Woodslee, Ont. proved to have a slight advantage over the other contestants, however and was adjudged the winner. Mr. George Hanrahan, the presiding judge, who was assisted by Dr. U. Durocher and Mr. Wm. Lafferty, one of our old grads, impressed on the audience the fact that there was very little to choose between the three speakers. He paid high tribute to each of the efforts put forth and stamped them as brilliant sallies into the oratorical field. After announcing Mr. Murphy the winner, he placed honorably close to him Mr. Burns and Mr. Dettman, who merited second and third places respectively.

The Church and Science

The first speaker of the evening, Mr. Francis Burns, chose as the subject of his oration "The Church and Science" and went on to show that the accusations which stamp the Catholic Church as an enemy of Science are grossly false. Mr. Burns' tone and manner of delivery were heralded as being of the choicest and most pleasing nature. With the skill of an artist he presented to his listeners the various arguments proving his contention. "We are living in a golden age of science," he said in opening his discourse. "The automobile, the radio and the telephone are some

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

Final University Exams
Get Under Way May 13

COLLEGE STUDENTS PREPARE FOR
LAST IMPORTANT TESTS
OF SCHOOL YEAR

Word from the registrar's office gives us the information that the final examinations for the university students will begin this year on Sunday, May 13, and will continue through the rest of the following two weeks. The official time-table has not been announced as yet, but should be out in a few days. Just when classes in the Arts Course will be suspended has not been definitely determined, but it is likely that the first week of May will see the end of the lectures in all departments.



Alumni Ball-Tossers

Meet Varsity on May 20

"SHAG" SHANESEY ORGANIZES
STRONG GRAD OUTFIT FOR
ANNUAL BATTLE HERE

Come one! Come all! Sunday, May 20th is the "big day" at Assumption. "Handsome Shag" Shaneseey will lead a mighty alumni Baseball team against the Varsity nine. As yet no definite line-up can be given for the under-graduates' team. However, "Snitz" Schneider, stellar second-sacker, is a surety for the Varsity nine. With him such veterans as "Carl" Dettman, "Tony" Kramer, "Jake" Donlon, Cullinane and Armstrong will be in the starting line-up. "Ossie" Beausoliel, who was a star on last year's Hi team, should certainly hold down some infield post. The remaining two positions will be filled by recruits. Jim Regan, Art Haneline, "Big Train" McErlane, John Gaine, "Bucky" Harris, and many other "horsehide handlers" will put in their bids for jobs on the college roster.

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 3)



Old Boys' Page



Reviewing the Reviews

A page bearing as its caption the title at the head of this column was one of the prominent features of the recent Old Boy's Number, which has already elicited a considerable amount of favorable comment from various sources. Recognizing the true worth of this invaluable criterion of Assumption life, namely the *Assumption College Review*, and how important a factor it has proven in enabling us to resurrect the tales of the campus of twenty years ago, we are maintaining the column and delving further into the chronicles of those years in the hope that our Old Boy readers will gain a certain amount of pleasure and reminiscent joy in its perusal.

The number first to our hand is that of April 1909. "Bill" Moffat was engineering the journalistic activities that year and had a very enterprising staff in Messrs. T. Corcoran, W. Rottach, J. Hartnett, W. Flannagan, L. Kennedy, J. Harding, F. McQuillan and C. Kelly.

In that number the editor of the "Chronicle" regretted to have to publish some of "Park's" misdeeds. There seems to be no reasonable objection why these same misdeeds should not be republished at this writing. We read that the aforesaid "Park" tried to usurp the Presidential authority in the refectory, and in those days another dark rumor was afloat in the Roller Rink concerning an attempt to spill some of his grey matter on a friend's skate, which resulted in a broken roller skate and "Park's" exit to the infirmary.

A minstrel show staged by the students on St. Patrick's Day 1909, according to the Review, "proved the most successful burnt cork production ever witnessed here." The dramatis personae was:

Interlocutor	James Harding
Washington	Dave Maloney
Chocolate	Leo Kennedy
Rastus	F. McQuillan
Tambo	W. Egan
Raffles	W. Gannon
Sambo	L. Roberge
Uncle Tom	W. Moffat
Bones	E. McQuillan

Rugby football was given an inspiring impetus at Assumption in 1909 by the following football pioneers who did so much to assure Assumption of a bright future in this sport: "Pee-wee" McGinnis, "Windy" Murray, "Tug" Walker, "Stonewall" Mackey, Geo. Sullivan, T. Murray, Jack Calanan, J. Conway, Fred Gazella, M. Buckholz, "Punk" Higgins and "Heavy"

Father Marron and His Boys



Pictured above is Very Rev. Walter R. Marron, dean of Monroe County, Mich. and chaplain of St. Mary's Academy and Hall of the Divine Child, surrounded by a few of his boys from the Hall. Father Marron spent five years at Assumption, from 1896 to 1901. Since he has been stationed in Monroe Assumption has received many students from there. Those in the above group, reading from left to right, are: Jack Baumann, Wm. McCormick, H. McKillip, J. Marx, Father Marron, A. Brake, B. Sloan, J. Malo; front—V. Gignac, V. Folgarelli, R. Copeland.

Christie. (For authenticity of nicknames consult J. Fillion, '12.)

"Since the erection of the new chapel," reads a Review editorial in the fall of '09, "improvements have been the order of the day about the college. The exterior of the main building has been put through a course of burnishing, and the front lawn is a "thing of beauty." The four dormitories have been overhauled and new classrooms installed. The old chapel has been divided into two sections, one for commercial work and the other for physical science and laboratory work." Nineteen years have passed since this editorial entitled "Home Progress," was penned by an Assumption journalist, and those nineteen years have spelt more of "Home Progress" for Assumption. Those classrooms, then new, have recently been discarded for the spacious new building on Patricia Road as well as have the commercial and science rooms. The editorialist of that bygone day could not have even imagined the vast progressive strides that would be taken here at Assumption. To what extent are we, the students of today, able to conceive the Assumption of two decades hence? Food for thought, indeed!



OLD BOYS

We need your help to fill this page. Scratch off a few reminiscences and mail them in.

Scanning the Records

Friday—Field Day—Sept. 27, 1901

- Event No. 1—Throwing Baseball*
 Class I—1 Wm. Christian (101 yds.)
 2 Ford and Sills.
 Class II—1 Leo Costello
 2 Murphy, B.
 3 Lawless.
 Class III—1 Booth, C.
 2 Ryan, J.
 3 Feign
- Event No. 2—One Hundred Yard Dash*
 Class I—1 Sills (11 2/5 sec.)
 2 Phaneuf
 3 Healy
 Class II—1 Brisson
 2 Murphy, B.
 3 Pillon
 Class III—1 McCauley
 2 Dendle
 3 Dillon
 Class IV—1 Carmody
 2 Delmore
 3 Dowling
- Event No. 3—Running Hop Step and Jump*
 Class I—1 Christian (38 1/8 ft.)
 2 Ford
 3 Charlton
 Class II—1 Brisson
 2 Foley
 3 Murphy, B.
 Class III—1 Dillon
 2 Dendle
 3 Murphy, J.
- Event No. 4—Putting the Shot (16 lbs.)*
 Class I—1 Ford (31 1/7 ft.)
 2 Sills
 3 Esper
- Event No. 5—Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Race*
 Class I—1 Sills (18 1/5 sec.)
 2 Phaneuf
 3 Healy
 Class II—1 Murphy, B. (21 sec.)
 2 Brisson
 3 Costello
- Event No. 6—Running Broad Jump*
 Class I—1 Christian
 2 Sills
 3 Charlton
 Class II—1 Murphy, B.
 2 Costello
 3 Staley
 Class III—1 Dendle
 2 McCauley
 3 Booth
 Class IV—1 Carmody
 2 Demay
 3 Brown
- Event No. 7—High Jump*
 Class I—1 Christian
 2 Sills
 3 Charlton

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 2)

MURPHY WINS ORATORY CONTEST

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

of the conveniences which it has placed at our disposal. Religion on the other hand is not dead: it is old perhaps, but it is just as vigorous as it has been at any time in history. Most of our physical comforts have been given to us by science. Our hope for eternal life is centered in religion. To the minds of many the two words science and religion raise the suggestion of a life and death struggle. Will the next century find the world devoid of religion or will science have fallen into neglect? Such an attitude of mind is the result of many misunderstandings. There is no struggle nor has there been one. The Church has not hindered the advance of science in spite of what men say. I will try to show in a brief way that a study of facts will prove that the Catholic Church has not been an enemy of our much loved progress.”

Many Proofs Cited

Mr. Burns then went on to cite many proofs, both negative and positive, that the Church, far from hindering science, has encouraged its advance. In conclusion he said: “Whatever the opinions and convictions of the individual may be, he cannot prove that the Church has tried to hinder the spread of scientific truth.. The fact that some scientists do not believe in God has led them to think that the Church fears to be exterminated by scientific truths, which in no way bear on her doctrines. A standing reproof of these contentions is seen in the glorious histories of Catholic scientists. True religion and exact science cannot conflict because the wonders of both have their origin in the intellect of the same all wise and all just Creator.”

Modern Education Discussed

“Modern Education in American Colleges” was the subject of Mr. Dettman’s discourse. His speech proved to be a masterpiece of logic and the educational problem which he discussed is most vital to civilization today. Citing the beliefs of various college presidents that the American college of today is the world’s worse educational problem, he went on to portray the truth of that belief. “It is enough for us to observe the collegiate world with which we have become acquainted,” he said. “From observation students may be divided into four classes: the book-worm, who draws into his impenetrable shell and contributes little or nothing to any social gathering of which he is a part; the athlete who has over-emphasised his physical development to the detriment of his intellectuality; the reckless, rollicking, gin-drinking collegian with his constant query of “Where tonight, old pal?” and the level-headed scholar who maintains a good average in his studies, participates regularly in athletics and builds up a back-ground with an occasional good time of reasonable relaxation. Why is it that the last mentioned class is in such a minority?”

(Continued in Column Three)

As The Editor Sees It -



Sunny days, blue skies, balmy breezes, a green campus, an ozone thick with whistling pellets—what more could the Assumption student’s heart desire? There is no room, no place for dampened spirits in the confines of our college today. The springtime splendour has at last descended upon us and leaves us buoyant in spirit and firm in hope,—the hope that the remaining seven weeks of classes and student life will speed to a swift and happy ending.

* * *

Beaming old Sol, after several weeks of fruitless efforts to best the biting early spring blasts, at length emerges the victor and disperses the once menacing clouds that make up winter’s train. The frozen, wind-swept campus of pre-Easter days throbs with a new life as scurrying feet travel the baselines and fleet-footed fielders display their wares to the various coaches.

* * *

While the lower classmen are revelling in the mystic beauties of this early spring-time and the rest of the world is honoring as best it knows those three intrepid pioneers whose westward Atlantic air journey has lately made of them as many more immortals, the college students are thumbing much more earnestly the pages of their various texts. Their thoughts are running far from nature’s beauties and air heroes. Exams once more are claiming their attention and with the first of the final tests but three weeks away, even the carefree ones amongst the upper classmen are beginning to speculate on the advisability of beginning the last gruelling struggle for the coveted pass mark.

* * *

Without a doubt, the time has come for those of the college persuasion. Their zero hour is at hand, and they find hanging in the balance the whole year of scholastic endeavor that is now being brought to a close. A serious thought, indeed, for this time of year, but who is he that will not heed it?

* * *

So, you of college rank, allow yourselves to be carried away into the enchanted realm of study. Blaze wide a path for the trailing high school lads that they, seeing your good work, may follow after you.



Remember the Reunion
Date—
JUNE 14.

(Continued from Column One)

A Solution Offered

After relating many factors that have contributed to the development of this state of affairs, Mr. Dettman proceeded to set forth a solution for the perplexing problem. It resembled very much the educational plan of Dr. Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst College and now dean of the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin. He depicted the college of the future in the following words: “Its enrollment is small and the numerous instructors possess an abundance of personality. An uncontrollable enrollment is prevented by an expensive tuition charge. Those who possess undeniable talent and a hankering for learning are not handicapped by any financial shortcomings, thanks to the increase in scholarships offered. Professors are no longer underpaid due to the fact that a larger percentage of the taxes are devoted to their salaries. The final and most important factor is the teaching of religion in all educational institutions.”

Culture and Morality

The oration, entitled “Culture and Morality,” delivered by Mr. Stanley Murphy, the winner, was exquisite in the richness of its thought and a sparkling literary gem in its composition and style. An orator’s objective at any time is to convince his audience and Mr. Murphy’s ideas were too clearly expressed, his contentions too logically proven and his general manner entirely too sincere for anyone to have listened to him and not have been convinced of the truth of what he said.

In his opening paragraph he called attention to the reckless spirit of optimism, characteristic of those modern culture-worshippers, who pin all their faith on culture, who expect that culture alone will be a sufficient basis for morality. “It might be well at the very outset of our discussion,” he said, “to arrive at an adequate notion of what we mean by morality. Morality is wider in its scope than the sixth and ninth Commandments. By morality we understand the relation of man’s free, deliberate acts to a certain standard—a standard to which human conduct must conform in order to be worthy of man as man, and in order to perfect him as a rational free being.”

After outlining the true moral standard and showing its immutability and inflexibility, Mr. Murphy said in part: “It is the personal conviction of many of us that this true moral standard can only be known fully and with certainty through divine revelation and that it can only be preserved with security in this world of change by some external divine authority, and that it can only be followed by frail human nature through divine assistance. But our friends, the modern culture-worshippers, leave all these burdens to culture.”

“Culture,” he went on to say, “must be defined as natural refinement, humane development, the expansion of our mental,

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 1)

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Is Free Thought Really Free?

The ordinary implication of "free thinker" is one who thinks as he pleases. According to the common notion, the free thinker is restricted by no dogmas or first principles. But, this vulgar conception of free thought is erroneous. Every man who pretends to think must at least implicitly make an act of faith in certain prime dogmas that are prior to all demonstration. For instance he must accept the validity of reasoning, merely on faith. It is an act of faith to assert that one's thoughts have any relation to reality at all. The thorough and complete sceptic, the free thinker *par excellence*, must sooner or later ask himself the question, "Why should anything go right, even observation and deduction?" "Why should not good logic be as misleading as bad logic?"

The refusal to accept on faith such things as these would ultimately result in intellectual suicide. There are, then, certain necessary dogmas that every thinker must consciously or unconsciously accept. The denial of the first principles of thought stops all thought. The absolute sceptic who pursues his scepticism to its logical conclusion is like a man sawing off the limb of a tree on which he himself rests. There are some things of which we cannot be free without becoming slaves. There are certain dogmas essential to thinking and to freedom. Faith in certain necessary and unproved truths, far from hampering freedom and progress in thought, is absolutely essential if we wish to arrive at even one conclusion.

So far we have only discussed the class of dogmas which are so necessary that

without them thinking would cease. Now we are in a position to enquire of Catholic doctrines and dogmas which likewise aid liberty and utility of thought.

If we were to diligently review the myriads of opinions, substantial or lame, that are in incessant conflict on every subject, we might suspect that a few dogmas and common first principles would point to clearer and saner conclusions. In the haze and mist of twentieth century scepticism, we are convinced that dogmas revealed by divine authority, if they were universally accepted, would establish certainty and order where all is doubt and negation. Clear, constructive and progressive thought is well nigh an impossibility where sound first principles and starting points are being wildly and universally suspected. The Catholic, whose dogmas of faith are above reason, yet absolutely certain by divine authority, is really the freest thinker of all. He has the revelations of the Divine intellect on the most important questions of life and is free to progress within reason's proper sphere. The free thinker, on the other hand, is free to choose any one of the thousand fantastic opinions concerning the most important matters of life and feel that he is probably mistaken. He is free from any real certainty concerning the things that matter. He is free to doubt and question everything, and doubt in the literal sense means hesitation and not progress. The free thinker is free in the manner of a ship that has lost its moorings and becomes a plaything of the winds and waves. The free thinker is free to pursue his scepticism to its logical end—intellectual suicide. Such is the exhilarating liberty and license of free thought; thus does it check and enslave its helpless victims.



Church or No?

In the April issue of the American Magazine a prize contest for the best essay on, "Why I Do or Do Not Go to Church," was concluded and I must say, frankly, that my curiosity would not allow me to pass by these three winning compositions without, at least, a casual reading of them. The first winner favored Church but could not attend; the second stood by his church because it had been a means of bettering his life; and the last one was "disgusted with the present system."

Perhaps the American Magazine staff has acted as best it could when it awarded the first prize to a lady who worked all week and on Sunday did her washing and ironing, house cleaning and near the end of the day rested on account of dire necessity but had, at least, a desire to attend church if she could. For as her religious beliefs do not compel her to attend church on Sunday under pain of sin, we can hardly be severe with her. If, however, she had been a practical Christian, I am sure

such a hard working woman would have found three quarters of an hour on Sunday morning to spend in Church to be refreshed in body and soul.

As for the young man who won second by dilating on what religion through a church has done for him, I would be inclined to rejoice that he sees its merits, uses it and now is thankful for what it has helped him to accomplish. From reading his article, I do not know what Church he joined, but we certainly can rejoice that there is one more good Christian in the world.

But now in regard to the third winner, I have more comments to make. What an amusing revelation he made of himself at the beginning of his article! "I am one of the skeptical, sophisticated, and thoroughly reprehensible younger generation. I belong to the class whence comes the atheists, suicides, and so forth—the collegians." No wonder we are not astounded when he claims that "a Church wants a man who can teach the love of God in such a manner that the grocer and the plumber will reach trembling hands into their pockets for the tithes—teach them so they will fear to do anything but love Him. In this way, they may build up power, and the Church loves power." In reply to this false accusation let me point out a few of his errors. If the grocer and the plumber are made to tremble by a sermon, they do so not because they fear the preacher but because their inner selves (or consciences) are made to meditate on a subject of which they are too well aware, yet which they have tried to suffocate by worldly diversions—the punishment of the wicked and the reward of the just. In regard to power desired by the churches, let me mention that, as for the Catholic Church, her mission on earth is to save souls and if she can accomplish this end without any worldly help, it does not bother her whether she possesses power or not. Whereas if power is given to her on account of her numerous followers that really are thinking of their own welfare rather than that of the Church, do not forget this is not the good after which she is striving. The salvation of men's souls is her chief worry and desire, just as it was of her founder—Jesus Christ—who established her for this very purpose. "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consumation of the world."

Thus we must be aware of the fact that religion and its natural outcome, the Catholic Church, was not established by God for man to receive or reject. Just as He is the Creator of man and the dispenser of life without man's will in the matter, so too are His commands in regard to the lives we are to lead. It is not up to man to decide whether he will or will not accept them. He must do the will of God while he has free will on earth or else the despots of hell will be his companions in the next world instead of the God whom he dared to defy.



WITH THE CLASSES



FRESHMAN FLASHES

Just what ruin vacation brings upon a collegian was recently proven. Gainey during Easter vacation sank down and down till he reached the depths of degradation and bought a Chevrolet.

Overheard in a Frosh lecture: Say Collins you're like maple syrup, just common ordinary unrefined sap.

HEADLINE—"Dempsey will not fight for 50 Millions." Haneline wants to know when Jack started pitching Major League ball.

Paquette often wonders what Lucky Strikes will do for advertisements once they run out of names of actors and actresses.

"A new musical instrument has been invented. It is a combination of saxophone and violin. Where in the world are we? How long, O Muse, will you continue to abuse our patience?"

"You take the cake," said Costello, the baker, to the customer.

In reading Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," it took the Pre-Meds several days to find out that the subject dealt with was not a medical one.

1815 Into the Valley of Death rode the six hundred—cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them.

1928 Into Chicago rode the Marines—machine guns to the right of them, machine guns to the left of them.

The Freshmen Math Class has taken up "Radical Axis." All doubts were calmed when Murphy informed us that Radical Axis was Russian Geometry.



FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HIGH

OSWALD BONDY SAYS: It is a wise-crack maker who knows when not to.

Waiter—Que desirez-vous?

Hines—Heh?

Waiter—Sorry, but we haven't any more of that.

The members of 4th Hi wish to sympathize with "Jimmie" Cooney in his recent illness. Jim had a serious illness, and it was only after a courageous, uphill fight that he won the battle for his life. An insidious deadly disease, called the "rash", was seeking his life. Congratulations, Jimmie!

Nibbs "I was in a big train robbery on the way home to Chesterton.

Ribbs: "How exciting. Tell us about it."

Nibbs: "Took a girl to eat on the diner."

This class boasts of:
 A coal man—F. Cole.
 A Windsor street—Marentette.
 A colored man—W. Brown.
 A press agent—A. Rivard.
 A hot-spring man—B. Carey.
 A Grecian architect—O. Bondy.
 A light man—P. Ray.
 A relative to all—G. Parent.
 Just another Frenchman—P. Gignac.
 A "Laj"—Lajeunesse.
 A man from Louisville—O. Langlois.
 A Peregrinus—Ed. Ouellette.
 A happy man—G. L'Heureux.
 A Dramatist—O. Girard.
 A Philosopher in Ancient History—McCormick.
 A hot dog Coney Island eating place—Cooney.
 A saint—E. St. Pierre.
 A Bashful Boy—L. Chauvin.
 A Hall—J. Hall.
 A Paderewski—D. Mousseau.
 One of the famous brothers—L. Smith.
 A "Blond"—Ben Blonde.
 A "Statesman"—MacDonald.
 A Soda factory man—Jones.
 A boxer—D. Monaghan.
 A New Yorker—Jim Regan.
 A stage-coach veteran from Ireland—J. Murphy.
 A time-keeper in Ancient History Class—J. Peltier.
 A "Uke"—E. Normand.
 A Red (not bed) Bug—Brady.
 A Judge—Coughlin.
 An "Achilles"—A. Durocher.



RHETORICAL RUMORS

Now we are on the well-known "Home Stretch," before the final "wire" exams. The Rhetoricians are taking the bit between their teeth and with a loose rein will endeavour to bring home the "purse."

It is still a mystery to cheerful Dan Drew how a chocolate rabbit can lay multicolored eggs.

The latest movie actor has been uncovered in the person of Hon. Mr. Corrigan. Recently he received his finished photographs and the pose greatly resembles that of the late—not Mr. O'Hare—Rud. Valentino.

Speaking of "Pat" O'Hare though, we are shocked to hear that during the coming summer vacation he will take the place of a minister. So far, we do not know in what capacity. "Let us pray!"

The Honor students of II Arts were greatly pleased to find that the Easter vacation did not affect the humorous side of Fr. Tighe's nature. At the first class, he still had a few jokes up his sleeve besides some catchy problems.

SENIOR SLANTS

Roger Des Rosiers showed himself quite proficient in the acting art. He made a very charming twin in the Assumption Tennis Club's presentation, "The Charm School," given in St. Francis Hall, Sandwich.

There was nothing dull about the first class after the Easter holidays. The proverbial Easter outfits were of an unusually brilliant hue. Gourley Howell was conceded the prize.

Several members of this class are completing ten years at Assumption. The thought of leaving raises that peculiar sensation of joy and sorrow which few have not felt at some time or other.



THROWING IT IN 3 B

When Allen Benoit was corrected the other day in 3 B in the use of "seen," he replied, "Don't criticize a bootlegger's English as long as his Scotch is all right."

While doing a cross-word puzzle in 3B, and confronted with this definition: "What kind of a Scotchman gives you a penny for your thoughts?" Mr. "Meekus" McLeod unhesitatingly put down "liberal."

Gillis (leaving 3B): "I'll see you again, Ed. Reservoir."

Skrzycki: "Hope so, Gumshoe. Tanks."

"Fingerhowl" Foley discovered his erring twin closely examining the floor in 3 B. When asked what he was doing, "Hawkshaw" Jeannette said he was looking for the prints. "What?" exclaimed the little rapsSCALLION, "has he fallen off his horse again?"

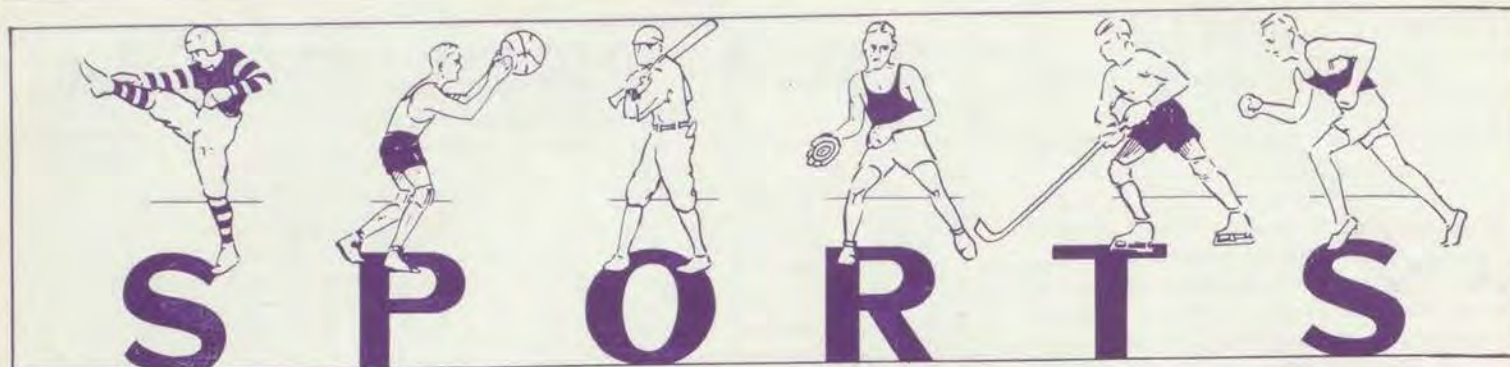
The class of 3 B deeply regrets the absence of Marty Cavanaugh on sick leave. Deep rumblings were heard coming from Fr. Pickett's room, as he learned of the absence of the 3 B Mission Collector.

"Curly" Dyer of 3 B advises that if you can't find it in the dictionary, the "Atlantic Monthly", or in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, don't be discouraged. Ask at the drug store.

Ever since that telephone demonstration in the gym, we have noticed that "Brute" Woods has been haunting the telephone booth.



The cafeteria must have had some effect on Jimmie Donlon because the other day he told the Physics class that the two main points on a thermometer are the freezing point and the 'eating' point.



Reasons For No Varsity Team Are Obvious

SHORTNESS OF SEASON AND EARLY ADVENT OF EXAMS PREVENT DRAWING UP SCHEDULE

Well fans we might as well come clean with you and give you the real facts that you have been wanting to know—why we have no College baseball team. To begin with our season is very short. Times have changed. The Arts no longer go home in June with the High School students. The University exams now begin the middle of May, and hence the U boys are shaking hands with the folks back home by the end of the month. To help make the season even shorter, old man bad weather steps in and prevents training early in April.



What's All the Racket About:--Tennis

Mr. Webster says a racket is a confused din; a clamour. Mr. Webster also says in the same mouthful that a racket is a bat used in tennis. Well, that's what we want to say a few words about—the racket of the racket of Tennis. Well anyway the boys are getting their rackets out and are preparing for a great season in the game of love—30, 40.—Deuce and all.

Fr. O'Loane, who is directing the movements of this gigantic tennis club, has a busy and most attractive schedule mapped out for the racket boys. On the roster are many players who possess even the style, form and cunning tactics of Tilden, La Coste and Richards. Some even at times display a flash of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills.

Among the chief and most noteworthy wielders of the racket are Cliff Blonde, Dick Batty, Jake Donlon, Bill McKenna, Rene and George Belanger, Paul Tremblay and many others.

Tournaments have been scheduled with Highland Park College, Assumption Church Tennis Club and other clubs of Detroit, Windsor, Los Angeles and Long Island.

Many Candidates Strive For Berths on High School Nine

FATHER MCGEE DRILLS PLAYERS FOR STRENUOUS CAMPAIGN ON DIAMOND

When Coach Father McGee issued the call for High School baseball candidates shortly before the Easter vacation, no less than thirty prospective stars responded. Despite adverse weather conditions many hours of training have already been tucked under the respective belts of the various players and everything is in readiness for the opening of the schedule this week.

Just how strong an aggregation of ball-tossers will represent Assumption in high school ranks is yet uncertain, but from a pre-season outlook this year's team should be every bit as strong as those that won the Essex League championship under Father McGee's tutorage the past two seasons. An exceptionally strong pitching staff assures the coach little worry from this sector. "Ribbs" Ameling, hurling ace of the team for the past two campaigns, is back again and if his pitching is of the same calibre that it has been in the past he will prove a nemesis to all opposing batters. Parent, Guina and Corcoran are slab artists new to the squad this year but they all appear to have a considerable amount of talent in their line. Ambrose O'Donnel, a southpaw, completes the pitching retinue and his work in the early practice sessions stamps him as a hurler of ability.

Derum, Ptak, Love, Rocco and Coyle are engaged in a merry battle to determine who will be on the receiving end of the battery. "Ribbs" Ameling has held down the initial sack during the past two campaigns when he was not delivering his goods from the mound and he is out to cinch that berth again. St. Pierre, Dickson and "Nibbs" Ameling are candidates for the keystone corner, while Ed. Morneau and Potucek are battling for the third base position. Joe Mencil, a veteran of two years standing, has practically assured himself of his old position at shortstop. Lou Morneau, Rivard, Potucek, Ptak and Love will likely bear the brunt of the fly-chasing.

This year will be Assumption High's
(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

Handball Tournament to Get Under Way Soon

MANY COLLEGE AND HIGH SCHOOL ENTRIES PROMISE SPIRITED GAMES

Once more the season for handball has arrived, and the new handball alleys are now continually full of enthusiastic players who are limbering up for the 1928 Handball Tournament. In past years handball has held a prominent place among the athletics at Assumption and many excellent players have been developed in the College courts. Today the game of "dead butts" is still being played with the same "pepper" and "vim" of former years.

Father MacDonald, who is an old hand at the game, will conduct the class tournament for the fourth consecutive year. He has already issued orders to the classes to get their teams in shape. Each class in the Arts Course will be represented by a team of two players in the Senior and another such team in the Intermediate class. The High School classes will be represented in both Senior and Intermediate and also in the Junior Class. A great deal of competition is expected in this year's tournament.



Warriors Prepare for Season on Diamond

AMBITIOUS BALL-TOSSERS WORK OUT TOGETHER DAILY

Father Burke and his famous Warriors have forgotten all about the fame they have won during the past year on the grid-iron and basketball floor, and have now turned their attention to baseball. For the past two weeks the Warriors have been in training and have left nothing undone to make this year's nine a winning club.

Most of last year's players have gone up to faster company and are on the High School Nine. However practically all who belonged to the Warrior football and basketball families are sticking together for the game of the diamond. When the reporter visited the Warrior training camp, he glimpsed two infields working out in peppy and sparkling practice. Veterans and recruits were all working diligently for the coveted berths and it was some energetic crowd. The Coach
(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

Arts-Hi League Games Get Underway Today

FOUR TEAMS CONTENT FOR CAMPUS CHAMPIONSHIP

The Arts-Hi Baseball League which was successfully founded here two years ago by Father Vincent Kennedy, and which has held the greatest of sport attention on the campus since its very beginning, starts on its third season with the same amount of clamor and enthusiasm that attended its incipience.

With the same four clubs composing the league, but with a new President presiding over all, and with many new faces in the line-ups, the opening day with all its activities done up in big league style will get under way with a bang today. Father O'Donnell is the new President, Director and Judge Landis of the league, succeeds Fr. Kennedy who is now stationed at St. Michael's College, Toronto. The four clubs composed of players from the Arts and Senior High School courses will be led by the same managers except in two cases. The Cubs will be led for a third time by "Howling Jim" Murphy of spitball fame; while the Senators who ended the season tied with the Athletics, and then won the little world series from the A's will be led by their same manager, Tony Kramer.

The Giants are coming out with a new manager of great fame, Mr. Leland Higgins. Mr. Higgins who was the star of the Hi Nine two years ago and who spent last year in Toronto, is back here this year, according to the testimony of our sport followers, who have seen him perform both on the grid-iron and court. Now Lee is going to be in real baseball company and has undertaken to carry the burdens of a manager. The Athletics who bought over the Tiger franchise last year and were led by Frank Walsh are not so sure of his leadership as he has not yet signed the contract.

Get your tickets for the opening game and if you want to see and enjoy real baseball games of the highest caliber be out every day and follow the players of the Arts-Hi.



WARRIORS PREPARE FOR SEASON ON DIAMOND

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

informed the writer that more were to be heard from as all the members had not yet reported. Among the mainstays of last year's squad are Dick Burns, Pat Lewis Bill Vahey, Paul Jones and Frank Leszczynski, around whom the Coach will build his team. Among the newcomers are Lefty "Bugs" Brady, coming up from the Minims for a try at pitching and a flock of others including such famous athletes as Jimmy Evans, Joe Sullivan, Prokopp, Bill Byrne, Foster and Tureaud.

The Warriors expect to open their season on April 25th. It is also planned to have a Warrior league the same as last year, consisting of three clubs. The league schedule will be announced soon.

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

By J. A. D.

"Gunboat" Gillis has been knocked "hors de combat" by Dr. Pill, who, inserted his trusty knife and cut away part of "Gunboat's" left rib. Never mind, Gunboat, Adam has nothing on you.

"Brute" Rocco has failed to put in his appearance after the holidays. It is rumored he is having a special mask made in case of any future indulgence in the manly art.

The last tournament brought out some surprises. At the last minute substitutions had to be made to supplant the boxers incapacitated by the MUMPS, etc., and although the substitutes did not all win their battles, every one of them showed a fighting heart which after all is the essential part of a boxer. McCormick, Ptak, and Foster who filled in the roles of substitutes, never were seen in action before, and although without previous training, put up commendable battles. Too bad they did not put in an appearance early in the season. The latter especially showed a mean right, and with a little development could be made into a regular kayo.

Bresnahan was the real surprise of the evening. Having not taken part in our regular bouts before, his worth was underestimated, and being matched with the veteran, Buckle, was not conceded much of a chance. However his extraordinary speed and "nifty" foot work, plus his punching ability with either hand, gave him the decision by a fair margin.

The comedy affair of the evening was between Lonesome Lundy and Red Reaume. Although advertised as a grudge battle, it developed into nothing more than a fanning bee; and in the middle of the second round, Red, exhausted by his own useless efforts, took a much needed rest. He admitted after the fight that he heard all the counts, but that he was pretty tired, and thought it to be a lot easier to take the full count than be chased around the ring by the tireless Lundy. You're right, Red, discretion is the better part of valour.

St. George did not show up to his expected form. He confided to someone later in the evening that he did not feel very well—maybe the indomitable Seaman had something to do with it.

The bouts in order:

Folgarrelli put over a sleep producer on Gloomy Groome in the second round and the referee stopped the battle to prevent further trouble.

Lundy beat Red Reaume by a knockout in second round.

St. George and Bob Seaman fought a three round draw.

"Rocky" Roche was awarded the decision over Bill McCormick in a rattling encounter.

Ptak and Barnard furnished the second draw of the evening after three furious rounds.

Bill Byrne outpointed Joe Foster in three rounds. The latter, although having his opponent on the floor once, could have been disqualified a couple of times for foul tactics, due to his inexperience.

"Bed Bugs" Brady won every round in his encounter with Griff Gordon in the seventh bout of the evening.

"Keno" Kintz and "Bud" Gorman fought a three round draw. The latter was on the floor once and was saved from a knockout only through the kind-heartedness of the referee.

Eddie Bresnahan, tripping his opponent to the canvas at two different times, was awarded the decision over Harry Buckle in three fast rounds.

The semi-final announced as an exhibition affair between Gunshoe Gillis and Jim Regan provided all the antics of an Altrock-Schacht affair as exhibited by these comedians in their "slow motion stunts."

The final battle of the evening, a heavy weight affair between Tony Rocco and Ambrose O'Donnell, started with a roar. Due to an advantage of twenty pounds in weight, the referee instructed Rocco to go a little easy but failed to notify his lighter opponent regarding it; consequently the row of lefts and rights shot over by O'Donnell in quick succession found Rocco unawares. The latter however soon had the upper hand and by displaying his boxing skill and punching ability had the battle his own way and was an easy victor.

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It is the same reason why the best shod people in town buy their footwear from us.

The reason is

QUALITY, SERVICE and PRICE



Wilkinson's Boot Shop

35 Ouellette Ave. - Windsor

Sub Minims All Set To Open Season

MANY PLAYERS STAGE SPIRITED
BATTLES FOR POSITIONS

Father Guinan, head coach of the Sub Minims, with the assistance of his lieutenants and board of strategy—Messrs. T. McGouey, J. Murphy and D. Monahan, has been putting his athletes through a strenuous training season. For the past two weeks the members of this widely known club have been seriously working away for the coming season which they will open in a few days. Each member of the Sub Minim Club has one purpose and aim in view, and that is to make this year's campaign on the diamond just as spectacular and successful, if not more so, as was their performance on the gridiron and the gym floor.

Many new faces appear on the roster as several of the veteran stars have departed for other parts and diamonds. Several of last year's Junior players are now eagerly trying for places on the Senior nine which is the Sub Minim team proper. Among the Juniors fighting for a berth are such famous athletes as Don Des Jarlais, Hogan, J. Flood, and Meloche. Just as famous are Le Page, W. Des Jarlais and Proulx, newcomers, who used to oppose the Sub Minims quite frequently last year but are now in the fold. Other new recruits scattered about the outfield and infield are Trottier, Waddell, Boutette, Walker, Puce, Des Rosiers, J. Welsh and Tadesco. Of this crowd the two causing the most interest are Waddell and Boutette who are both making a bid for the guardianship of the initial sack. Among the pitchers are three future stars, Moeller, Lefty Foster and W. Des Jarlais. All in all, the Sub Minims look like a snappy little ball club, and here's wishing them good luck.



MANY CANDIDATES STRIVE FOR BERTHS ON HIGH SCHOOL NINE

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

third in the Essex County League and Coach Father McGee is moulding his team with a view towards a third successive championship. The league schedule has not been announced yet and many exhibition games are still pending with teams from across the line. The schedule as yet is incomplete but the following games are assured:

- April 26—Rosary-Home.
May 1—Northeastern-Detroit.
4—League Game.
8—St. Mary's (Orchard Lake)-Here.
11—League Game.
15—Northeastern-Here.
18—League game.
24—St. Mary's (Orchard Lake)-There.
25—League game.
29—St. Joe's-Here.
June 1—League game.
8—League game.

: BATTER UP :

BY FRANK A. WALSH

Batter Up! The old familiar cry rings out again throughout the nation as major and minor leagues, College and Semi-pro, amateur and all kinds of baseball clubs get under way in their respective and annual flag races. And here at Assumption this call of the diamond is heard daily on six diamonds where the various teams are in full action and going to it as strong as they do in any league.

Batter Up! The lead-off man takes his place at the plate. The pitcher starts a wind-up. The umpire hitches up his breast protector and leans forward.

Batter Up! The ball cleaves the plate and is met by the solid impact of a bat, tuned to the minute and swung from the shoulders of a keen-eyed, well-trained athlete.

Batter Up! The lid is off and the race is on. From now until the curtain rings down next September baseball will reign supreme in the sport light. Here too, the race is on and will continue till the boys pack for home in June.

Batter Up! We are on the final stretch of the school year, boys, and so to speak we are on third base of our run around the base paths of the year. We came to bat in September, got to first at Thanksgiving, second at Christmas, (for that's the half way station), reached third at Easter and now we are taking a lead off third for home. It is up to us, now, to make the best of our time and opportunities and make a success of our efforts. We want to make this run count. So watch old man exams, the pitcher! Don't let him catch you napping between third and home. Fool the old boy. Cause him to throw wild over third or get him rattled so he'll walk the batter and then you'll walk home in June with your head high.

Batter Up! It's mighty good to see the greatest player of all time still with the American League. Tyrus Raymond Cobb is starting his twenty-fourth year in the major leagues. Of these he spent twenty-two years with Detroit, and is now beginning his second year with Connie Mack's Athletics.

You will notice, gentle reader, two articles in our sport pages, each one written by a different sport writer of our staff, in which one says we have no Varsity Nine and gives reasons for not having one; while the other says the Varsity team will play our Alumni Club here on May 20th. You might think that our sports staff is not very consistent and is not giving you the correct information direct off the wires. Well, both writers are giving you the correct dope. There's no College nine

here this year, yet there will be one on that date (May 20) in order to clash with our loyal Alumni who were known for their diamond artistry while here, and who still cherish as a sacred treasure fond memories of their glorious victories under Assumption's colors.

Take me out to the Ball Game!—Everybody come! Old and young, Alumni, friends, relations etc. Come to the game of the year—Assumption Varsity vs. Alumni—College Diamond—May 20th.

Fr. McGee, famous coach of the Hi School team, has his nine in the pink of condition after a most successful training season and they are all set for the opening game.

The Hi Club is composed of classy, peppy ball players, a hustling crowd with all the ear marks of future major leaguers. Every position is well fortified, and, as Harry Bullion says, and has been saying for the past years about our Detroit Tigers: "if the pitching staff shows up they will be a threat."

It may be so about Detroit, but the coach of the Hi Nine doesn't have to worry about his pitching staff coming across. Besides the veteran star and dean of the Hi pitchers, "Ribbs" Paul Ameling, are four others who claim they know where and how to throw a ball.

Charlie Corcoran is one of the new pitchers trying for a berth on the Hi nine. "Irish" pitched for the Sacred Heart Seminary High last year, and looks like a real find.

"Mal" Parent is another hurler who comes to the Hi Club with a great name. Last year "Mal" pitched for the Belle River Club in the Blue Water League.

The Arts-Hi League is again in action starting it's third year in the baseball limelight, but with many new faces and changes. Fr. Vincent Kennedy, the founder, supervisor and the Judge Landis of the league, who is stationed in Toronto is succeeded in this high office by Fr. O'Donnell.

Four teams will compose the league again and the same managers will be at the helms with the exception of one, perhaps two. "Push 'em out Tony Kramer will again lead the Senators, while "Howling Jim" Murphy will pilot the Cubs for the third season. A new manager has signed a gold-edge contract to lead the Giants. We now introduce Mr. Leland Higgins. The fourth team, the Athletics, as yet haven't signed their manager, but the one that led them last year is expected to come across and sign on the dotted line.

Prognostication Through Architecture

Material castles are only the crystallization of "air castles." In the mind of the architect fairy mosques and lofty minarets tower into the clouds of fancy and thin through the instrumentality of marble, steel and men. The architect brings a creation of "frozen music" into material being. Man must conceive an ideal and then strive for its realization. So, as men think, they build. Thus it is that its architecture is the expression of a nation's 'soul.'

The sculpture of the ancients is as much a medium of expression as are the languages through which their lives are revealed to us. Ancient art reveals antiquity more truthfully than do pens of ancient scribes. For, while the artist formed matter as he truly thought, yet the path of letters is strewn with the bones of those who amplified virtue and modified vice. Before the Greeks attained the pinnacle of power, their architecture revealed a spirit of self-sacrifice and high aspiration—once arrived at their goal, their art foretold their end. Rome copied the Greek's heroic spirit until she made it her own. As "mistress of the world," she relaxed. Then, the ravaging of ancient edifices to provide material for the erection of fountains and villas spelled out calamity for the "Eternal City."

Today, each vast skyscraper, crowding and shutting out the light of the sun from its lesser neighbours, reflects the greed and ego that in life make the "end justify the means," just as clearly as it portrays dynamic force and soaring ambition. Does not a large office building with its monotonous row upon row of windows, each the exact duplicate of every other, reproduce the monotony of thousands of lives—lives sacrificed to the desire for mastery even as the myriad windows enter into the height of the construction?

If a given period in past civilization may be read in contemporary art, surely the future of a nation may be seen in its architecture of the present.



BY FRANK O'HARE

To be placed in the alternative of not writing an Exchange Column or, of filling space with unadulterated inanity, certainly evinces a deplorable scarcity of original thought—however, we are in just such a "hot-box." The reasons for our not enviable position are so numerous that the necessity for a presentation of a brief for the defense is immediately obviated. Yet a presentation of something is just what we need, for how else can we fill this column? We feel the urge to settle the affairs of men for all time, to take the crux of world issues under the microscope with a view toward learning whether, per hypothesis, their insolubility might, or might not, have a point common to all. Of course, when we consider the futility of our humble aspirations, we feel that this urge, "to do big things" must find an outlet in some pursuit of no greater magnitude than that of white-washing an elephant—still, it is given to all men to dream, and we must needs take everything given, or at least for granted.

Pardon us for proceeding backward (please be seated Mr. Chesterton, it won't happen again) but "white-washing an elephant" intrigues us. We should think such a vocation to be at once unique and alluring, not alluring merely by reason of its singularity, but because an elephant exerts a peculiar attraction upon the genus homo. It is probably quite safe to bet that if Tom Sawyer had to white-wash an elephant instead of a fence, Tom would never have been held up as a model for youthful contractors. But wherein does the appeal of the pachyderm lie? "What causes that?" Is it because the elephant is a congeries of instincts, old, barbaric and essentially primal, which revitalize pictures lying dormant within us?

At all bathing beaches there are ropes extending out into the sea to check the ardor of spirit too bold to stay within "their depth." We didn't see the ropes and as a result were nearly drowned a few lines back.

ALUMNI BALL-TOSSERS MEET VARSITY ON MAY 20TH

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

The Alumni aggregation has a large crowd of fence-busters from which to pick their team. The following "Old Boys" will be expected to be on deck when the umpire calls "Play Ball": "Nig" Clarke, "Shag" Shanese, Walter Dunne, Joe Clancy, "Jimmy" Burns, Dick Kent, Frank McMahon, "Jake" Suzalla, John Murray, Clarence Kenny, Fred Dunne, "Butts" Kildea, "Red" Kessel, Jimmie McGillick, Father Babcock, Father Dorsey, A. O'Connor, Des Sullivan, "Doc" Kerwin, Ray Pocock, A. McIntyre, George Grates, "Ham" Redmond, Edgar Dwyer, Remi Durand, Leo Kelly, Phil Ryan, Rev. "Jack" Parker, Walter McManus, "Steve" Sylvester, "Mighty" Wagner, "Dick" Noon, Fred Dupont, George O'Leary, Father McNabb, "Susie" Zott, "Ken" Cook and Charlie Polomski. The game is scheduled to start at 3:00 o'clock sharp, and a large crowd of "Old Boys" are expected to be on the side-lines to cheer their team on to victory.



From the Neck Up

St. George: It's wonderful how my hair parts exactly in the middle.

Trembley: Yes, on dead center as it were.

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LLOYD LeBOEUF TAKEN BY DEATH DURING HOLIDAYS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

wich 16 years ago, he received his early schooling at St. Francis school and came to Assumption in the fall of 1925. Since that time he established for himself here the reputation of being an exceptionally good student and he played a prominent part in all athletics. During the past basketball season he starred on Mr. Watson's Maple Leaf quintet. His cheery disposition and all-around good-heartedness made him a popular lad on the campus and he leaves behind to mourn his passing a host of student friends. To the bereaved family the students of Assumption unite in expressing their sincerest regrets and heartfelt sympathy in this great loss.



MURPHY WINS ORATORY CONTEST

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

imaginative and emotional faculties. Culture is refinement of mind, keenness of intuition and breadth of view. Culture consists in depth of thought, saneness of judgment and alertness of memory. It is delicacy and nicety of taste as well as the subtle power of self-expression. In general culture is that assemblage of intellectual and aesthetic qualities that characterize the lady or the gentleman."

Culture Not Sufficient

"Culture will not be a sufficient help to morality because it is in a different sphere from morality. Culture has to do chiefly with the mind. The object of culture is truth and beauty. Morality directly concerns the will. Its object is moral goodness."

After pointing out how that culture alone as a basis for morality has always failed in the past, Mr. Murphy concluded his speech as follows: "Yet, we ought to strive for culture because it is worth while. It is far more precious than glittering gold. It is nobler than earthly honors. It extends and enhances the sublimest aspirations of man and makes man fit company for himself. Seek culture, my friends, rather than the materialistic and pleasurable pursuits of our century, but do not, like the culture worshippers, exalt culture to the highest place, for there are still higher and more necessary ideals, like morality, which every man must seek."

SCANNING THE RECORDS

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 3)

- Class II—1 Murphy, B.
2 Foley
3 Brisson
- Event No. 8—Three Legged Race*
Class III—1 Dillon and McCauley
2 O'Meara and Dalton
- Class IV—1 Brown and Dowling
2 Delmore and Holton
- Event No. 9—Four hundred and Forty Yds. Race*
Class I—1 Sills
2 Christian
- Class II—1 Murphy
2 Brisson
3 Foley
- Event No. 10—Potato Race (5 Potatoes—5 yds. apart).*
Class I—1 Sills and Phaneuf
2 Lowry
- Class II—1 Feign
2 Costello
3 Brisson
- Event No. 11—Consolation Race.*
Class I—1 Lowry
Class II—1 Pillon
2 Foley
- Class III—1 Pare
2 O'Meara
3 Labelle.
- Class IV—1 Demay
2 Holton
- Championship by Points*
First Division—1 Sills, 32 Points.
2 Christian, 23 Points.



Where Pat Drew the Line

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to 11 o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a smoke." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features. Slowly removing his pipe from his mouth he said, "Be-e-gorra, Oi've worked with Germans and Hungarians, and Oi've worked with Oitalians, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me Oi gets up."

REUNION DATE ANNOUNCED BY FATHER DILLON

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

every year. Everyone was in accord with the idea and heralded the step as an excellent one. It is estimated that no less than 600 old grads visited the college at one time or another during the three day reunion last year and it is expected that the greater portion of these will be on hand again in June. Many that did not have an opportunity to take in last year's event will be able to do so this year. It is for these reasons that alumni association officials expect at least as large a number in attendance as there was last year.

Just one day will be devoted to the reunion this year. The order of events will be much the same as before with Mass in the morning, luncheon at noon and dinner in the evening.



Visitors

Since our last publication the following alumni have visited us:

George O'Leary, Patrick and Timothy McManus, all members of last year's graduating class. Mr. O'Leary is now pursuing his studies at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Mr. Pat McManus is attending the Ontario College of Education in the same city, while Mr. Timothy McManus is employed by the Graham-Paige Motor Car Co., of Detroit;

Stan Bondy and "Pip" Peltier, members of last year's high school graduating class, who are now attending St. Michael's College, Toronto;

J. J. Kelly, president of last year's high school graduating class, and Jack Staffan, a graduate of this year's Commercial class.



A Searching Party

Bradley (just after his first shave): Er—how much do you charge?

Barber: A dollar and a half.

Bradley: What? How's that?

Barber: I had to hunt for the beard.

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Things are pretty bad just now at Assumption. Easter vacation has just ended. Baseball is just getting started. There is no news. The reporter for this page looked high and low for news but none was in evidence until he entered the room of Mr. J. J. Murphy and Mr. Ray McCormick. The reporter learnt there that Murphy and McCormick are planning putting on another Oratorical Contest. Murphy received his inspiration at the St. Basil's Oratorical Contest last Tuesday. He was surprised to find such a number of people in attendance. Immediately he started planning to stage another such event. Murphy plans to run the contest along the same lines as the last one, with one addition—a silver collection at the door. As yet the Contestants are not named, but Murphy thinks that Ed. Pokriefka will be the first speaker, his topic being, "Not fifty-fifty but seventy-thirty." The second speaker will, no doubt, be Mr. Sam Saravolatz, the popular president of the Pullmotor Club. Sam will speak on "Drowning and how to avoid it." The last speaker will be Mr. Ray MacCormick. Ray will speak on "Charity and where it begins." The prize will be a life-long membership card in the MacCormick, Murphy Debating Club.



Gabby: "I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

The Judge: "I must stop this or you will be backing into something. Forty dollars."

"Are you sure, now?" inquired our boxing instructor, who chanced to be an overseas veteran. "Are you positive that this is beefsteak?"

"Sure it's beefsteak," replied the belligerent waiter. "Wossa matter?"

"When I find a fly buzzing around a steak, I think nothing of it, but when I find a horsefly, darned if I don't get suspicious!"

Auntie: "Do you ever play with bad little boys, Willie?"

Willie: "Yes, Auntie."

Auntie: "I'm surprised. Why don't you play with good little boys?"

Willie: "Their mothers won't let me."

Time—(any). Place—(same).
 Dramatis personæ—one teacher and one small pupil. Action as follows:
 Teacher—"Define trickle."
 Pupil—"To run slowly."
 Teacher—"Define anecdote."
 Pupil—"A short, funny tale."
 Teacher—"Use both in a sentence."
 Pupil—"The dog trickled down the street with a can tied to his anecdote."

Pat: "Ah, be jabbers, I'm all tired out with me work today."

Bridget: "Why should you be tired out? 'Tis me that's tired standing over a hot stove all day, when you are in a nice cool sewer."

What's the difference between a father and a mother?

Ans: "A father is afraid that every young fellow who calls at the house is trying to marry his daughter. A mother is one who is afraid that he is not."

A LITTLE LESSON IN POLITENESS

It is freely admitted that this one is of extremely ancient vintage, but it is a railroading story, and railroad men like their stories to be well seasoned with age.

It is a yarn which the late J. T. Hanrahan, president of the Illinois Central system, was fond of telling on himself.

Mr. Hanrahan was sitting in his office at Chicago one day when a burly person entered, without ceremony of knocking. "Me name's Casey," he said. "I want a pass to St. Louis. I work in the yar-rds."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said Mr. Hanrahan. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try again."

At the end of the hour back came the caller. Doffing his hat he inquired:

"Are yez Mr. Hanrahan?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. I've been wurkin' out in the yar-rds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Ye can go to hell. I've got a job on the Wabash!"

(Morsels)

Jim Cooney attended a children's party recently, and was persuaded, against his wishes, to try oysters for the first time. He took one and put it in his mouth.

Later the oysters were passed to him again and he was urged to take another one.

Manipulating his mouth in the manner ordinarily described as "talking around a hot potato," he said:

"No. I don't know what to do with the one I've got now."

A negro school teacher is credited with the following:—

The word "pants" am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

NOT SO HOPEFUL

At the grave of the departed the old darkey pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss he delivered himself of the funeral oration: "Samuel Johnson," he said, sorrowfully. "You is gone. An' we hopes you is gone where we 'specks you ain't."

"What are you doing at a Klan meeting, Ikey—you can't join."

"I don't want to join; I want to talk to the fellow that buys sheets and pillow cases."

An Honest Man

Revenue Officer (stopping a suspicious looking one): Well, what's your occupation? Bootlegger?

Archie: I'm a plasterer.

R. O. (taking him in): "You're the first one I ever saw that admitted it."

Correct!

Teacher—"Is this sentence correct: 'I walk through the camp'."

Michels—"No, sir. It should be 'I walked through the camp'."

Teacher—"Why?"

Michels—"It's past tents."

It's Going

Patient (gaspingly)—"I seem a little better, doctor, but I'm still short of breath."

Doctor—"Have patience and we'll stop that."

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VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, MAY 1, 1928

No. 13

DEPARTING COURT STARS FETED AT BANQUET

Awarding of Letters to College Men a Surprise

BASKETBALL "A's" AND BANQUET TO BE GIVEN ANNUALLY; FIVE HI LETTERS AWARDED.

A basketball banquet, the first event of its kind in the history of Assumption College sports, was tendered to the members of the College and High School basketball teams in the Prince Edward Hotel. Windsor, on the evening of April 19th. The banquet itself was a pleasant surprise to the members of Assumption's two representative court teams but a momentous announcement, made by Coach Father O'Loane during the course of the evening to the effect that basketball letters were henceforth to be awarded to the deserving

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)



Baccalaureate Mass to be Celebrated May 31st

CONVOCATION AT LONDON SET FOR JUNE 1st; GRADUATING CLASS LARGE.

May 31st is an important date on Assumption's calendar this year for more than one reason. Besides marking the close of the annual student's retreat, it is also the date of the Baccalaureate Mass and services, which will be held at Assumption Church. The purpose of this ceremony is to honour the Senior graduating class and the Mass will be said for them. Some eminent preacher gives the address to the graduates at the Mass. Just who he will be this year has not been ascertained yet.

Each year this event draws a packed church and really marks the beginning of the Commencement exercises. Due to the fact that Assumption's baccalaureate graduates are more numerous this year than ever before in the history of the college, a record crowd is anticipated.

On the following day the graduates journey to the University of Western Ontario, at London, Ont. for the Convocation exercises and the conferring of the Bachelor of Arts degrees.

ANNUAL RETREAT OPENS MAY 27

Monsignor Van Antwerp Again to be in Charge

TO CONDUCT HIS TWENTY-NINTH RETREAT HERE; SESSION ENDS ON MAY 31st.

The annual retreat, which closes the scholastic year for the University students, is scheduled to start on Sunday evening, May 27th, and the three-day session will terminate the following Thursday morning, May 31st. This is a change over the previous announcement which set the retreat days as May 24th to 28th. For the twenty-ninth time in the past thirty-one years Monsignor F. J. VanAntwerp, pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Detroit, and one of the most distinguished of all the Old Boys, will serve in the capacity of retreat master. Only twice in all that period of time has the venerable Monsignor failed to lead the students through those three days of grace, and on both occasions it was impossible for him to be here.

This glorious record is only one of the many reasons why "Father Van" has gained for himself the love, respect and admiration of all the boys who have been under his charge on those many occasions. As each year the announcement is made that the beloved Monsignor is returning, each and every student is satisfied in mind that the coming retreat for him will be a good one. And as the boys of thirty years ago, and of all the intervening years, read this announcement, they must be carried back, in memory, to the fatherly ad-

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)



CALENDAR

May	13—University Exams. begin.
May	17—Ascension Thursday, Holiday.
May	27-31—Annual Retreat.
May	31—Baccalaureate Mass.
June	1—Convocation.
June	6—High School Exams Begin.

Foreign Mission Fund To Benefit By Raffle

PROCEEDS TO BE SENT TO FATHER JACQUES IN MANCHURIA; PRIZES GOOD.

"Be a booster!", "Win a prize!"—Such are the slogans hurled forth by St. Francis Xavier Mission Society to the students of Assumption during the past week. The object of them is a raffle, the proceeds of which will be sent to Father "Benny" Jacques, famous Assumption athlete and president of the class of '23.

A baseball glove, donated by Harry Levy Sporting Goods Store, an American League baseball and a ticket to a ball game at Navin Field constitute the prizes.



Next Edition of Paper to Appear on June 6th

UNIVERSITY EXAMS INTERFERE WITH REGULAR PUBLICATION SCHEDULE.

Due to the fact that the approaching University examinations will require the entire and undivided attention of all Arts students for the next three weeks it is virtually impossible to maintain the regular publication schedule of Purple and White. As has been the case in former years there will be no issue of the paper on May 15th. The publication of the final and souvenir number is being withheld until June 6th, in order to furnish our readers with last-minute news of the year.

The Souvenir number of Purple and White serves, to some extent, the purpose of a year book and marks the zenith of the year's journalistic activities. All students and alumni are requested to contribute to the success of the edition in any way possible. If each student would make it a point to obtain just one advertiser for the issue, our financial worries would be at an end. Literary and pictorial contributions are requested as well.

Remember that the Old Boy's Reunion is on St. Basil's Day—June 14th—and make preparations now to be here.

Old Boys' Page

Alumnus Comments on Reunion Date

RECALLS HAPPY MEMORIES OF ST. BASIL'S DAY AND REUNIONS OF YEARS AGO.

April 20, '28

Editor, Purple and White
Sandwich, Ont.

Dear Ed:—

Just received the cheering notice that the reunion will be held on June 14th. That's what I call a glorious idea. The 14th of June has always been a day apart for the Old Timers, and many of the most treasured memories of the old days are centred around that date.

Ask any Old Timer what the 14th of June means. He will answer promptly—St. Basil's Day—and it was some day. We made ready to receive the old boys and tried to entertain them as best we knew how.

There was the usual glorious dinner on that occasion with its accompaniment of speech-making. Frequently two bishops were present and the lesser clergy were there by the score, and they just lived again the days of their youth. The splendid spirit of the occasion became traditional, and it became an understood thing that on St. Basil's Day all old students were expected to return and enjoy the hospitality of their Alma Mater.

We, the boys in the yard, dressed up in our Sunday best for the occasion and set ourselves out to make the old boys welcome. We knew that we had to live up to an ideal and tried to do so.

It was a glorious occasion for all of us. We felt that some one was taking an interest in us and we showed our appreciation in every way we knew. We were glad to see them come and were loath to see them depart.

I am delighted to see the old day revived. The opportunity for a greater celebration than ever will be at hand and those we missed last year will surely be present to make it a day worth while.

Yours cordially, V. I. Dere, '93



This is the program for the entertainment held September 27th, 1899 in the Hand Ball Alley.

- ChairmanThos. Hussey
1. Speech on SportsEd. Taylor
 2. RecitationHugh Ryan
 3. Duet, Piano and Violin.....
Frank Hill and John Miller
 4. A SongGeo. Pare
 5. Distribution of prizes for Field Day.
 6. Chorus by Glee Club.

CAMPUS CHAMPIONS, 1905



Campus Champions 1905

Standing, left to right: Leo Costello, Gerald Labelle, Timan Corcoran, Stan. Skrzycki, James Walsh, Edmund Burns, Leo Gaffney.
Seated: Ed. Doe, Ed. Madden, Will Dean, James Neville.

ENTERTAINMENT

Friday, Nov. 26, 1915

- Selection Orchestra
Heroes and Gentlemen Glee Club
Duet: "List to the Convent
Bell" A. Schulte, D. Brophy
Looking for Trouble (Comedy in One Act)
Mr. Thomas Trouble,
an Author W. Savage
Tom Topsail, a sailor without
a berth F. Rockwood
The Chevalier, Jacques de
Humbug E. Hughes
Sammy Slang, a real tough A. Vernier
Terrence Brady, from the
Emerald Isle E. Carey
Rainbow, a gentleman of color, J. Stacey
Quartet: "There's a Watermelon
Spoiling Down at Johnson's"
Selection Orchestra
Quartet: "The Nightingale and the Rose"
"Love at Home" Boys' Choir
The Haunted House
Jeremiah Worthless Washington Lee, a no
'count nigger from nowhere, J. Clancy
Clarence White Asterbilt, somebody
from somewhere G. Todd
Ghost W. Griffin
Alma Mater Glee Club

Assumption Victory Over Mutes Recalled

WINDSOR RECORD OF 15 YEARS AGO
TELLS OF 78-2 WIN

Assumption College showed its best football form today and smothered the Flint Deaf Mutes, 78 to 2.

Never before did the Assumption line-men work so harmoniously with their fast backfield. Captain Kelly, McIntyre and Clancy tore off chunks of 20 to 30 yards at every attempt. The forward passes which Coach Close has been drilling the Canadians in worked well. Flint's points resulted from a safety in the first quarter.

Assumption lineup: Kessel, L. E.; Bertram, L.T.; Griffin, L.G.; Degan, C.; Chisholm, R.G.; Bondy, R.T.; Ryan, R.E.; Rockwood, Q.B.; Clancy, L.H.; McIntyre, R.H.; Kelly, F.B.

Score of quarters:

	1	2	3	4
Assumption	23	38	7	10-78
Flint	2	0	0	0-2

Touchdowns: Kelly 2, Rockwood, McIntyre 4, Ryan, Clancy, McNab, Kessels.
Goals from touchdown: Kelly 10.
Safeties: Assumption 1, Flint 1.
Referee—Savage; Umpire—Dorsey; Head linesman—Fleming.

DEPARTING COURT STARS FETED

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

members of the College team, came like a bolt from a clear sky. Paul “Ribbs” Ameling, star Varsity pivot man, and Don King, stellar forward, were the first to profit by the new regulation and are now wearers of the “A”. Captain Kramer, Deitman, Howell and Armstrong had their letters repeated. Amongst the High School cagers, Potucek, Ptak, Skrzycki and Dickeson were awarded the High School “A” and Captain Mencil’s letter was repeated.

An Entertaining Chairman

After a banquet fit for a royal dining room had been served and disposed of, Cliff Blonde arose in the capacity of chairman. The curly-headed blonde from Riverside proved an ideal man for the chair and his brief address, besides eliciting a few hearty laughs, proved very interesting. The first speaker to answer his summons was Coach Father O’Loane. He described the past basketball season as the most successful since the policy of playing only representative college teams was adopted and alluded to the fine spirit of companionship which existed on the team this year. He then called attention to the fact that basketball was playing just as prominent a part on Assumption’s sport calender as football and made the startling announcement that the college “A” would henceforth be awarded to the deserving members of the team. The basketball banquet, he stated too, would also be an annual event.

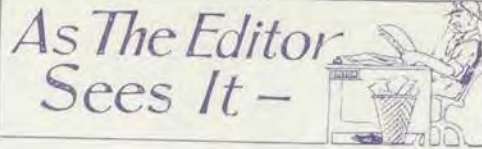
Father McGee Speaks.

Next in order was Father McGee, Coach of the High School team. He first expressed the pleasure that he himself obtained from coaching. He stressed the fact that a team is not remembered by the winning and losing of games; it is the players themselves by which the team as a whole is recollected. He then called attention to the fact that the greatest asset a player gains from basketball is self-control, and this trait, he asserted, was particularly noticeable in the High School team of ’28. Before awarding the letters to his team, he remarked that the standard by which a player is judged worthy of a letter is that of sportsmanship, general conduct and basketball ability.

Mr. Leland Higgins was the next speaker, and he paid a glowing tribute to the five members of the Varsity basketball team who are graduating. After a word on the individual careers of these players he said in conclusion: “To you members of this year’s team who have played such brilliant and lengthy roles in Assumption athletics, I wish to extend, in behalf of the team’s remaining members, a fond and hearty farewell. We assure you that, inspired by your signal efforts, we will strive to maintain the high standard of Assumption sportsmanship that you and former stars have won for her on the field of play.”

Captain Kramer responded to this toast and expressed the keen pleasure he has

(Continued in Column Three)



Despite the fact that it won’t be so long now, the college studees are maintaining a rather unperturbed exterior these days. Exams, yes, those menacing exams, are looming closer every day, and as old Pater Tempus checks off the fast fleeing days, the vision of the impending struggle assumes a more gruesome aspect.

But it was ever thus—

In days of old
When knights were bold
And students all were “gunners,”
Ere class was done
To spoil the fun
Exams came—tough luck “bummers!”

Mr. P. O’H., the gent of the “And How” persuasion, claims that Assumption has been singularly blessed with a complete lack of the afore mentioned “bums”. We note also that there is a similar lack of good-conditioned alarm clocks. Those that do decorate the desks of the overtime workers seem to be ticking away the merry minutes without bells on. But Pat never dabbles in philosophy. His explanation of the quandary hinges on a rather unique definition of the word “bum.”

After sleeping well, eating well and smoking at the proper intervals, the Flint youth would have us study. The O’Hareian school had gained steadily in numbers and strength until the exam schedule was published. The boys have all turned about face now though and are on the high road to health, happiness and a pass!

John Steele, according to latest reports, is wielding a wicked stick, but recent disclosures made by the Scotchman’s roommate lead us to believe that he is nursing a secret worry. It seems that friend “Scotty” had been resting happy all year in the thought that Army’s old faithful “Liz” would carry him safely and sanely to the Convocation at Western University

(Continued from Column One)

experienced in performing for Assumption teams and extended his thanks to the coaches for their efforts in his behalf.

Another Captain Talks

Captain Joe Mencil of the High basketmen was next called on for a few words. He responded heartily and in an eloquent manner outlined the past season, attributing the success attained by the High School team to the signal efforts of Coach Father McGee. Rev. Father MacDonald, athletic association head, followed with a few brief remarks commending both the Varsity and High School teams on their respective records.

The entertaining Chairman then called upon Father Dillon for a few words. The Reverend President praised both teams for their enviable records and their admirable conduct on the trips. Finally he paid a lofty tribute to the departing members of the college team and spoke of their good influence upon other students. The chairman then called for some songs and the whole ensemble responded with vim and harmony. In this manner Assumption’s first basketball banquet was brought to a happy ending.



ANNUAL RETREAT OPENS MAY 27

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

monition and advice which they, as students, received from him who has so aptly been named many years ere this “the student’s friend.”

Definite announcement as to who will conduct the retreat for the day scholars is not yet forthcoming, but it is likely that this news will be available within the next few days.

on June 1st. In accordance with the prophecy of many, however, Army’s “bumpabout” fails to respond to treatment and now the careful Scotchman finds himself without a means of getting to the all important ceremony in the Forest City. Faced with the alternative of walking or buying a ticket, he has been pouring over freight rates and fare lists for the past ten days. The only solution that he has found to date is that the Convocation be held here at Assumption.

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A Solution Offered

It may seem extraordinary, but during the past four months an anonymous priest has, through the columns of a leading periodical, been conducting a series of tirades against the Catholic Church with ecclesiastical reform as his avowed objective. The first of the articles questioned the celibacy of the clergy and the use of the Latin language in the Mass. The parochial schools were next denounced as a "barnacle on the bark of Peter." Finally he arrived at the question of the Church and State, treating this theme in his customary style;—in toto, an excellent brief for anti-Catholicism, a decidedly formidable array for the "bark of Peter."

However, an institution can be analyzed only by one to whom circumstances and education have given a comprehensive grasp of that institution. One wholly opposed to the Church by reason of environment or rebuke at her hands, is certainly the last person in the world to give a clear unbiased opinion of the Church. And yet the author of the controversial papers exhibits an aversion to things Catholic amounting almost to hatred. It does not appear sound that a priest, zealous for the welfare of the Church, would make an overt expose of what he considered abuses in the Church. Rather, he would take the matter up with his ecclesiastical superiors. Further, the virulence of the writer suggests, if at all, a priest unfrocked. Even this hypothesis becomes rather frayed at the edges when viewed in the light of his unfamiliarity with some of the steps leading to sacerdotal life. Consequently we are placed in the alternative of regarding him either as an unfrocked priest, or as a bigoted layman.

That the primary object of these articles is not ecclesiastical reform is safe to say.
(Continued in Column Three)

Happiness

Happiness, though intangible, elusive, yet all precious treasure, mankind still seeks thee. Though thou fled from fallen man in paradise, thou hast never been forgotten. Man sees thee, hovering above all his plans. How seldom does he find thee. Ah, harder still to keep thee! Yet, 'till the world grows old, each life, like a drama, will record the individual's success or failure in his pursuit of thee.

Happiness is sought in the voluptuous pleasures of the world, but they prove to be but founts of misery and unrest. Some fancy that it consists in gold and princely honors; others behold it, in reputation and power. But happiness consists in none of these things. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Solomon, a name almost synonymous with wisdom, enjoyed all the world could offer, and later declared that it all was vanity. The old eastern legend about the Prince and the happy man bears out this point. The prince searched through his realm for a happy man, thinking, that by wearing a happy man's shirt, he would be endowed with happiness. At length, when the truly happy mortal was discovered, he was lacking a shirt.

Happy people have learned moderation in all things. They are neither intoxicated by excessive pleasure nor cast down by care. Their philosophy is not a "carpe diem" doctrine, which signifies very dissatisfied and unhappy people. Overshadowing all their activity, unconsciously gleams the thought of the great Christian Plato, St. Augustine: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

Of't in My Dreams

BY ARTHUR SMITH

Of't in my dreams, a voice I hear,
A voice that I have cherished, dear,
A voice I'll ne'er forget;
It calls to me in tones so clear,
Bringing with them memory's tear,
Of sorrowful regret;

Of't in my dreams, a face I see,
A face that haunts my memory,
A face of grace divine;
It's eyes, they smile like moon-kissed sea.
That face to me, will ever be,
Vision of a "Pal of mine."

The face, the voice, the vision, all
Has left this earthly prison-hall,
For life in a Home Divine;—
Of't in my dreams, I hear you call,
Of't your vision, doth me enthral—
O' darling Mother of mine.

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(Continued from Column One)

Just what the object is remains a matter for speculation. The fact that the papers dealing with celibacy and the parochial schools have too many holes to justify their employment as a basis for reform, leads us to the conclusion that they serve merely as a "blind" for the true tenor of the series—the Church and State. In view of Governor Smith's looming on the political horizon as a potential president, this expose of "abuses" might be considered not unjustifiably as a stratagem of party tacticians to whom a Catholic predilection for the White House might be undesirable.

An Ancient

In the distant past—some twenty years ago to be exact—a baseball critic, in sizing up Mr. Tyrus Cobb, predicted that he would not last more than three years in "the big leagues." According to this critic's mind Mr. Cobb was setting too fast a pace and would not be able to continue it for very long. In reviewing these statements, made so long ago, we marvel at the real future that laid before Ty Cobb instead of the gloomy one predicted by that baseball critic.

We observe that each new season never seems to be his last. His style and ability have become famous and his consecutive years of playing have mounted to an amazing total. Still he continues to play and play well. His strength and vitality appear inexhaustible. But now after twenty years, as we would expect, Cobb's pace has slowed up to some extent. As a consequence of this and because some poor baseball critics and fans are prejudiced against Mr. Cobb, they criticize him and his every error. "Connie" Mack in speaking of Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker very nobly expressed this thought when he stated that "there is a tendency to magnify everything Ty and Tris do. Some young fellow will have an off day and nothing is said about it. But, let Cobb and Speaker fail to play ball 100 per cent perfectly and the cry goes up about them being old and crippled and decrepit and through. I think it is about time they give these grand veterans a break. They surely have it coming to them."

It seems quite inconsistent that the American people, who are ready to proclaim and applaud any athlete, even a foreign one, thus showing their impartiality in bestowing honor where honor is due, will withhold praise and honor that rightfully belong to Ty Cobb.

"Connie" Mack claims that the Georgian will admit he is not as fast as he was some years ago but he asks why others cannot perform the same feats as Cobb does. His appreciation of Cobb and Speaker as "pillars of strength" in baseball ought to cause the American people to consider seriously whether he is wrong when he says: "All I can say is that, even if they may not be as good as they were, they still are far too good to sit on my bench."

Every student should have his copies of Purple and White bound. Bring your copies to the editor's room. \$1.50 will do the trick.



WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

Cliff Blonde, famous for his auburn waves as well as for many enviable scholastic and athletic records, has been elected secretary-treasurer of the Senior Class and it is his task to make arrangements for the Senior banquet. The intellectual as well as the more corporeal tastes of the class will be given a grand treat on this occasion.

In this world of sorrow, joy is never unallayed. John Steele looks forward to graduation with glee, but just think of the almost useless expense entailed.

Mr. Merv. Murphy has been a worthy successor (if possible) to Norman Langlois as the chief spokesman of the philosophy class. A brilliant career in this field is predicted for “Army” Armstrong.



JUNIOR JIBS

Charlie Armstrong, who has made a life study of old Fords, says he is going in for better things and psychology seems to be his lot. That is—for awhile. How's this for some of his ingenuity in that line? “A pebble isn't large, but it seems a whopper to the ant that must climb it.” Father Tighe will pass his remarks.

Frank Walsh is starting to carry a “colt.” Frank, it seems, has been recruited to work on one of Chicago's big sport papers and he hopes to get accustomed to the styles in the windy city.

“Bucky” Harris, the boy wonder of III Arts, seems to be the logical choice for the class to send to the spelling contest now being held in the various cities of the neighboring parts. Mr. Harris is well coached by his mates, but his expenses have not yet been defrayed.

James ‘Jake’ Donlon the beau-brummel of III Arts is just as classy an infielder as he is a dresser. “Jake” is playing third base for the Athletics, but he's sorry he can't wear his classy socks on the ball field. He was sporting a pair the other day that were loud enough to wake up an artificial foot.

RHETORICAL RUMORS

The “Tex Rickard” of Assumption was in his glory last Saturday night when he controlled the gate of the W.C.I. Alumni game. There was a time when “Poke” became so overjoyed at the size of the crowd that he upset the money box which Jack Nelson was rapidly filling with the receipts.

Frank O'Hare still delights in passing the odd visit and lengthy discourse with no one in particular. Recently, Frank received his photos from Rembrandt Studio and we are all wondering who posed for Frank. Maybe he will tell us himself.

The foremost scientist of the house—no less a personage than Fr. Tighe—has made a great discovery. The Rev. Father discovered “Chuck” Bradley's beard and he came to the conclusion, and thereby made a law, that “things are not what they seem.”



FRESHMAN FLASHES

After lecturing on the parabola for half an hour, Mr. Beniteau turned around and gazed upon a modern Sleepy Hollow. It was found out that Beniteau neglected to speak from his diaphragm and the class, therefore, slipped into the tender arms of Morpheus.

Bluff has lost its wallop says O. O. McIntyre. McKenna found this out in a recent Math. lecture.

Just one more month and the school year will be a thing of the past. But that doesn't mean the exams will be passed. Let's hope so though.

Doctors Moody and Hicks were late the first morning the street car fare was raised. They said there wasn't any electric power. But we have our doubts.

The Freshman Class is proud of its modest hero “Big Train” McErlane who allowed three hits in the opening game of the Arts-High League.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

Fourth Hi is well represented on the Hi baseball team by eleven members, the cream of the squad.

Famous words by famous men. “On you” (MacDonald).

Frank Regan is partaking of an endurance contest—that of staying in class for a month straight.



THROWING IT IN 3B

The 3 B special correspondent reports that when the conductor on a Detroit street car, in calling the streets, shouted, “State,” Frank Flood was heard to admit sheepishly, “Ohio.”

When Fr. Burke asked Woods to come out of his dream in 3 B English period, Charlie put up an impregnable defense, replying that he was only thinking.



TALES FROM 2 B

John Byrne and Dan Bell represent 2 B in the intermediate handball tournament and Ted Costigan and Beausoleil represent 2 B in the junior.

“Willie” Byrne has returned to 2 B after a week's sickness. This time it was the “itch”. He looks pretty well scratched up.

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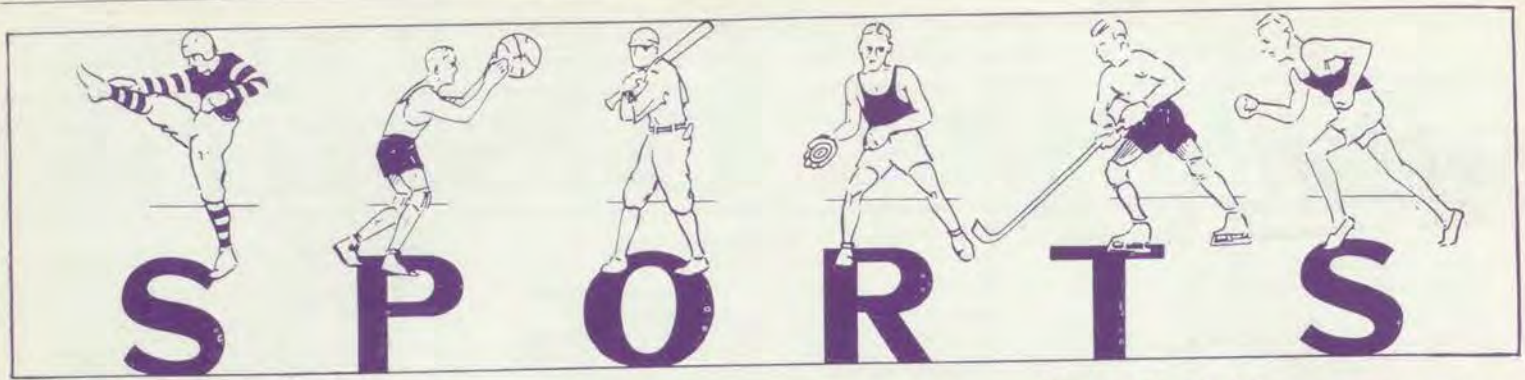
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Ameling Pitches High School Nine to 10-6 Win Over Tech in League Opener

CORCORAN ALSO IN FORM AND ROSARY BOWS, 6-2; HEAVY DOWNPOUR ENDS CLASH WITH ST. LEO'S IN FOURTH; GORMAN LEADS HITTERS.

“A flying start!” This describes Assumption's part in the opening game of the Essex County League here last Friday afternoon, when Ameling's steady pitching and some timely hitting on the part of his mates gave the local ball-tossers a 10-6 win over Windsor-Walkerville Tech. The High's veteran hurler received his first mound assignment of the year and experienced a little difficulty in getting started when Tech bunched four hits for a pair of tallies in the initial frame. He seemed to hit his stride after this, however, and the opposing batters didn't obtain the semblance of a hit until Parent took over the slab duties in the fifth.

Tech Gets Early Lead.

Four clean singles after two were down in the initial frame gave Tech a two-run advantage, but the Assumptionites evened the count in their half of the inning. Mencil started the rally by singling to center, took second on Ptak's sacrifice hit and scored when Derum was safe at first on Lauzon's error. Gorman's single after two were out scored Derum with the tying counter.

While Ameling was holding the opposing gunners powerless in the following three innings, his mates put on a neat stick-handling exhibition and added six runs in those frames. Durocher opened Assumption's half of the second by a single to right, stole second and took home when Mencil reached first on error.

Five in the Third.

Five Assumption runners crossed the plate in the third. Ptak started things off with a single to left. Coyle reached first on error but Ameling's roller forced Ptak at third. Gorman's long single to left scored Coyle and sent Ameling to third. Potucek's timely single scored Ameling and Gorman. Durocher sent a slow roller to short but both runners were safe when Wilkins failed to field the ball. Gignac walked to fill the bases. Mencil sent Potucek and Durocher home with a sharp single to left and Ptak flied out to end the inning.

Ribbs Drives Out Homer.

“Ribbs” Ameling connected with a fast one in the fourth inning and sent the ball sailing over the center fielder's head for a four base clout. Potucek's double in the sixth scored Gorman for the final Assumption tally.

“Mal” Parent assumed the mound responsibilities in the fifth inning and pitched good ball throughout the rest of the game,

allowing only two hits. Three errors, coupled with a hit and a base on balls gave Tech three runs in that frame, and one safe hit in the first half of the seventh was good for another counter. This was the best the visitors could make of Parent's offerings and the game ended with Assumption out in front, 10 to 6.

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 1)

A GOOD START

Assumption	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Mencil, ss	4	1	2	1	2	1
Ptak, 3b	3	0	1	2	0	1
Derum, c	1	1	0	0	1	0
Coyle, c	3	1	0	0	2	0
Ameling, p	3	2	1	8	2	0
Parent, p	1	0	0	1	0	1
Gorman, cf	2	2	2	0	0	1
Potucek, lf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Skrzycki, lb	3	0	0	5	2	0
Gignac, 2b	2	0	0	2	0	0
TOTAL	29	10	9	20	9	4
Windsor-Walkerville Tech						
Anderson, ss	1	0	0	0	1	1
Vie, 2b	3	1	2	1	2	0
Lauzon, 3b	1	2	0	1	1	1
Mason, cf	4	2	1	1	0	0
Langlois lb	4	1	2	7	0	0
Hastie, lf	3	0	1	1	2	0
Tobin, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Drouillard, nc	4	0	0	0	1	0
Morneau,	2	0	0	5	2	0
Wilkins, ss	2	0	0	1	1	2
TOTAL	28	6	6	17	10	4

Two base hit—Potucek; Home run—Ameling; Struck out—by Ameling—5; by Parent 1; by Morneau—5; Bases on balls—off Ameling—2, off Parent—4, off Morneau—4; Stolen bases—Gorman 2, Derum, Potucek, Durocher, Gignac, Mason 2, Lauzon, Hastie; Left on bases—Assumption 6, Tech 7; Winning Pitcher—Ameling.

Handball Tournament Progresses Slowly

MANY TEAMS BATTLE FOR CAMPUS CHAMPIONSHIP; SPIRITED GAMES PLAYED

The great annual tournament of the oldest game in existence is now in full swing—Handball—the game that came from the Emerald Isle. The early history of the game is lost in the mists of antiquity, but we see them playing this sport in Ireland back in the time of Brian Boru and even as far back as the seventh century. It passed on down to the days of O'Connell, Parnell and Grattan and at the same time spread to all nations and has come down to our own present day. Here at Assumption handball has always held an important place in athletics and the handball alleys are ever the scenes of lively battles.

On April 23rd Fr. MacDonald, director, supervisor and general manager of the C. Handball Club, started the teams on their way in the annual tournament that always holds the interest of the entire college. Mike Krahwinkel is the official scorer and Mike says it looks as if it will be a tight race all the way, as most all the scores so far have been close. The teams meet each other twice. It is hard to judge now what classes will come out on top in the respective divisions as they have just gotten away from the wire.

The following are the players in their respective divisions, representing their classes in the tournament.

Arts.

- Senior: III—Armstrong and Donlon;
1—Sheehy and Paquette.
Intermediate: IV—Embser and J. Murphy.
III—Harris and F. Walsh.
II—Onorato and M. Doyle.
I—Donovan and Collins.

High School.

- Senior: 4A(1)—Menard and Mahoney;
4A(2)—Mousseau and Perry;
4B —Love and Durocher;
3B —Dyer and Sloan;
Intermediate: 4A—Hall and Normand;
4B—Barnard and Ameling;
3A—Chauvin and Guina;
3B—Dark and Zade;
2A—Long and Butler;
2B—Bell and Byrne;
2C—Westfall and Tourangeau
1C—Braggalla and Hough.

Juniors:

- Com.—Carson and Perrin.
Regan and Cole; Mc-Glaughlin and ;
Brown and O'Rourke;
Buckle and O'Brien;
McNichols and Belle-more;
Costigan and A. Beausoleil;
Drew and Record;
Le Page and DesJarlais;
Neveux and Saravolatz;
J. Skrzycki and Quigley;
Racicot and Pajot;
Hopcroft and Hojnowski.

ARTS-HI LEAGUE GETS UNDER WAY

“A’s” Bow to Senators in Inaugural Game, 4-2

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES MARK OPENING OF LEAGUE; FATHER BONDY IN FORM.

By A. L. HIGGINS

April 20th was the opening day for the Arts-High League. Father Bondy, known as the “iron man of Baseball”, let down the Athletics with two hits, and the Senators won the opener 4-2. The inaugural ceremonies were carried out with all due solemnity. At 3:45 p.m., with a stiff east wind sweeping the diamond, Father Dillon graced the pitcher’s mound and hurled the first ball. The same east wind was still sweeping the fields as Father Pickett, with catcher’s mitt in hand, caught the first pitch. The umpires, John Nelson and George Dunne, called “Play-ball,” and the game was on. The first two men watched Father Bondy hook the corner of the plate for the third strike, and the last man rolled out to the pitcher. Donovan went to the box for the Athletics and Father Vahey took care of the receiving end of the battery. The first man walked, but was easily thrown out by Father Vahey when he tried to steal second. The second batter struck out, and Beausoleil poked a long liner to left for two bases but died trying to stretch it to a triple.

In the second frame the Athletics scored two runs. Father O’Loane got to first base when Beausoleil muffed his easy roller. MacDonald walked; Manager Walsh walked amid cheers and shouts from the right field pavillion and bleachers. Doyle singled scoring Father O’Loane, but MacDonald was thrown out at the plate, Beausoleil to Kramer. Donovan doubled scoring Walsh, amid more cheers. Father Bondy then settled down and stopped this rally. In the Senators’ half, a walk and three singles by John Murphy, Armstrong and Steele scored two runs tying the score. Only four batters faced Father Bondy in the first of the third. Harris, the Senator’s second sacker, who was the first man up in the last of the third, singled. Beausoleil slammed a three base hit to right field but was out at the plate when Walsh’s peg was relayed to Father Vahey by Father O’Loane. Kramer singled and scored on an error making the final score 4-2 for the Senators.

SENATORS					ATHLETICS				
Players	Pos.	A.	B.	R. H.	Players	Pos.	A.	B.	R. H.
Collins	R.F.	1	0	0	Rogers	L.F.	2	0	0
Harris	S.S.	2	1	1	Donlon	3	1	0	0
Beausoleil	2	2	0	2	Haneline	S.S.	2	0	0
Kramer	C.	1	1	1	Fr. Vahey	C.	2	0	0
Fr. Bondy	P.	2	1	0	Fr. O’Loane	1	2	1	0
J. Murphy	L.F.	2	1	1	MacDon’d	C.F.	0	0	0
Armstrong	1	1	0	1	Walsh	R.F.	0	1	0
McGouey	3	2	0	0	Doyle	2	1	0	1
Steele	C.F.	1	0	1	Donovan	P.	1	0	1
Total		14	4	7	Paquette	L.F.	0	0	0
					Nielke	R.F.	0	0	0
					Conroy	C.F.	0	0	0
					Total		11	2	2

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

By A. F. S.

This most likely will be the last appearance of the “Biffing Bozos” as the season has come to an unexpected and abrupt close. The tournament between Assumption’s exponents of the manly art and those of De La Salle Collegiate was called off by the latter institution after several unsuccessful attempts by the two schools to get together.

Assumption’s team was in full strength with the exception of “Brute” Rocco, who is nursing a dilapidated beezer, and everyone of the crew was eager and “rarin to go.” With the return of “Red” Trenor to the firing line the team looked better than at any time this season, and Assumption’s coach was figuring on making it almost a clean sweep in the expected tournament.

It is only too bad that boxing was not encouraged here a few years earlier, as figuring from the progress made during the few months the boys were learning the game, another year would have put them on an almost equal footing with any team in the country. About two months ago the team, with six regulars incapacitated either by sickness or injury, was able to snatch four out of nine bouts from more experienced and older opponents.

Trenor and Bresnahan were especially anxious for this coming tournament. The former had only recently returned from a three weeks’ vacation at home, and was all set to play a tattoo on his opponent with his educated left. Eddie Bresnahan has been unfortunate in not meeting with any outside competition. At one show he was laid up with a sprained shoulder, and another time his weight would not correspond with any of the opponents. But to say the least we may consider the opponent rather fortunate, as Eddie is a comer and one of the cleverest boxers in the stable, with a knock-out wallop in either mitt.

“Gumshoe” Gillis and Stan Long put on a flashy three round bout during the half time intermission of Saturday’s basketball game between Windsor Alumni and Ottawa. Their work was well applauded and at the end of the stipulated rounds, calls for more, more came from all corners of the gym.

As this, in all probability, will be the close of the mitt season, it would be well to mention some of our most promising talent, so when in later years you may have the occasion to see some of the boys trade wallops with a Mandell, a Sharkey or a Tunney you may be able to recognize their names, and recall so and so’s humble

(Continued on Page 9, Col. 3)

Giants Romp Over Cubs to Tie for League Lead

McERLANE LETS MURPHYITES DOWN WITH THREE HITS TO WIN HANDILY, 9-3

By A. L. HIGGINS

Tuesday, April 24th., was the opening day for the Cubs and Giants. “Big-Train” McErlane allowed the Cubs but three hits and the Giants romped off with a 9-3 victory. “Curly” Dyer, who twirled for the Cubs, only allowed five hits, but he walked seven batters and hit one; and this, coupled with mediocre support spelled defeat for his team.

In the first inning Dyer fanned two batters and the third popped to Dettman. McErlane had similar success in the last half of the inning; the first batter struck out and the next two grounded out in quick order.

Dyer had trouble in finding the plate in the second inning. He walked four batters and hit one, while Regan and Gainey singled and McLean doubled to left. By the time three batters were retired, five runs had crossed the plate for the Giants. Jones, who was the first hitter up for the Cubs, reached first on Costigan’s error, and took second when O’Brien walked. The “Big-Train” then put on more steam and struck out the next batter.

The Giants scored four more runs in the first half of the third inning, as a result of three walks, a scratch hit, and singles by McLean and Merv Murphy. The Cubs came to bat for the last time with vengeance in their eyes. S. Murphy, the first batter, was hit by a pitched ball. He went to third when Irv Murphy placed a pretty single between first and second. Cullinane then drove a line double to deep centre, scoring both Murphys. The next batter was called out on strikes. Jones poked a hard single to centre scoring Cullinane, but he died on base when McErlane fanned the last man for his sixth strike-out in the three innings. John Sheehy, the official scorer, robbed McErlane of a two-base hit when he crossed out the Giants half of the fourth inning. The game was called with only one man out, and so according to the League ruling the game ends at the last complete inning after the required three have been played.

CUBS					GIANTS				
Players	Pos.	A.	B.	R. H.	Players	Pos.	A.	B.	R. H.
I. Murphy	2	2	1	1	McLean	2	3	1	2
Cullinane	1	2	1	1	Costigan	S.S.	3	0	0
Dettman	S.S.	2	0	0	M. Murphy	R.F.	2	0	1
Jones	C.F.	2	0	1	Regan	3	1	1	1
O’Brien	C.	1	0	0	Higgins	C.	1	1	0
Dyer	P.	2	0	0	McErlane	P.	1	1	0
Long	3	2	0	0	Onorato	L.F.	0	1	0
Sloan	R.F.	1	0	0	Gainey	1	2	2	1
S. Murphy	L.F.	0	1	0	Carey	C.F.	0	2	0
Total		14	3	3	Total		13	9	5

Varsity vs. Alumni—May 20th. Watch the Assumption stars of the past perform on the diamond.

Sub Minims Defeat First Three Opponents

DOWN SUB GRADS TWICE; ROSARY FRESHMEN BOW, 6-0

Opening day for the Sub Minims was held on Wednesday, April 18, when they opened their season in big league style. Mr. Ernest Beneteau, president of the La Salle League, pitched, or rather heaved the first ball, and Mr. Ray McCormick, faithful fan and close follower of the team, caught the initial throw. He (H. R.H. McCormick,) was later arrested as he was leaving the park in possession of this said first pitched ball.

This first game of the season was somewhat of a Sub Minim family affair—a regular reunion. The Sub Minim Grads furnished the opposition, but not enough of it to down the 1928 edition, and the present band of ball-tossers won out in regulation innings 13-8. The game was a free-hitting contest and at times resembled a field meet. Three sets of batteries worked in turn for the Sub Minim Nine: E. Forster and O'Rourke; Moeller and D. DesJarlais; and W. DesJarlais and brother Don. St. George and Paul Ray went the route for the Grads. The Sub Minims' second encounter on the diamond was with the Holy Rosary Fresh of Detroit whom they blanked 6-0. "Dutch" Moeller was in excellent form, pitching the entire route without even being in trouble.

The Sub Minims' third victory was a return engagement with the Grads whom they defeated 8-5.



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BATTER UP

BY FRANK A. WALSH



Strike a one!
Strike tu!
Yer Out!

What? Out! You're crazy. Why—
(chorus)—Oh you robber! robber! Rot-
ten! Boo-oo-oo-oo!

"Three strikes! Yer Out!" the umpire cried
Quoth the slugger then "Nay, nay."
And e'er the argument had died,
He was out a full week's pay.

The batters are having trouble finding their batting eyes. The pitchers are having trouble finding the plate, and the umps are having the usual trouble with their eye sight. Everybody has trouble and is in trouble except the fans. They're the same ol' fans. They never have trouble. They find fault somewhere, somehow and on someone all the time. Their only trouble is when the game ends.

The Arts-Hi Baseball League opened here on Friday, April 20th, with all its annual big league "opening day" ceremonies. The league is starting its third year and it promises to be just as successful as it has been since its inauguration here two years ago.

Just as President Coolidge and Mayor Jimmy Walker pitched the first ball for their respective clubs, Fr. Dillon not only equalled their performances but outdid them by pitching a perfect strike over the centre of the plate. Of course, Fr. Pickett, who caught this first pitch, deserves credit for his share in making it a strike. Fr. Pickett remarked himself: "I told him where to put it and that's all he had to do."

One of the largest crowds that ever witnessed an Arts-Hi league game was in the stands, and swarmed out all over the playing field as the Senators and Athletics squared away in opening the season. Fully umpteen thousand passed through the turnstiles.

Bands played an important part. (Rubber bands around the player's knees.) Speeches were made. Pictures were taken, flowers were presented and finally the game was played. We forgot to state that one thing was out of order. There was no march to the flag pole as the ground keeper, Mr. Pokriefka, forgot to plant one.

And another thing—One-eyed Connally with the help of Jack Begley crashed the gate at the opener as they did at the W. C.I. Alumni game a few nights later.

Oh yes; and the game was broadcasted play by play, with Graham Crackers at the microphone.

The High School Nine opened its season on Monday, April 23, with St. Leo's. Mr. Pluvius intervened in the fourth inning and rained the game out.

However the High boys got started on Wednesday, April 25th., and defeated the Rosary nine, 6-2. Charlie Corcoran went the route on the mound and pushed the ball up in great style.

The right field garden of the High Nine is the scene each day of a family feud. The Morneau brothers, Lou and Ed, are each striving for the outpost duty. Maybe young Charlie, the third and youngest Morneau here, will run out and capture the fly-catching job.

You will notice that there's a dandy, sparkling, first class writeup in this issue on the Arts-Hi League. It was written by one of my sport colleagues, Mr. Leland Higgins, who is one of the most noted and valuable players in the league. Lee is manager of the Giants and does all the work behind the plate. He has his team in first class shape and keeps them bustling and pepped up all the time.

Tommy Hogan, who has been running the Prince of Wales a close race in falling off horses, is captain of the Sub Minim Nine. Tommy is a great little hitter and plays his position at shortstop much like 'Firpo' Tavenor of big league fame.

Extra! "Pinch Hitter."

Ray McCormick made a mistake in his tobacco the other day and filled his mouth with Bull Durham and then shot the boys an awful line on how to steal first. Ray stage-coaches the Sub Minims.

Met Fr. Howard walking over by the High School diamond the other day and I asked him what he thought of the new back-stop, which, I remarked, closely resembled a chicken coop. He said: "Well there will be a lot of fouls in there."

Ball Park Pedlar—Getchericescoldpopnlemonadepeanutschewingumnsandwiches-gents ! ! ! !

BANG! Yow! Zowie!! Ray! Attahoy! Slide!

Take 'im out. Take 'im out.

All right, I'm through.

AMELING PITCHES HI NINE TO WIN

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)
Rain Spoils St. Leo's Game.

The St. Leo crew of Detroit journeyed to Assumption on April 23rd to open the season for both teams, but a heavy down-pour of rain ended the game in the fourth inning with St. Leo's leading, 3-2. Assumption meets the Saints at Boblo on June 12th and an opportunity will forthwith be offered for the two aggregations to decide which is the better team.

A bit of steady pitching, coupled with some timely hitting, enabled the Purple ball-tossers to inaugurate the 1928 season with a win over Holy Rosary High last Wednesday. Father McGee's aspiring out-field enjoyed the fat end of a 6-2 count.

Making his initial debut on the mound for the Purplemen, Corcoran looked like a real slab artist. He gave the Detroiters' five hits, but kept them well separated, allowing only one per frame. Two walks and four strike-outs also marked his performance on the hill.

Score by innings.	R	H	E
Rosary	1	1	0
Assumption	3	2	1



HOW THEY STAND

	W.	L.
Senators	2	0
Giants	1	0
Athletics	0	1
Cubs	0	2

Abundance of Promising Material For Warriors

MINIMS JOIN FORCES WITH FR. BURKE'S PROTEGES FOR JUNIOR LEAGUE.

With a host of excellent material on hand, Coach Father Burke is grooming his Warriors for one of their best seasons in years. Players are plentiful for every position and keen rivalry is sure to be manifested before the regulars are selected to start the opening game.

As yet Father Burke has not completed his schedule for the coming season, but games are pending with several teams that are sure to test the Warriors. Some high school teams will be brought here to offer the opposition while several other teams from Detroit are depended upon to round out a schedule that will be one of the strongest ever undertaken by a Warrior team.

It is possible with the wealth of material on hand that a three team league will be formed, giving every player a chance to do some cavorting in the various positions and at the same time affording the coach a chance to give his material the once over.

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)
 beginning in the squared arena at Assumption College.

Starting with the lighter weights the following are some of the most prominent of Assumption's fifty some odd exponents of the manly art: "Tony" Folgarelli, "Lonesome" Lundy, Robert Rogan, "Frenchy" St. George, Bob Seaman, "Cocky" Roche, "Red" Trenor, Harry Buckle, John Barnard, Bill Byrne, Walter Ptak, Joe Maio, "Buts" Butler, "Bed Bugs" Brady, Eddie Bresnahan, "Gumshoe" Gillis, Billy McGee, Stan Long, Jim Regan, Jack "Battling" Nelson, "Keno" Kintz, Vincent Dark, Ambrose O'Donnell, and "Brute" Rocco,—a fair assortment to pick from beside a number of less calibre.

The staff photographer in his attempt to take some action pictures of the fighters, "gummed up the works," but maybe in a later issue we will have the opportunity of displaying a few of the prominent ones.



	R.	H.	E.
Maroons	6	6	1
Olympics	5	7	0

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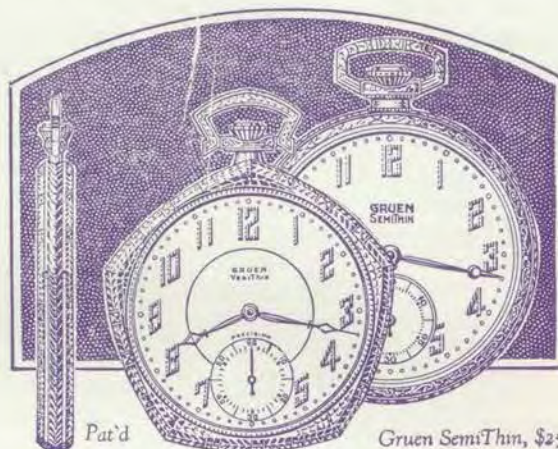
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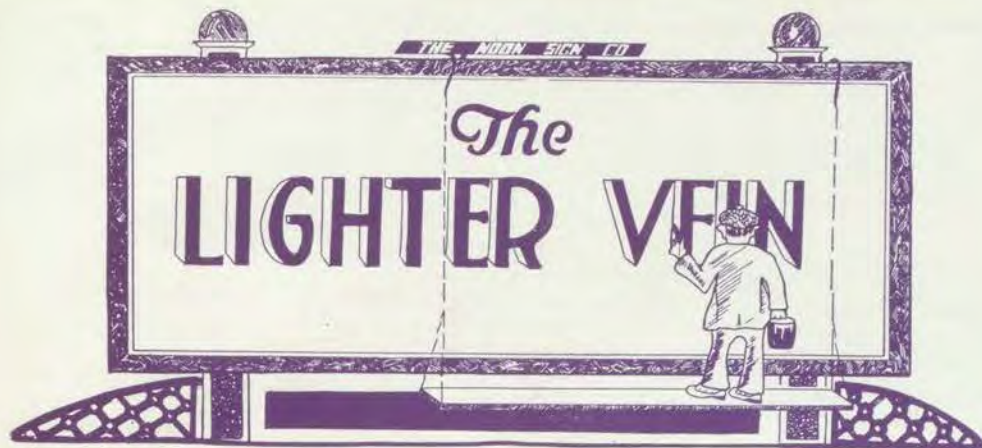
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Before the next issue of the Purple & White is on the street many will have banqueted at Assumption. The Senior class, Rhetoric and Fourth Year High have planned for the events. Speeches are distributed and precautions are being taken. The fire chief of Windsor has prepared himself admirably for the occasion. In the Border Cities Star appeared this notice—"There is a full-fledged, up-to-date pulmotor at the fire hall, at the beck and call of everybody." Poke fears that this may be of no value if you have to beck and call for it. A person may be beyond the condition of becking and calling by the time the coffee arrives. There is no need to worry on this score, however, as Mr. James J. Murphy, (ex-stagehand) has tendered his bid to serve as waiter. Murphy claims to have the greatest equipment in the art of catering. Each guest is supplied with smelling salts and a feather.

Cigarette lighters are quite the fad at A.C. Nearly every smoker boasts of one. They come in all sizes and shapes. It remained though for John Collins, better known as 'Joe College' to invent one. With every purchase John promised to give a case for the lighter with a strap attached that would permit the lighter to be carried as snug as a kodak. John did not sell any lighters but sold the patent to the Consolidated Insurance Companies of the Known World.

Donald McCautious sat with his arm around Mary McThrifty. It was a night for love.

His heart was stirred by sentiment. He longed to do something wild and bold, to say something romantic and passionate and startling. Suddenly he was swept from all reasoning by a wave of overwhelming inspiration.

"Mary!" he gasped, before he could resist the frenzied impulse of the idea, "Mary! A penny for your thoughts!"

The girl's heart fluttered. So he loved her as much as that? She, too, would do something noble and heroic, he would know his love was requited.

"Na, na, Donald," she whispered, "keep your penny."

Such is true love.

A gentleman slipped on the top stair of the subway and started sliding to the bottom. Half way down, he collided with a lady, knocked her off her feet and the two continued their journey together. After they had reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Looking up at her politely, he finally exclaimed: "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is as far as I go."

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Bob of his brother.

"Only in the Winter," was the reply.

"In the Winter? How do you mean?"

"When the fire gets low, she says 'Alexander, the grate!'"

HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL SCHEDULE

- April 23—St. Leo's—Here.
- April 25—Rosary—Here.
- April 27—Windsor -Walkerville Tech—Here.
- May 1—Northeastern—Detroit.
- May 4—Walkerville High—There.
- May 5—Southeastern (Pending)
- May 7—Windsor High—Here.
- May 8—St. Mary's (Orchard Lake)—Here.
- May 11—Windsor - Walkerville Tech—There.
- May 12—St. Anthony (Pending)
- May 15—Northeastern—Here.
- May 19—St. Michael's (Flint)—There.
- May 22—St. Ambrose (Pending).
- May 24—St. Mary's (Orchard Lake)—There.
- May 25—Walkerville High—Here.
- June 1—Windsor High—There.
- June 4—St. Michael's (Flint)—Here.
- June 12—St. Leo's—Boblo.



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	AB	R	H	PER
Gorman	4	2	3	750
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Potucek	5	1	2	400
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PURPLE & WHITE



SOUVENIR NUMBER

JUNE 10, 1928

Dedication



REV. EDMUND T. BURNS, C.S.B.

To our beloved friend and teacher, Father Burns, this issue is dedicated in happy memory. May he rest in peace.

PURPLE & WHITE



VOL. IV

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONTARIO, JUNE 10, 1928

No. 14

Father Burns Passes After Brief Illness

REVERED PROFESSOR AND FORMER
STUDENT SUCCUMBS TO
PNEUMONIA

The muffled tread of feet, whispering born low over the still air of an early May evening, a campus strangely silent, all bore evidence to the fact that Assumption was playing host to a stark, unwelcome visitor, and as the golden rays of a sun, sinking low in the West, cast an added splendour on all the springtime's glories, Father Burns, revered Assumption teacher and former student, passed away to his celestial haven.

It was on Saturday evening, May 13th., that our esteemed professor and friend succumbed to pneumonia after an illness of a

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 1)



Annual Convocation Held at U. of Western

FOURTEEN ASSUMPTION GRADUATES
RECEIVE BACHELOR OF
ARTS DEGREE

The annual Convocation of the University of Western Ontario took place on the afternoon of Friday, June 1st. With the steady increase in the number of graduates, which has doubled in five years, convocation has become every year more important.

Assumption was well represented at this event. Among the Senators on the stage were Rev. V. J. Guinan, C.S.B., B.A. and Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., Ph.D., while Rev. D. L. Dillon, C.S.B., B.A. presented the fourteen graduates of our College to the Chancellor for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The new degree men are: Clifford A. Blonde, Francis L. Burns, Eugene A. Cullinane, Desmond D. Deneau, Carl M. Dettman, James W. Embser, Gourley L. Howell, Anthony A. Kramer, Thos. J. McGouey, Irving A. Murphy, J. Stanley Murphy, Mervin J. Murphy, John L. Steele and Fr. Leo J. Trese.

The Chancellor, The Hon. W. J. Roche, M.D., LL.D., gave an interesting address.

BEST ORATOR



Pictured above is Stanley Murphy, C.S.B., B.A. who was adjudged Assumption's best orator last April 16th when he emerged victorious in the Annual Oratorical Contest. Speaking on "Culture and Morality," Mr. Murphy delivered an oration, exquisite in the richness of its thought and a sparkling literary gem in its composition and style.



High School Exams Are Under Way

COLLEGE MEN FINISHED BEFORE
RETREAT AND SINCE HAVE
TAKEN LEAVE

Assumption students are realizing today that the old proverb which places the calm before the storm does not hold in every case. They are at present engaged in the worst kind of a storm—exams, which is coming before the most placid of calms—vacation.

According to the official examination schedule, many of the High School classes are nearly finished their final examinations to-day. The Commercial and Grade students will finish the tell-tale tests sometime within the next two days.

The University department of the College closed shortly before the retreat and the college students have since departed for their respective homes.

Graduates Honored at Baccalaureate Mass

DOCTOR PHELAN GIVES IMPRESSIVE
TALK ON EDUCATION; STRESSES
RELIGIOUS TRAINING

May 31st proved to be a gala day on Assumption's calendar, when the ever-interesting and impressive baccalaureate services were held in Assumption Church, in honor of the grads of '28. The whole student body took part in the procession from the College to the church. The faculty members, with their hoods of varied hues, which signified degrees from several universities, marched behind the fourteen Bachelors of Arts of 1928.

The celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass was the Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. J. Van Antwerp, P.A., one of Assumption's first

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)



Closing Exercises Set for Evening of June 11

VERY REV. D. J. RYAN, LL.D. TO
DELIVER ADDRESS; 14
GRADUATE

The official closing of the scholastic year of 1927-28 will take place on Monday evening, June 11th when the student body will assemble for the last time before vacation to assist at the Commencement exercises.

Commencement Day is always a red-letter one for the student body in general because it marks the end of school and the beginning of vacation. Those students who excel in the classroom look forward to that evening when they will receive prizes justly deserved. For the graduates, Commencement Day is the most significant of all their days at Assumption for it marks the close of their careers here.

The order of events this year will see Mr. Carl Dettman extending a welcome to all in his salutatory address. Mr. Eugene Cullinane will next appear in the role of valedictorian. Following him on the platform, Very Rev. D. J. Ryan, LL.D., rector of Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, will address the graduates. The distribution of prizes and conferring of diplomas will mark the evening's close.

INTEREST KEEN AS REUNION DRAWS NEAR

Farewell Banquet Held by Senior Class

COLLEGE GRADUATES STAGE GAY AFFAIR HERE; FR. DILLON SPEAKS

On Wednesday evening, May 23rd., the College refectory was the scene of a banquet staged by the Senior Graduating Class. The members of the class and their teachers comprized the retinue at table.

Mr. Cliff Blonde, the secretary-treasurer of the class, acted in the capacity of chairman. After a few brief words on the significance which the occasion bore for every graduate, he called upon Mr. Gourley Howell for a few words. Gourley responded and gave a short discourse on the impressions Assumption has made on him during his time here.

Mr. Des Deneau was the next speaker and he outlined, briefly but cleverly, each graduate's history at Assumption. Mr. Carl Dettman next came under the chairman's scrutiny and his portrayal of the Class of '28 in '58 was a source of much laughter and mirth.

Father Dillon was then called on for a few words and he paid a glowing tribute to the graduating class, stating that Assumption would lose not a little by its departure.



Mission Society Raffle Proves Great Success

1ST ARTS AND COMMERCIAL BEST CONTRIBUTORS; ORGANIZATION HAS GOOD YEAR

The raffle, staged recently by St. Francis Xavier Mission Society, marked the close of that organization's activities for the present school year. The receipts from the raffle exceeded the expectations even of Father Pickett, the Mission Society director. A substantial sum of money was raised and sent to Rev. Father Jacques, famous Assumption alumnus, in Manchuria.

At the head of the list of contributors to the fund are 1st Arts and Commercial. These classes were represented by Messrs. R. Donovan and P. Trembley respectively, who were the winning collectors in their departments. The winner of the first prize was Mr. B. Duggan, and Mr. J. Winchester captured the next in order.

The following officers directed the activities of the Mission Society this year and are responsible for its success: Rev. M. J. Pickett, C.S.B., director; John Steele, president; Michael Doyle, first vice-president; George O'Brien, second vice-president; Morgan Harris, secretary, and John Nelson, treasurer.

Assumption Silent as Students Make Retreat

MONSIGNOR VAN ANTWERP CONDUCTS EXERCISES FOR THIRTY-FIRST TIME

As the bell, summoning the students to chapel on May 27th for the beginning of the three-day retreat, sent forth its commanding peal, a confused roar of exuberant shouting was wafted over the campus even to the graveyard's silent aisles. But as suddenly as it had arisen, it was broken short again and in a few fleeting seconds even the ever-diminishing echo of that final shout could be heard no more. Silence was the watchword at Assumption!



MONSIGNOR VAN ANTWERP

For three days that silence pervaded the whole college while the students were forcing their thoughts in more serious channels and entering intently into the spirit of the retreat.

Leading them through those three days of grace was that same familiar figure—our beloved monsignor. Thirty-three years ago Monsignor Van Antwerp preached his first retreat to the students of Assumption and during the intervening years he has missed this annual event on only two occasions, having now conducted thirty-one retreats here. This is a unique and certainly an unparalleled record, and with each passing year "Monsignor Van," the students' friend, imprints an added endearing mark on the hearts of the boys who have come to love and revere him.



Rhetoric Banquet Again Evinces Tradition

Thursday evening, May 31st, saw another milestone flit by in the career of Rhetoric class of '28 with the holding of the Rhetoric banquet in the college refectory. It was over a feast to delight the gods that E. L. Pokriefka presided in the capacity of toastmaster.

The first speaker of the evening was Michael L. Doyle, who, as president of the class, reviewed the achievements of Rhetoric '28 and stressed the importance of ever clinging to the ideals which Assumption strives to inculcate in her sons. Mr. Doyle closed with a tribute to Fr. Burns. Fr. Dillon then commended the class on what it had done toward the maintenance

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 3)

Great Numbers of Old Boys Expected for Meet

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS ON JUNE 14TH OPENING CEREMONY; BANQUET IN EVENING

With only a week remaining until the time when Assumption alumni from far and near will be wending their respective ways back to former haunts for the second annual reunion of later days, interest is at keen ebb both here and in those centers where many Old Boys are congregated.

News from the association headquarters here states that several hundred responses have been received by mail assuring as many persons at the meet. All in all, it is not too much to suppose that as many old grads will revisit Assumption on the 14th as were here for last year's ever-memorable reunion.

The convocation of old boys will be formally opened at ten o'clock in the morning with a Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Connor, P.A., V.G. Rev. D. Brisson will assist as deacon, Rev. F. McQuillan as sub-deacon and Rev. A. McNabb as master of ceremonies. The sermon will be

(Continued on Page 33, Col. 3)



Work on Detroit-Border Cities Bridge Advances

ASSUMPTION'S MIGHTY NEIGHBOR TO BE COMPLETED IN A YEAR

For the past eight months the monotonous, staccatoed sound of riveters at work has been constantly in the ears of all around and about Assumption. Through the bleak, cold days of winter and all through the frosty nights, tirelessly and unceasingly, the construction work of the new Ambassador Bridge has been carried on, until today the giant-like spans already tower high in the air on both sides of the river.

This mighty expanse of mammoth cables and huge steel girders, which is to link Detroit with the Border Cities and further cement the bond of friendship that exists between the United States and Canada, according to latest reports, will be finished and ready for use in the fall of 1929.

It is quite easy to surmise how that the western view from Assumption's campus will undergo even a greater change than the erection of the new building made last year on Patricia Road at the eastern boundary. Already all of the houses on Huron Line from London St. to Wyandotte St. have been razed and great excavations made at regular points for the piers of the bridge.

SIX ASSUMPTION GRADUATES ORDAINED THIS MONTH



GRADUATES HONOURED AT BACCALAUREATE MASS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

graduates. He was assisted by Fr. Thornton of Pontiac, deacon; Fr. Langlois of Riverside, sub-deacon, and the Very Rev. Dean Laurendeau of Ford. Besides the special ceremonies and decorations, the part played by the choir, under the direction of Fr. T. J. Vahey, C.S.B., M.A. helped to make this event a memorable one. Mr. James Regan rendered as a tenor solo, Gounod's inspiring Ave Maria.

Dr. Phelan Speaks

The baccalaureate sermon was given by the Rev. G. B. Phelan, M.A., Ph.D., Agrege en Philosophie, the head of the department of Psychology at St-Michael's College, Toronto, Ont. To adequately summarize this marvelous oration, with its depth and sublimity of thought, and its fitting eloquence and elegance of expression, would be impossible in this brief space. Those who were privileged to hear this masterpiece, will know that Dr. Phelan can stimulate thought, as well as appeal to the emotions, in a manner that few orators can equal.

In the course of his discussion of Catholic education, Dr. Phelan pointed out the personal and intimate connection that exists between master and pupil. He portrayed the wonderful culture of the pagan Greeks in a vivid manner. The Greek school, though pagan, was the acme of natural culture.

However, what the Greek school lacked was the knowledge of divine revelation, which touches on the most important problems of life. That which the Greek culture lacked was supplied in the first Catholic College in Galilee, which consisted of the Apostles and the Master, Jesus Christ, the God-man, from whose lips fell the words of eternal truth and wisdom.

Christ's Wisdom

For sixteen hundred years Christendom listened to the wisdom of Christ's revelation. During the Renaissance and the Reformation scholars began to grow tired of Christ. Like some of our Moderns, Christ and eternal truth seemed to them old-fashioned. The classics and pagan culture became their source of inspiration. They sought to imitate the pagan masters but merely succeeded in mimicing them.

(Continued in Column Three)

Six Assumption Grads Ordained This Month

FIVE RECEIVED ORDERS IN LONDON JUNE 2ND; DENOMY TO BE ORDAINED ON 29TH

Five former Assumptionites were elevated to the dignity of the holy priesthood in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on Saturday, June 2nd. All of these young men were prominent in several activities here within the last few years.

Remi Durand of Stratford is still recalled as the flashy right-wing on the hockey team; or as the pitcher that allowed the Port Huron M.O. team one hit in its tussle with Assumption a few years ago. Remi was a born leader, and his memory still lives on.

John Gibbons of Wingham stands out in our traditions as the sorrel-topped member of the famous Gibbons-Fallon handball team. John's work on the gridiron, and his distinction as an orator are still remembered.

Leo J. Kelly, a student of no mean calibre, a man proficient in hockey, handball, baseball and juggling has not been forgotten. Leo was a member of the staff for a time and his numerous friends congratulate him on this recent honour.

A. Lucier of Wallaceburg spent several years at Assumption. He was ever famed for his jollity and made many friends. "Chubby," a hard worker in athletics and literary pursuits, has the best wishes of all who recall him.

William Phelan came to Sandwich in Fourth Year High School, and remained for four years. Bill was ever one of the prominent members of the Philosopher's flat. Assumption extends its sincerest congratulations to all these young Levites, and is proud to number them among her alumni.

In Toronto, on the same date, Mr. Alex Denomy, C.S.B., M.A. was ordained sub-deacon. Mr. Denomy will be elevated to the priesthood on June 29th. He made his course at Assumption and at St. Basil's Scholasticate of Toronto. Alex was an all-around athlete and a keen student, winning his B.A. degree in Honour Philosophy at the age of eighteen.

(Continued from Column One)

Where before was unity, now arose dissension. A spirit of egotistic individualism pervaded the world; that spirit of division still exists today. Religion is separated from science and philosophy and even from education, as if there could be a real education without religion. This disastrous result of unguided pagan education has been aptly termed by Chesterton "the Anarchy of Thought."

Dr. Phelan emphasized the fact that instruction is not the prime purpose of education. Mere intellectual culture must be subordinate to the loftier aim of religious training which will fit the student for eternity as well as time, and for the more serious side of life. Perhaps it would be only right to say that Dr. Phelan, in his sermon, portrayed all the qualities that evince the acme of Catholic culture.



ANNUAL CONVOCATION HELD AT U. OF WESTERN

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

The chief address of the convocation, was delivered by the distinguished A. S. Eve, C.B.E., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.C., F.R.S. of McGill University. He made a militant appeal for scientific research. His address on a subject that to the laymen often seems technical and incomprehensible, was especially interesting, instructive and inspiring. We were pleased to hear a distinguished scientist like Dr. Eve affirm that Science and Religion are in distinct spheres and that Religion deals with things outside the scope of real Science.

After the Convocation many of the happy graduates departed for their homes, bearing their precious diplomas, the reward of years of honest effort.



Death Takes Rev. Thomas Hays and Rev. H. P. Maus

Fr. Thos. Hays passed to his eternal reward in Kalamazoo on May 11th. He was bursar here from 1901 to 1907.

On May 3rd, Fr. H. P. Maus of Saginaw, a student here in 1884-85, passed away. He was one of the most energetic and beloved priests of Grand Rapids diocese, and his death is a distinct loss to the Catholics of Saginaw.



Old Boys' Page



Frank McIntyre Drops Us a Line from Buffalo

HE'S DETERMINED TO MAKE THE
REUNION OR HOLD ONE ALL
BY HIMSELF

Dear Editor:—

Notwithstanding the fact that I have to gaze way down memory lane to see myself galavanting around the bases of the Belvedere, Tai-Kuns or Stella diamonds, I still love the game of baseball and enjoy an occasional afternoon of watching the boys "sock the apple." I went out Monday to cover the Newark - Buffalo game for the Buffalo Times. The



FRANK MCINTYRE

I'll be there!

story is a lot of "bologny no matter how you slice it" and it explains itself as a satisfactory publicity stunt for your fat friend and while you Greek and Latin chasers are pounding your ears in the "wee sma'" hours of next Sunday morning, the "Sunny Days" Company's special train will shoot through the Windsor-Detroit Tunnel on its way to Chicago, where it opens Sunday night. I hope to play four weeks in Chicago or less and then *vacation!* I am praying to be with you all June 14th but can't tell yet. Drop me a line to Chicago and let me know what day the students leave Assumption. Because if I can't get there the 14th and you are still going a week or two later, I am coming over to see you all and hold a reunion all by myself.

Sincerely,

FRANK MCINTYRE.

(Editor's Note—Since Mr. McIntyre's vacation begins on June 10th, we feel safe in assuring the Old Boys that he will be on deck—smiling—for the reunion. You haven't seen our famous comedian for a long time. Don't miss the wonderful chance you will have of laughing with him next week.)



SNATCHED FROM THE PAST

Prof:—Kelleher, what do you do to employ your time?

K:—Some time I do be sittin' and thinkin' and then again I don't know.—1886.

Who said this?

Give me my note and let me go—94.

Do you remember Larie Lenahan and his Piper Heisdech?

You'll Wonder

Some day you'll be old-timers too
Just cruising on, o'er life's dark main,
And thoughts will come, as they always do,
Of days you'd like to live again.

You'll wonder if chapel, restful goal,
So calm its spirit, casts a charm,
Still lifts the drooping, wearied soul
Till peace subdues the heart's alarm.

You'll wonder if reverend teachers share
The trouble and trial of youthful hearts,
And soothe the pain, relieve the care,
Assuage the sorrow grief imparts.

You'll wonder if the boys are much the
same
As those with whom you frequent
played;
Does the spirit live in their youthful game,
A spirit so dauntless, unafraid,

To accept the knocks that one must take,
Triumphant rise o'er each reverse,
And 'neath a smile hide painful ache,
The better hoping, prepared for worse?

You'll wonder if the old clock in the hall
Chimes out the quarters as hours lag by;
If the boys employ the moments all,
Or loiter while the seconds fly.

You'll wonder if the creaked stairs resound
To measured tread of sturdy feet
To class reluctant or eager bound,
Disaster or success to meet.

You'll wonder if din and roar prevail
While students chatter 'round the board,
Or silent generous fare assail
With hunger's call that's ne'er ignored.

You'll wonder if the bell in the College
tower
As early rings as in years ago,
Or if perchance some mystic power
Permits another hour or so.

You'll wonder if vine and tree provide
Sweet fruit to tempt the weakened will
To make the plunge, let chance decide
Its worth, to just enjoy one's fill.

You'll wonder if every separate nook
Endeared the more by memory's spell,
Each plant, each shrub, the grove, the
brook,
Yet hallowed are and all is well.

You'll wonder too if the passing years
Enhance the glories of the past.
Return and see; your wondering fears
You'll readily, gladly from you cast.

Jan. 1928
O. Timer.

Alumni Stickmen Lose Brilliant Contest, 7-6

ARMSTRONG'S HOMER IN NINTH
GIVES VARSITY VERDICT;
GRADS ARE GOOD

As a feature to each baseball season for the past few years the former baseball stars of the college have been rounded up and brought over here to their old stamping ground to do battle with their successors on the college nine. Although we can boast of no representative college team this year, a team which undoubtedly would make the Varsity accepted the challenge of the 'old boys' and as a result this year's Alumni-Varsity battle surpassed all like contests for the past decade. Needless to say, the youngsters took the game from their predecessors who appeared a bit out of condition, but it was only after a nip-and-tuck 7 to 6 battle.

A Talented Array.

But the array that the Grads placed on the field! If we could have got them together when they were in their prime and playing their best ball Miller Huggins' Yankees wouldn't stand up beside them. There was Walter Dunne out there in centre-field, one of the best fielders and hitters ever to wear an Assumption uniform, who, after he left here some ten years ago, decorated the garden for such teams as the Polish Daily News of Detroit, Kellogs of Battle Creek and Ionia in the Mint League.

Then there was Captain Dick Kent who held down the hot corner a decade ago and knew more inside baseball than most experts. He had an opportunity to join the Chicago White Sox but preferred business to professional baseball. Out in left field we found 'Hank' Smith, the strategist who is turning out championship teams in three sports in about four leagues over at St. Francis Home and sending some fine athletes over here to us at Assumption. He, too, was a star in his day at not only baseball but basketball and football.

A little out of his position but as steady as ever we saw George O'Leary, performing like he did in left field the day that we beat the Poles in 1925. He was on the starting end of a double play in this memorable Alumni-Varsity game. One who can't be missed, forgotten or overlooked is "Shag" Shanese, noted for his curly pink locks and bubbling rotundities. That's the same Shag who caught for the University of Michigan team and the Pratt and Dunn nine of central Michigan fame.

Father Spratt too.

Besides these there was Father Spratt
(Continued on Page 15, Col. 1)

Pictures of 1904-1909

FROM “BILL” MOFFATT’S COLLECTION OF SNAPSHOTS TAKEN DURING THAT PERIOD

With the coming of each issue of Purple and White one wonders at the paucity of pictures and news of Old Boys, old scenes and old times. For the latter about the only excuse, perhaps, is that the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. To me, too, the discovery has come that the same is applicable to the former. It may be some little consolation to the Editor to learn that it is not lack of interest that prevents the Old Boys from making photographic contributions to the Alumni Page for when essaying to comply with his S.O.S. for same I found that it was a case of the spirit being willing but the paste strong. Nor could all the patience and perseverance with which a two-hundred-pounder is blessed prevail against muciliginous determination of nineteen years ago. All of which means that the snapshots gathered during four years at Assumption are so firmly attached to the album that has preserved them for nearly two decades that extraction therefrom is an impossibility. The next best thing, therefore, is to pass them on via the printed word in the hope that others possessing duplicates may not have been so thorough in the preservation of their pictorial records.

* * *

The first picture on which the eye falls is that of Fred Minnich seated at his desk

SNAPPED AT CAMP



sans coat and vest but wearing the placid expression that was so much a part of him. This was taken, I believe, when Fred occupied the then-important post of bell ringer.

* * *

Next is a handsome looking young fellow on a bicycle on the handle bars of which reposes a Grafton bag showing that a new hat had just been purchased. Whether Father Jerry Gleason of Leamington is as good looking today I unfortunately cannot say but when the century was less than a decade old the young Londoner was well worthy of more than a passing glance.

* * *

At the present time Jimmie O’Meara, well-known Jacksonite, is a physician of considerable note but the picture on the next page shows him all dolled up in baseball rig with legs wide apart and arms set in the approved catcher’s pose.

* * *

Surrounding a picture of the college as it was in 1909, with the old hand ball

(Continued on Page 31, Col. 1)

An Old Boy’s Old Times

Places linked with the glitter of Pagan or Christian historical records are of vivid impression in the mind of this alumnus of Assumption, as they were virtually his playgrounds of the ever-present boyhood days.

My little town clusters at the foot of an old tower that time and earthquakes have left standing, gray with age and mystery. Beneath it, a canyon of gray rocks, itself like a huge rent of terrific earth commotion, roars with the rush of a stream.

This is the “Aquilano,” characterized by a mountainous topography of majestic and severe nature. The “Gran Sasso” of Italy is a high peak in the ramifications of the Appenines, rising near the city of Aquila, in whose neighbourhood lie the ruins of what was Sallust’s birthplace.

No wonder that the middle ages of faith awoke in some souls the idea of retreat amid the inspiring scenery of these wilds.

Every year clusters of pilgrims stride chanting along the high road, and go to Cucullo and Villa Lago. From the lower lands of the Molise and the Campania, they have to climb fatiguesome by-paths in mountain fastnesses, to reach the hermitage and places associated with the life of St. Dominick. Here, amid celebrations and devotions, they will see the miracle of the snakes. The reptiles, gathered at random from the country and thrown in the church, will gather around the statue of the saint and crawl on and around it consistently. The people of these places instinctively call on St. Dominick when frightened by the sight of a snake.

A little stretch north-west, where the Lake of Fucino was mechanically exsiccated, is the country of the ancient Martians. Celano’s rocks and chasms inspired the poetry of fear and trembling with hope: the “Dies Irae” of Thomas of Celano.

Or, if we choose to direct our journey south-east, some thirty kilometers will take us to Sulmona, our chief city of a smaller political unit than Aquila. Sulmona lies in a bit of paradise of a rich valley which is a surprise amid these mountains. But, even here, rises in sight the eternally snow-clad Majella, as a picturesque and grand contrast.

On this mountain was the retreat of the hermit Pietro del Morrone, who was elected pope and taken against his will from his cherished sanctum. He became Celestine the Fifth but abdicated the papacy after a few months.

To-day, I refer to Dante’s third canto of the “Inferno” where he describes the sluggard indifferent, not acceptable to Satan nor to his Creator, hence in the vestibule of the place of eternal tragedy. He says:

“Poscia ch’io v’ebbi alcun riconosciuto vidi e conobbi l’ombra di colui che fece per viltade il gran rifiuto.”

After therein someone had recognized,

(Continued on Page 15, Col. 2)

“SHIEK STUFF” 1906



Father Jacques Writes From Manchuria; Tells of Missionary Work and Adventures

THANKS MISSION SOCIETY FOR DONATION; HIS LABORS SOON TO BE SET IN PROVINCE INFESTED WITH BANDITS; POVERTY OF CHINESE NOTED.

Dear Editor:—

The letter and enclosed gift from the Mission Society arrived O.K. Rest assured that I am grateful, and I take this occasion to thank the members of the Society and the students of Assumption for their kindness and generosity. To know and to feel that the students of Assumption are cooperating by their prayers and good works in the conversion of the pagan world is indeed a consolation and a joy. I am always happy to get word from Assumption, and I hope the Rev. Fathers and students will keep this in mind.

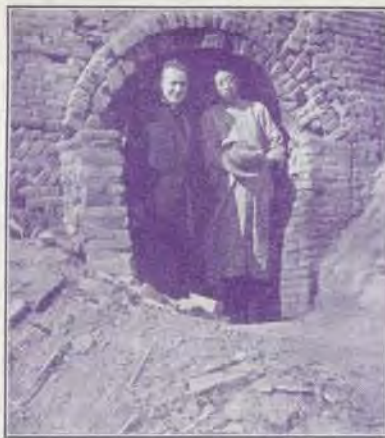
The land of the Blue Gowns and "Chop Sticks" is agreeing with me. The fall and winter months have passed so quickly, it seems hardly possible that I have been in China six months. Since my arrival I have been hard at the language, and doing fairly well. At present, I am able to get the substance of any conversation and to "parlez a la Chinois" after a fashion. Chinese (Mandarin) with its four tones, and about four hundred sounds, is not a language to be mastered within a short time. An experienced Padre has this to say about the Chinese language.

"You can say what you like about the Chinese language and everything you say about it will, in a sense, be true. It is the easiest language in the world, in the sense that it has no grammar at all. Yao means je veux, vous voulez, je voudrais and so on. But is the hardest language on earth in the sense that the word Yen, for example, has four different meanings according to the four different tones of voice in which, to secure correctness, it ought to be pronounced. If you pronounce it with a jerk, it means tobacco; if you pronounce it as if you were asking a question, it means salt; if you pronounce it in a tone that recalls the bell of Shandon, it means your right eye; and if you pronounce it as an auctioneer says "Gone", or as an umpire says "Out", it means swallow."

Besides the study of the language, opportunities present themselves now and then to do a little missionary work. On Christmas Day it was my good fortune to make my first mission trip. Accompanied by my Chinese teacher I set out for a nearby village. Our journey took us through the Fushun coal fields. The miners were already at work. It is estimated that about fifty thousand Chinese are employed in the mines, receiving as pay thirty cents a day. Coal, coal and more coal! The sky above was our only escape from this massive coal field. The poet must have had this coal field and the neighboring poor in mind when he uttered, "Coal, coal everywhere and not a piece to burn." Coal in abundance but many are without it. The Manchurian winters are severe and the wonder is that more are not frozen to death. This winter twelve have met such a death in Fushun. I think I had better get out of this coal field and continue on my way.

Having crossed the coal cut, we followed a zigzag path and soon reached the village. Word was passed along—Shen Fu lai liao (the priest has come). The Christians soon assembled about the hut which was to serve as the chapel. It was made of clay and built low to the ground. As poverty has very few preparations to make I found things inside that little hut

IN MANCHURIA



just as you would find them every day in the year. Furniture consisted of a few straw mats and a wooden chest. A chimney was visible but the black smoked walls bore witness that it had outlived its usefulness. Nothing strikes one more than the poverty of the people. How the very poor people are able to support life is certainly a mystery. They live and no more.

It was in this hut, eight by twenty, that thirty-seven Christians crowded to do honor to the Babe of Bethlehem. During parts of the Mass they recited their prayers. At the offertory I received a pleasant surprise. A quartet sang 'Venite Adoremus'. It sounded fine. Twenty-five received Holy Communion. Judging from their countenances and words of good will Christmas day for them was not one of the cold bleak days of a desolate winter because they realized the precious blessing and consolation derived from the Holy Sacrifice. If their joy was great I think mine was greater. I returned to Fushun happy in the thought of a Christmas well spent.

About September I expect to leave Fu-
(Continued on Page 16, Col. 2)

Assumption Revisited

Like a lonesome child returning home, my anxious steps increasing in haste, I finally came in sight of my Alma Mater.

I stood on the corner of London Street and let the "tout ensemble" of the College with its glorious new addition and expansive campus make whatever impression it could. I was pleased with the view. My Alma Mater was looking well.

There is something fascinating about one's return to old familiar scenes when one feels and knows there is a genial welcome awaiting. It was an hour of gladness for me when I strolled into the well known haunts of other days.

With increasing pleasure I walked in company with my friend, the Superior, all up and down, in and out, above and below, and around—and if there had been any other relation we would have taken that also. We just ambled, perambulated and meandered all over the place and talked of prospects and accomplished facts hopes and aspirations, ways and means, and all topics that might lead to the successful development of Assumption.

The school was out. I do not mean that classes had terminated for the day, but give it the small boys' application of the term, freedom from tasks, the unalloyed bliss of boyhood's carefree hours; in other words, just feeling fine and not caring who knows it.

Out they came with joyous whoop and bound, scattering all over the broad acres of campus, scampering in merry mood to their respective diamonds to give a miniature imitation of the heroes of youth—Ruth, Cobb, and the rest of them.

What cared they that a twenty million dollar bridge was building right in front of them? The staccatoed rattling of machinery entered not into their joy of living. The wheels of progress and the busy marts of trade belonged to another sphere. They simply revelled in the intense joy of the hour and awaited the call of "batter up."

A meal at the College is an institution apart, to the uninitiated, it is a chaotic proceeding, a maelstrom of noise, but every old student recognizes every point of the system whereby the wants of three hundred hungry small boys and growing men are attended to without any loss of time either in the process of absorbing food or continuance of conversation. Oh, it is an hour by itself. There is nothing like it under the sun.

I enjoyed the visit and returned to my far-off home, happy in the thought that my Alma Mater is still functioning in her placid, genial way.

V. I. Dere, '93.



He was from the Burg. He strongly asserted "We have the best darned quartette in the County of Essex."

How many are in it, asked B.

Fourteen, replied Burg. (Ancient one)

Natura in Modos Ducimus

He had received an education in music by long suffering and endurance. Day after day he endured the rum, bum, tum, hum, gum, dum, doo, in the lower corridor of the College, and the more advanced exercises for both hands completed his education in appreciation of the possibilities of the piano. As for motif-music he heard everything from the corn stalk fiddle to the near-Stradivarius, and the moans and groans of tortured strings meant agony to his artistic soul.

By some strange concatenation of circumstances he was inveigled into attending a musical program rendered by a high-class orchestra. From long practice he endured the unknown and unfamiliar selections from the leading composers. Silently he sat there without any manifestation of enthusiasm over well rendered selections. Finally the orchestra broke into the opening passage of "Old Black Joe" like a man hoisted by a stick of dynamite he came to life. He slapped his leg with a resounding whack and hissed into my ear "By George! that's music!"



The Classics up to date:

Nec ut antea stat equa cana vestusque.
Quibus similia nec in orbe terrarum
inventuntur superomnia.
Ictus fortunatus vitini socio posthabui.



Clipped From The Buffalo Times May 8

(Editors Note—Frank McIntyre covered the Buffalo-Newark ball game for the Buffalo Times while playing in that city. Here's how the article penned by our comedian "old boy" begins)

By Frank McIntyre

I came back to the old love yesterday. "Covered" the ball game!

But, before I start to tell you about the game, let me go on with this little story. My colored valet, Mr. John Carter, asked me, when I told him of the assignment, if ever I had played baseball.

"Yes," I answered. "Played second base back in the old sand lot days."

"Say, Mr. McIntyre," queried John, "did you ever slide?"

"Why, of course I had to slide, John. We played the game then as they do now. All have to slide when going into the base with the ball."

"Well, Mr. McIntyre," he came back, "just how did you slide?"

"How? Oh, head first, always. Belly-gut, you know."

"Ho."

"What do you mean, John. Why, ho?"

"Well, I was just thinking, Mr. McIntyre, that if you was to slide 'belly-gut' now, you would rock yo'self to sleep befo' you got up."

St. Patrick's Day Parade, 1907



An Unexpected Response

Mr. Jos. M. Maloney, '12
c/o Purple and White,
Sandwich, Ont.

Dear Old Timer:

Your misgivings, as stated in your letter printed in the April Old Boys' Number, were well grounded—you drew a rejoinder but from an unexpected source.

Purple and White never claimed to be the first journalistic endeavor at old Assumption. The Review was always acknowledged with deference. A perusal of Volume I will reveal mention of the Review in the initial number,—the Christmas issue of that year carried a reprint of a poem from the Review on the front page,—and the June number contained pictures of the first and last Review staffs. However, in the name of the first P. & W. Circulation Mgr., I'll ask your pardon for not securing your subscription, when Assumption RE-ENTERED the journalistic field.

Father W. Sharpe furnished us (the first P. & W. Staff) with a complete set of the Reviews, and many an inspiration we culled from them in launching our paper. The Review indeed was a very creditable monthly and it was certainly a misfortune that it was so short-lived. However the Review's successful, though brief, career in a way proved to us that we could produce a publication, so that it can in all justice share in the Purple and White's glory.

So, dear friend, are we vindicated? I will look you up at the reunion, June 14th, and will bring my bound copies of Volume 1 along with me to clinch the argument. And may Purple and White live long and prosperously to sing the praises of the Assumption College Review.

Sincerely yours,

A young old-timer,

Bert Roberge, '26.



Mrs. Jones (interviewing prospective cook): And another thing, Mr. Jones and myself are strict vegetarians.

Prospective Cook: That's all right with me, madam; I've attended that church too.

A Request Granted

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your letter asking me to scribble a few lines for Purple and White. You are very keen indeed to ask us to scribble, but in the days of the Old Boys, if we used that word, we would have been punished with trying to learn so many more words of Greek or Latin. I was not thinking of Frank McIntyre when I scribbled that, but now I can quote here "when you Greek and Latin chasers are pounding your ears in the "wee sma" hours of next Sunday morning. The "Sunny Day Company" will shoot through the Windsor-Detroit tunnel on its way to Chicago by special train." Frank got out of New York, stepped in Buffalo and is going to speed on his way to Chicago. Maybe later on he will have the pleasure of walking over the new bridge. It is all right, Frank. Take your "Sunny Days" to Chicago. Your "Sunny Days" is only a "Play," a picture, a replica. Even though you do speed through you cannot rob us of the real Sunny Day that you gave us when you were a little satellite in the little yard.

This is the same thought. Some one mentioned and asked the question: "Will the priests and the students in Assumption today ever get the limelight of the students and priests (Old Boy) of former days?" Yes! Sure! The House and the Yard are full of them but you will need to bide your time. Just wait until we "Old Boys" get off the stage. This will never happen because each year brings new "Old Boys." P. J. C. '93.



The Old Quartette

Oh, how glorious it sounded to me who had never heard a quartette before. They were singing the Lamentation, Fr. Cote up in the clouds and Joe Brokau rambling and rolling his rich basso, with Sue Conton and L. Brady filling in between. I was entranced. The sombre setting of the dull gray afternoon, the dimly lighted church, the meditation hours of Holy Week, all seemed to fit into the spirit of the occasion. I never hope to hear anything as sweet again.



BUMMER BILL

He was only a tramp, listlessly progressing with shambling gait, simply going forward with no particular destination in view. His ambitionless march led him along Huron Line. He stopped to gaze at the energetic, enthusiastic antics of a multitude of boys scattered all over the broad expanse of campus. A tightening of throat and quivering of his lip compelled him to turn away. He muttered to himself "I was once one of them."

With shoulders sagging a trifle more and with even less certainty about his gait, while the merry shouts of boys at play assailed his ears. Bummer Bill passed on—a failure. V. I. Dere, '93.

The Old --



- Tai Kuns, '13 -



- Snapped at the River -



- Tai Kuns, '20 -



- As it used to be -



- Who Doesn't Know Him? -



- In their better days -



- 1907 -



- You Know Them -



- An Ancient Landmark -



- St. Patrick's Day -



- Shoot! -



- A few of them -



- Shag -



- Going Up - 1915 -



- Charlie -



- 1909 -



- Rather Tough -



- Coatless -



- A Good Team -



- Look Closely -



- Pick Them Out -



- Minims, '12 -

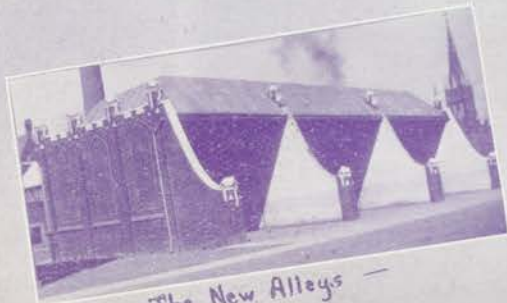


- Winter - 20 years ago -



- Tai Kuns, '12 -

And the New



- The New Alleys -



- The Front Door -



- Glimpsed from the Belfry -



- In all its Splendour -



The Big A!



- Spanning the River -



- Cleveland -



- Warriors -



- Rene at the Keys -



- Worrying over Exams -



- Pat and Wally -



- Roomates -



Where to?



- All in Step -



- Bill -



- Mac -



- Class Reporters -



- Distinguished Visitors -



- Sock 'em! -



- Mac -



Parked?



- On the Ice -



- Nice Shot! -



- At the Raffle -

PURPLE & WHITE

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	I. Murphy, '28
	C. Armstrong, '29
	E. Pokriefka, '30
	J. Nelson, '30
	M. Doyle, '30
Circulation Manager	W. McKenna, '31
	A. Kramer, '28
Associate Circulation Mgrs.	M. Murphy, '28
Sport Editor	J. Steele, '28
	F. Walsh, '29
Associate Sport Editors	J. Donlon, '29
	L. Higgins, '31
Alumni Editor	J. Embser, '28
Humor Editor	T. McGouey, '28
Class Editor	F. Burns, '28
Typing Staff	M. Harris, '29
	J. Barnard
	R. Belanger
Cartoonist	W. Merlo

Reporter Staff:		
John Sheehy	Delmar Pfrommer	Wm. McCormick
Richard Donovan	Andrew Floyd	Robert Rolland
Arthur Brake	Jas. Skrzycki	Clyde Neveux
Vincent Gignac	George Chizmar	Edward Lynch

A Dead Language That Lives

The Latin tongue, once the language of a great people, is called dead, together with those immortals who so skillfully used it, as the silver-tongued Cicero; the mellifluous poet, Vergil; or the scholarly St. Jerome. It is termed dead because it is no longer undergoing the refluxes that attend on spoken language. Though dead in one respect it is alive in many others. It is the official language of the greatest Church of Christendom, and much of the Catholic Philosophy and Theology remains in Latin. When Catholics are taunted for their obstinacy in saying Mass in Latin, without mentioning the hundred and one arguments that could be adduced, they need only point to our modern English to justify it.

Consider what changes have taken place in English, since Will. Shakespeare wrote, or even within the last Century. How the moral qualities have lost their mystical significance, and no longer have the same exalted spiritual appeal! Charity, that exalted virtue most inspiring and God-like, has been reduced now, to a mere name for the vain and pompous giving of wealth to the poor, by some simple millionaire, who has enriched himself at the poor's expense.

The word martyr, once recalled memories of heroic men, who cheerfully died for a noble cause. The twentieth Century can speak of martyrs to gout, or of criminals who are martyrs to the law. Immaculate, a term once rich in lofty suggestion, is chiefly applied in reference to the shirt-fronts of snobs. Courage, derived from "coeur" which meant heart, or bravery, can now be applied to some cowardly, immoral author, whose books

(Continued in Column Three)

The Day is Here

The grass is green and the days are warmer; the old swimming 'ole begins to call. The books are stowed away in rest and the scent of the bleachers attracts us. Vacation days await us. No more the early morning bell to rouse us from dream-land; no more the long and tiresome classes; no more intensive studying. The fishing pole comes off the hooks. The hike is on to the pond. The scholar grins in recollection of yesterday. The line bobbles and the first bite of the season registers. The June air radiates with scented perfume. A frog murmurs its song of joy. Oh the joy of freedom, and the taste of the wide open spaces! The nibbling is good and this fishing business is a success. The air is warm, the water is silent and suddenly it becomes appealing. An exhilarating feeling seizes us. Clothes are scattered about the green grass. A little feel of the flowing waters. A pause, a little leap and a feel of the cool waters. It is invigorating. Oh the wonderful thought of the good old summer time. "No more schooling for me," chants the scholar as he wends a homeward walk. The sparrows flit and the robins twitter on nearby trees. The breezes sigh and home approaches. A thought of tomorrow and again fun. Oh the skies are blue and the grass is green, and again we'll roam for the summer is here and no more worrying of school.

A Promise of Peace

Call it impossible if you wish but there are some very tangible rumours of peace negotiations to be brought about in Mexico during the near future. At last, facts and not "Calles propaganda" have found their way into the United States.

Not long ago a special correspondent of the London Daily Express was sent to Mexico with orders to obtain the truth in the Mexican question. Mr. J. Mason, the special correspondent, has performed his duty wonderfully well. He has completed what our American reporters claimed an impossibility, interviewing the government officials and even President Calles. The London Daily Express declared that "President Calles and his administration have incurred the censure of the civilized world for indulging in cruelties and persecutions unjustified by the requirements of government." The fact that England came out and told Calles what she thought of him and his administration may have been one reason why Mr. Mason was treated so nicely. In that case, would not Calles trust American reporters with the same respect?

However, it is encouraging to hear that peace may be brought about soon between the Church and government in Mexico. President Calles declared his desire to have "made peace" in the religion controversy before he retires from office at the end of the year and that "an emissary of Obregon, Calles, probable successor, has come asking for peace terms."

(Continued from Column One)

manifest both lack of heart and sane judgment. Living languages do degenerate. Latin, though dead, is now above this fault.

She who is the chosen guardian of Christ's immutable truth, has taken refuge in Latin; so that she might have an unchanging terminology, suitable to her task. Though other dead languages have been lost in the antiquity of the past, Latin, the hand-maid of Catholic truth, will probably last till the consummation of the world. When our modern English tongue exists only as a memory, Latin due to her intimate association with what is immortal, will ever be a dead language that lives.



The Last Word

Here comes a gay Lothario, a Don Juan, a Shiek, and the Last Word, with a milk-white suit of the latest cut and fashion, with his two-buttoned, single-breasted coat, a double-breasted vest, showing out a pair of pleated trousers, with a knife-like crease, a pair of French-tan morrocco oxfords, made outstanding by an immaculate pair of buff linen spats with ivory eyelets. A shirt of far-off Scottish weave, and a Flemish magadore candy-striped cravat, a pocket kerchief of the finest Irish linen to harmonize with the ensemble, a pair of white kid gloves, an eye glass, and a tan cane with a carved while ivory pommel, a very chic tan hat with a snap brim, cocked pertly on one side of his head.

He is fastidious and foppish, and is greatly admired by the ladies. You will always find him on the Boulevard at sunset, when the crowd is the thickest, glancing nonchalantly through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming through his pearl-white teeth some favorite air.

He is a great amateur, and a patron of all the exclusive clubs and dining houses, dances a mean toddle, nods his head, and utters "That's my baby." He fancies himself in love with, and admired by all the handsome flappers.

The height of his ambition is to play the John Barrymore act, the gallant Don Juan of his little sphere. He is clever withal, is daily admired, and besieges the hearts of the fairer ones with his effeminacy.

—Wm. McKenna, '31.



His "Pome"

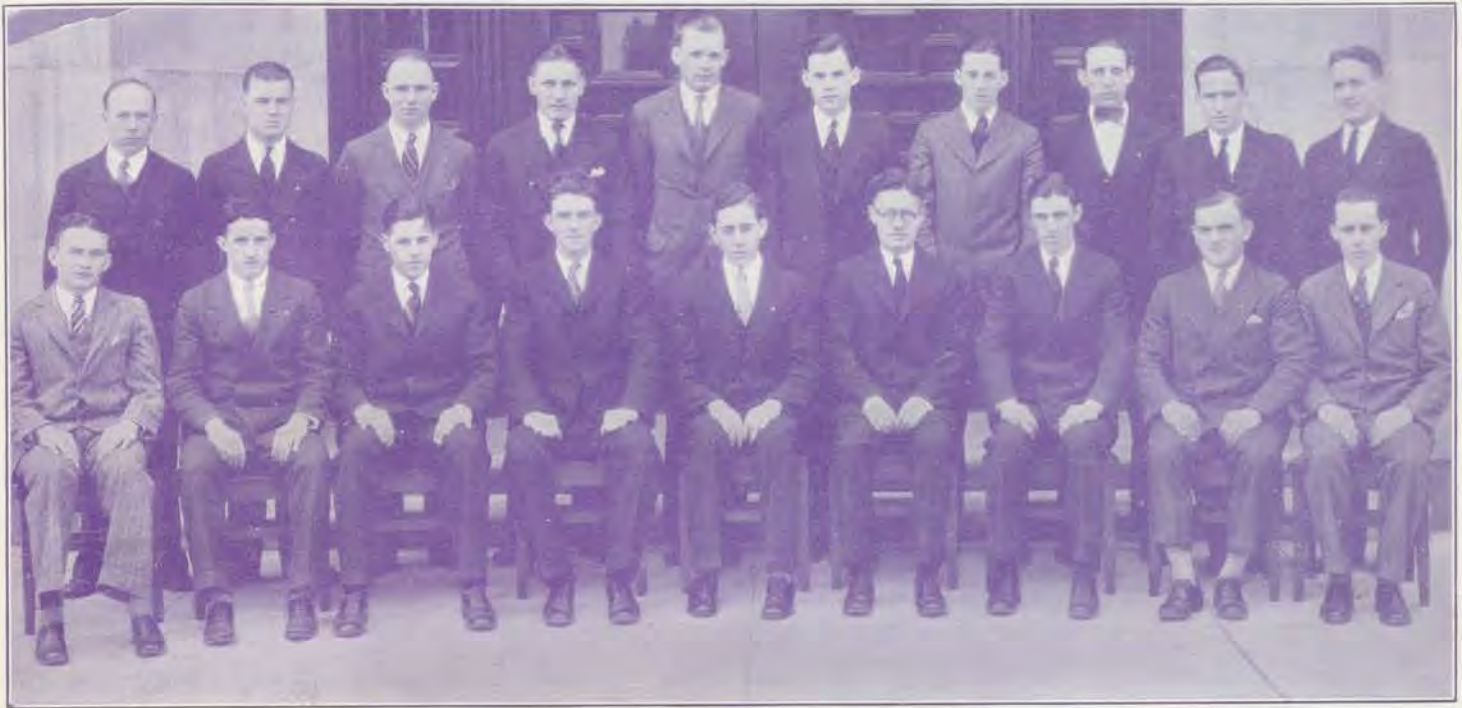
I sing not of the monarchs great
Of Irish chieftains of past fame,
I tell not of the glories won

But I'll get there just the same.—'93.

And then the storm broke, an avalanche of words hit him. He was polished off to a vanishing point. His Greek ancestry that spoiled everything they ever did, was pointed out. He was manhandled and overhauled and worked into hash. His poetical aspirations were quenched.

V. I. Dere, '93.

Purple & White Staff



Standing, left to right: F. Walsh, Sport Editor; S. Murphy, Associate Editor; M. Murphy, Associate Circulation Manager; A. Kramer, Circulation Manager; C. Dettman, Business Manager; F. Burns, Class Editor; C. Armstrong, Associate Business Manager; J. Nelson, Associate Business Manager; L. Higgins, Associate Sport Editor; W. Schneider, Associate Editor.
Seated: M. Harris, Typist; I. Murphy, Associate Business Manager; J. Steele, Associate Circulation Manager; F. O'Hare, Associate Editor; E. Cullinane, Editor-in-Chief; J. Embser, Alumni Editor; T. McGoney, Humour Editor; A. Schneider, M. Doyle, Associate Business Managers.
Absent: J. Donlon, C. Blonde, W. McKenna, E. Pokriefka.

A Message

June 6th is significant in Purple and White's history in more than that it marks the publishing date of this year's Souvenir Number. The significance lies in the fact that, today, the fourth year of the paper's existence comes to a close.

Looking back in retrospect over these past four years, we recall how that the first issue of Purple and White appeared on November 15th, 1924. Conspicuous in that first number was Father Dillon's welcome to the paper. "To maintain a school paper, respectable in form and content," he wrote, "is not an easy task. Conscious of this fact, the students have, nevertheless, decided to produce a publication which will be a credit to themselves and to their Alma Mater. Whether or not their efforts will attain results in keeping with their hopes, time only will tell."

Four years of journalistic endeavor have produced the "time" referred to by our reverend president in his welcome, and those same four years have told a tale, that we, the Purple and White staff of '28, are not ashamed to retell. From that first issue a constant improvement, both in form and content, has marked Purple and White's advance, until today Assumption can boast a college publication the like of which any university or college on the continent would be proud to claim its own.

Such a goal has been attained, not overnight or without effort, but only after

four long years of painstaking labor and a constant sacrifice on the part of those in whom was entrusted the shaping of the paper's destiny. Recreation, leisure, play,—even study at times—have been sacrificed in this cause, which truly can be stamped a noble one. It is with a deep sense of satisfaction that the members of the respective staffs can view their efforts and see them productive of results so gratifying.

The pioneer staff of Purple and White had in mind a paper that would be a credit to them and to their Alma Mater, a paper with a two-fold function—of answering the question "What's the news at Assumption?" and of strengthening the bond that binds into one living whole the alumni, students and staff of Assumption. Such a paper those pioneer journalists produced and they have lived to see it attain results in keeping with their fondest hopes. From the pen of the first editor, himself, we learn that Purple and White today has exceeded, by far, their greatest expectations.

We, the members of the present staff, feel a certitude and a conviction that we have attained the goal which at all times was the object of our endeavor—a good college paper. Many notes and words of congratulation have been received from all quarters and the old boys, in particular, have come to relish keenly each issue. The enthusiastic responses sent in by many of them after the publishing of the Old Boys' Number gives us the assurance that they

are pleased with our efforts.

That the Purple and White has been a power for good amongst the student body is beyond question and the college authorities have expressed approval and satisfaction at the high standard which the paper has attained. They recognize in it a big asset to the college and a more important factor in college life at Assumption and in alumni life outside of Assumption than some things that are usually considered of prime necessity.

So much for the past. Success, in no mean measure, has crowned our efforts and we needs must turn our thoughts to a consideration of the future and its possibilities.

This year's staff was exceptionally fortunate in that nearly all its members, particularly the heads of the various departments, were Purple and White men last year. The elections last September were, in most cases, re-elections, and those previously in charge merely resumed their journalistic activities in the same capacities.

Next year's staff will not have this advantage, however, due to the fact that of the twenty-odd members constituting our force this year, twelve, in most cases department heads, will be lost to the paper through graduation. Nearly all of these departing members have served on the paper's staff for two years.

It is quite apparent from these observations that Purple and White will be enter-

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 3)

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WITH THE CLASSES



SENIOR SLANTS

To have finished exams finally and forever, brings that grand and glorious feeling which all students look forward to as the pinnacle of all earthly joy. It is indeed a sad thing to leave so many dear friends, but they are our comrades in a battle; and now as we leave we have the happiness of knowing we have finished at least one battle victoriously.

The trip to London, and Convocation, must have been a great strain on John Steele. The haunted expression which covered his countenance during the ceremony in London, is explained by the fact that he felt any moment a collection would be taken up. Wearing these rented mortar boards and gowns added to his agony the fear that damages might be charged on them.

Jimmy Donlon says, "Statesmen have their mugs on greenbacks. I'd like to have my paws on some."

Frank Walsh says, "Boost a booster. Knock a knocker, and use your own judgment with an umpire."

Charlie Armstrong says, "Examinations are a time to find out if there is something in the skull besides room." Charlie didn't say how he came out.

Morgan Harris says, "If I thought I'd see you in my dreams, I'd never go to sleep." That's terrible, and he said it to his room-mate. Who's his room mate?

Our numbers are small. We are only four, but sticking it out you bet! The exams are over; Nearly drove us to cover. We hope we didn't get set. We expect to finish, next year you see! So we'll be back in the fall. Goodbye for now, and who? and HOW! This is a farewell from Donlon, Harris, Armstrong and Walsh.

RHETORICAL RUMOURS

Well, from all rumours this is the last edition. The "studes" of Rhetoric were sorry to see the break-up; but such is life.

The Rhetoricians, however, enjoyed themselves to the fill at the annual banquet which was held on the 31st of May. The moral lesson of mortification during Retreat seemed to have no effect upon "Poke" Pokriefka. How that boy did punish the food! Oh, my!

Moreover, "Poke" objected when he had to work for the meal. He was appointed Chairman for the evening. But he had two weeks to think it over after killing the exams.

The worthy class resident, M. L. Doyle, is now enjoying a well-earned vacation.

Believe it or not:—"Pat" O'Hare went to bed at 1 A.M., and arose at 4 A.M. (the same morning). The Cause—exam. "Pat" should receive honors in the subject whether he passed or not. Think of the sacrifice!

Our mystery man of Rhetoric—Mr. John Onorato—became so enthused about psychology that we fear the day's study may have made a victim of him. But Mr. Onorato carried the work well and is enjoying the fruits of his labors.

It is good-bye now and, as one of our mates of last year would say (Al Keith from Texas): "See you all next year."

FRESHMAN FLASHES

Exegimus monumentum aere perennius regalique situ pyramidum altius.

Surely Horace must have had Arts '31 and Pre-Med '29 in mind when he wrote the ode from which the above was taken.

We ask next year's Freshman Class to carry on the tradition inaugurated this year—namely, the Freshman Caps.

In the athletic world, we shone very brightly. Besides four letter men in our class, we sent men to represent us in the Big Three—football, basketball and baseball.

Nor did we neglect religion. Look at the Sodality and see for yourself our members among the officers and sodalists.

We take this opportunity to thank our teachers for their labors in our behalf; and to express our sympathy on the death of our beloved English professor, Father Burns.

As a parting shot, we ask the Freshmen of 1928-1929 to "Carry On."

Now we ascend another rung in the ladder of success. Farewell and Good Luck till next September.

FLICKERS FROM FOURTH HI

It is with more or less regret that the members of 4th Hi await the final gong on June 11, 1928.

This year we are merely high school lads, while next year we shall be (let us hope) big college men. Wider pants and no garters!

Tentative plans call for the 4th Hi banquet, on June 11, in the grill-room of the Prince Edward Hotel, with Garland Barto's Royal Canadiens furnishing the music. Favors for all (Rocco gets a ten pound turkey all to himself, so the rest of

us will have something eat). In the event of Dale Mousseau receiving his diploma he will accept a position in the sideshow of Hagenbeck-Wallace circus, displaying "Mousseau's Sheepskin."

"Uke" Normand is sliding through chemistry this year, as usual. "Uke" announces that he will take his annual chemistry final exam this year on June 8.

THROWING IT IN 3B

And then, of course, in 3B there is "Meekus" McLeod who feared to attend a spiritualistic meeting for fear the messages would be collect.

Well," sighed Fr. Nick sadly as another automobile drove across the grass by the new building, "It won't be lawn now!"

When Benoit of 3B inquired if anyone had a wrench to fix the battery in his stalled car, he received the following reply: "No, but my room-mate, Sloan, is a good crank."

If the 3B scourge, Ed. Skrzycki, ever marries a Polish maiden, the Pole plus Pole wedding would be wooden, wouldn't it?

Fear entered into the hearts of many in 3B the other day, when glimpses of Matty Cavanaugh were seen. But all, and notably, Scotty Lapointe and Meekus McLeod, sighed with relief when it was learned that the 3B mission collector was only back on a visit.

So the powerful man said to me, Zade he: "I'm so Strong that even Dark Valentines Buckel beneath my grasp.

"Red" Trenor was stumbling along with Cicero, and Fr. Bondy asked him why he was caught on this easy sentence, "Cicero said to Cataline." Red came back with "I can't find the word for cat."

After seeing Fr. Dore draw his notoriously accurate figures, Paul Jones wrote this definition "Parallel straight lines are things that never meet unless you bend them."

AS 2C SEES IT.

All the boys gave Jack McDonough a "big hand", after he succeeded in finding Fr. Dillon and obtaining a note. Jack has been absent every Saturday during the year.

Jack "Spiv" Winchester won the Foreign Mission raffle ticket, which was a free pass to Navin Field. Jack was escorted to the park by Mr. Walsh who introduced him to several of the Tigers, whom he saw defeat Chicago 2-1. Now Jack says he'll give a dime any time to the Mission for permission and a box seat at Navin Field.

:: Seen From the Church Tower ::



In these modern times we, of Assumption, have almost come to forget the historic lore connected with the site on which our college is built and we scarcely realize how close we are linked to the distant past by the very ground on which we tread and the objects that are daily before us. That our college should be located in one of the most historic old towns of the whole Dominion, and yet within hearing distance of a great metropolis, the fourth largest in the Western Hemisphere, causes never an inkle of comment or observation from us, who are so singularly favored.

With this thought in mind, our staff photographer was, one day, prompted to seek the furthest reaches of the Assumption Church tower and, from this lofty vantage point, garner a few snaps of the various scenes of interest presented to his view.

The assortment of views pictured above, are the result of his journey up time-worn ladders, across dust-covered floors and through dim-lit heights—a misty vale of cobwebs.

Once at the ladder's end, his upward trudge was done. In less than a minute one of the great dust-laden slabs that serve as shutters was removed and the whole country-side to the south came into view, visible over the towers of the college in the foreground. Pictures 1 and 6 give a fair idea of the way Assumption looks from that point. In the former we get a beautiful view of that magnificent structure of brick and stone, so recently erected on Patricia Rd. Nestling near it are the new handball alleys and in back of them the gymnasium in shadow. The heating plant with its towering chimney is prominent in the foreground. Miles and miles of houses

and fields are visible in the distance with the wooded skyline just perceptible in the camera's eye. In view no. 6 we see the chapel and the older wings of the college bathed in the shimmering beams of a mid-afternoon sun. Just visible over the roofs of the buildings are the cemetery and the college farm.

The camera is next pointed toward the east, and views 4 and 7 are presented to it. In the former we see the majestically-flowing Detroit, bearing more the appearance of a still lake. Bordering its furthest bank the mighty city of that name, with its towering skyscrapers just visible in the distance, is a fitting contrast to the scattered dwellings on the Canadian shore. View no. 7 brings before us a maze of houses and streets as far as the eye can see. This we know to be Windsor.

In picture no. 5 the expanse of water and land in front of the church is brought before us. Most prominent in the picture is the Canadian anchor-base of the new international bridge that is to span the mighty Detroit. Visible in the distance is the structure work on the Detroit side of the bridge.

In view no. 2, taken from the extreme southern end of the church roof, the river is seen at a different angle with the towers of the church pointing skyward in the foreground. Below them the foliage of the trees in the churchyard is visible.

In the center picture we see the great bell of the church, whose mighty resonant toll has, for years past, summoned the faithful parishioners to the worship of their God. Many is the funeral knell that this ancient mass of iron has boomed forth since the Indians installed it in its place many decades ago. Inscribed on it in French is a dedication to Bishop O'Connor, Assumption's founder and first president.

To find throughout all the land a place that gives to the onlooker such a wealth of ancient lore, coming in contact at the same time with the greatest of modern handiwork and endeavour, indeed would be a difficult task. The majestic and the picturesque, made sacred by the markings of time—that is the bounty which the old church tower and its scenes have given us.



ALUMNI STICKMEN LOSE

(Continued from Page 4, Col. 3)

who lost a heart-breaking battle to the Poles in 1919, after thirteen rain-soaked innings. How many of you remember Dudek and Casey of the Poles that afternoon and the infield fly back of second base? But Father Spratt came back in 1925 to coach a band of what was, for the most part, inexperienced kids, to such a pitch that they tripped the Poles and gave their coach his sweet revenge.

These are only a few but space won't permit a lengthy discussion on each of those grand old players for as much could be said regarding every one of them—Joe Clancy, Kane, Charlie Murphy, Fritz Dunne and the rest, all sweet in the memories of Assumption.

A Mere Homer.

Oh, the game! Yes, the Varsity won it in the last of the ninth when Armstrong poled out a home run with no one on base. As it started neither team tallied in the first frame but Kramer scrambled across the plate in the second for the Varsity's first marker after he had hit safely, went to third on Regan's safety and scored while the Grads were engineering a double-killing on Regan and Ameling.

Varsity Steps.

In the sixth two more were added to the Varsity's total when Kramer, Regan and Beausoleil hit safely and the first two crossed the fourth base on infield outs. Just about everything happened in the eighth, when the old timers went into the lead with a bag of five runs and the young-

(Continued in Column Three)

LOOKING UP INTO THE TOWER



In the above photo, we are given some idea of the beauty and finished workmanship which is apparent in the tower of the new building. The interior view was taken from the main floor of the open lobby.

AN OLD BOY'S OLD TIMES

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)

I saw and knew the shadow of the one,
Whom weakness led to make a great refusal.

Footnote writers have taken for granted that Dante's reference was to Celestine the Fifth, but my footnoter wishes to be a little wary of conclusions since the poet doesn't mention any names, and evidently wished his readers to be left in the same doubt that probably existed in his mind.

In Sulmona one can hear Mass at the cathedral at the break of dawn, as they have kept the traditions of the sainted bishop Panphilus, the patron, who is said to have kept this early habit and to have been remunerated with the hearing of celestial music during the Holy Sacrifice.

The hardy, emotional Abbruzzesi of the valley are the descendants of the ancient Peligni, who caused Rome a bit of fear and a respectful opinion. Sulmona gave his natal to the great Latin poet Ovid.

As, for our court of justice and military recruiting we had to look to the Abbruzzi, for religion we had to look to the fertile Campania, to Monte Cassino, as its abbot extends his jurisdiction even to these apparently remote localities. To Catholic

(Continued from Column One)

sters tied it up by adding another marker to their tally.

To start this inning off Walter Dunne hit safely as did O'Leary and Shanese. The first two scored on Henderson's wicked smash but this same slugger was forced out a minute later by Kent's blow. Joe Clancy then came through with a nice hit which scored Shanese and Kent. He in turn was pushed over the home station by Father Spratt's lusty wallop. This put the aged veterans one run to the good but the yannigans evened it up on hits by Beausoleil, King and Higgins, which scored the foremost. Then came Armstrong's four-base blow in the ninth which ended the exciting fray.

students, this place of grandeur, enriched with the treasures of rare art and the history of Saint Benedict, ought not to fail of interest. Any of the students of Assumption who may have the good fortune to go to Rome, should visit Monte Cassino on a little trip out. The Philosophers might remember that their great doctor, St. Thomas, was a student there once. Aquino, his birth-place, is in that neighbourhood and province.

—A. Scarnecchia, '09.

FR. BURNS PASSES

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

week's duration. The news of his passing came as a decided shock to all who knew him.

Hundreds Pay Tribute.

All through Sunday and Monday the body laid in state in the college chapel and hundreds of people from Assumption parish, former parishioners of Father Burns, came to view the remains. At three thirty o'clock Monday afternoon an immense procession of over 1000 students from the College and St. Francis School accompanied the body to Assumption Church where it remained in state until the funeral on the following morning.

Immense Funeral.

A crowd of more than 1200 people attended the funeral services Tuesday morning. The large church was packed to the doors by parishioners, students and others from more distant parts. Seventy-five priests were on hand for the occasion. The requiem high Mass was celebrated by Rev. L. Beuglet, C.S.B., of St. John's Church, Amherstburg. Rev. E. G. Doe, pastor of St. Clare's Church, Windsor, assisted in the capacity of deacon, and Rev. J. LaBelle, of Woodslee, Ont., of sub-deacon. Rev. W. Langlois of St. Rose de Lima Church, Riverside, was master of ceremonies. All are old boys and were classmates or schoolfellows of Father Burns. Sermons in French and English were preached by Rev. Raymond Piche, C.P., of Fall River, Mass., and Rt. Rev. D. O'Connor, P.A., vicar-general of London diocese, respectively.

Class of '07

Father Burns came to Assumption in 1900 when 16 years of age and left as a member of Rhetoric Class '07. During those years, he won the respect and admiration of his schoolfellows by his simple, unassuming manner and by the true ideals of friendship that were characteristic of him.

In the summer of 1907 he entered the Basilian Novitiate in Toronto, where he remained for one year. From 1908 until 1910 he engaged in post-graduate work at the University of Toronto and on the completion of that course, he began his theological studies at St. Basil's Scholasticate, Toronto.

Ordained in 1914

Following his ordination to the priesthood in August 1914, Father Burns was attached to the teaching staff here, in which capacity he remained until 1921. In that year he was made pastor of Assumption Church and his incessant labor and priestly zeal in this field endeared him to the hearts of all his parishioners.

A year ago last September, Father Burns again returned to Assumption in the role of professor. His quiet reserved manner made him scarcely known to those students who did not meet him daily in the classroom. But, saintliness and piety were the greatest of his many virtues, the number and extent of which he had a mighty store. Grieved as we are at the thought of his loss, yet we rejoice in his victorious conquest of a new-won kingdom.

FATHER JACQUES WRITES

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 2)

shun for a mission in the North. This section is infested with bandits who keep the people in a state of fear and poverty. They roam in bands of two hundred to a thousand men and their influence is great. "Six Weeks with Chinese Bandits," by Dr. Howard is an excellent book on this section of China, and one which I am sure you would enjoy reading.

What would be your thoughts if you happened along on one of the downtown streets and observed a man lying next to the curb unable to move and covered with a few straw mats held down by stones? If you were told that he had been lying there in the open six days, subject to the elements and moreover neglected by his fellowmen, again, may I ask, how would you feel in this matter? I am sure you would try to do something for him. The other day my boy reported such a case. Fearing he was going to die, after a brief instruction, he baptized him and then reported the case. It was evening when four of us set out to bring him into the mission. The sight that met our eyes was indeed appalling. I'll let your imaginations supply the details of such a scene for my description would prove inadequate. We lifted him on to a Rickshaw (a two-wheel cart) and brought him in. The next day we brought him to the Japanese hospital. After a few days' struggle his soul, cleansed by the saving waters of Baptism, passed on to its Maker. Another soul saved for Christ! Such is one of the many scenes that crowd the life of the missionary.

All can participate in this great work of saving souls. That God makes the great works of the Redemption of mankind depend so much on the cooperation of man, is one of those profound laws of His divine Providence, which man cannot fathom. Prayer, vocations and alms are required to bring this work to full fruition.

With these few lines I shall say Au Revoir for now, trusting they find you well and with kindest regards to the Rev. Fathers and students, I am

Faithfully yours in Christ,

A. Jacques.

RHETORIC BANQUET

AGAIN EVINCES TRADITION

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 2)

of college tradition and expressed his pleasure in, the institution of the freshman caps. Fr. Bondy gave an impressive address on college and its influence on later life. Fr. O'Donnell told the class that he never taught a class that gave him such keen satisfaction. John M. Nelson prophesied a glittering future for the class and Dan Drew gave a thumb-nail sketch of the individual members of the class. Messrs. Corrigan and Onorato toasted Canada and the United States, and Frank O'Hare rendered a toast to the Alma Mater.



A MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 11, Col. 3)

ing upon a new regime next September. Many new men must be selected to fill the vacancies caused by those who are departing. The personnel of next year's staff will be, for the most part, changed, for all departments, with the exception of only one, must be headed by different men.

In behalf of the departing members of the Purple and White staff, the writer wishes to convey a message, an urgent appeal, brief, but of great moment. It comes in two short words that we, who are leaving, have in our turn, heeded and revered as a sacred slogan. Our parting message to you who remain is epic. On whether you heed it or not, and in what measure you shape your energies towards the accomplishment of what it portends, depends the whole future existence of this paper. Once more the cry goes out—*Carry On.* —THE EDITOR.

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REV. D. L. DILLON, C.S.B.

IN RECENT years loyalty has almost become a catchword. Its obligation is assumed. Lack of it is considered a crime. This refers not only to one's country, but to other institutions as well.

The university graduate feels it a duty to be loyal to his Alma Mater. He may not have a clear conception of what loyalty demands of him but he must be loyal. Some make their loyalty practical by rendering financial assistance, others "boost" their university whenever the occasion permits and lose no opportunity to urge prospective students to attend the institution where they were trained.

Circumstances may not permit one to render much financial assistance or even to direct many students to his Alma Mater, but every graduate can show his loyalty by living up to the ideals inculcated during his student days. He should remember "the tree is known by its fruit," that the world will judge his Alma Mater by his conduct. The graduates of a school constitute its best medium of advertisement. The success of the graduate is the success of the university; the failure of the graduate is the failure of the university.

D. L. Dillon.

Baccalaureate Graduates



CLIFFORD A. BLONDE, B.A.

"Whatever he did was done with so much ease, In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Fastidiously extricating himself from the denseness of Chatham's pines came one Cliff Blonde. A thorough preparatory course at St. Joseph's Separate School and Chatham Collegiate Institute fitted him well for his lengthy sojourn at Assumption.

The Senior Good Conduct Prize and the presidency of his high school graduating class bespeak the esteem with which Assumption regarded him. When called upon to talk, two high school oratorical prizes and a debating team captaincy assured his listeners of an interesting address. Yes, English is his native tongue—at least, he possesses an Arts English prize. A strong believer in physical as well as mental development, he distinguished himself as a wearer of the gridiron "A," tennis champion, star of the Varsity basketball team, coach of Assumption High's basketball quintet and a commendable performer on Assumption's hockey team of '21.

FRANCIS L. BURNS, B.A.

"Who with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn."

One early morn during the eventful year of 1905 the Wayne County gaol in Detroit was suddenly aroused from its languorous slumbers by a new and entirely innocent arrival in Frank L. Burns. Not that the discipline here was too severe, for there is no particular discipline in the sheriff's suite of a gaol, was it that Frank transferred the burden of his early education to Barbour Hall, Kalamazoo.

Entering the historic halls of old Assumption in 1917 as a fifth grade student, he has since successfully completed the work of the Preparatory, High School and Arts Departments; and now his Alma Mater is proud to bestow on him, through Western U., her coveted Bachelor's Degree.

For the last decade of years at Assumption his genial disposition, his ready humor and his cheerful philosophy of life have won a sincere and appreciative band of friends. May success be yours, Frank, in your chosen life-work as a member of the Congregation of St. Basil.

EUGENE A. CULLINANE, B.A.

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

No, sir, no one in Dowagiac, Michigan, realized what a valuable package was left there on August 7th, 1907. Right smartly he paraded through the schools of Dowagiac and Fayetteville, Ohio, to arrive in due time at Assumption College.

Cully is one of Assumption's truly great men. His unblemished character and his ever-ready helping hand have endeared him to the heart of every student who voted him the Junior and then the Senior Good Conduct Prize. A student? We'll say. Why, four times he won the excellence prize of his class. An orator? Well, two successive years he carried off the coveted O'Connor Oratory prize. And as an editor he is unsurpassed in the history of the college, for everyone knows the unselfish and highly praiseworthy manner which he has displayed these last two years as Editor-in-chief of the "Purple and White."

On the gridiron, on the ball diamond and on the basketball court, Cully has never failed to appear and give his best to the astonishment of all who inwardly wondered "How does he find time?"

CARL M. DETTMAN, B.A.

"Formed on the good old plan A true and brave and downright honest man."

"What, Ho!" Some few years ago they said "A Boy," and the city clerk of Jackson, Michigan, noted the increase in the population. Here Carl began his search for knowledge at St. John's. In 1918 he came to Assumption and '23 found him president of the high school graduating class. The following year he spent at Loyola College, Los Angeles, Cal., where he ranked second best to only one as debater and all-around athlete and student. But the Assumption spirit lingered in his heart and in 1925 he returned to complete his university career.

Carl is a real fellow, whose cheery smile, sunny disposition and sterling character unite to proclaim him a man with a host of friends. He has always been serious and studious to that degree which merits success. In the realm of sports he is a letter man, both of Assumption and Loyola in the three major sports. That is saying plenty. The great success enjoyed by Assumption's paper these past two years is due in no slight degree to his untiring work as business manager.

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Baccalaureate Graduates



DESMOND D. DENEAU, B.A.

*"He lives most who thinks most,
Who feels the noblest
And who acts the best."*

The "adsum" of Des has rung out regularly at the reading of many a rol! call at Assumption. Born in Windsor, in 1904, his educational activities began at St. Alphonsus Separate School, from which he came to Assumption nine years ago.

Possessing a genial personality, Des enjoys to an unusual degree the power of making those whom he encounters feel at home in his company. As to scholastic ability he has with steadfast purpose directed his progress in Honour Arts without a single interruption.

His ambitions aspire to the profession of law to which he is ably adapted. A smooth, reflective diction in speech and a "slow to argue but quick to act" trait will make him a respected friend amongst his colleagues but a worthy rival in the competition of the courts. His fellow students are unanimous in predicting for his future a bountiful reward of prosperity and happiness.

ROGER J. DES ROSIERS

*"Spirits like you should see and should
be seen,
The king would smile on you—at
least the queen."*

Roger first reached for the moon on September 26th, 1905. It has been said of him that he did all of his teething on a radiator cap. Despite that handicap, however, he managed to find time to attend St. Francis School at Sandwich. Leaving Sandwich, he went to Sudbury, where he entered the Jesuit College and stayed for a period of six years. He then attended the University of Detroit for one year and was honored with an A.B. degree.

One year at Assumption was sufficient for him to win the good-will of his classmates. A good student, clever, a jovial spirit with the normal outlook on things scholastic, not born to learn, but born to live and learn—that is Roger. When not playing the game himself, he was an ardent rooter. Hockey is his vanity, fast driving his boast, four-in-hands his weakness.

Roger says it is going to be law. Success, then, Roger, in your legal career.

JAMES W. EMBSEY, B.A.

*"Whose high endeavours are an inward
light
That makes the path before him al-
ways bright."*

The springtime zephyrs were just beginning to add a verdant freshness to the countryside back in '05 when Jimmie unpretentiously blossomed forth at Wellsville, a farming town situated in southern New York. It was on May 5th of that year that he began to sense the greatness of things about him and this casual observation grew with the coming years into an ardent desire to know the why and the wherefore of it all.

He started his quest for knowledge at an early age when he began imbibing at the so-called font of Immaculate Conception School in Wellsville. His sojourn there was terminated after six years, when he left the paternal roof and took up quarters at St. Michael's College, Toronto.

It was in the fall of '25 that he put in his appearance at Assumption. The fact that he is a gold medalist in honor philosophy is a fitting reward for his earnest pursuit of things intellectual and a worthy tribute to him.

ANTHONY A. KRAMER, B.A.

*"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break."*

It all happened on an auspicious day some years ago—Decoration Day, 1905, to be exact—and the event was worthy of the day. His name is Anthony and his future brilliant.

Clothed with a carefree smile and a most likeable disposition, Tony gained admittance to Assumption's portals in 1919 and proceeded to take the place by storm. His undying courage, magnanimous spirit and good-natured friendliness won for him the enviable Good Conduct Prize. Filled with that ability of "coming through in a pinch," "Dutch" has always managed to keep pace with his fellow-scholars even though he far out-distanced them in athletic endeavors.

Farewell, ye High School basketball and baseball and thrice-chosen Varsity football and basketball leader. Farewell! and may the sweets of conquest be yours in future days as they have been in the past.

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Baccalaureate Graduates



THOMAS J. MCGOUEY, B.A.

"Thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless."

Tom's winning smile first made sunshine brighter at St. John, New Brunswick, on a midsummer day in 1904. And he has been smiling ever since. In his early schoolboy days we find him learning the lore of the classroom at schools in St. John, whence he hied himself forth to St. Thomas College, Chatham N.B., where he completed his high school course.

After spending a year in Toronto, Tom put in his appearance at Assumption—smiling. His keen sense of humour and witty sayings soon stamped him as the only choice for humour editor of the Purple and White—then in its first year—and today he has completed four glorious years in that capacity. At the proper times the serious element in his makeup asserted itself, and he won the science prize in his freshman year. His tackling and all-around play on the gridiron again stamps him a man of many parts.

Possessing the most likeable of dispositions and ever-renowned for his wit, his congeniality and his cheerful philosophy of life, Tom leaves us—smiling. That only silver-lined clouds may deck the bright skies of his future is the wish of the grads of '28.

IRVING A. MURPHY, B.A.

"Though proud achievements are not his,

Ranks with the great for what he is."

Another tiny speck was added to the whirling maelstrom of humanity back in 1905 when the springtime and Irv descended upon Detroit simultaneously. Not many years later this mite of a lad could be seen wending his way along Corktown's streets towards Holy Trinity School.

It was in the fall of 1920 that he put in his appearance at Assumption. That his diminutive stature detracted not in the least from the choiceness of his makeup, Irv soon impressed on the minds of his teachers and pals. Besides winning for himself Latin, Greek, French and General Excellence prizes he crowned his High School career with remarkable athletic laurels. His fame went before him in Arts and after completing his first year on the Varsity squad, the "A" was numbered amongst his most prized possessions. He was proficient in basketball and baseball, but his speed on the track made his athletic prowess the more outstanding.

A cheery, good-natured disposition and sincerity that bespeaks a true friend—of such is Irv. A world of success to you, little fellow!

J. STANLEY MURPHY, B.A.

"New scenes of wisdom may each step display,

And knowledge open as my days advance!"

In the early part of the twentieth century, Woodslee, Ontario, was honored by the arrival of J. Stanley Murphy. As in the case of other young men who are found to be of capable intellect, he came to Assumption College to learn the rudiments of Goodness, Discipline and Knowledge.

This important turn in Stan's life took place nearly ten years ago. Before finishing his high school course here, he gave the financial world a trial, but found that higher and more intellectual pursuits were necessary for his happiness. He returned to Sandwich and later entered the novitiate of the Congregation of St. Basil.

During his course at Assumption, he has been outstanding for his many fine qualities. In the first year of his college course he was awarded the prize for special excellence, as well as for many individual subjects. His jolly disposition and pleasant smile have gained for him many friends who can feel sure that the qualities which have made him a success in college will do the same for him in the life-work which is before him.

MERVIN J. MURPHY, B.A.

"He knew what's what, and that's as high

As metaphysic wit can fly."

Twenty and two years ago in Fletcher Merv gazed upon the world for the first time with little idea then that now he would be numbering himself amongst the great as a B.A. man in Honour Philosophy.

When he had obtained all the intellectual advancement that Fletcher afforded, Merv completed a year at Tilbury High School, after which he journeyed to the classic walls of Assumption. For the last seven years his amazing grasp of abstruse intellectual problems has won the admiration of his classmates and elicited encomiums from his professors.

On the gridiron Merv conducted himself as did the Greeks at Thermopylae. "They shall not pass" was his watchword and as a result the college "A," emblematic of manhood, is one of his possessions. For the past three years he has also proven an asset to the basketball team.

Although you are leaving us, Merv, let the bond of friendship of the past unite you more closely to the Class of '28 and to your Alma Mater, and wherever the Fates may lead you may your life be graced with unparalleled success.

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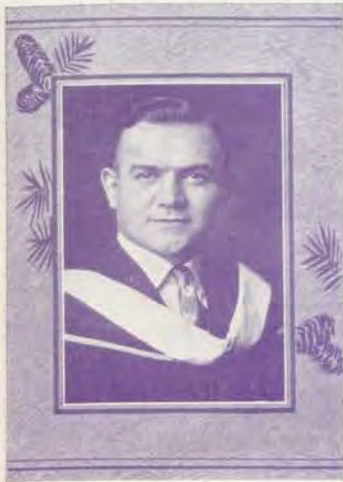
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ARNOLD FRANCIS SCHNEIDER

“Ambition’s life and labours all were vain.”

Fowler, Michigan, claims him as her own but Detroit boasts of his endeavours as she does of her other famous son, Colonel Lindbergh. To do justice to Arnold’s record in the past would tax this paper to its limits. Besides being one of the best songsters that ever graced a dugout in France, Arnold is remembered by his war buddies as a boxer of the first order. In the States and in Canada he is known as the former middle weight champion of the middle west.

“Snitz” came to Assumption in 1922 and soon established himself as an athlete and a scholar. In the classroom he specialized in philosophy. On the field his deadly tackling soon won him the much desired “A” in football, and his familiarity with things in general that pertained to baseball caused him to be elected captain of the Varsity nine. Boxing at Assumption is now a certainty due to the untiring efforts of our friend.

The class of '28 is proud of “Snitz” and expects big things of him in the years to come.

GOURLEY A. HOWELL, B.A.

*“For even though vanquished
He could argue still.”*

Looking back to an early November day in '03, we see Gourley first brightening the family fireside with his beaming smile—and all Windsor was proud to call him its own. Not many years later he began treading his cheery way to and from the Park Street School, but it was during the ensuing years at Windsor Collegiate that his growing prowess as an athlete placed him in the spotlight of renown. From Windsor Collegiate Institute to Western U. wasn't a big step for him and he made it with little trouble.

In the fall of '26 Gourley put in his appearance at Assumption, and it was just a matter of a few days when his winning personality and jovial manner had made him everyone's favorite. Ranking with the best in the classroom, an “A” man in football and one of Assumption's basketball luminaries, he leaves behind him an enviable record.

Well versed on every subject and willing to talk, it is with a note of affection that we call him “Gabby.” Whatever field of endeavor he chooses he is sure to make the grade.

JOHN L. STEELE, B.A.

*“Was first to heed the call of those in need—
And last when hurt to tell it or complain.”*

Lightnings rent the shades of night and the reverberating thunder shattered the stillness which was Parkhill's birthright. Main Street quaked under a mass of milling humanity and the very air was tinged with fear and expectation. For an hour or so bedlam reigned and then a man clambered to the shoulders of his fellows. He gesticulated madly for attention. His words were briefly epic: “It's a boy—call him John!” The voice of the elements was drowned in an orgy of rejoicing. Thus the sturdy branch of a Scottish oak increased Parkhill's population by one.

John pursued the pursuits of childhood with eagerness until the fall of '24 inscribed his name on the roster of Belle Lettres at Assumption. That he quaffed deeply of the cup of knowledge is attested by the manner in which he bests the best in every line.

His rare good nature and ever-ready “wise cracks” have won to him many friends. An “A” man in class, an “A” man in football and A MAN all around is J.L.S.

REV. LEO J. TRESE, B.A.

*“That man is great who magnifies
The good in other men and tries
To help them nobler ways to learn
Yet seeks no favor in return.”*

Port Huron, Michigan, was the scene of Father Trese's infancy and boyhood years and it was at St. Stephen's School of that city that he began the arduous journey toward intellectual heights.

The year, 1920, found him numbered amongst Assumption's student body and it was not his lengthy proportions alone that made him a prominent personage during the years he spent there. He was a member of the famous “philosopher crew” of the years '20-22 and he played no small part in guiding St. Francis Xavier Mission Society through the perilous shoals of its early existence.

In the fall of '22 Father Trese entered Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Norwood, Ohio, in preparation for his life work, and he was ordained to the priesthood a year ago. This year we find him completing his B.A. Course at Assumption. Congratulations, Father, on your achievements and may success meet you at every turn.

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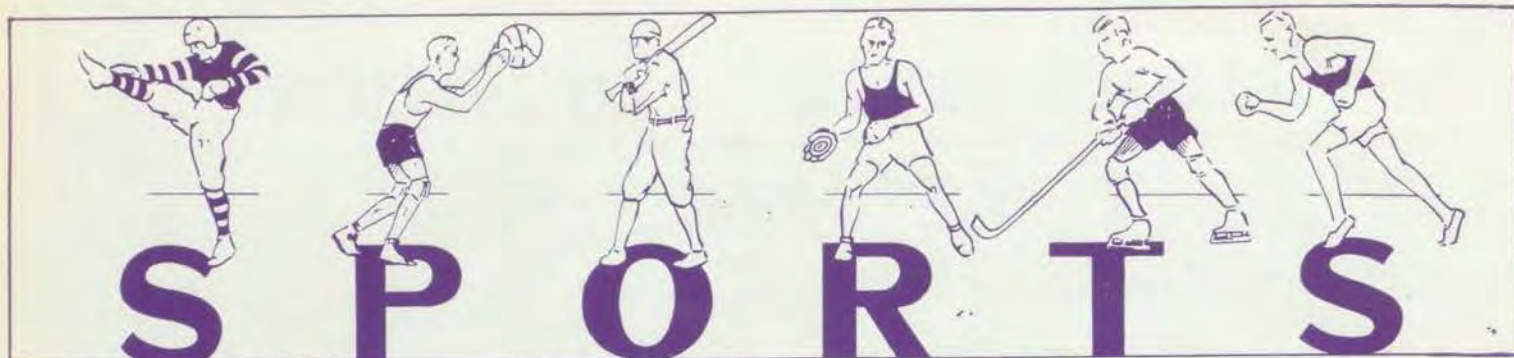
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Giants Take Pennant in Arts-Hi League

ATHLETICS AND CUBS TIE FOR SECOND PLACE—CLOSE RACE THROUGHOUT

The Arts-Hi baseball league completed its third successful season here at Assumption. Handicapped by a late start in the latter part of April, along with being hampered by bad weather, it looked as though the league would fall short of success. However, the interest of the fans, and the enthusiasm and spirit of the players never wavered, but grew stronger as the season progressed; and once more the league was a complete success. Only one thing failed in the league, and that was the World Series. Due to the postponement of so many rained-out games, the whole schedule was continually behind, and when the season ended with the Giants in first place, followed by the Athletics and Cubs tied for second, it was time for the Arts boys to depart for home. Hence the play-offs for the championship did not materialize. Father McDonald, President of the league, presented the flag to the Giants, who ended the season on top. Thus, another eventful and successful season came to a close.

The Giants, managed by Leland Higgins, started the season with a great spurt, winning their first three games. They were never once out of first place, although they were tied twice for the lead with the Athletics, who were their nearest threat all season. The Athletics, managed by Frank Walsh, lost their opening game, but came back with three wins in a row, and then, when the pennant looked within their grasp, they lost two games by tough breaks. One of these two games went to the Giants, by the score of 1-0, which was lost due to errors. The other one was easily won by Cubs through a patched line-up and four would-be pitchers, by the score of 10-1. This was the last game of the season and placed the Cubs in a tie with the 'A's' for second place. The Cubs turned out to be the surprise package in the league. Starting off with three straight defeats, their Manager, Jim Murphy became all excited and nearly broke down the league in rebuilding his Club. After signing up the veteran "Snitz" Schneider for the key-stone position, and securing two valuable and star hurlers in Fr. O'Donnell and

(Continued on Page 28, Col. 1)

HANDBALL CHAMPS



R. Menard, Rev. T. A. MacDonald, W. Mahoney.

4A Emerges on Top in Handball Race

ALSO TAKES INTERMEDIATE TROPHY—3A WINS IN JUNIOR CLASS

The annual handball tournament which was officially opened by Father MacDonald, its President and Director, the latter part of April, has been going on with the keenest rivalry and the greatest interest that the courts have known.

Some stellar performances of the Irish game have been displayed in the play-offs which are now drawing to a close. As we go to press the team composed of Menard and Mahoney, representing 4A No. 1, look like the probable champions of the year. They have yet to meet defeat, after chalking up seven wins. With only a few games remaining, it is improbable that they will be displaced.

Armstrong and Donlon, representing III Arts, have reached second place, and it looks as if they will remain in the runner-up berth. Sloan and Dyer, representing 3B, have been turning in some fine exhibitions, and are lodged in third place. Perry and Mousseau, flying the colors of 4A No. 2 team have been showing up well, and much should be expected of them next year.

Three Teams Battle for Lead in Warrior League

DODGERS AND YANKS FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY OF CIRCUIT

As this paper goes to press the Warrior league is still in full swing and will continue until just before the High School examinations. Father Burke, manager and coach of the league, has rounded three well-matched teams into shape, and a great interest has developed. To date the "Yankes," managed by "Del" Pfrommer, are leading the league. George O'Brien's "Dodgers" are second and Bud Ford's "Pirates" are in the cellar. However, many games remain to be played, and anything can happen before the "Little World Series."

The following are the three teams with their respective players; for the Yankees, Tureaud and St. George, Pitchers; Moran, Catcher; Leszyzncki, First Base; "Pumpkin" Ameling, Second; Abud, Third; Short-Stop; D. Burns, R.F.; "Willie" O'Brien, L.F.; Fournier, C.F.; Grosfield, Craig and Fahey are utility fielders.

The Dodgers, "Gunboat Gillis and "Bed Bugs" Brady, Pitchers; G. O'Brien, Catcher; Vahey, First Base; Brennan, Ssecond; "Willie" Byrne, Third; Sullivan, Short-Stop; Evans, L.F.; P. Lewis, C.F.; Foster, R.F.; Pfent and Hojnowski are utility outfielders.

The Pirates, Belmore and Cullinane, Pitchers; "Bud" Ford and Herman, Catchers; Durocher, First Base, McCormick, Second; McNichlas, Third; "Red" McLaughlin, Short-Stop; Trenor, L.F.; P. Armstrong, C.F.; McMan, R.F.

A representative nine picked from the three league teams has played three games, winning two and losing one. St. Francis Home defeated the Warriors in the latter's opening game, 9-7. However, the Assumptionites returned to form to trim the General Byng and Holy Name nines.

The League Standing

Team	Won	Lost	Perct.
Yankes	4	2	.667
Dodgers	3	2	.600
Pirates	1	4	.200

High School Nine Wins Group Championship

ASSUMPTION HIGH '28

TAKES TITLE THIRD SUCCESSIVE YEAR; SPLITS EVEN WITH POLES

By virtue of their win over Windsor C. I. nine on June 1st., the Assumption High School stickmen cinched the championship of the Essex County League. This year marks Assumption's third successive league championship.

The race for the border title was a close one. Until the second last game Assumption was deadlocked with Walkerville High School for the lead. These teams met in a crucial game on May 25th, and Corcoran pitched himself into the hall of fame by hurling a no-hit, no-run game against the Brewers, allowing his team to win by a 4-0 count.

Assumption in Flint

The day following retreat saw the Assumption Highmen journeying to Flint to take on St. Michael's High School of that city. The three days of inactivity put the boys considerably off color and they lost a close fought battle, 6-5.

The Poles Go Down

“Lefty” O'Donnell, after pitching a no-hit game against the Poles here and losing it, gained a sweet revenge in Orchard Lake some two weeks later when he scored a win over the St. Mary's nine, 4-3. It was a nip-and-tuck struggle all the way and Ed. Skrzycki's wallop in the final inning sent two runners across the plate and decided the issue in Assumption's favor.

Some Clever Pitchers.

The High team can boast a brilliant array of pictures this year in Corcoran, O'Donnell and Parent. Corcoran's victory over Walkerville was his fourth of the season and only poor support lost the Flint game for him. “Lefty” O'Donnell also looks like a world-beater. It was on May 8th that he pitched the famous no-hit game against the slugging Poles from Orchard Lake, only to lose the pitchers' duel, 2-0, as a result of the mediocre style of ball exhibited by his teammates. His work against the Poles in the second clash was little less spectacular.

Northeastern Bows

On May 15th Northeastern tasted the pangs of defeat at the hands of the Purpleites for the second time by a 5-3 score. “Lefty” O'Donneil again pitched smart ball allowing only two hits and fanning 15 batters. Bill Guina, who has been used as a utility keystone sacker and pitcher, turned back the St. Anthony nine 15-5. He was aided greatly by his teammates who gloated in punishing the pellet.

Father McGee's only other pitcher, Mal Parent, has not met with the crowning success of his companions but he is,



Left to right (from top): J. Mencil, C. Corcoran, P. Ameling, M. Parent, A. O'Donnell, F. Coyle, F. Potucek, W. Ptak, Rev. W. P. McGee, C.S.B. (Coach), E. Skrzycki, E. Derum, H. Dickeson, R. Gorman, A. Durocher, L. Morneau, F. Gignac, I. McLeod (Mascot), A. Rocco.

(Continued on Page 24, Col. 3

SPARRING WITH THE BIFFING BOZOS

By A. F. S.

Pictured here in a fighting pose are a few of Mr. "Hub" Arnold Schneider's cauliflower boys. Space does not permit us to place on view all the boys of the ring who have done good work in the manly art of self-defense. So we will have to be content with a few of the would-be Tunneys shown here. We are now going to turn this column over to Mr. Schneider, the boys' instructor, and let him tell you all about the battlers.

Bob Seaman, a fearless and willing mixer, who always treats the public to a real battle. He is eager to learn and has made wonderful strides for the short time he has been battling.

Leon St. George, is a fighter of a small, stocky build with a mean wallop, and places all dependence on his haymakers.

Red Trenor relies almost exclusively on his left hand. In one of his recent fights, his opponent rushed him all over the ring, but in doing so he bumped into Red's left jab so often that he quit in the second round, a badly beaten boxer.

Tony Folgarelli is the smallest man in the boxing stable, weighing only ninety pounds. He swings a right cross a-la-Dempsey, and when he connects, the referee as a rule starts to count off the seconds.

"Keno" Kintz is somewhat of the lanky type. He is fairly clever, with a good punch, and, in few words, is a cautious boxer.

Harry Buckle showed unusual cleverness right from the start. He has indulged in some tough battles and he has always given a good account of himself.

"Gumshoe" Gillis was the awkward man of the squad at the start, but his faithful and consistent practice coupled with a determination to make good, have shown real results and at present he is considered the most clever boxer of our battlers.

Eddie Bresnahan, due to an injured shoulder was slow in getting started, but of late has been coming by leaps and bounds. He makes few useless moves, but when he does move his mit generally connects with his opponent.

Tony Rocco is the heavyweight of the outfit. He combines cleverness with punch-

ASSUMPTION MITTMEN '28



ing ability, and if the writer is not badly mistaken he should be a big help to Notre Dame's mitt wielders next year.

Red Trenor and Leonard St. George put on a nice exhibition of boxing at the intermission of the first W.C.I. Alumni—British Columbia basketball game. It was purely an exhibition, because, with nothing at stake, the old fire and enthusiasm for "mixing things up" was lacking.

Bud Gorman and Bill Byrne would be two exceptional prospects for future ring fame, were it not for the fact that both are the unfortunate possessors of, what is known in boxing as a "glass jaw." They are very good scrappers, with good punches, and a fair amount of cleverness, but have the unhappy faculty of getting blinded with cobwebs at the most inopportune times, when one of the opponent's blows happens accidentally to come in contact with their "kisser." Success in the manly art, is not limited to the capability of giving punishment, but the boxer must possess a fair amount of stamina, or the ability of taking it once in awhile. Regardless of how good you might be, some opponent's punch is liable to slip past your guard; and if you can't come back with a smile it will mean curtains for you.

HIGH SCHOOL NINE WINS GROUP CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from Page 23, Col. 1)

nevertheless, a smart pitcher. Windsor C.I. garnered six hits from Mal's delivery and copped the contest 5-0. Brown, of Windsor C.I., allowed only one hit, a single by morneau. One week later Parent was pitted against the strong Southeastern nine, last year's Detroit champs, and Assumption lost 11-0. Moore, who pitched for the Detroit boys, has quite a "rep" for pitching no-hit games, and he proved his worth in the horsehide by allowing only two hits and fanning twelve batters.

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Sub-Minims Extend String of Wins to 9

FLASHY ARRAY OF YOUNGSTERS YET TO TASTE DEFEAT; HOPE FOR PERFECT RECORD

Father Guinan's Sub-Minims who are forever making, and breaking records, have added another to their list, but they claim it is not quite finished. To date the Subers have won 9 games in a row, without a defeat, and there are still six games on the schedule. Their claim is that this record of 9 will, when their season ends, have reached 15 and then a real record will have been established. They also claim that the Chicago Cubs will have nothing on them, as the Cubs' record reached only 13 straight. The loyal fans of the Sub-Minims are willing to bet almost anything, that the Subers will end the season with a clean slate. Even Mr. Raymond 'Aberdeen' McCormack is willing to bet the penny that his grandma gave him many years ago, (and he says he'll take the string off it). So here is wishing this plucky little team the best of luck and the greatest success.

In the last issue of this paper, an account was given of the Sub-Minims' first three victories. Since then they have defeated the following: River Rouge Tigers, 7-5; Assumption St. School, 9-4; Prince of Wales School, 7-4; Holy Rosary Fresh, 10-3; Sacred Heart School, 7-6 and Gen. Byng School, 10-4.

The real reason for this fine showing is due to the all around work of the players but principally to the superb pitching of Earl Moeller and Ernie "Lefty" Forster. Forster's last turn on the diamond was against the strong River Rouge team, managed by Ernie Belanger, a former Sub-Minim. Lefty set the Rouge boys down with only four scratch hits. Since then "Lefty" has been sick and has not been able to take his turn on the rubber. However, Moeller, the iron man of the Subers, has been carrying the brunt of the pitching and has been pushing 'em up like a major leaguer. The S. M's. have two of the finest catchers in O'Rourke and Don DesJarlais, who alternate in taking their turn behind the plate. At first, they have a star in LePage, who is the hardest hitter on the team. He claims he is no relation to LePage's Glue, and proves this by his quick and easy movements. Captain Tommy Hogan at short and Cole at third along with outfielders Allor and Tedesco have been playing a bang-up game. The Sub Minims' road trip which in the past has been out to L'Anse Creuse on Lake St. Clair, has turned to the west and this year the team will journey to River Rouge on the soggy banks of the Rouge.

S.M. line-up: Moeller and E. Forster, Pitchers; O'Rourke and D. DesJarlais, C; LePage, Boutette, 1B; Aust, Waddel, 2B; W. DesJarlais, Cole, 3B; T. Hogan (Capt.) S.S.; Proulx, S.S.; Nantais, R. Walker, Tedesco, Allor, Gatfield, Saravolatz, Marshall, Outfielders.

With The Swimmers

Going Swimming?
Let's go swimming!

SPLASH—Did you get wet? Well that was Tony "Beef" Rhino Whale, otherwise Mr. Anthony Rocco, who just dived off the spring board. I think the board went in too. "Tony" is one of the greatest swimmers here and during the winter made a name for himself in the indoor swim meets. Tony hails from Cleveland and spends the summer swimming across Lake Erie from his home town to Buffalo. He's in competition with the D. and C. and B. boats.

Ohio must be all wet, for it sure turns out some great swimmers. Another famous and widely known swimmer has been here all year in the person of Forrest "Tiger" Flaughter, who hails from Youngstown. He's the human fish here; for outside of the Classroom and, oh yes, the ring, (he's also of pugilistic fame) he spends his time in the swimming pool. Flaughter is one of the best aquatic stars that ever performed for Assumption, has made himself known along the Border for his ability.

Frank Conroy who hails from Flaughter's home town is quite a sport-follower and statistician; so he is quite interested in his friend's success. Frank called on our sport office the other day and gave us some interesting news regarding "Tiger" or rather Forrest. The news is that Mr. Flaughter intends entering the Norman Ross 2000-mile Marathon swim from Chicago to New Orleans via the Mississippi river. The contestants will not swim more than 6 hours per day. Almost daily Tiger can be seen in the College Pool, where he does 215 lengths (2 miles) for a little workout. Extensive training is to start immediately after College closes. The Assumption students wish Forrest all the luck in the world and hope that he will capture the \$5000.00 prize.

Stellas Trim Sandwich Rangers By 10-6 Score

OLD NAME REVIVED AS COLLEGE STUDENTS ORGANIZE NEW TEAM

A band of college students composed of practically the same players that defeated the Alumni nine, under the name of the Stellas, a famous team here in the old days, downed the Sandwich Rangers last week, 10-6.

In this seven inning fixture Corcoran, pitching for the Stellas, let the Rangers down with six hits. In the first three frames he put them down in order, while his team-mates were pounding the Ranger twirler. McPherson, first man up, greeted the visitors with a homer. In the second the Stellas added two more on two singles, a sacrifice, an error and another sacrifice. Another run was added in the third under almost the same conditions, while the fourth frame saw the real fireworks. A single and two walks filled the bases. Then "Snitz Schneider" cleared the sacks with a triple. The damage continued when Corcoran doubled and two singles mixed with an error accounted for three more runs, making it six for the inning. The Rangers got two in their half by virtue of two walks, a double and a sacrifice.

The Stellas ended their scoring here but the Rangers came back to life in their last stand and collected three hits and four runs.

Schneider, playing his last game in an Assumption uniform, had a perfect day at bat, getting a triple, double and two singles in four trips.

Box Score: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 R. H. E.
Rangers 0 0 0 2 0 0 4 6 6 4
Stellas 1 2 1 6 0 0 x 10 12 3
Bastein and Sisson; Corcoran and Higgins.

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BATTER UP

BY FRANK A. WALSH



It won't be long now! The game is just about over. This is the last inning and here comes Batter Up for his final appearance at the plate of Sports for 1928.

THE ROOKIE AND THE STUDENT

The big bats flash and the horsehide flits. The fast ones thud in the catcher's mitts. The rookie writes, as he's packed to roam, "They're curving 'em, ma, I'll soon be home."

An enjoyable time was had by all Writing exams in the big study hall. The student writes, as he cracks his dome "They're marking 'em, ma, I'll soon be home."

The boys are saying farewell as they bow. The Yanks are crashing the pill and how! The grads receive their degrees without doubt, And the Ump is droning "Strike three, heezout."

Well I'm not a poet so I'd better quit Before the Editor gives me some lip.

Baseball, all around, has had another successful season here at Assumption. Although, we were sorry we didn't have a College team on the diamond, the Arts-Hi league, the High School Team, the Warrior league and the Sub-Minim Camp represented the students in the national pastime. This group of leagues embraced 18 teams and the players totalled around 230. That's quite a crowd throwing the old pill around each day.

The High School Nine boasts some great stars on their roll call, especially in the pitching department. Ambrose "Lefty" O'Donnell and Charlie Corcoran are two great flingers, and both have entered the hall of fame this year.

O'Donnell, who throws 'em up from the leftside, pitched the first no-hit game of the season against the strong St. Mary's High Nine of Orchard Lake on May 8th. It was a brilliant exhibition of pitching and the best south-pawing done here in years. But his great performance was marred by his team-mates, who erred badly and lost the game for him, 2-1.

Charlie Corcoran, who flings 'em in Ted Lyons fashion, was more fortunate than his team-mate O'Donnell, and entered the hall of fame a step higher, in pitching a sparkling no-hit, no-run game against the Walkerville High array, winning the game 4-0.

O'Donnell got another chance two weeks

later, at his friends, the Poles, and came away with sweet revenge. Although he did not come through with another no-hit game, he let this hard-hitting crew down with five scratch hits; struck out 15 batters; and won the game, 4-3. His performance is all the more remarkable, in that he worked on the Poles' home grounds, with a thousand Poles yelling against him.

But O'Donnell had one Polish friend. This one happened to be "Big Boy" Ed. Skrzycki, his team-mate, who played a whale of a game at short, and came across in a desperate pinch. When his team was a run behind in the ninth inning and two were on, Ed. promptly singled, scoring the tying and winning runs. So the Poles were downed by a Pole.

The Athletics of the Arts-Hi league hold the distinction of being the first team to knock McErlane, the Giant's star pitcher, out of the box. Mac, known as "Big Train" was the leading pitcher of the league and has a no hit, no run game to his credit. He had not lost a game in three starts until he was driven from the mound by the A's. Mac resembled the real "Big Train" Walter Johnson, when Johnson was knocked out of the box by Pittsburg in the world series of 1925. After the A's had crossed the plate five times Mac gazed at the apple lazily and sadly, then dropped his hands and with drooping head walked from the mound.

The Sub-Minims possess two young pitchers who will bear watching. Earl Moeller who zips 'em up like a "Dazzy" Vance is making a great record for himself. As we go to press Earl has 6 victories to his credit. The other star flinger is Ernest "Lefty" Forster who pitches a la Herb Pennock fashion. Lefty turned in two great games and then had to retire from the mound due to sickness.

The Umpires Union "busted" up cuz they called too many strikes.

Did you know that the St. Louis Browns are the only Major League Club which never won a pennant? There are 16 Clubs in the National and American Leagues. Fifteen of them have one or more flags,—the Browns are No. 16.

Jimmy "Jake" Donlon holds the record of playing with the most number of teams. Jake has been playing week days with the Athletics of the Arts-Hi league. Sundays with the Halfway Nine, week nights with the Chemsals of Sandwich. He is now thinking of joining Mr. Schneider's softball team which performs in the mornings.

Just look this over for Irish double plays and they didn't take place on the stage nor on the 17th of March. It took place on the diamond May 20th, when our Alumni team played the College Nine. Clancy to Shanese to Murphy, O'Leary to Dunn to Clancy. Murphy to O'Leary to Shaughnessy.

Well, it was a great game, the College boys won over the Old Timers 7-6, but the Alumni claim the Umps were a combination of Jesse James and Nick Carter and if all had been square the Old Boys would have won.

"Shag" Shanese remarked after the game that the Umps were as square as two race tracks.

Here's to the Graduates one and all But especially to the Athletes tall Who have performed for Assumption's name And brought her glory, renown and fame.

Here's to Kramer, Schneider, Irv. Murphy and Howell, Gabby, we call, Blonde, Steele, Merv. Murphy and Dettman, so tall, They have received their letter "A" And now they receive their degree B.A.

Curley Dyer, Cub pitcher, dusted off the A's in great fashion in the last game of the season. He breezed the ball up so close to the batters that they could have taken tonsillitis from its draught.

In seeing Mr. Cobb's name in the box score each day, we are reminded that each time Tyrus Raymond comes to bat he breaks his own records, which are many and great. He is the greatest record-maker in baseball history. His 23 years of consistent record smashing dims the meteoric careers of Ruth and Hornsby. According to Grantland Rice, he is the super-stickman of the majors. During his 23 years of baseball play his average is 368; the American league mark during those 23 seasons is 263. Therefore, Cobb has smacked the ball 105 markers beyond the highest figures for his circuit. No man in either modern or ancient baseball has eclipsed that brilliant achievement.

There goes the third out. The game is ended and another season is past. Another school year is completed, and now for some holidays.

Have a good vacation, boys. Good luck and best wishes to all.

Game called!

**GIANTS TAKE PENNANT
IN ARTS-HI LEAGUE**

(Continued from Page 22, Col. 1)

"Ribbs" Ameling, the Cubs went ahead, and won three straight and came into a tie for second. By the way, the league started off with Father O'Donnell as it's President, but due to the love of the game which he cherished as a player, he wished to resign and don a uniform to help his friend "Howling" Jim, bring the Cubs up from out of the debris. Fr. McDonald was then chosen as the succeeding 'Judge Landis' and he carried on the work of his predecessors in fitting style.

The Senators, piloted by Tony Kramer, started out with a threat, in winning their first two games, but then folded up and

played dead the remainder of the season. Many stars were found and developed in the league and many a brilliant play was exhibited. Two outstanding pitching performances were chalked up in the books and two pitchers entered the hall of fame, by pitching no-hit games. Paquette of the A's. was the first to turn in a no-hit contest, and it would have been a no-run affair but for errors. This was against the Senators whom the A's. downed 12-1. McErlane of the Giants went one better, in turning in a no-hit no-run exhibition against the Athletics, winning 1-9. Paquette was the loser in this brilliant pitching duel.

In every way the season was a complete success, due to the players, managers and directors of the league; and, above all, to the efforts of Father McDonald. John Sheehy was the official scorer and statistician of the league, while John Nelson was the official umpire. Both are to be commended and thanked for their services.

The following were the teams in the league with the rosters: Giants: Higgins, Mgr., C; McLean 2B; Costigan P, L.F.; M. Murphy R.F.; J. Regan S.S.; McPherson 3B; McErlane P.; Onorato C.F.; Gainey 1B; Carey L.F.

Athletics: F. Walsh Mgr., R.F.; Fr. O'Loane 1B.; Fr. Vahey C.; Donlon S.S.; Armstrong 3B.; Paquette P.; Donovan P., C.F.; Doyle 2B.; Paquette P.; Donovan P., C.F.; Doyle 2B.; Begley L.F.; Conroy, C.F.; McDonald, R.F.

Cubs: J. Murphy, Mgr., P.; Fr. O'Donnell P., 3B.; I. Murphy C.; Dyer, P., R.F.; Ameling, P.; Schneider S.S.; S. Murphy, L.F.; P. Jones C.F.; E. Cullinane 1B.; J. Long, R.F.; Dettman, C.

Senators: Kramer, Mgr., C.; Fr. Bondy P.; McGouey 3B, P.; Haneline 1B.; Harris 2B; Beausoleil SS.; J. Murphy L.F.; Steele, C.F.; Collins R.F.; Gale, R.F.; Cooney, C.F.; Gauchat, L.F.

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It is estimated by the high moguls of the Tennis Courts here, namely, Cliff Blonde, Dick Batty, and Rogers DesRosiers that some odd 9999 lovers of the racket game, played on the courts here this season.

It is rumored that Cliff Blonde and Charlie Armstrong will start for Europe soon to defend their tennis titles at St. Cloud. "Army" holds the title of playing the game in his bare feet, while Clifford holds the distinction of playing the game without a racket.

Bill McKenna, who is quite a devotee of Tennis, claims it shouldn't be called a racket game for it is a very quiet and noiseless affair; and by the way he wants to know what happened to all the teams that were scheduled to play here, from Long Island, Los Angeles, Highland Park, Ecorse, Belle River and Wimbledon.

One has to watch his step these days, on the campus; for little white balls are

zipping through the air like fire bugs. The cause of this lies in the golf bugs, who are out swinging their war clubs. "Ribbs" Ameling and Bill Guina are driving 'em wild, from one end of the lot, while Frs. Spratt and Bart may be seen, taking deadly aim from another spot.

Barnyard Golf has had a most successful season, and the old "hoss' shoes" are just about worn out. John Collins, alias "Joe College" who was elected President of this sport won the championship some odd years ago down at St. Petersburg. He's at present throwing 'em through the air down around Akron's general store.

Bunion derbies are now the popular sport since C. C. "Cash and Carry," or "Cross-Country" Pyle started his famous foot-sore marathon from Los Angeles, in March, and which terminated with 2000 blisters at Madison Square Garden, New York. Edwerto Pokriefka, our great promoter, is thinking of starting one, but can't decide on the destination, whether to Hamtramck, Ecorse, Eloise or Tecumseh. He now thinks it might be La Salle. He claims it is quite wet around there and it will be easy on the feet.

With the Junior Sub- Minims

The Junior Sub-Minim league, composed of three teams, is drawing to a close after a season of close battles between the two leading teams. The Macedonians at present are on top, with the Dorians closely trailing them. The Athenians are lagging along in third, and last place. The leading and outstanding players of this league are: Merlo and Janisse, Pitchers; Fauquier, Meloche and St. Pierre, Catchers; and John McCabe and Nick Strong, Infielders. Pineault is the champion pinch-hitter of the league. A three game play off will be staged before school closes, between the two leading teams to decide the championship.



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Athletics	3	3	500
Cubs	3	3	500
Senators	2	3	400

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:: Rhetoric Class '28 ::

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

Photos by Pemberton Studios Detroit

Class History

The "old man with the scythe" has, in accordance with his custom, relegated another scholastic year to the dusty shelves of the past. However, the worn-out days of the past year are bound with a blue ribbon. As members of Rhetoric '28, we can only assign this aforementioned ribbon to the fact that Old Father time has marked with pleasure our scholastic endeavors. For the edification of all and sundry, it would probably be a commendable idea to make a Rhetorical display. (Please pardon the perpetration of the peculiar pun.)

First in the classroom (sometimes later) first in the alphabet, and first in the heart of his classmates—Charles J. Bradley. Charlie first tried to put his toe in his mouth, nigh onto a score of years ago;

but he never put his foot in it. No sir! His tactful and sunny nature has won for him fame, and plenty of "local babes." But it was at school that Charlie really gained recognition—Here, in the time-hallowed corridors of old Assumption, "Chuck" established for himself a reputation. Basketball was stimulated by his participation; in fact, Charlie is "in on" everything.

Mr. John V. Corrigan is next in line. John was born in Uxbridge, Ont., so long ago, that it's like digging up ancient history to go into his past. Yes, he has a past, a past so crowded that one considers him a million years old to have accomplished it all. In the first place, John absorbed the rudiments of the three R's in Uxbridge—then he devoted some of his time to baseball. Certainly, it's not a widely known fact, but we who have seen him realize that the Church has gained

a Walter Johnson; and we, who know him, are certain that he will pitch a no-hit game for his team.

"The name is Doyle, Michael L. Doyle from Toronto—yes," Mike of the cheery disposition and apt approach, has from his presidential vantage-point, seen the close of a highly successful year for Rhetoric. Some years back, an Associated Press dispatch startled the denizens of Toronto—it related in effect the birth of a baby boy called Michael who had just made his debut at a Rotary Luncheon. Since then, Mike has come right up. His "unique line", large ideas and labor mania have, we sincerely hope, formed a foundation for Parliament to rest on some years hence.

Daniel J. Drew, the hope of his parents, and the pride of his classmates, came into existence seventeen years ago in the gay little metropolis of Windsor. After spending a variegated childhood, as all

children do, Dan came to Assumption and has been "going" ever since. When we, Rhetoric '28, hear of infant prodigies who can give you the product of 100000000000 and 996534576923187 without a moment's hesitation, we chortle up our sleeves and think of Dan. It has been Dan Drew Esq. vs. Knowledge since Adam was a boy in short jeans; and the venerable goddess has been weakening ever since.

Now let's interview John M. Nelson. Jack increased (passively) the population of the habitable globe by one, in the neighbourhood of twenty-one years ago. To inquire into his early life is the task of a master. To illustrate a bit—Jack is the prop and life of the "Soo" and Youngstown. He claims to be a native of each. And it's equally certain that his history is linked up with Sandwich and Windsor. Consequently, we are bound to look upon Jack as a sort of "international boy," a "citizen of the world," as it were.

Here's John F. Onorato. John was born in Geneva, New York, so you can see he has come a long way to the font of Knowledge. The Pierian Font, by the way, has been burning up ever since. In the realm of music, it has been "John and Fritz Kreisler," and John wields a wicked bow if you know what we mean. Football has also been enriched by John. Time and again, the stands have roared as John and some six-footer hit the dirt in a cloud of dust—the six-footer to rise no more. Everything John tackles, stays tackled.

Books could not contain what we want to say about our own "Pat" O'Hare. What little he knew about alarm clocks he has forgotten during his time at Assumption and it is dubious whether the Fates will ever favor him with that knowledge again. Needless to say, "Pat," first, last and always is proud of his ancestry and tries to imitate his Dutch forefathers in every particular. Clever, genial, witty—AND HOW!—that's Pat.

Edward L. Pokriefka increased by one the population of the world as did Jack Nelson, but with this difference—"Poke" has been increasing ever since. In fact we do have a terrible time getting him through doors. Corpulence and good nature go hand in hand, and in "Poke's" case they're arm in arm. In Poke's early days he delighted in luring the wily trout with the gaudy fly; but lately his time has been so taken up with everything else, that the only fish he sees now are caught with a can-opener and served in the refectory. Thus with the Gen'l Mgr. of Rhetoric we end our display and we thank you.



PICTURES OF 1904—1909

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 2)

alley and the Little Walk looming up conspicuously, are pictures of the nine who graduated in Noughty Nine—J. A. Harding, London; J. R. Quigley, Elginfield; W. H. Murray, London; J. E. Emery, London; A. T. Theoret, St. Timothee, Que.; A. Scarnecchia (Old Scar himself), Benwood, West Virginia; W. T.

Corcoran, London; J. P. Gleeson, London; and W. C. A. Moffatt, Owen Sound.

* * *

Father Casey it is, if memory serves me right, who is seated at his desk and with a curtained wash-stand as a background are Joe Maloney and Aloysius Fitzpatrick. Father Kennedy, quiet and serene as ever, is also shown and adorning the same page are "Big Jack" McHugh, London, and "Tiny Tim" Moran, whose stamping ground in those days was somewhere in the vicinity of Kincardine.

* * *

Jack Hackett—now a celebrated orator and president of the Alumni—is the curly-headed length of geniality shown next with Ted Kelly, first editor and founder of the old "Review," and Joe Coyle—all three of them as fine specimens of humanity as ever graced a campus.

* * *

Joe Maloney, showing three inches of cuffs and sporting a natty fedora and characteristic smile, bobs up again with Ed. Clark, of St. Thomas, (desk mate of mine in Belles Lettres), and Jerry Gleeson, whose wing collar and lofty derby testify to his Beau Brummelishness.

* * *

Spread out on an improvised cot with a water bottle at his side and a wash basin, and a bottle of medicine near by is Father Rogers and operating on the reclining figure is Father Hussey assisted by Jerry Labelle, both of whom are in white gowns that look very much like old fashioned night shirts. Standing mournfully at the head of the bed with derby in hand and Roman collar showing is Johnnie Klick, while attentively scanning a stop watch is none other than Father Charlie Collins, whose big smile has made him a popular figure around Owen Sound and the missions.

* * *

Another picture shows Jim Harding in the velvet trappings of a dandy of medieval days with a mail-clad warrior whose skinny frame (for that's what it was then) and sickly looking physiognomy I recognize as my own. The same frame is shown on the same page but this time encased in a long "actory" coat with wild looking tie, big boutonniere and silk hat and leaning on the make-believe Sothern's shoulder is a dirty looking tramp whose thick black whisker and cigar stub hide the comely features of Jerry Gleeson.

* * *

Father J. B. Collins, formerly of St. Anne's, Detroit, is shown next with the friendly smile that so many missed when that giant-hearted priest passed to his reward.

* * *

Poising what looks like a gun, Maurice Walsh (or Welch) is flanked by Ray Fleming in long rain coat and gauntlets and Joe Kingsley, the latter wearing a curl in the centre of his forehead and standing at strict attention with a saw in one hand and a hammer in the other. Joe apparently was the only member of that

work party who really earned time off from the study hall.

* * *

"Tiny Tim" Moran appears again with Leo Roberge and Bill Brophy who was one of the most popular "masters" of his day and whom I met for the first time in eighteen years at St. Michael's re-union in Toronto last summer. Bill today is doing parish work somewhere in the States and a finer looking or more dignified clergyman it would be difficult to find. But he is just the same friendly individual as he was in the days when "Mister" Brophy stalked the Little Study Hall.

* * *

From a large group picture, growing black with age, stand out Fred Minnich whose contour is a bit distorted with a foot ball tucked under his coat; Ray Fleming with a sporty looking derby; Johnnie Klick with the inscrutable smile that baffled the batters who faced but seldom hit him; Frank McQuillan, "Pee Wee" McKeown, Bill Robinson (famed in his day as a poet), Jack Hackett, Bill Flannigan, . . . De Puydt, Leo Kennedy, Joe Bell, Joe Moran, Jim Condrick, "Si" Young, Bill Moran (not the "Tiny Tim" one), "Tony" Scarnecchie, "Phons" McIntyre, and others whose names have gone from memory.

* * *

In velvet pants and frilly coats, Ted Kelley, Aloysius Fitzpatrick and Fred Minnich look for all the world like screen stars in a close-up of "The Three Musketeers" and easily distinguishable in a baseball group—likely the Second Team—are Joe Brighton, . . . Ryan, Fred Costello, Leo Kennedy and Frank McQuillan. "Pee Wee" McKeown, with derby and funeral tie, looks as though he were manager of the outfit.

Tic Corcoran, Jerry Gleeson, Jim Harding and Joe Emery are a serious quartet in cassocks and surplices and that the ping pong or eight-for-a-quarter photographers raked in a little business now and then is evidenced by the presence in the collection of informal poses of Cassius Kelley hugging a class-mate, George Esper in a Mexican sombrero and five-cent cigar, Bill Murray and Ted Kelly, Jim Condrick with sun-bonnet and Japanese parasol, Bill Murray in cowboy headgear and others to whose well-remembered faces a defective memory refuses to pin names.

* * *

Undoubtedly these pictures—many of which have no doubt been long forgotten by those who posed for them in the years between 1904 and 1909—would bring smiles today but the fact that they were taken just shows that there was a day when such things were enjoyed. Now then, who will be the next to pass on either pictures or descriptions of same if for no other reason than to test the memory? The Editor is no Ayesha. Not even an editor can describe persons and events with whom or which he had no connection. On the Old Boys themselves rests the responsibility for making interesting the department to which we all look forward so eagerly.

W. C. A. MOFFATT, '09.

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Fourth High Speaks

Four years ago, the foundation of a great class was begun. Verdant freshmen were we then. Insignificant in the eyes of the upper classmen who considered us as necessary evils—to fill up seats in the classrooms. We realized this, and resolved by dint of hard work in the classroom, in the field of athletics and in general accomplishments to make the name of the High School Class of '28 famous in the annals of Assumption history.

Our first year was the hardest, (which is natural), and it was only by the most diligent kind of work that we managed to earn the name of a "very clever, efficient class." Many a time did some of the less erudite members of the class forgo a chance to play football, basketball or baseball, for the more important task of getting up the next day's homework. When the final examinations came, every man of the class of '28 walked into the exam room confident. The only thing that worried us was that one of us might make a mistake in an exam and *get only 99*. But no such catastrophe occurred and we passed the first milestone on our road to fame, we climbed another rung of the ladder of success; in short.

We entered the Sophomore Class. And lo! It was here that we began to sparkle. Our teachers were all amazed to find us so industrious, so well-informed in our class-work. All other classes were taking their usual "fall vacation," but not so with 2nd year high school. The professors almost hated to keep such a learned class in second year, but our modesty would not allow promotion so early in the game. In the field of athletics the Sophs became famous at once. Four members of the Sophomore class went out for the High eleven for the first time and soon became, not merely regulars, but "stars" of the first magnitude. Numbered among the substitutes of that great football team were other members of the class of '28. We contributed to the high school basket-ball team of 1925-'26 one of the greatest basket-ball players even turned out at Assumption College, and although it was his first year on the squad, it was fitting that he should captain the team. In baseball it was the same; the "ace" of the pitchers was this same basket-ball captain. When the final examinations came, it was mere formality for this superb class to write them, we had worked so diligently throughout the school year. Although my thinking powers are limited, I do not think that anyone failed that year, and we became "jolly juniors."

Being upper-classmen we could look down upon the lowly "fresh" (whom we once were). Our third year saw the fulfilment of our freshman prophecies—to gain fame in all activities. Our field of activities widened considerably. It did the hearts of our professors good to hear the faultless recitations in Third Year day after day. Caesar and Cicero were great friends of ours. We loved them dearly because they gave us countless opportunities to

show our love and devotion for Latin. Geometry was also a favorite subject with the class. One of our fellow-mathematicians became so engrossed in the subject that he performed a great deal of research work in order to establish a new hypothesis. He tried to find the area of a point. In athletics, '28 was there with bells on. We produced the captain of the football team, captain of the basket-ball team, a championship handball team, and also one of the school's leading tennis players. The class also took third place in the track and field meet. Third Year also dominated St. Paul's Dramatic Society, which put over the immortal "J. Caesar" comedy.

Quite fittingly we achieved the pinnacle of our intellectual and athletic accomplishments for our fourth and final (let us hope) year of high school. Filled with determination, we began this school year with serious application to our difficult scholastic course. With our characteristic modesty and superfluity of common sense, we realized, that only hard work would enable us to receive the coveted high school diploma on the memorable Commencement Day. So we rolled up our sleeves in September and went to work diligently continuing to labor until the end of our High School days. Many a night during our last month have we burnt the midnight oil far into the night, perusing the intricacies of Physics or the life of David Copperfield, et cetera.

But do not think that this versatile class is composed of "book-worms." No, we have attempted to culminate our high-school career as a class, by being represented in every form of intellectual, athletic and social activity. We began with a rush last fall. Ten members of the H. S. football squad, including the captain belong to the class of '28. In basketball five members of the squad including the captain are Seniors. It is the same old story in baseball, the squad containing nine members of Fourth Hi, including the captain of the team. In handball our representatives are champions of two divisions. Fourth year has an overwhelming favorite in the coming field day. Every member of the debating teams belong to this great class. And just to prove our versatility, some of the leading roles in the great "Minstrel of '28" were taken by Seniors. As further proof of our greatness let me enumerate some of the various offices held by men of our class:—The clerk of the candy pond, a sacristan, four curators of the gymnasium, the Secretary of the B.V.M. Sodality, all four members of the representative debating team, both organists, the orchestra's conductor, two college letter men, twelve high-school letter men and the student-manager of the high school football team. Lest we forget, two of our members were regulars on the Varsity basketball team and were important factors in its success this year. One of these boys later played with the W.C.I. Alumni Basket-ball team, the champion aggregation of Canada.

Surely this is enough to convince the

most skeptical of our merits and ability.

Here a note of sadness enters my little chronicle. When we returned to school after the Easter holidays we were shocked to hear of the sudden death of one of our classmates—Lloyd LeBoeuf, who died on April 16th. Lloyd was a good student, a good athlete and very popular with his fellow students, and we were all very grieved to hear of his untimely death. His classmates take this opportunity to express their most sincere sympathy to his mother in her great bereavement.

And now in conclusion we wish to express our gratitude to the priests and masters who have taught us. We realize the many sacrifices they have made in order to make our high school education a successful and worthy one. They have been the guiding posts of our life; they have built the foundation on which our future will rest; it is to them that we owe the knowledge, discipline and training which we have acquired. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts; more than this we cannot say. May God reward them and may God grant that we shall ever live up to the lofty ideals which they have inculcated in our minds.

E. D. Pfrommer, '28.



INTEREST KEEN AS

REUNION DRAWS NEAR

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 3)

delivered by Very Rev. Dean Laurendeau.

Seven o'clock in the evening will be the "zero hour" of the whole assembly, when the Alumni Banquet will be held. Col. H. R. Casgrain, M.D., who claims the distinction of being Assumption's first student, proved so worthy a toastmaster last year and his remarks made such a lasting impression on all the generations of old boys, that he has been chosen to act in that capacity again.

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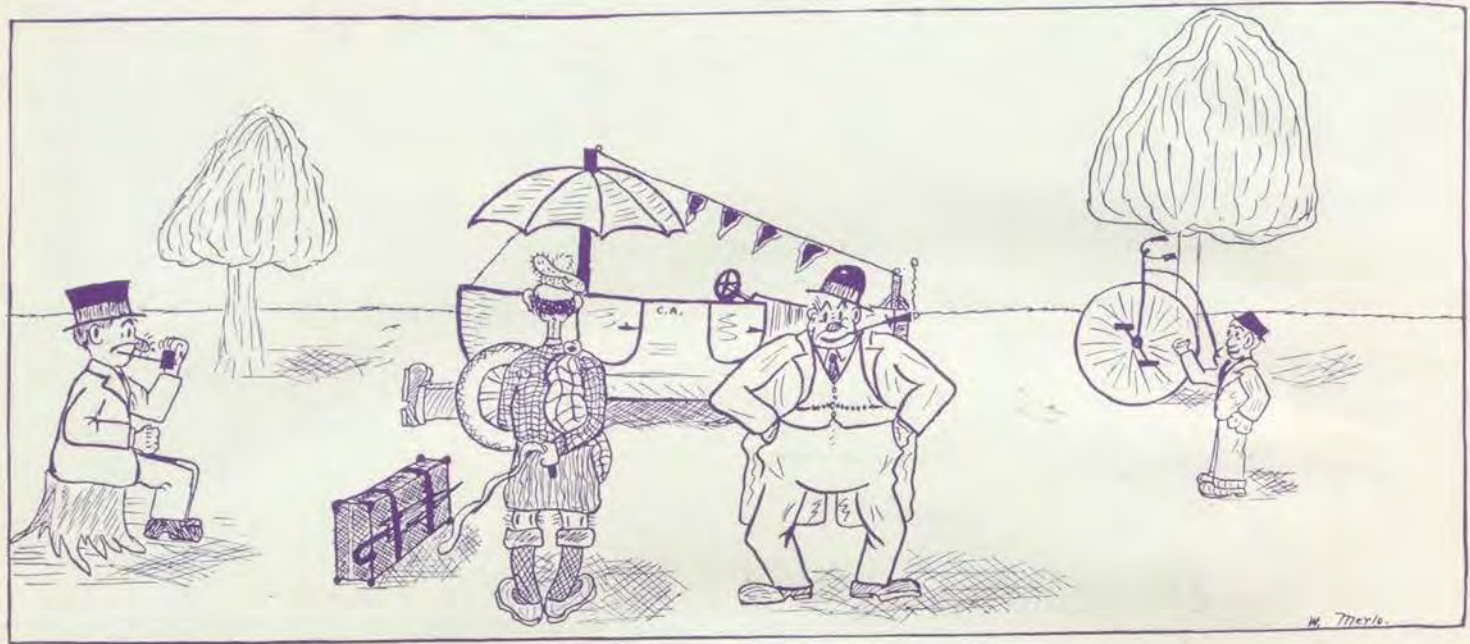


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What It's All About

The usual quiet of the editing room of the Purple & White was broken the other day by a lot of waving of hands and stamping of feet by Sam Saravolatz, the popular president of Assumption's Pulmotor Club. Sam was making faces and pointing in the direction of the door. Finally he found his voice and uttered one word—"Camera"—and then he swooned and fell into the arms of the printer's devil, Mr. John Hopkins. Putting two and two together the staff photographer, Mr. "Bill" Merlo, grabbed his camera and hiked it for the door. He returned two hours later and demanded a raise in his salary before he unfolded the greatest story of the year. The editor finally calmed him with smooth words and smelling salts. Bill showed the editor a picture he snapped and the effect on that official was horrible to see. He claimed the photo was a trick picture, he would not believe what he saw. Here was a picture showing five men who were regarded as mutual enemies for the past six months looking to all appearances as if they had been friends for life. When the photographer told and proved his story the editor promptly raised his salary and commanded the press to be held up until the story was thoroughly investigated. Now for the story.

When the photographer left the office he was attracted to a spot near the tennis court where a large crowd was gathering. Hoping to get some material for a story, he elbowed his way through the mob. A strange sight met his gaze and immediately he brought his camera into action. The picture is reproduced above. Sitting on

the stump of the tree is no other person than James J. Murphy (ex-stagehand). The man in kilts who turned his back to the camera is Mr. Ray McCormick of Aberdeen fame. The portly gent who posed for the reporter is Mr. Leo Pokriefka. The retiring looking chap near the bicycle is Mr. Dan Monaghan, the mail man. In the background rests the form of one of our early day Fords, the man under the machine is Mr. Charles Armstrong, part owner of the cafeteria.

Our reporter gradually got enough data from the crowd to get an inkling into the doings of this famous quintette. The party was just setting out on an expedition that would carry them to most of the 'tank' towns in Western Ontario and in the state of Michigan. Their departure was to have been under the cover of darkness but the floor of the car gave way when Mr. Pokriefka stepped on it, hence the delay. The reporter with a little diplomacy and a little more lucre persuaded Mr. Monaghan that the facts of the trip should be made known. Accordingly we record the facts as they were made known to us through the medium Mr. Monaghan.

Mr. Pokriefka proved to be the promoter of the scheme. Last week he called a 'good will' meeting of the different clans of Assumption and unfolded his plan. It proved to be a daring one. The initiator pointed out the vast amount of talent in the assembly of the five persons present. It was his intention to unite them into a company of players and tour the different towns in the role of professional actors. McCormick immediately raised the question of the share of the gate of each of the players pointing out that some of the members were inexperienced and could

not demand the salary of a man such as himself. Mr. Pokriefka soon smoothed over the objections of the Scotchman and got down to the business of what kind of a show they would present to the public. Monaghan proposed a good musical comedy but that was thrown out when the company to a man failed to make the middle C. It became the lot of Mr. Murphy to pick the kind of play for the new company; he recalled seeing a play some time ago called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that would fit in neatly with the material on hand. Pokriefka would take the part of Uncle Tom; McCormick would play the part of the slave driver in the role of Simon Legree; Monaghan would impersonate little Eva; Armstrong would fill in any feminine roles, and he himself would look after the box office and other minor affairs. This being decided the next worry that befell the happy gathering was that of choosing the towns to be visited. A number of them were suggested and many were eliminated. Pokriefka would not agree to play in LaSalle, claiming that the last time he was there he stepped on a broken bottle. McCormick objects to Battle Creek when he was told that it was a town of vegetarians. All towns that boasted of canning factories were not considered. After much deliberation the company of professional players decided to open the show at Mount Clemens, the town of the mineral baths. The players may visit some of the students' home towns, and as a special request they ask their friends that the secret of the show be kept, namely; that the show is not a new one. The players extend to you all the wish for a pleasant vacation and a good coat of tan.

News Of Our College

'Man proposes but God disposes' is a maxim of long standing. Five years ago Jimmy Cooney arrived here from Adrian with one purpose in life—to become a jockey. A year later 'Red' McGlaughlin of Wyandotte, entered Assumption with the secret ambition of becoming a wrestler. Now Fate has it that the corpulent Cooney is to be a wrestler while the diminutive 'Red' is to ride the ponies. Another person we know planned to write poetry but is now centering his endeavours on weight-lifting.

The reverend director of the foreign mission society has issued a call for all the old clothes that could be gathered up around the school. The stock of duds was to be turned into the paper room which is in charge of Mr. Trenor and Mr. Doyle. Within a short while Mr. Trenor became the fashion sheet of the little walk. From the front he looked as if he had just arrived from Fashion Park, but from the rear he resembled a person advertising Blue Jay Corn Plaster, who had walked the rails all the way from Halifax. Doyle, the heavy man from Uptergrove, found the pickings very poor, claiming that he could find nothing that would fit him. Lindsay, the three-hundred pounder from 1C, turned in a pair of trousers to the collectors but when these proved too large for Doyle, his partner, Mr. Trenor fixed them up so that they would serve as an awning for the paper room.

✿ ✿ ✿

"Brethern and sistern, when the last day arrives there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."
 "Oh, Lordy!"
 "Sister Mandy, what ails you?"
 "I ain't got no teeth."
 "Teeth will be furnished," added the parson.

At the bottom of this page you'll find something to try your wits, each article scribbled there a graduate depicts. For instance, its quite evident to some and perhaps to all, that the shears suggests the editor, the man who overhauls. And if perchance, you're lucky and have guessed all ten and five, step up and get their blessing the first and only prize. And let this be their banner, ah may it long be unfurled; the banner of '28, Assumption's treat to the world. And if you would have a souvenir of potency bound to act, present to them this drawing and their autographs they'll attach. Farewell then, to these heroes, the men of '28, the future champs and defenders of liberty, church and state.

LaPointe (in 3B English period): "I don't know how to express myself, Father."
 Voice from back of room (probably O'Brien): "Try the parcel-post."

Byrne: "Does your room-mate snore in his sleep?"
 Woods: "When do you expect him to?"

LaPointe: "Have you any inconsistencies, young man?"
 Predhomme: "I'll say. They sure are peaches."

Gillis: "Have you heard the new Ford song?"
 Dark: "Go ahead, I'll nibble."
 Gillis: "I'm just rolling along, having my ups and downs."

Doctor signing the first death certificate presented to him: "Shall I make affidavit that he is dead?"
 "No, merely state that you treated him."

"A Man"

There is at Assumption College one building, which is a great resort for athletic activity. Go there at what hour you may, you are sure to be welcomed by a simple good-natured fellow, who carries there for the purpose of education. A man advanced in years, of medium height, but exceedingly stout. He has broad shoulders, stubby arms and legs, hands that might serve as shovels, and large feet stuffed into tight-fitting shoes. His head is large and flat at the top, ears almost in proportion to the rest of his features, gray twinkling eyes, and a short turned-up nose. His clothing, of course, fits rather snugly.

To see this jolly fellow striding about the campus on a bright sunny day, one might mistake him for a successful purveyor. It is only the furrows on the brow which show that wasting thought has been busy there, and proclaims the student.

His meekness of spirit has gained for him universal popularity. The small boys seem naturally attracted to him. He plays with them and tells them stories. His aversion to all kinds of labor cannot be from laziness for he will sit idle all day without a murmur. He is willing to assist anybody and everybody with free advice; in fact, he is ready to attend to anybody's business but his own. He is one of those men who takes the world as it comes, without any trouble or thought, but with much complaint. There is, in truth, something in his whole appearance that sets him apart from the bustling world around him and makes him worthy of these few remarks.

✿ ✿ ✿

"Bring me another sandwich, please."
 "Will there be anything else?"
 "Yes, a paper weight. That last sandwich blew away."

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