



EXCHANGES

The time again comes around when the Exchange Editor takes up his task (oh, yes, always pleasant) of commenting on the various college exchanges. If, occasionally, we seem somewhat severe, just remember the words which we again take the liberty to quote:

"A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that the author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind."

Then, too,—it would be a dull old world if there were no differences of opinion, even in these small matters.

Greetings then, to all those colleges who so kindly and so faithfully send us their publications; and allow us to express our hearty appreciation of the same.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

One of our most faithful and most interesting exchanges is *The Holy Cross Purple*, and the November issue is no exception. The high standard of subject matter, both prose and poetry, gives the magazine a thoroughly dignified tone. Variety is its keynote.

Mr. Fallon's article *Would You Dance At a Funeral*, crying out against the unpardonable liberties which Swing has taken with the works of the masters, has many avid followers here,—brother "longhairs." We agree: Swing *has* its place. But,—to use Mr. Fallon's words, "Let's not dance at any more funerals."

Halliburton's Last Adventure by Thomas F. Weldon, was keenly interesting not only because it treated of a man whose life reads like a blood-and-thunder novel, but because of Mr. Weldon's personal touch.

The free, breezy style that marks the "Coffee House Column" is exhilarating. From the Main St. episode, it would seem the children in Worcester are born very young.

It is quite evident that poetry rates an honored place with Holy Cross students. The poetic effort that invariably

graces the pages of *The Purple* can well serve as a model for our poetic brethren at home. However we miss Francis W. Sweeney whose influence must still be felt at "The Cross."

We would indeed lack a sense of justice in our criticism were we to fail to mention the words of The Reverend President. They are applicable, not only to students at Holy Cross, but to students at any college. The editor wishes to pass on his parting words:

"Not by words, not by songs
Are men reborn,
But by sacrifice.
Sacrifice is the revealer.
We see all things clearly
In the glazed mirror of blood."

THE TECH FLASH

Judging from the well-thumbed pages of *The Tech Flash*, it rates a fair following among the students, especially among the science men. (we can tell by the smudgy fingerprints.) The informative nature of its articles commands attention. Speaking of attention, the editorial, . . . *And Right Shall Triumph*, is to be recommended to the attention of all red-blooded citizens. Of the European situation says *The Flash* editor: "The result, obviously enough, would be the virtual enslavement of millions of independent, liberty loving people."

Also related to European troubles is Mr. D.J. Mackey's article *Watch Him*. He takes us to the sinister office of a more sinister man,—Josef Stalin. The invigorating style in which Mr. Mackey presents the picture of Stalin, his origin, rise, and present position in the political checker-board of Europe, is worthy of note. It evidences careful research.

The science notes are immensely enlightening. In writing articles on scientific subjects, there is always the danger of obscurity that comes of the average reader's unfamiliarity with technical terms. However, the articles in *The Flash* are remarkable for their clarity. The article, *Electric Eye Torpedo*, in the November issue, though very brief, is most notable for this quality.

With the Humor Department, however, we "have a bone to pick." But really,—it's rather an odious bone.

So perhaps it would be best for all concerned that we refrain from committing such an unpleasant task to these innocent pages. Suffice it to say, (being charitable at that), that the grade of humor in general, found in *The Tech Flash* is,—well, questionable to say the least.

L'HEBDO LAVAL

La popularité de *l'Hebdo-Laval* chez nous s'explique bien facilement. En effet, les étudiants de Laval savent présenter un journal à la fois littéraire et des plus intéressants.

Pour ma part, je ne laisse jamais passer un numéro sans en lire au moins les articles *Nourissants*. Ceux de Cric et du Rédacteur en Chef attirent particulièrement mon attention.

A mon avis, on attache trop d'importance à la musique et pas assez aux sports. Bon nombre d'étudiants me sont connus comme joueurs de hockey et franchement j'aimerais en entendre parler un peu plus.

Il serait aussi à souhaiter qu'on accordât plus d'espace aux délicieux *Potins* de O. Fusil.

Toutefois malgré ces quelques points faibles, il n'en reste pas moins vrai que *l'Hebdo-Laval*, tant au point de vue du fond que de la forme, passe pour un des meilleurs organes d'étudiants.

J. R. M., '40

SKYSCRAPER

A new arrival at the Exchange Desk this year, and one we hope we shall continue to see, is *The Skyscraper*, the semi-monthly publication of Mundelein College, Chicago. This is a really interesting and well balanced paper. It gives a vivid cross section of college life at Mundelein. Especially effective in this respect is the "Skyline" column.

Of particular interest to students here was the word on Bishop Kelley's *The Bishop Jots It Down* in the October 3rd issue. The Bishop is a well-known alumnus of St. Dunstan's and all his books are much in vogue at his Alma Mater.

And—before we go, a word of praise to Miss Clare Anderson for her article *November, 1914 and 1939*, in the November 3rd issue. Though short, it has depth and a

power that strikes home. It points out for our frantic grasp the neglected solution of the troubles which beset us at this critical time, namely, a return to prayer. As Miss Anderson says: "We have strong invisible reserves,—the suffering souls in Purgatory." Let us avail ourselves of their potent aid.



That low man seeks a little thing to do
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

—Browning.

