

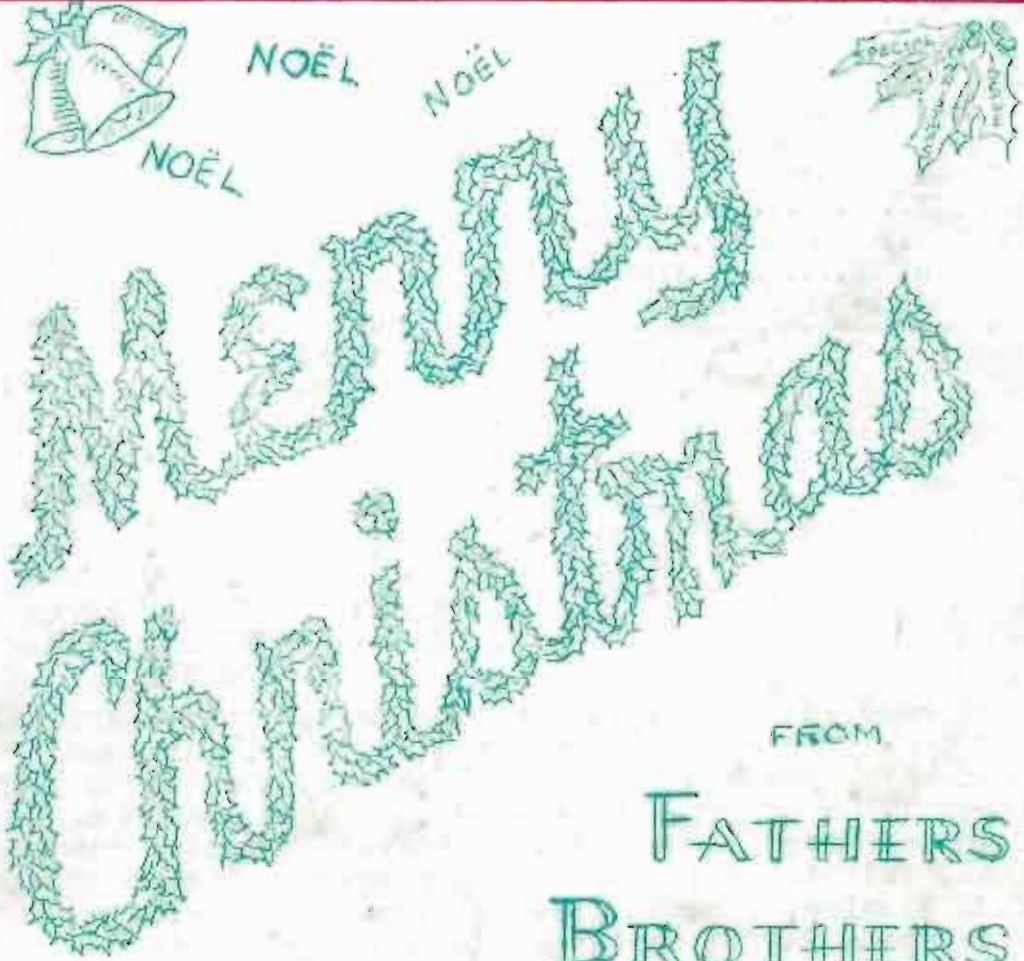
# THE CASSADAGAN

Vol. I, No. 2

Cassadaga, New York

December, 1960

TRAYLOR COLLEGE SEMINARY

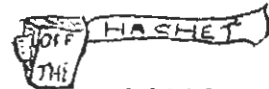


FROM  
FATHERS  
BROTHERS  
AND SEMINARIANS

THE CASSADAGAN

Vol. 1. No. 2 December, 1950

MODERATOR...Fr. Leonard Larocque, A.A.  
 EDITOR.....Roger Corriveau  
 ASSOCIATE EDITOR....Michael Bunyar  
 RELIGIOUS NOTES.....David Yacavace  
 ACTIVITIES.....Thomas Eberle  
 CAMPUS NOTES.....Roland Malboeuf  
 CHORES.....Matthew Leone  
 SPORTS.....Richard Poletunow  
 Francis Ambrose, James Malley  
 CONTRIBUTORS (to this issue):  
 Donald Barron Joseph Colombo  
 Gerard Bergeron Robert Luczak  
 Thomas Rickson  
 ARTWORK.....Neil Haines  
 TYPISTS...John Boyda, John Mullen  
 CIRCULATION.....Albert Gaulin  
 MASTHEAD by Bro. John Poshler, A.A.



FINALLY - our little Mascot, who roams through the pages of "The Cassadagan", always getting into mischief, has been dubbed with the name "Little Ollo!"

This befitting name was suggested by Dennis Mullen, John's brother. And now for a brief interview with our correspondent: "...Duh! We try um make signal, but run out o' matches; no sticks, so we send paleface letter to join big name-um 'Kontest'. Paleface Dennis send um name "LITTLE OLLO"! Me takum from "Our Lady of Lourdes". Congratulations, Dennis!

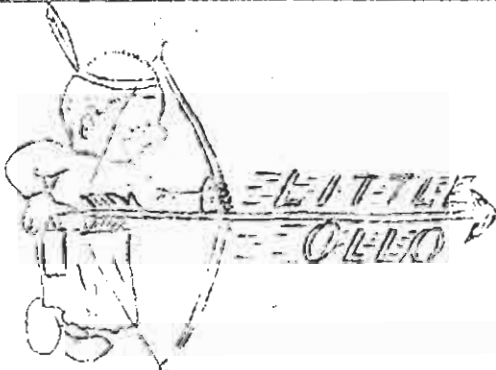
Other names, in order as voted:

- |                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. ESSOB         | 9. LITTLE CASSY |
| 2. SEDRUOL       | 10. LITTLE CAS- |
| 3. CASSEMINY     | SIDY            |
| 4. SAGITTA       | 11. SUMPY       |
| 5. AGADASSAC     | 12. INTROIBOY   |
| 6. UMPHY         | 13. NUNTY       |
| 7. VOLNO         | 14. RETAP       |
| 8. CASS-A-DIGGER | 15. REUP        |
|                  | 15. SEMINOL     |

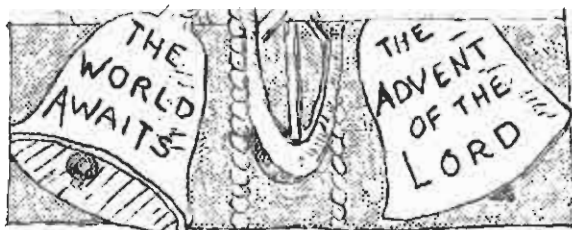
We received a very encouraging letter from a great Friend. BISHOP WRIGHT of Pittsburgh writes to Fr. Larocque: "Dear Leonard: Thank you for your letter and for the copy of the first issue of "The Cassadagan". It is a promising paper and I am delighted to have it. With every blessing and best wish I am, Faithfully in Christ, John Wright, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

In closing, I would like to express the Paper's wish that you have a joyful Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Your Editor







Large bells decorate our main streets and window displays... BELLS, the symbol of Christmas spirit! The decorative bells seem to be urging us to shop early this year. But as people, filled with joy, are hustling and bustling, trying to find the right gift for the right person in mind, at the same time, God the Father is preparing the most fitting Christmas gift for the person He has in mind (you and me), His only begotten Son!

What are we going to do... just sit around and wait? Why not prepare for Christ's coming by a more prompt answer to these LOUD Seminary bells when they ring? They urge us to head for our destination immediately.

Rejoice!, for Christ's nativity is fast approaching. Have in you a burning desire and great joy for the birthday of Christ. And when He does come (Advent= COMING), you will find true peace of mind, since you will have prepared yourself so well. Finally, when the joyful midnight bells of Christmas call you to Mass to celebrate His arrival, you will be in a "celebrating" mood.

THOMAS RICKSON, Junior 3-

"REJOICE IN THE LORD  
ALWAYS" (Phil.4/4)

"JINGLE BELLS" is being sung again... Santa's tiny bell is calling the kiddies to him... The decorative bells seem to be urging us to shop early this year. But as people, filled with joy, are hustling and bustling, trying to find the right gift for the right person in mind, at the same time, God the Father is preparing the most fitting Christmas gift for the person He has in mind (you and me), His only begotten Son!

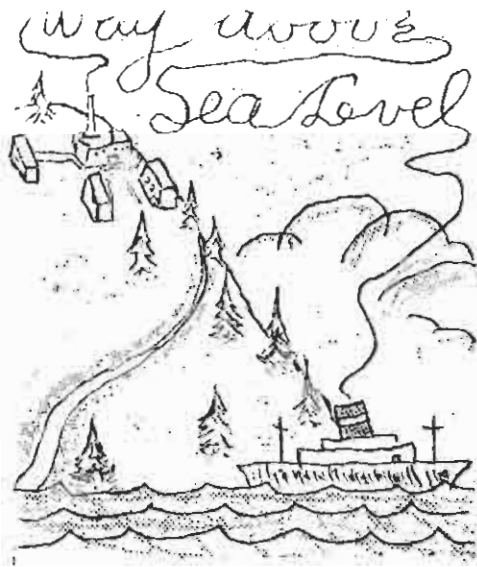
#### WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO A CHIPMUNK.

When, at the end of summer, we begin to bring in our final store of nuts before the first snowfall, I often think that those chipmunk-hunting Seminary students might be doing the same thing. We collect nuts; they collect gifts.

On Christmas Eve, as the big squirrel Santa tiptoes around our burrow, thinking he is unseen, and dropping nuts into our stockings, it makes me feel good all over. At last, CHRISTMAS is here. All year I've been gathering presents let me see..... a dried piece of tangerine for Dad, an acorn for Mom, an apple peel for Sis, and a beautiful blue check, from a blue checkered shirt for brother. Oh boy! the excitement is terrific! I can hardly wait to see what gifts I'll receive from my family and the big squirrel Santa.

But wait... even though I am a little dumb animal, I know that Christmas isn't all gift giving!

by A. "CHIP" MONK



Nov. 21, 1960 -- FATHER D'ALZON'S FEAST DAY: Many of us were becoming acquainted for the first time with that great figure of a priest. We celebrated the feast with a Solemn High Mass at midday, and of course with no classes all day! During the night study, Father Robert showed us some color slides of Fr. d'Alzon's long and active life.

Nov. 24, 1960 -- WHAT A SURPRISE THANKSGIVING DAY was for us Seminarymen! We had been told to be on our guard for a surprise. The guesses were fantastic, such as going to Buffalo for Christmas shopping, going to Niagara Falls... On

Wednesday night, it was announced that in the morning we were to board a bus, courtesy of Cardinal Mindzenty High School of Dunkirk. We did, and proceeded to Camp Mertz, Scout headquarters for Chautauqua County.

Upon arrival, the boys scattered to the four winds, on a 350-acre tract of woods and excitement. At noon, empty stomachs were seeking the main lodge, where they were first warmed by hot consommé; then came ham sandwiches, chips, cookies, and fruit.

After lunch, two camps challenged each other in "Steal the Flag", with a football game on the sidelines. This all turned out to be quite fiery.

Six eighth-graders from Pittsburgh, accompanied by their Parish Priest, joined us for the afternoon. They got a taste of seminary life by mingling with us in our sports. We were back at the Seminary with our guests by 5:30. We jumped into our cassocks, ready for a meal we are not likely to forget (especially the cider!). All feasted upon the turkey and trimmings, so well prepared by our Brothers...many bows were omitted at Complaine's Glorias!

A Happy Thanksgiving it was! I'm sure all paused that night to thank God for all His blessings. The whole day was evidence that He loves us.



HOW MANY MORE  
d-a-y-s, h-o-u-r-s,  
s-e-c-o-n-d-s be-  
fore the Christmas  
Holidays, Pete?

The helpful Juniors went to wake up Harry, singing "Benedicamus Domino"... and the answer was NOT "Deo gratias".—The day the altars arrived: a day the floors were washed thoroughly..we kissed them so much! — "UGH", trimester exams coming up! — "TV"..what's that? — Fr. Joseph's office: the most treasured room in the whole school. — After lights out: "Hey, pass me your flashlight, I've got to hand in this book report before midnight." — The BELLS: why couldn't we have stuck to Bro. Jon's old fashioned way of doing things? — Donald, after a trying poetry class: "Roger, I think I'll write an article instead of a poem." — Thanksgiving (after seven glasses of cider): "Why do I feel so silly?" HOWDY, to his roommate at the happy hour of 2:00 a.m. "Dick, get up... we've got to change beds!", then, in a meek, apologizing whisper: "I've been dreaming again, I guess!" — Another day, the same HOWDY on KP: "That's the last time I get thirsty in study!" "MON DIEU!", it was blocked, and he flooded it..he got the plunger and splashed water all over. When R.C., P.L. and D.B. heard him yell "Mon Dieu", they came down the hall in BOOTS to help helpless Milty!

#### FAMOUS QUOTES from...

Fr. Raymond: "Deo gratias!"  
Fr. Camillus: "Qu'est-ce que c'est, Guillaume?"  
Fr. Antonio: "Holy jumpin' Moses!"  
Fr. Leonard: "Meet that newspaper deadline!"  
Fr. Joseph: "Money...again?"  
Fr. Roger: "Terrific!"  
Fr. Robert: "All this pomp and hullabaloo!"  
The Juniors: "It's so much fun doing CAESARIANS on CICERO!"  
The Sophomores: "But, Fr. Antonio, this is a geometry period!"  
The Freshmen: "Who's Joe Colombo?"

#### LAY BROTHERS' FEAST DAY : NOV. 28

"Hey fellas, the Juniors are cooking supper tonight... We'd better stock up well at the snack!"  
CONVERSATION in the kitchen that night: "Pete, don't put your ashes in the soup... someone will think we put too much pepper." — "Jerry, who's the fool who put the dishpan water in the Religious' teapot?" — "Where's Roger? In the freezer! I know he's lonesome for Maine but let's not go to extremes!" — "Tom, get your hands out of the soup, it's not a dishpan!" — "... get Duffy's shoe, I can't find the ladle!" — "Donald, don't dish out the ravioli with your hands... here's the spoon!"

by TICK-TALK

All kidding aside, the grateful Brothers are unanimous in thanking all the students who contributed in making our feast so enjoyable!

THE BROTHERS



You can't beat the kitchen for rib-tickling incidents, which arise from time to time during chores. You should have seen...

- Bob Luczak, when he literally JUMPED onto the freight elevator with a force that nearly knocked it off its tired support!
- Yours truly, trying to fill mustard jars, but having quite a time trying to put more in the jar than all over himself!

Real workers: Dave LaNeve and Neil Haines have become Brother John's right hand men... their chores seldom end before five o'clock!

With the able experience of Brother Edgar behind them, our apprentice barbers are rapidly (... but not rapidly enough, eh, Harry?) getting accustomed to their chores, becoming more and more proficient in the art of scalping. Note that they have not lost a single customer yet... they offer the "coolest" cuts on campus -- as a matter of fact, they have a monopoly on ALL haircuts!

One sacristan to another: "Alb., rub., vir., viol., rosac., nigr... it's all the same to me!" -- But they sure learn fast after setting the white vestments, then the red, and finally discover that "viol." stands for purple!

You complain with disdain,  
 While nothing you gain,  
 Over your job that's nothing but pain.  
 Yet, you fight when the work seems to degrade,  
 You valiant young men of the toilet brigade!



# INTROBO

AS WE PROGRESS further in ascending the Altar, we look back upon the religious activities of the past month, looking forward to ascending higher still in the months to come.

On November 4, the ANNIVERSARY of POPE JOHN'S CORONATION, we chanted appropriate hymns at Mass, as an expression of our attachment to the Holy Father.

FATHER D'ALZON DAY, November 21, was highlighted by a Solemn High Mass at 11:15, celebrated by Fr. Rector. Fr. Antonio, deacon, gave a sermon on the founder of the Assumptionists, in which he stressed one of the many virtues this great man possessed, that of "selflessness", a truly priestly virtue. He showed how Fr. d'Alzon made clear to his sons that they are above all working for God, giving them as motto "Adveniat Regnum Tuum" (Thy Kingdom Come) [symbol on our title page].

On THANKSGIVING DAY, we solemnized the Mass, joining with the Christians throughout our land in thanking God for His blessings upon us.

November 26, Fr. LEONARD'S FEAST DAY: For once, our chant director's arms got a rest, as he celebrated the Community Mass. We surmise his distractions, as he listened to us struggle through Kryle ix at 6:45 AM! Result: it has been banned from our repertoire, at least for that time of the morning.

That Saturday was also the EVE of the NEW LITURGICAL YEAR. We were wished a "happy Church year" by Pete LaFlamme at the evening meal. Fr. Raymond blessed the Advent wreath with its four candles, a reminder to prepare for the coming of the Light of the World.

On November 28, we honored our LAY BROTHERS. Our gratitude to them for all they do for us was voiced by Tom Rickson. That evening, it seems that the sacristans had anxiously prepared Benediction: utter bewilderment when it was cancelled — no Brothers to honor! We hope they had a nice outing!

We have added the recitation of SUNDAY VESPERS to that of daily Prime and Compline. — Our marble altars are resting in their crates, in one of the garages, patiently waiting to be lifted up into their "home". We all agree that they will look nicer IN THE CHAPEL!!

These events, unimportant as they may appear, our meaningful to us, by the encouragement with which they inspire us as we ASCEND to the Altar.



"Gloria Patri  
et Filio  
et  
Spiritui  
Santo"



TYPICAL PRE-Christmas DAY AT O.T.O.I.

...5:45am... "Benedicamus Domino"...  
"Shucks, do we have jaw"... (Boy!  
when I get home it'll be 11 o'clock)  
Then a few sleepy-eyed seminarians  
come stumbling down the hallway to  
the washroom. We splash water on  
our faces in a mad attempt to awaken, because shortly we'll  
have to go down to study.

After going through a severe struggle between Cicero, sleepiness, and dreams of "sugar plums", we eagerly make our way to chapel for Prime and Mass. Then comes a very trying test: meditation! We start by thinking of the T.V. shows we are going to watch. (Even the "Howdy Doody Show" will be a luxury!). Meanwhile Fr. Raymond is commenting on... on the ... what is he talking about??? Well, anyway, after such an ADVENTageous meditation (it won't be so pleasant after the vacation!), we go down to breakfast.

Then comes chore time (Boy! you won't catch me doing dishes at home!), followed by three happy classes (AHHH, no cares for two whole weeks.) We've had quite our fill by this time, so we enjoy a twenty-minute recreation. Then, you might have known: we'd have to have a task period. After the speculation on the luxuries of the family hearth, we walk into chapel for particular examen (also spent dreaming: "I wonder how the Xmas tree will look this year in the living room?")

After dinner and recreation, back to the same old grind (helping with the Christmas decorations will be much more fun!) "Intendit!!! you bunch of dopes!..." "don't you know?" ... "don't be silly"... Three more lively classes, then an afternoon snack, followed by a long recreation. ("Hey, Pete! What bus are you takin' home?"... "Rav! how many cigarettes you goin' to smoke on the way home?") Then we plod back to the study hall for another task period (I can hardly wait to spend a night at the movies!).

Supper and recreation are followed by Compline and another study period... (The average Seminarian's dream of an exciting evening consists in reclining on his bed, reading a good science-fiction novel, and watching a western on his new portable TV, while sipping a coke). Then, of course, we have to go to bed at 9:30 (Boy! I can hardly wait to watch the late late late late show!). -8- ROGER CORRIVEAU, Junior



## A CHRISTMAS...FOR LOVE'S SAKE!

Outside, the snow slides down to earth, and listlessly rests on the ground, flake upon flake, until the whole countryside wears an immaculate blanket. What an appeasing sight! As I stand by the window and watch the tiny silvery flakes fall softly before me, I can hear the distant voices of children happily playing in the newly arrived snow. Some are talking of Christmas and about all that Christmas means to them.

As I recline from the window, I am struck at the thought of what the Birthday of Christ really means to us. What a beautiful season this is: it inspires us with the SPIRIT OF GIVING, and that in turn brings on happiness. Is it not true that at this time of the year, we feel like GIVING OURSELVES? Is not our heart filled with overflowing joy at the thought of Christmas? Think about this a moment, and you will see that this is so.

How wonderful is the spirit of Christmas: a spirit which overpowers us and creates a feeling that is not so keen the rest of the year. We wish to give, to give ourselves to those we love, and thereby create a bond of mutual happiness between ourselves and everyone who comes into contact with us. We go out of our way to please, we happily busy ourselves with thoughts of kindness.....Socrates, whom we disliked, suddenly becomes an all right guy.....Horatius is really a lot of fun, if you give him half a chance. Our outlook on the world around us is completely transformed: we find ourselves very happy, for we are trying to make others happy.

Christmas comes, and we receive gifts as well as give them. Our happiness increases as we see the joy our gifts bring to our loved ones, and as we receive ours it fills us with a similar joy to see how our loved ones have shown their love for us. Sure, the gift itself makes you happy, but this happiness will pass. It is the happiness that you feel because love has been shown to you that will be lasting: that is why some things do have sentimental value...we cherish these as a symbol of someone's love for us.

The Christmas joy does not come from exchanges of gifts, but rather from giving and receiving gifts FOR LOVE'S SAKE.



GERARD BERGERON, Junior 9

## EDUCATION ABROAD 1

On May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1960, 625 Pittsburgh newspaper boys went on a week-end trip to Washington, D.C., which was won by getting 10 new subscriptions. Out of these, 50 were selected and their educational background checked. Out of the 50, three were chosen for a 15-day tour of Europe. Yours truly is one of them. The following is a brief account of this trip.

We left Idlewild Airport aboard a Lufthansa Jet October 1<sup>st</sup>, for Frankfurt, Germany, where we arrived the same day. Our tour began immediately. We visited the Goethehaus museum; the 500,000 plant Botanical Garden, which houses the same type of plant with which the crown of thorns was made.

The next day, after a German dialogue Mass in the Cathedral, we took a train for Heidelberg. There we saw among other things a castle containing a 55,000 gallon barrel, the contents of which were drunk in 30 years by a man who is now petrified there. We also visited the University of Heidelberg, with its student prison.

On October 3<sup>rd</sup>, we took the fastest train in Europe, to Wiesbaden, with its 27 hot springs. We saw the old Roman gate, a German F.B.I. building with 4 stories underground, and also "Little America", where the families of American soldiers live.

The next day we boarded the Rhine steamer Koblenz, for an 8hr tour to Cologne and back. We admired the many old castles on the Rhine, most of which are now used as monasteries. (On board, 12 men shared and drank 21 bottles of Champagne, and they left the boat sober!)

We then boarded a train for Amsterdam, where, on October 5<sup>th</sup>, we visited the town hall, built in 1448, the railroad station, on 7,000 wooden piles; the Rijkmuseum, with its collection of Rembrandts, etc.

Brussels was next, with its famous Manekin statue, its Palace of Justice; we also visited a lace factory, and, of course, saw the World's Fair grounds.

Then came Paris, where our hotel was two blocks from the huge Arc of Triumph. We attended High Mass in Notre Dame, on Sunday, October 9<sup>th</sup>, and visited Sacred Heart of Montmartre, the Eiffel Tower, and we were given a tour of the Herald Tribune Building. (We even saw "Ben Hur", in French!)

Finally, we were off to London, where we visited Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Tate Museum, and of course Hyde Park Corner. On October 13<sup>th</sup>, we were back in Frankfurt, and the next day, a Lufthansa Jet flew us back to the USA.





HAD I KNOWN...

WELL, FOLKS, I did it again! It seems I'm always ~~one~~ for persistently sticking my neck out for the ol' axe to have a nice clean cut.

From the very first hallucinatory week at the seminary, I envied those fellows who were chosen as the first term sacristans. I kept pestering a certain Brother I know to let me have the job next. He told me to see Father Rector, and I did. This was the worst thing I could have done, for HAD I KNOWN... what was in Brother's mind, I would not be serving this second term.

Even when I walked into Father's office that evening, I had noticed a slight, cunning grin on his face when I asked for the job. He replied, "Why yes, Tom; I'll think about it." (Probably waiting to see if I could stand mental abuses, fasting, bodily injuries, stomach ulcers, murderized fingers, and bloodshot eyeballs). I guess he decided I could, much to my dissatisfaction. Well, anyway I began my term, in early November, hoping for a whirl of a time...

My first encounter with Brother, however, pulled me out of the clouds. This was when he popped the question: "How long do you think you'll like it?" Of course I replied: "Oh, Brother, I'll always stick faithfully to the job." He began to laugh. We proceeded to the sacristy, where the torture began.

"Thomas, you MAY scrub the floor, dust under the pews, wipe off the organ, dust the altars, change the candles, fill the cruets and set the vestments", he rattled off all in one breath. Thinking there wasn't much else left to do, I pointed to my fellow sacristan and objected: "BUT BROTHER, what's he going to do?". "Oh!", he replied, "He's just going to clean out the cabinets, wash the sinks, dust the cupboards, paint a chest, fill the holy water font, wash the ciboria and scrape the floor." (He must have stayed up all night thinking these up!)

The moral of the story is: if you haven't got what it takes (see above), I strongly urge you not to become sacristan... If you are prepared to accept the consequences, then you may be the "Fortunate"(?) one to serve the third term.

D I S C I P U L U S  
F R A T R I S S A C R I S T A N I



## SANTA'S CATASTROPHE

(Dedicated to an unremembered relative)

Another Christmas eve had come around,  
The houses' walls whispered not a sound.  
The stockings on the chimney's bricks  
Were as empty and thin as tiny sticks.

The children and their parents so jolly  
Had soon gone to bed, by golly.  
Their dreams were filled with toys and treats  
And good old Santa and lots of eats.

Saint Nick arrived with lots of pep,  
And looked into the chimney's unending depth.  
He did not know that his big fat tummy  
Would not make it to the end, by honey!

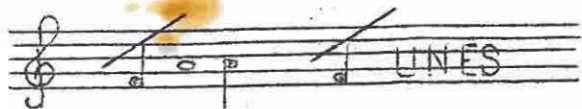
He took his sack  
And proceeded to slack  
Down the chimney's tunnel  
Which was too narrow a funnel.

Well, you may think  
That this made him blink,  
As he started to sink  
Into the chimney's black ink.

He slid down peacefully  
And laughed very gleefully;  
Soon he ran out of luck  
And found himself stuck

I had to explain  
Why his trip was in vain.  
That's how Santa did end,  
So we've nothing to send!

ROLAND MALBOEUF, Sophomore



OF THE CLASSROOM?

- "Ego amabo te, SEMPER": Latin, O Latin, "I'll Be Loving You Always."
- "Te cano, Patria": "My Country (ROMA), 'Tis of Thee."
- "Gaudeamus igitur": No, Joe, it's not the same melody as the  
Introit "Gaudeamus" for All Saints.
- "Au clair de la lune, mon ami...Père Camille."
- "Frère Jacques.....Duffy, dormez-vous?"
- "Bonsoir, mes amis, bonsoir.": December 21<sup>st</sup>.

A LATIN CLUB ? A FEW WEEKS AGO, many puzzled students were wondering what three of their comrades together with their Latin teacher were doing carting antique furniture into St. Peter's. By now they know that these were the humble beginnings of a Latin Club.

Its purpose: to stimulate interest in Latin, Roman culture, history, its traces and benefits in modern times. The club members will build up their vocabulary with the help of flash cards, derivative study, and the use of the tape recorder (funds permitting). Different student projects in Roman architecture and history also form part of the program. On display already is a model of a Pompeian House, prepared by Mat Leone, and soon to appear is an introduction to Roman Culture by Dick Ravenelle and Tony St. Germain.

One of the important features will be the Seminary's inscription into the APSL (Associatio ad Promovendum Studium Latinum), a national Latin Association from which the Seminary will receive a charter, permitting some students to participate in nationwide Latin competitive exams and winning a trophy for the school!!

Who denies the importance of Latin for a seminarian? But the Romans have more to offer besides declensions, conjugations and rules of syntax. The Latin Club will complete the Latin class in this respect. To all interested students: "Venite et videte - Ad Casam Sancti Petri."

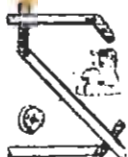
DRAME AU CLAIR DE LUNE ! Au clair de la lune, mon ami Joseph, le Roméo de la classe, est dans le jardin de sa maison. Il a un sac à la main. Qu'est-ce que c'est? Est-ce un présent pour son amie Mimi? Antoine arrive à ce moment-là. Il a un sac aussi, mais un très gros sac! Un autre présent pour Mimi? Voilà Mimi devant la porte. Jos. prend le revolver dans son sac. Il tue Mimi. Antoine met Mimi dans son gros sac... Pauvre petit chien! Il est mort maintenant.

HORIZONTALMENT: MOTS CROISÉS par JEAN NEASSE

- HORIZONTALMENT:
1. Un fils de votre père.
  2. La fille de votre mère.
  5. Le professeur écrit au tableau avec cela.
  7. Le 25 décembre.
  9. La Mère de Jésus.

- VERTICALEMENT:
2. Il étudie en classe.
  4. Ce que Joseph a à la main.
  6. Elle est devant votre maison.
  8. La grand'mère de Jésus.
  10. Article défini masculin singulier.





SPORTS during recreation is on the tip of every tongue. "You playin' sof'ball ...game o' pingpong?" -- "I got d' next game...o yea?" -- "I'm for football!"



For a long time, pool was played as the main indoor recreation..but as the patience-taxing game became more and more boisterous, Father Rector decided-- for sanity's sake-- to stop it. Boys will be boys, and boys need something to do. Our Brother carpenter made us a pingpong table, decks of cards were opened, dominoes.. puzzles...what next? We even tried lifting weights, as we tested our "flexible" muscles...And from the adjacent rooms the blend of radio blaring and piano pounding reaches our ears. Yes, we seminarians sure have rhythm!

Well, so much for the inside. Here, in this beautiful Cassadaga climate (Brrrr!), there are things to do outside also. Neither the boys, nor even the religious (including Father Rector) are softies.... Tackle football WAS popular with all. Then, it happened that a poor unfortunate sophomore got more than a bruised leg. With the stopping of tackle (golly, only one broken leg, two sprained ankles, three sprained wrists, Father!), we took up softball. And just recently one Religious came up with "flag" football (a hanky in each pocket -- two feathers...but the Indians never wore them that way!). This turned out to be much fun.

**PINGPONG TOURNEY:** There were 21 participants in all! The semi-finalists were: Dick Poletunow vs. James Caron; Larry Spinelli vs. Paul (Giggs) La Flèche. Finally, Caron and La-Flèche duelled it out, La Flèche winning 4 games to 3.

The athletic program here at Lourdes is very promising!! Already we possess a football field, badminton (a more virtuous seminarian prefers to call it "goodminton"), two horseshoe pits. This spring will offer volleyball, outdoor basketball courts, and a separate ballpark...

But right now winter is closing in fast. See you again.. next issue...unless promised blizzards seal us off from all outside communications.



'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

And all through the Sem,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even Bro Stephen.  
The Sem'narians were snuggled  
All tightly in their beds,  
With visions of holidays  
All dancing in their heads.  
My roommate in p.j.'s  
And I in my cap,  
Had hardly settled down  
For a seven-hour nap,  
When out on the lawn  
There arose such a clatter...  
We sprang from our beds  
To see what was the matter.  
Away to the window  
We ran in a flash...  
We pulled the wrong drape string:  
Down they came with a crash!  
Across the blacked-out lawn  
We both gaped in surprise  
At the sight of Brother Jon  
With his shining blue eyes;  
By their strange glow we knew  
Poor Brother had been dreaming.  
And lo! in the silent darkness,  
St. Mary's bell was ringing:  
No! it wasn't Santa Claus...  
No "Merry Xmas", you know,  
'Twas just Brother Stephen's  
"Benedicamus Domino"!

(Revised by Don Barron)

CAN YOU IMAGINE.....

Bro. Robert-Francis...  
not knowing one food from  
another?  
Bro. Stephen...without a  
belt?  
Bro. Edgar...not knowing  
how to cut hair?  
James C...refusing a pea-  
nut butter sandwich?  
Lloyd R...not wondering  
"How's come"?  
Tom R...with Larry S's  
long black hair...Larry  
with Tom's curly red hair?  
Tim R...unable to lift five  
pounds on the barbells?  
Gerry B...without Shakes-  
peare?  
Paul L...wondering what a  
pingpong ball looks like?  
Bill L...going on a strict  
diet?  
Frank L...winning a 100-  
yard dash?  
Dick P...not knowing one  
end of the bat from the  
other?  
Bert P...six feet tall?  
A CHRISTMAS...without  
imagination???

JOSEPH COLOMBO, Freshman

OUR LADY'S GROTTTO... What is Rome without St. Peter's Lourdes with-  
out the grotto, a seminary without a special tribute to Mary?

An anonymous family, overflowing with zeal for Mary, and love for our  
"Lourdes", has started its own fund for a grotto honoring our Blessed  
Mother here on our grounds. When??? in the near future, we hope! Our  
gratitude must nevertheless express itself publicly for such a fine ges-  
ture. May we match their zeal with our cooperation. God bless them!

TREASURER'S CHEST

LETTERS MISS  
 Know ye all by these  
 present that in the  
 Year of the same Lord  
 1960, at the time  
 of His Nativity, the  
 following among His  
 faithful, imbued with  
 the Spirit of this  
 HOLY SEASON,  
 have made to us, in  
 His Name, these their  
 gifts and fees:

- Mr. Anthony Leone (\$200.00) (victims)
- Rev. Omer Piquin (\$100.00) (victims)
- Mrs. Gerardo Gagne (Brother)
- Mrs. Julia Penner (Sister)
- Mrs. Julia Drysdale (Sister)
- Mrs. Doris Lathille (Sister)
- Mr. Mrs. J. J. Murray (Sister)

Whosoever supplies  
 are are directed  
 to the World Service  
 Christ Church  
 that He may shower  
 upon these, our  
**MEMBERS**  
 in His Name, the  
 abundance of His  
**BLESSINGS!**



Our Lady of Loretto  
 Seminary  
 Piquin, Cal.  
 Buy some Cassiopeia  
 Big club  
 membership big  
 Merry Christmas  
 TO

