

THE WILY WITNESS

Joseph J. MacDonald, '46

The court room sat hunched and expectant as Zeb Cowley took the stand. Zeb was the town wit, and his irrelevant but witty answers won for him the name, "The Prosecuting Attorney's Nightmare."

Today Zeb's testimony on the stand would have a lot of influence on the jury when they brought in their verdict on the case of Zeb's friend, Ezra Hollis, who was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Zeb sat down, crossed his legs, and shifted the ever present wisp of hay from one side of his generous mouth to the other. The prosecuting attorney, a small, brusque, ferret-faced man, sidled over to him and said, "Mr. Cowley, state if you please, whether you have ever known the defendant to follow a profession."

Zeb chewed contemplatively on his wisp of hay for a while, and then drawled, "He's been a professor ever since I knew him."

"Professor of what?"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me Mr. Cowley. What does he do?"

"Generally what he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Cowley, what the defendant follows."

"He follows anything that looks like a bottle and has a smell of whisky off it; but all the same he's a durn good fella."

At this there was a ripple of laughter over the court room. The judge pounded the desk and roared, "What I mean is, what does he do to support himself?"

"I saw him supporting himself against a lamp-post last night," said Zeb with a twinkle in his eye.

The baffled attorney said curtly, "That's all for now, Mr. Cowley."

On his way back to his seat Zeb stole a glance at the jury and saw that the bored look had disappeared from their faces and in some cases had been replaced by a stifled smile.

Later on in the trial Zeb was called for cross-examin-

ation. This time he was sure of his ground. If he could continue to baffle the lawyer, the verdict might be satisfactory.

The prosecuting attorney continued, "Mr. Cowley, I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"

"No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"The defence rests," said the lawyer angrily.

In ten minutes the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty. Twenty minutes after the decision had been reached, two old gentlemen were warping up the street arm in arm. Need I mention their names?

THE RITES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Tommy MacLellan, '46.

Even well informed Catholics take it for granted that there is only one truly Catholic rite, the Roman rite, in the Church. This supposition is far from correct, as the following facts will show.

In the Catholic Church there are twenty-two separate rites, all of which are of equal standing. Of these, nineteen are Eastern rites, while the remaining three are Western. In the beginning all the rites were united under the Pope. In time, however, some fell into schism. The nineteen Eastern rites, as they exist today, are composed, for the most part, of groups of Catholics whose forefathers broke away from one or other of the schismatic churches of the East, and returned to the Catholic Church. After their return they continued in the rite to which they had formerly belonged. Because of their reunion with Rome, these Catholics are called Uniates. The names of the nineteen Eastern rites are the following: Catholic Coptic, Catholic Abyssinian, Malankara Syrian, Maronite, West Syrian, Catholic Armenian, Pure Greek, Italo-Greek, Albanese, Georgian Byzantine Catholic, Melkite, Catholic Bulgarian, Catholic Serbian, Rumanian Byzantine, Catholic Russian, Ruthenian, Chaldean, and Malabor Syrian. The Latin, Mozarabic, and Ambrosian