



# HERITAGE

Vol. I

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No. 4

## POURQUOI ?

Un professeur vante toujours sa matière et notre professeur de français n'y avait pas manqué. Pourquoi apprendre le français? La réponse n'avait guère pénétré. Je regardais les vieux murs de notre classe, l'esprit obsédé. Tout à coup, ils parurent ouvrir les yeux et je crus entendre une voix sortir de leur fondation solide. Ses sourcils froncés d'un air savant, un petit vieux me dit: "Ecoute-moi, jeune homme, écoute-moi bien. Depuis quarante-quatre ans, j'entends des jeunes gens comme toi se demander pourquoi on apprend le français; il y a quelques années je pouvais leur répondre sans peine: tout le monde parlait le français dans les familles, dans les églises, et souvent dans les rues même. Maintenant tout est bien changé, et je ne perçois que rarement les échos d'autrefois.

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Une scène de "La Grammaire"

## Seniors, Juniors Revive Class Play Traditions

There was an old tradition in past years that every class in the High School presented an evening of entertainment. The classes of '51 and '52 recently did their utmost to revive this worthwhile custom.

After several months of preparation, the Seniors succeeded in presenting two plays.

Amidst bright lights, the curtain opened on the English play, a drama entitled "The Goal" by Henry Jones. Robert Lemieux excellently portrayed Sir Stephen Famariss, a materialistic old man on his deathbed. His worldly business and pleasures pursue him to the very end. Sir Stephen is a prominent engineer whose greatest desire in life is to connect America with England by a huge, fantastic bridge. Even in his dying moments, he tries to persuade his son, Dan, interpreted by Roland Laferté, to realize his project. The dying old man suggests dishonest means to attain his goal. The attitude of the audience in regard to this drama showed that they grasped the satire in Sir Stephen's principles.

By way of parentheses, this play recalls to mind as a contrast Henri Ghéon's "Le comédien et la grâce," which the college students marvelously presented on May 11, 12, and 13. It is concerned with

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## La Fête du Supérieur

La fête du Révérend Père Henri Moquin, notre Supérieur est, comme Pâques, une fête mobile. Cette année, elle fut célébrée, par hasard, un mercredi, le 9 mai. La veille, nous nous réunîmes tous au gymnase pour présenter nos vœux. M. Beaulieu, élève de première année de philosophie, s'avança vers l'estrade et en notre nom adressa la parole au P. Supérieur, le félicitant des succès les plus importants obtenus depuis une année, en particulier de la réception de la charte d'Université et de l'établissement du bureau des relations extérieures. Le Père Supérieur se leva, et s'adressant à toute l'assistance, masculine et féminine, nous remercia; puis, dans une courte allocution, il nous montra ce qui distingue l'Assomption des collèves séculiers: elle ajoute à une instruction pour le moins aussi bonne que la leur, les bénéfices d'une éducation avant tout catholique. Mais, insista-t-il, il ne suffit pas de garder cette formation pour nous. Nous devons la faire rayonner et être dans le monde comme un levain. Quand nous sortîmes du gymnase, ce fut pour inaugurer notre congé. A mon avis, s'il m'est permis de

(suite à la page 8)

## Field Day Highlights

The whole school was jumping with activity. All kinds of voices, from the shrill cry of the Freshmen to the bass intonations of the Seniors could be heard echoing and reechoing within the four walls of Assumption. This was the happy day.

At the flag-raising ceremony Philip "Greasy" Goyette '53 gladly offered his services by playing his version of the "Assembly" with his trumpet.

Some of the results of the events of the day turned out as expected; however, the day held a great number of surprises. Lawrence "Larry" Bedard '53 was awarded two trophies: one for winning the marathon race, and the other for the most individual points scored. Richard Morrisette '54 won the ball throwing contest in the junior division, while "Muff" Bouvier '51 came up with the best throw in the senior division. In the high school tennis matches, the Seniors defeated the Juniors and the Sophomores subdued the Freshmen. The senior and junior classes combined their baseball skill to beat the Sophomores and Freshmen by a score of 13 to 10.

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Pour le PING-PONG, je suis, Seigneur,  
beaucoup trop lourd  
Et fermant les deux yeux, je frappe  
comme un sourd —  
Aux muscles d'un Hercule, ajoutez la  
mesure,  
Le pied ailé, le bras agile de Mercure.

Qu'au TENNIS désormais, il ne m'arrive  
plus  
De ces exploits fameux, que la saison a  
vus  
Quand imitant David et sa fronde, je  
jette  
Le spectateur par terre, avecque ma  
raquette.

Au FOOTBALL l'an passé, j'allais à  
reculons.  
Au BASEBALL, je saisis prestement le  
bâton  
Et je vise la balle — elle frappe ma tête  
M'infligeant devant tous une bonteuse  
défaite.

Mes heures sur la TRACK ne sont pas  
sans valeur:  
A compter mes échecs, mes courses sans  
honneur,  
J'apprends à calculer comme le grand  
Euclide —  
Mais cessons de gémir d'un sort cruel,  
perfide —.

Je me console, ô Dieu, de mon peu de  
bonheur,  
Car dans un autre sport je veux sortir  
vainqueur:  
Tout ce que je crains c'est l'ennemi de  
mon âme  
C'est la force du diable, et ses ruses  
infâmes.

Là, faites, grand Vainqueur, que je gagne  
toujours  
Equipé de la foi et porté par l'amour;  
Gardez mon âme loin de toute maladie,  
Et fortifiez-moi par votre Eucharistie.

## La Prière du Sportif

Me voici devant Vous, les muscles durs  
et forts;  
Je pratique, Seigneur, à peu près tous les  
sports;  
Mais Vous m'avez bâti avec un cerveau  
vide;  
J'ose Vous en prier: rendez-moi moins  
stupide.

Hier, valsant comme un fou, le  
BASKETBALL en main,  
J'entends les spectateurs martelant ce  
refrain,  
"Tirez, tirez, mon gars," et pour les faire  
taire  
Aussitôt j'ai tiré — deux points pour  
l'adversaire!



Que dans ce jeu mon oeil vise toujours le  
but;  
Que je combatte dur, sans peur et sans  
refus,  
Que je lance vers Vous dans toutes mes  
misères,  
Plus sûre que la balle, une ardente prière.

Et lorsque je courrai dans le rude chemin  
Soyez mon entraîneur et tendez-moi la  
main;  
Que j'avance tout droit vers votre ciel  
sublime —  
Ainsi soit-il. Malheur! je cherche en vain  
la rime.

Euclide DesRochers '51



## These are Sports, too

*The call of the wild, once summer vacation had started, was almost irresistible. "Mingo" '53, "Cbiko" '54, "Gigi" '52, and I, Three Musketeers with One added, consider it the modern, or, better, the ageless counterpart of Ulysses' Sirens.*

*For almost a month after the last class, we were like a group of maiden horses before a race. Then, once all the permissions from the parents had been obtained, and our camping equipment all readied, we trekked into the woods—the wild pines of Maine. We wanted to "get away from it all"—the pennant cares, the fixes, the throned and dethroned kings of the sports world — and for two days we did just that.*



*Surprisingly, sunrise found us all sound asleep. Soon, however, some yellow fingers of light, slipping through the tent flaps, pried open Gigi's eyes. After a few minutes of howling, singing and noise-making in general, the human alarm clock had the other three dragging their feet to his tent, yawning bloody murder. After breakfast, all four headed for a nearby pond. Everyone was clad in a bathing suit, but only Mingo and Cbiko carried fishing poles. As soon as we reached the beach, Gigi spotted a rowboat drifting lazily in the middle of the pond. He nudged me, then ran for the water. I dittoed his actions. In a few minutes, both of us were clambering into the rowboat. Luckily, both oars were still in place. Gigi took one, I the other, and we were off. We didn't travel one inch in the right direction, the first few strokes. Of course, what Cbiko and Mingo saw advancing towards them was no Yale crew! They boarded, told us to row to the murky cove on our left, and then cast their lines. I definitely didn't mind the boarding or the command, but when Mingo casted, I*



*crossed my fingers. He had the habit of standing on the seat in the bow, jerking heavily at each cast. Finally, the inevitable happened. He stood a little too near the edge of the boat, and jerked a wee bit too harshly. Result: a beautiful swamping. At first, Mingo was alone with the fish, but he decided that we should accompany him in the water. One shove, and we were all paddling for shore. Oddly, Mingo, Cbiko, and I were already thoroughly disgusted with camping. I guess the Siren didn't wail loud enough. Maybe it was because our own city's second largest public swimming beach is two steps from my home. We returned to camp, packed everything, and left promptly. ¶The call of the wild is surely persistent. The next time we met, Gigi started making the wheels turn again, when he said: "You know, my cousin has a beautiful camp on Lake Something-or-other. Now, maybe next week . . . —Alfred Lemire '52.*



## WHY SPORTS AT ASSUMPTION?

Why do we breathe? Why do we walk? As everyone knows, through his own personal experience, sports are as much a part of our lives as breathing and walking.

Let us resift the sands of time. Slowly, misty forms focus to clearness and Rome appears. Outside the walled city of Caesars and Ciceros, we observe sons of noblemen who are developing their bodies by games of ball, discus throwing, high jumping, and running in the field of Mars. Upon entering the city, we stroll to the Colosseum to take in the afternoon "games." Here commoners, known as gladiators, fight for a living. When they step into the arena before a fickle crowd screaming for blood, they are trying to win not a game but their lives. Still they call it sports.

The vision fades into reality. The stone steps of the Colosseum are now the bleachers at Rodier field. All around us, students are engaged in sports. Captain Don Dragon of the tennis team is smashing drives over the net, Joel Audibert is high jumping; Larry Bedard is burning up the track; "Lefty" Gaudrault is warming up on the field, getting ready for the game which is starting right now. Here, we shall be able to note how organized games requiring teamwork develop to the greatest degree quick thinking and action.

The opposing team is at bat. There's one out, one man on base. The pitcher is ready, eyes the man on first, comes down with the pitch; the batter connects . . . a scorching grounder past the mound; the second baseman traps it, flips to the shortstop who is covering second; the relay to first . . . double play, the side is retired. That is quick thinking and action, without a doubt!

It is easily noticed how much importance and attention sports have acquired here at Assumption. Everyone is sports-conscious. Is this good? What advantages do sports have in store for us?

They are the best means by which we can develop our bodies. Also our minds profit because we are obliged, while engaged in a game, to think quickly and accurately. While we are in class, this manner of thinking is not so well accepted; on the playing field, there is no objection to the taxation on our mental powers. Why? A student's common sense tells him that setting up a play is much easier than translating a sentence. The student is wrong, however. Any coach will tell you how much effort is put into the pre-season training. Those who are on the varsity can tell you that it's no picnic. Still, the student in his mind thinks that it is easier; therefore, he doesn't mind the extra work involved.

What is the importance of sports in regard to us? What is more valuable than sports? What has less value?

Our supernatural life is of prime importance. No reasonable person will deny the existence of

God and His action in our lives. Even "atheists," deep down in their hearts, do believe in Him. We Catholics have the Church to guide us. The road to heaven is thus pointed out and illuminated to mark out the pitfalls. Our only task is to follow the road, but it is a difficult road to follow. We must, then, stress first our supernatural life, for without it our life on earth is useless.

Our cultural life is next in importance, after the supernatural. This is self-evident. But one fact is overlooked by some: after graduation studies must go on forever, if we are to keep up with the times and not fall behind in our respective professions.

Sports rank third. They provide the development of a healthy body which is necessary for a healthy mind and a happy life. They assume a much greater importance than such things as watching television or the movies, playing cards, reading comic books, hanging around rec halls or street corners.

The summer months are fast approaching. Many will be working, but there will be leisure hours now and then. Come on, you television fiends, you demon card players, you stamp collectors, all of you get out in the open air and enjoy the best recreation of all, "sports."

*Roméo Cournoyer, '51.*

## WHY ALL THE CRAZY THINGS

" . . . there goes another innocent senior into the freezing water fountains in dorm No. 4." Why? Well, it might be his birthday and one glance at the conspirators shows that a birthday is a great occasion to enjoy oneself, for everyone involved except the victim: cold water, noise a-plenty, bouncing. Why the cheer in the refectory? Possibly to compensate for the misery of having a birthday.

Well, what's this? Everyone has a water pistol (including the prefect of discipline). These premises aren't safe without one. But why does a dignified institution like this tolerate such a "crazy" affair as a water pistol epidemic? Maybe we need a psychiatrist.

Oh! those ever-memorable basketball games. But why did we show the referees our appreciation by always submitting blindly to their decisions?

Have you noticed that a few students jump into the swimming pool every year about this time? But why don't they take off their shoes, their glasses, or at least their watches before plunging? Could it be because they haven't time before the bell rings, or is it because of the helping hand they sometimes receive?

" . . . look at those Seniors again trying with unrelenting efforts to initiate the baby Freshmen." So far their efforts have been in vain . . . Oh why is the prefect on their side?

Oh Why? Oh Why? Oh Why?

*Georges Charland '51.*

## AVANT LA GRADUATION

Nous regrettons de ne pouvoir donner les nouvelles concernant la graduation. Du moins dans ce dernier numéro de l'Héritage nous voudrions exprimer à la classe des frissons nos félicitations et l'expression de notre sympathie. Ce n'est pas peu d'atteindre avec succès le terme d'une épreuve longue de quatre années, et de laisser tant de bons exemples aux successeurs! Nous devons à nos devanciers, de particulières félicitations pour le travail accompli autour de cette publication. A eux le mérite d'avoir créé l'Héritage. Les noms de Lionel Simard, le premier rédacteur-en-chef, celui de son successeur, Harold D. Gould, Jr., et ceux d'une très méritante équipe y resteront longtemps attachés.

Au revoir, chers amis. Vous n'allez pas seuls vers votre nouvelle destination. Nos vœux, nos prières, toute notre sympathie vous accompagnent. Les routes de la vie ne sont pas nombreuses et nous nous retrouverons à bien des croisements.

*Ernest Sylvestre '52*

### POURQUOI??? — Suite

"Mais, mon garçon, je ne suis pas encore mort . . . je vis encore. Moi, je suis la culture française. Ce mot de "culture" t'effraie; tu n'en as pas une notion claire; peut-être est-ce la source de tes difficultés. Alors je vais tâcher de te l'expliquer. La culture, vois-tu, ce n'est pas ce que tu fais trop souvent: ce n'est pas apprendre les choses à moitié, ce n'est pas suivre ses classes à la diable et étudier le strict nécessaire pour avoir une note passable. Ce n'est pas parcourir le premier et le dernier chapitre d'un livre et ensuite dire que tu le comprends. Ce n'est pas se contenter de ce que l'on t'enseigne en classe. En d'autres mots, on développe sa culture en tâchant de bien faire les choses qui sont demandées et en cherchant à faire plus. Il faut cultiver ton esprit en essayant de tout capter dans ta tête fragile. La culture consiste, lorsque tu abordes un auteur comme Racine, à le laisser pénétrer dans ton âme et ainsi d'en faire une partie de toi.

"Pour préciser, regarde ici." Je ne voyais qu'un livre énorme, à la forme massive. Devant mes yeux enchantés, le petit vieux tourna les feuillets. D'entre les pages une foule de gens sortirent. Les uns portaient des pantalons avec des bandelettes et étaient coiffés de casques gaulois, d'autres portaient des hennins, des perruques, des bicornes. Je vis des hommes appuyés sur des épées, d'autres tenant une plume, le regard perdu au loin; des architectes armés d'équerres, des sculpteurs avec le burin, des peintres avec la palette. Je vis tout, quel spectacle! Des paysages d'azur, d'émeraude, piqués de clochers variés, de monuments, de châteaux. Je lisais des noms célèbres, rendez-vous des cinq continents et du ciel lui-même: Paris, Lourdes, dans une au-

réole de lumière. Tout cela défila devant moi comme un rêve.

Tout à coup, le petit vieux semblait devenir plus jeune et rayonnant de joie; et il me dit: "C'est ma patrie; tout cela c'est mon âme immortelle. Ce sera ta deuxième patrie, ce sera ton âme. Fais de tout cela le sang de tes veines. Ce sera pour toi un magnifique arbre. Mange le fruit de la culture française, savoure-le, fais-en une partie de toi-même. Ta langue portera des phrases plus musicales, ton esprit sera plus noble, et dans ton cœur grandira la foi."

Là, le petit vieux regarda un long moment par la fenêtre en fixant l'horizon. "Vois-tu," continua-t-il, "un jour tu ne seras plus le petit élève devant son cahier de composition. Tu seras parmi les esprits distingués de ton pays. On te remarquera parce que tu ne seras pas comme tout le monde, et ta culture française te rendra capable de mieux servir ta patrie et tous les hommes, tes frères. Tu regarderas avec reconnaissance vers la colline où s'élève le Collège de l'Assomption; et tu le verras toujours fidèle, toujours jeune."

Non, le français ne mourra pas ici. Je parais vieux, mais je suis jeune. Non, il n'est pas vrai que j'ai eu mon règne. Je suis la culture française, je suis immortel; j'ai vécu, je vis, je vivrai.

*Richard Bélair, '52.*

## DECOUVERTE RETENTISSANTE

Attention! Une prodigieuse découverte fut faite aujourd'hui par les élèves de l'Ecole Supérieure de l'Assomption. L'annonce de cette invention produisit un bouleversement dans le monde académique et elle promet de renverser tous les systèmes d'éducation actuellement connus.

Voici, en deux points, cette nouvelle théorie:

1) Le noyau de toute la science est renfermé dans n'importe quel dictionnaire.

2) Au lieu de perdre beaucoup de temps à traduire une version latine ou grecque, cherchez immédiatement le premier mot dans le dictionnaire, numérotez-le, et quand vous aurez trouvé chaque mot, par une combinaison scientifique des numéros, émerveillez vos professeurs par les traductions que vous obtiendrez.

L'avantage de cette méthode c'est qu'en effet elle nous permet d'obtenir des versions aussi étonnantes qu'imprévues et inédites. De plus, résultat inappréciable: l'intelligence n'a plus qu'à se reposer. Pour plus de renseignements, voyez notre prochain numéro . . . ou adressez-vous à n'importe quelle compagnie spécialisée dans la vente des dictionnaires.

*J. Paul Marcoux, '52.*

## DIAMOND DUSTINGS

### Assumption 2; St. Mary's 0

In its season opener, Assumption faced a supposedly easy victim. However, St. Mary's hurler was stingy and the Little Greyhounds had to work very hard to get their runs. As the final score showed, Don Hebert was the stingier of the two. He was so effective that he allowed but three singles while fanning fifteen batters.

### Assumption 6; St. Stephen's 2

Winning this game meant a threefold revenge for Pierre's pups: it avenged two losses suffered at the hands of the Stevedores last year. Furthermore, it made amends for our poor hitting in our first game. We made up for this as we banged out ten hits against pitcher Joe McKoul. Dominating our offensive forces were Don Grenier, with four hits, Connie Ferland and "Red" Bouthillier, each with a double to his credit.

### Assumption 9; St. Peter's 6

The Guardians arrived at Rodier Field with high hopes of upsetting the apple cart. They almost tipped it over in the second inning when they jumped to an early three-run lead. Led by Don Lussier and Don Hebert, we uprighted the cart with five big runs in the fifth inning. Thereafter, St. Peter's was helpless as Assumption trotted to its third straight win.

### St. John's 4; Assumption 1

In the past three years, St. John's Leo Brosnan had won nineteen straight games in high school competition. He arrived here hoping to win his twentieth.

However, Assumption did not let Brosnan's pitching reputation scare them. In the very first inning they scored a big run, but, unfortunately, their misplays eventually led to their first downfall. Don Hebert, who pitched superb ball, was charged with the defeat even though he did not allow one earned run to cross the plate.

### Assumption 15; Classical 10

"Lefty" Gaudrault, Assumption's diminutive yearling pitcher, took to the mound against the Classical batsmen. He was so nervous that he allowed eight walks in five innings. At least he had a right to be nervous, because our misplays were so costly that on nine different occasions unearned runs crossed the plate.

### Assumption 13; Holy Name 2

Coach Brother Donat started Rene Tasse, his only Junior pitcher. Tasse had a no-hitter for seven and two-thirds innings. However, the Holy Namers finally tagged him for three hits. Rene proved equally effective at bat, as he and Captain Don Grenier were the big guns in our big eight run seventh.

### Assumption 5; St. Mary's 2

"Lefty" Gaudrault received his second starting assignment of the season. This time he was at ease as he discarded his previous nervousness. Being hitless in three trips to the plate in the Classical game, "Lefty" said to himself, "If I can't get on base, neither will they." He almost made good his statement as he allowed only five Marettes to reach first. On the offensive it was Don Grenier, with a home-run and a double, and "Fat" Goulet, with a triple.

### Assumption 10; North 1

North High School, last year's Inter-High League champs, were held to six hits by the masterful pitching of Don Hebert. This victory left Assumption second only to Trade High in the race for recognition as Worcester High School champs. Goulet was the defensive star of the game as he made a hit-robbing catch almost directly over second base; he also cut down a runner at the plate with a beautiful throw from deep short. Connie Ferland was the offensive star as he drove in our first three runs with a home-run.

### LATE SCORES

St. John's 10; Assumption 0  
Assumption 7; Leominster 6  
David Prouty 6; Assumption 4  
Assumption 14; Sacred Heart 7

*Normand Lemaire '53*

*Bernard Tremblay '53*

## BREAKING THE TAPE

As spring was rolling in, new aspirations of a victorious track season were being built up among the prospective runners. But as the grueling practice of calisthenics became monotonous, a few self-cuts were made. Thus our present track team stands with a general enrolment of 13 students, which makes up an exceedingly small team. Considering this, an important question became prevalent among many students: "Can the Assumption squad win a track meet with such a small team?"

### Assumption 41; Marlboro 40

Assumption tracksters opened their season with a bang as the small Greyhound team nosed through to a breathtaking victory over Marlboro. The undaunted courage of the little team held on to a slim lead to the very end through the magnificent help of Joel "Jack-Rabbit" Audibert, who cashed in 13 points. "Muff" Bouvier and "Duke" Dupont furthered the Blue and White cause by contributing a total of 15 points. The most exciting race of the meet was run and won by "Doc" Leblanc who, in the last few feet of the 440, pushed ahead in time to break the tape. With the help of a few others, victory was complete, and the Assumption team came home to

make May 2nd a perfect day in the field of sports.

### Leominster 54; Assumption 29

The Assumption track team returned home with ill-success after they had entangled with Leominster High in a dual meet. In the eyes of the spectator, it seemed as if the Greyhound team lacked a little push in a few spots. Still, putting aside a few errors, the hustlers fought their way as Joel Audibert jumped a perfect 5' 5". Then Lawrence Bedard came streaking in to win the half-mile with plenty of room to spare. Without the slightest doubt, the shot-put was the greatest event of the day as "Strong-Arm" Bouvier threw the 12 pound ball 45' 7".

### LATE RESULT

North 54; Assumption 29; South 17

*Francis Brassard '52*

## ACROSS THE NETS

### Assumption 6; Fitchburg 3

Eager to repeat their undefeated season of last year, the Greyhound racketmen opened the '51 campaign with a spirited victory over Fitchburg. With only four courts at their disposal, two here and two on Burncoat, the players were quite exhausted. To play their matches, they were forced to run back and forth from here to the Burncoat courts. Quite a day indeed!

### St. Marie's 7; Assumption 2

Pierre's netsters returned from Manchester quite baffled. Could it be? A sixteen year old girl, Miss Carey Manseau, had won both her singles and doubles matches against Pierre's he-man athletes. 'Twas indeed a sad afternoon.

### Assumption 5; Worcester Academy 2

The Greyhounds, frustrated from their first defeat in two years, quickly captured four of the six singles matches. Hopelessly lost, the Academy netmen forewent two of their doubles matches after we had copped the fifth and deciding point.

### Assumption 6; Classical 2

The Greendale courtmen celebrated Father Superior's feast day, with an easy triumph over Classical. Even the jayvees saw action as Freshman George Bonnici, teaming up with Junior Albert Cyr, won the first match of his short career, 6-1, 6-3.

### LATE RESULTS

St. Marie's 5; Assumption 4  
Assumption 9; Dean Academy 0

*Lionel Simard '51*

## FIELD DAY HIGHLIGHTS—Cont.

In the junior division, we find Larry Bedard '53 in first place in the half-mile race; in the 220-yard dash, Emile "Red" Bouthillier '52 placed first. Bro. Donat Durand led the pack in the faculty 100-yard dash. Keeping his own against many competitors, Robert C. Gosselin '51 broke the finish tape in the fat man's race. The pie-eating contest, which was open for Freshmen only, was won by John "Casey" Callaghan '54. "Red" Bouthillier '52 captured first place in the 100-yard dash. Larry Bedard '53 crossed the finish line well ahead of the other runners in the 440-yard dash. In the wheel-barrow race, a free-for-all, Jerry Vermette and his able wheel, Arthur Babineau, walked off with the first prize. Jean "Duke" Dupont '53 snatched top honors for both the running broad-jump and the running high-jump.



A New Record???

The Juniors were defeated by the Seniors in the volley-ball event, and the Sophomores beat the Freshmen in a similar contest. "Red" Bouthillier '52 placed first again by taking the shot-put event.

In the Senior division, Leo Paquette '52 was first in the half-mile race. In the 220-yard dash, Gerald "Jerry" Vermette of the college placed first and did likewise in the 100-yard dash. In the running broad-jump event he also executed the longest leap. "Muff" Bouvier '51 showed his strong arm by taking first prize for the shot-put contest. The high school took revenge on their professors by defeating them in the softball game. "Joe" Audibert '52 ran off with the first prize of the running high-jump event. One of the most exciting events of the day was the relay race which was won by the Junior class. The runners of the winning team were Henri "Archie" Archambault '52, "Red" Bouthillier '52, "Joe" Audibert '52, and Jean-Jacques LeBlanc '52.

After supper, prizes were awarded to the winners of each event in both divisions. Following the presentation of the prizes, there was a movie to provide a good ending for a wonderful day.

*Te!espore Labelle '53*

## THE SPECTATOR

It's a bird—it's a plane—it's "Goose" Gosselin '51 and his super-motorcycle. Better watch those corners, "Goose." You never know who might be coming around them. Say, you know we had better watch those corners, ourselves!

The Assumption campus has, for the past several weeks, been the scene of miraculous happenings. Every so often, a great crowd of Juniors are seen floating around on some mysterious and invisible vehicle. Some venture to say that it's a car, owned by "Tiffany" Prévost '52. No one dares to say for sure.

Gérard Noël '54 should turn out to be a very saintly religious. The manner in which he responds to orders is truly surprising. Why, just the other day, Fr. Armand told the class that Latin dictionaries should be torn up. Immediately, Jerry obediently disposed of the "condemned" book.

### ASSUMPTION SENIOR HALL OF FAME

If you think that Westminster Abbey contains a renowned hall of fame, you should visit the Assumption "Rogue's Gallery." The very first celebrity we meet is that Modern Adonis, Dave Beauchamp, and his beautiful baby blue eyes. Robert J. Lemieux esq. is the class' Lionel Barrymore: it takes him an hour and a half to die on the stage, and that's a record. In a quiet corner sits Normand Bernard, the most studious Senior, pouring over a Latin grammar. A shrill laugh breaks the silence, and chubby "Jeff" Geoffrion, the class good humor man, bounces into view. A beautiful statue represents Ceres, and in her arms, R. Trahan, our King of Corn. R. Guay, the great debator, is sitting before a mirror, arguing with himself. We come now to the greatest section of our hall of fame: The All-Assumption corner. This year, the honor goes to Don Grenier, the class president. He certainly has deserved this greatly sought title of honor.

W. O. D. '51

## Coin de l'Observateur

Ah, c'est l'été! J'ai encore la fameuse fièvre du printemps et, sans vouloir vous décourager, je tiens à vous avertir que cette courte causerie s'en ressentira un peu. Que voulez-vous, quand on dépense toute son énergie aux examens? — Ah, les examens! — on finit par tuer l'inspiration!

L'été est venu avec son char de délices, avouons-le! Quel plaisir que de se lever le matin plutôt qu'en plein milieu de la nuit! Les arbres en fleurs, l'herbe vert tendre, l'eau de la piscine, l'amour

dans les coeurs, que voulez-vous, c'est tout cela l'été.

Ah, il y a un petit désagrément, me dit-on; la chaleur humide qui nous étouffe n'est point commode pendant les examens. On trouve cependant de l'air frais dans ces chambres closes des salles de récréation. Le croiriez-vous, on y trouve si peu de fumée qu'on peut en voir les quatre murs!

Entendez-vous des cris? Ce sont les élèves d'Eléments qui se plaignent de leurs examens. S'ils étaient en Versification, on pourrait peut-être leur permettre ces manifestations!

Chers Versificateurs, je n'ai pour vous que des tristes adieux! Souvenez-vous de nous, messieurs, de l'autre côté de la grille — Oui, leur jour est arrivé, et on doit les féliciter de la manière—calme—dont ils ont passé leurs derniers jours à l'Assomption. Leurs derniers mots? — "Subivimus Periculum".

Le nombre des weekends commence à diminuer — serait-ce encore la fièvre du printemps, ou bien serait-ce celle des repasses?

Et encore des incidents dans les dortoirs! Sachez que la troisième grande guerre pourrait éclater à cause d'une affaire internationale qui fit explosion au milieu d'une nuit. Il est heureux que les Etats-Unis assurent la protection aux étrangers en visite dans ce pays.

Nous sommes aveuglés par deux "je ne sais quoi" qui se promènent habillés de pantalons rouges, d'une chemise verte et rouge-orange, d'un gilet jaune, de chaussures noires. On se demande bien, peut-être avec un brin de jalousie (?) où ils ont bien pu pêcher cet équipement.

Un complot réussit! (et on nous dit que même des Religieux y ont trempé!). C'est une exposition à l'occasion du deuxième millénaire de Paris. Elle fut l'objet de l'admiration béate de bien des élèves.

Les "Prospectus," eux aussi, ont éclaté comme une bombe! A-t-on déjà vu telle surprise?

Avis à tous, faites bien attention aux livres que vous achetez à d'autres élèves. Sachez, élèves d'Eléments, qu'il est strictement défendu, quoi que les Syntaxistes vous disent, de se procurer des livres pleins de notes. (Que la Syntaxe me pardonne, mais je suis membre de la "Société Protectrice des Anim . . . oh non! . . . des Eléments.")

Même si on y est intéressé, on ne doit pas se réjouir toutes les fois qu'on parle de mort, de maladie, ou d'exécution, allons, Paquin!!!

Pour moi, je me sens d'humeur à exécuter l'année scolaire! Espérons que dans trois mois nous serons remis de toutes nos fièvres. Vive les vacances! Je vous quitte pour trois mois, mes chers amis, mais je ne vous oublierai pas. Ne vous ennuyez pas trop; on se reverra bientôt!

*Jean Lenäif.*



THE GRAND MARCH

## THE SENIOR PROM

Dark, ominous clouds shrouded the Putnam and Thurston Restaurant in midtown Worcester and the rain beat down upon the streets with ever increasing vigor, but far was it from the minds of Assumption's elite to remain home. It was March 30, Senior Prom night. Cars streamed from all parts of New England in quest of an evening of entertainment and revelry. The evening also proved to be a reunion of former classmates and proud presentation of those captivating girls over whom so many heated arguments had been waged.

By nine o'clock, fifty-one couples, among whom fifty-one potential queens were sighted, were swaying to the sweet music of Ernie Tessier and his band. Unfortunately, the music was rudely interrupted once, by a vocalist—he dared not abuse of our patience. Complete contentment reigned throughout, as the evening sped on its way. Tense moments passed as the possible queens passed in review before the chaperons — Mr. and Mrs. Archibald LeMieux, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Guenette, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grenier—who acted as judges. As the clock struck its toe on the quarter hour with a little "ding," the judges admitted their inability to name a queen, but boldly narrowed the field of contestants to five. Lots were drawn and Miss Gloria Bolduc, escorted by Donald Grenier, senior class president, was proclaimed queen, and the four other aspirants formed her court.

Mid-evening was marked by the pompous "Grand March" which toured the spacious hall to the lively rhythm of the band, after which the jovial crowd yielded to the beckoning refreshments. Alas, the flow of minutes from the cup of time could not be stemmed and soon

some had returned to the dance floor, enjoying, to the fullest, those few short hours of perfect company, while others were posing for pictures that soon would be the only visible proof of the wonderful evening. Happy faces and sweet music failed to induce old man Time to join us for a few moments and the dance terminated at midnight. Outside the storm raged on . . .

*David Thomas Beauchamp '51*

## SENIOR, JUNIOR PLAYS—Cont.

the last moments of St. Genest, the pagan actor converted on the stage.

Next followed "La Grammaire" by Labiche. Poor William Dupuis, who played M. Caboussat, had as much trouble with his French grammar as he has in class. His charming daughter Blanche, played by Robert Beaudet, thought of the most ingenious ways to save her father's honor. M. Poitriñas, acted by Ernest Beaulac, was an archeologist whose nose smelled roman antiquity in everything he saw, from the dishes broken by Geoffrion to the old and worn out pans.



On the night of April 11, Assumption students witnessed the debut of a novel and divergent type of theatre acting presented by the junior class. This "theatre in the round," as it is called, proved to be a tremendous success.

The pleasant and enjoyable evening opened with a few songs accompanied by a French monologue, "Chez le dentiste," an amusing "tranche de vie" interpreted by William Amriott. Then, as the lights from the baldequin flooded the scene, the Juniors continued with the highlight of the review, "A Case of Suspension." The spectators were at all times interested as action seemed never to cease. Laughter

was constantly brought out by the hilarious mimics of George Blondin and the ignorant "naïveté" of Paul Tormey as Professor Edgerton. The serious scoldings and odd femininities of Miss Ernest Sylvestre Judkins, added to the amusement of the audience.

*Paul Bisson '51*

*Roger Tougas '51*

*Francis Brassard '52*

## PELERINAGE

### A SAINTE-ANNE

Le soleil qui se leva si brillant au matin du 3 mai, fête de l'Ascension, a dû lorgner les trois autobus qui filaient vers le village de Fiskdale. Vraiment, ils méritaient d'être remarqués!

Pourquoi? Eh bien! tout simplement parce que ces autobus contenaient une centaine d'élèves de l'Ecole Supérieure et du Collège de l'Assomption qui allaient en pèlerinage au sanctuaire de Sainte-Anne.

Les autobus se vidèrent devant l'Eglise Notre-Dame de Southbridge et de là les élèves parcoururent à pied les six milles qui les séparaient de leur but. Une messe solennelle, chantée par le Père Armand, directeur spirituel du pèlerinage, assisté des Pères Théodore et Charles-Ephrem, ouvrit leur journée au sanctuaire.

Ce fut une journée de prière avec salut du Saint-Sacrement, Chemin de la Croix à l'extérieur, montée de la Scala Sancta, et même avec réception de l'indulgence plénière du Jubilé.

Vers quatre heures de l'après-midi, les élèves remontèrent dans les autobus et, après avoir remercié de leur joyeux et cordial accueil le "bon Père Jacques" et son vicaire, M. l'Abbé Lange, ils s'en allèrent de nouveau, filant sur la route.

Assurément une belle journée!

*William Amriott '52*

## SUPERIEUR—Suite

l'exprimer, il manquait une chose à cette soirée: "L'Assomption," le chant vibrant du collège. Car la fête du Supérieur, n'est-elle pas aussi la fête de la maison?

Le lendemain, le Père Henri célébra la Messe à la chapelle des élèves. Puis la matinée, chaude et claire, passa vite. Après un splendide déjeuner, on ne traîna pas longtemps dans la maison; liberté était donnée de prendre l'air de la ville. Quelques élèves zélés préférèrent non sans raison, la solitude de la propriété!

La fête se termina devant le Saint-Sacrement . . . Déjà les élèves oubliaient cette journée pour ne penser qu'au lendemain, qui serait le "Field Day."

*Clar.le Brunelle '53*