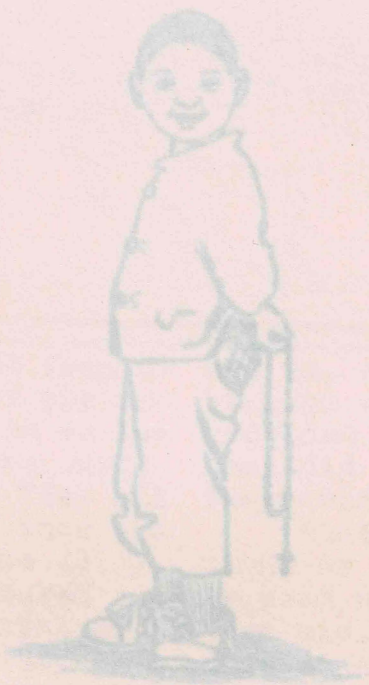


THE
Wigwam.



ST PETER CLAVER^{3rd}
SPANISH ONT
OCT 1st 1930

Mission Work in the Northland.

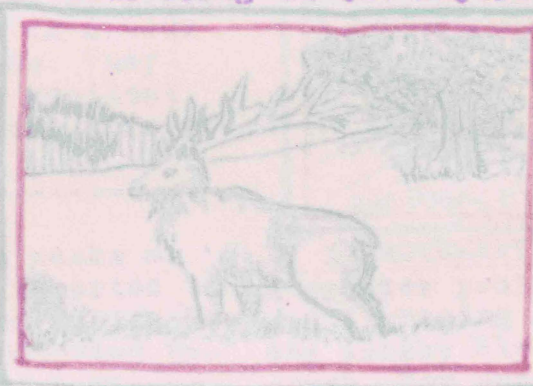
Editor's Note: The Wigwag staff wish to thank Fr. Holland, S.J. for this second and concluding part of his thrilling trip in Northern badlands. Letters of appreciation from subscribers will be faithfully forwarded to the author.

PART TWO.

When the portage was finished, we usually embarked, and had a cool run on the lakeshore or river-bank. This was glorious compensation for the fatigues of the portage.

In our first four days of travel, up to Lake St. Joseph, we had eleven portages, most of them being about a half-mile long. One portage was two miles in length, and two-thirds of it was through muskeg. Here we sank deep, and could hardly drag our feet out of the mud. We finally arrived at Lake St. Joseph, our first mission, and met the Catholic Indians, who had come from afar to await the arrival of the priest. We saw some Indians on an island, and thinking they were ours, made our way towards them. They all disappeared, like rabbits, into the bush. It was only after some delay, that they, one by one, ventured cautiously forth. This is typical of the Indians in the far North. They have never been south even as far as the railway track, and can speak only Ojibway. They are marvellous hunters and can travel straight, through miles and miles of virgin-forest, never dreaming of being lost. Those who have become Catholics are most pious, and far unlike those Indians who are in the transition period from savage to white-man's food and habits. These Northern Indians will frequently and comradely recite the Rosary while hunting moose, and come home in the evening to recite Indian prayers, and sing Ojibway hymns, taught by Fr. Couture through the medium of gramophone records. These neophytes gathered four times a day to hear instructions, sing hymns, and learn their Catechism. They would sit most attentively, listening to every word that fell from the priest's lips. During the mission, they would be in and out of the priest's tent all day long, and gave Fr. Couture no rest

from the hour of morning mass until sometimes 11.30 P.M. They came with all their troubles, moral and physical, to the priest. Our Indians at Lake St. Joseph, have the reputation of being the best in the land. Even the Hudson Bay Co. officials remark that our Catholics are outstanding in their good conduct. Among them, there is not one disagreeable instance of violation of the marriage bond. They marry, young it is true, but faithfully rear large families. Converts are coming fast. While at Lake St. Joseph, we received ten new members into the fold of Christ. In this Northern country Pagans are as yet far in the majority, but this is easily understood, as it is only in recent years that priests have made excursions so far North. We had a splendid example of the goodwill of the Indians, when we came to the spot, where we were to camp at Lake St. Joseph. It was raining heavily, and yet they met us, eagerly shook hands; took our baggage ashore, put up our tents, and provided us with dry wood. In short, they did all possible to show us that they welcomed us.



What I have said about the Indians of Lake St. Joseph, may be equally said of the Indians in our other four missions. We stayed four or five days at each mission. The reader must realise that the nineteen days spent at the missions, was but a small part of the time consumed in travelling. Twenty nine days were spent in just getting to and from our mission centers.

After leaving Lake St. Joseph, we went 450 miles down the Albany River, then North to Fort Hope, and still further North to Lake Atawapiscat. Returning to the Albany River we went to the mouth of the Ogoki River, our last mission, whence we travelled 7 full days and a night before reaching the railway and white-man civilization.

STUDENTS WANT YOUR SPARING-SPACE.
NICE NEW DESKS. COZY COMFORTABLE SEATS. SUNNY ROOM. HARDWOOD FLOORS. INDIVIDUAL INK-WELLS. MEALS OPTIONAL. APPLY...GAGNON-JACOBY BOOKS.

EAGER YOUNG FRESHMEN PASS COLLEGE PORTALS. GRANTED AT HISTORIC SCHOOL.

Twenty eager young freshmen received their introduction to historic old Claver College during the month, at the Freshmen-Day activities, which last all day. In a few days they will complete registration.

Welcomed to Claver College by Dr. Charles Belanger, S.J., President, after breakfasting in the White and Blue Hall the "freshies" heard a brief address on "What Registration Means" by Edmund O'Keefe, S.J., registrar. They were conducted through Claver Library later, by Dr. Dufresne, S.J., librarian.

After a tour of the main building the young men were addressed at luncheon, by Dr. Hynes, S.J., Dean of the college, on "The Origin, Early History and Traditions of Claver College."

They next visited St. Joseph's in a body, and were welcomed by local authorities, who took them on a tour of the buildings and grounds. They will soon be introduced to resident tutors, and the gay laborious life of Spanish.

NO NEW MEASLE CASES.

For the first time in some weeks no new cases of measles were reported to our efficient Department of Public Health. Yesterday two were reported, bringing the total to 28. Dr. Laflamme, V.S. is hoping that the weather will cool off soon, as the disease shows a tendency to decline in colder weather. No deaths have been reported thus far.

FANS MEET WITH DISAPPOINTMENT.

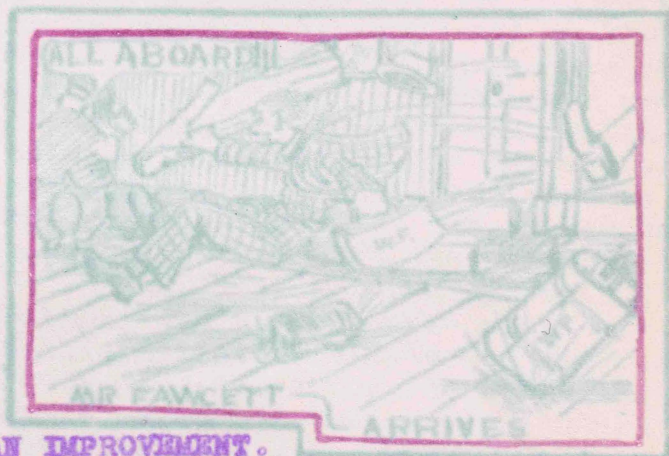
Saturday, the twenty-seventh was a terribly blue day for Spanish plebeians. Owing to the wet conditions of the Claver Ball Stadium, the yearly battle for supremacy between the Espanola "Wild-Cats" under the able direction of Fr. Breenan, and the Spanish "No-Seekers" had to be postponed. We feel however, that the intervention of rain was a break both for ourselves and for the "Wild-Cats". Our reeters will be all the more enthusiastic when the fire-works do begin, and the "Wild-Cats" will have another breathing space to whip themselves into fighting trim for the battle royal.

NO ANNOUNCEMENT.

There was no official announcement to make at the conclusion of the morning sitting of representatives of the Gagnon-Jacey, and Vandermoer interests. A general survey and discussion of the problem took place with a view to co-operate action between the Companies to keep aboriginal brain-cells and hands occupied. Extensive work on corn, potatoes and wells was suggested.

NEW INSPECTOR ARRIVES.

During the month, Mr. W.J. Greening, the new School Inspector for this locality visited the different classes of our school, the convent, and the Separate School. He expressed himself highly pleased with the results of his inspection and showed great zeal and enthusiasm in all pertaining to Catholic education in our schools. Mr. Greening is successor to Mr. Macdonald, and is a highly respected citizen of Port Arthur. The teaching body of Spanish and all the children wish him all success in his new field of labor for God and the Catholic cause. Ad multes annos, Mr. Greening.



AN IMPROVEMENT.

A greater protection against thunder and lightning has been effected by the Jacey Electric Co. during the month. New quarter-inch copper lightning wire has replaced the old wire, badly damaged in recent electrical storms, and now the danger from lightning is negligible.

"I ARRIVE."

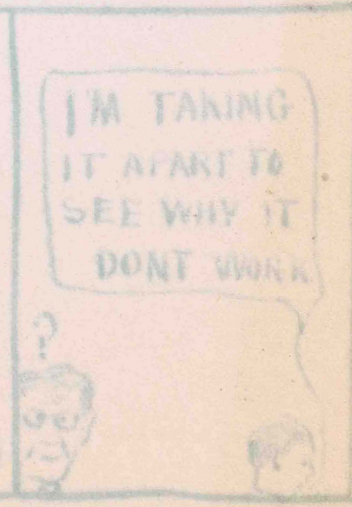
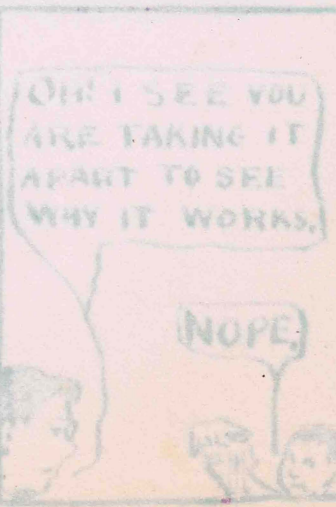
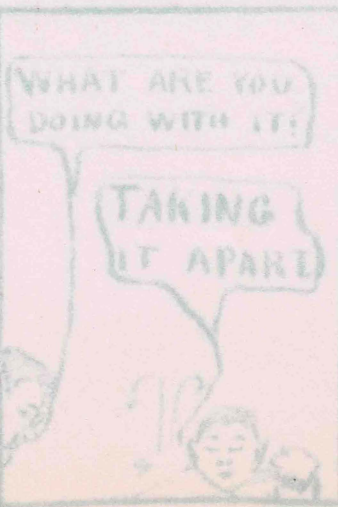
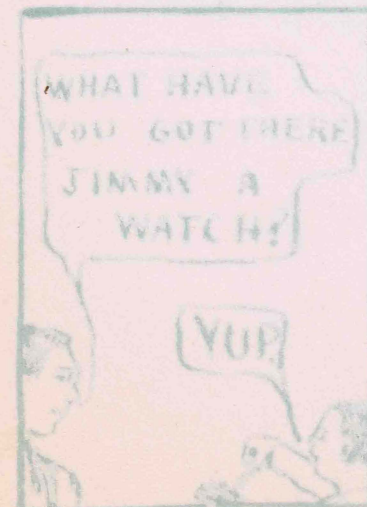
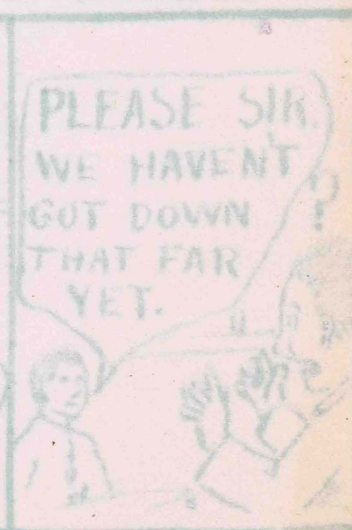
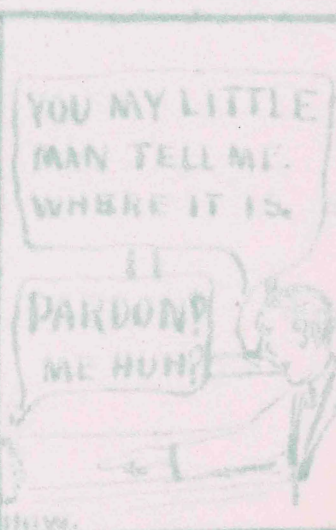
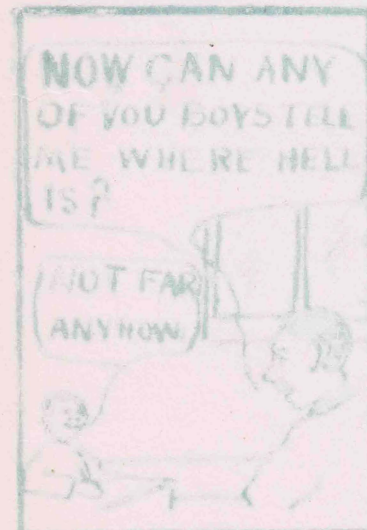
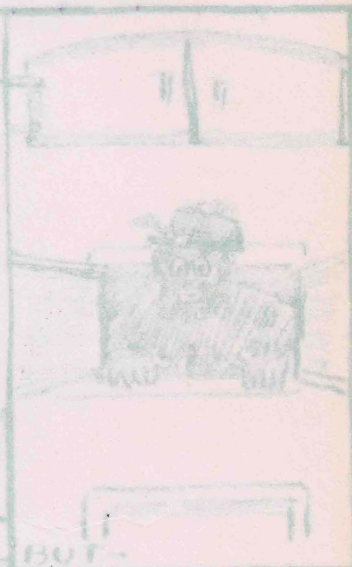
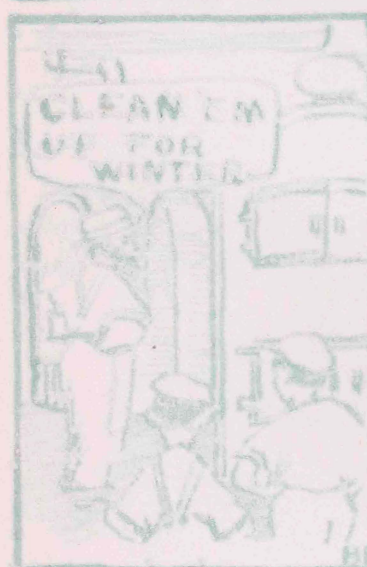
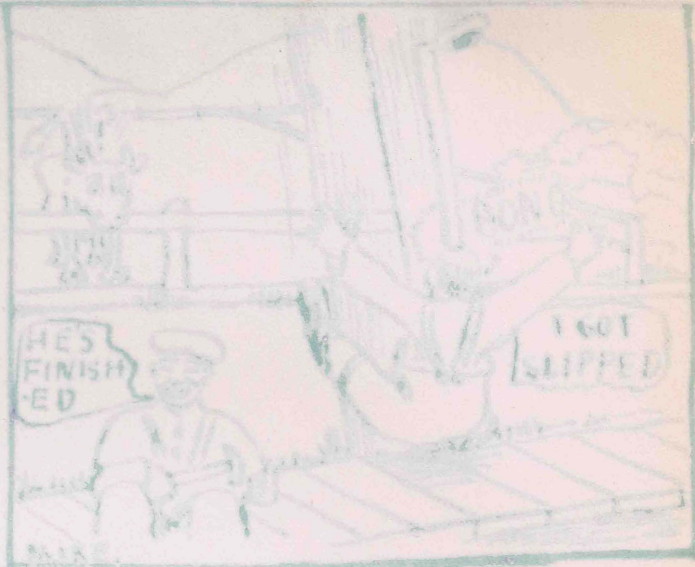
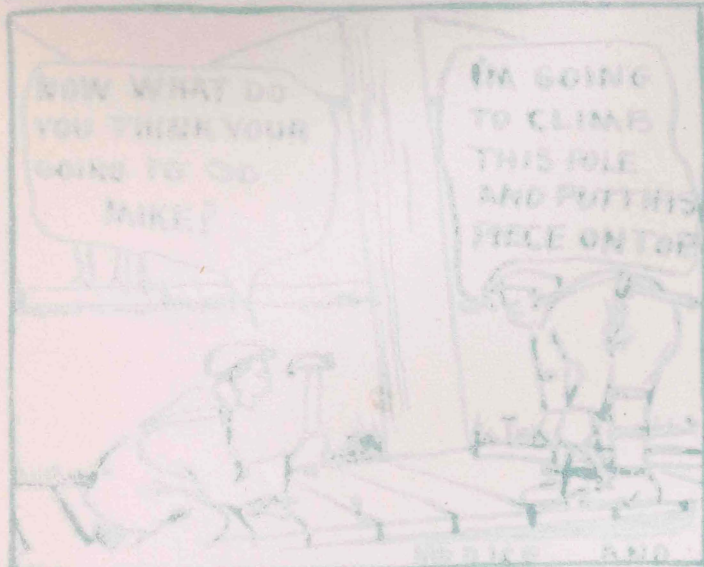
Editor's Note: Even College mentors have feelings betimes, and the Wigwam staff sincerely thank Mr. Fawcett, local Mentor, for impressions expressed in this article.

"Spanish", said the porter, and taking my grip, he half led, half shoved me off the train. "Thank you", I said, and picked myself up. I would have given him my last quarter. Instead I sought out the chief station-master. "Where are the conveyances", I demanded, and then with best Sunday per-viousness, "I want to get to the Indian Residential School." "Conveyances"! The chief station-master b-amed daggers.

"Yes", I answered bravely. "Go On-V-E--- Then with a cerebral wave. "Pailey-vous l'anglais?" "Oh! I see", he inflected (though I don't think he did), "No, Mr. Bishop is fishing to-day". Having thus ended the conversation, he walked into the station-house.

"I will have to", I said to myself, trudge to the "School", though my metropolitan spirits pretested

THE END OF THE WORLD



THE

Magazine



ST PETER CLAVER SCHOOL

SPANISH ONT

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\$1.00 a year

By the month.

WIGWAM

Vol. 1V...No.3.....March, 1931.....Spanish, Ontario..

KIBERNIAN NIGHTS!!

On St. Patrick's night we were wafted away on the moonlit waters of drama to the Isle of the Shamrock & Brogue.

The choice of the play, "My Irish Rose", so ably presented by our local Glee Club, showed admirable taste and judgment. It was a happy blend of delicate sentiment and passion sublime. The green silken ribbon of true Irish love that twined throughout the plot, added

the necessary tinge of romance; and not only did the players themselves grasp the spirit of old Erin, but they passed it on to us all.

Musical interludes add to finesse; and the vocal and piano selections of Miss Mabelle Muncaster, accompanied by Mrs. M. Osborne, were a delight in their artistic rendition.

The boys and girls wish to express their gratitude to the club for a special performance deeply enjoyed.

..THE CAST..

- COLUM MCCORMACK, a prosperous farmer of Kildare...Mr. F. McPhail.
- MAURICE FITZGERALD, a rich young Dublin artist....Mr. W. Fawcett.
- TERRY CREIGAN, Colum's nephew, an Irish Lieut. in exile..Mr. A. Lortie.
- ARCHIBALD PHENYWIT, a wealthy blundering tourist...Mr. P. Bishop.
- MR. MICHAEL PEPPERDINE, a Dublin barrister.....Mr. C. Lidstone.
- SHAWN MCGILEY, the laziest man in County Kildare....Mr. E. Muncaster.
- ANN MARY MCCORMACK, Colum's sister with a n Irish heart.Mrs. T. J. Kelly
- THE WIDOW HANWIGAN, with an eye on Colum.....Mrs. J. Muncaster.
- BILKIN FITZGERALD, a Dublin heiress.....Miss Stella Bishop.
- LADY AGNES BARICKLOW, who hesitates at nothing..Miss Dolores Lafrance
- PEGREEN BURKE, a maid-servant on McCormack's farm..Miss Lily Barrigan
- ROSE CREIGAN, a wild Irish Rose.....Miss Letty Brasel.

NEW ARRIVALS.

In the latter days of February three new boys- Alpee, 14; Norman, 11; and Isadore Maiangowi, 9 years of age, arrived on the morning local from Parry Sound district. This brings our total to 124, a record for Clavers since its inception. The Papineau brothers have been transferred from the dormitory to the sun-parlor to make space for the neophytes.

ONE DEPARTURE.

How heartless and cruel our mail-man can be at times! March the first brought official documents from Ottawa, discharging Herman McLeod, heap-big Chief of our local Indian Council.

Patrons of our Auditorium will be sorry to hear of the departure of this jolly comedian and entertainer par excellence, and the grief and sorrow felt at his loss in the Claver Dramatic Circle itself, was a touching tribute to the high esteem in which he was held. Good luck to you, Herman. We'll miss you a lot.

TO BELIEVE THAT TIRED SPRING FEELING, YOU MUST GET INTO THE PORES.

####PUBLIC SHOWERS####
####JACOBY & MARQUIS####
cor. 5th Alley & Pater Noster
Tel: Wal 1300

HOCKEY!!

'llo Folks!

Not to be "turtlish" or anything like that you know, but we'll make this short and snappy, so's you'll not be late for the show.

Maybe this'll explain some of the fan fever that has stricken so many in our little arctic circle---I mean the gentle cadence of the score-board--

Feb. 15th.

S.P.C. vs. SPANISH SNIPERS"

They're good, folks! They licked us awful! Three 23's and they smeared a X lot of mud on our glorious name.... Snipers 9 Purple 4 Gold 4.

"The ice was like shavin' lather" sez our goalie. He suggests that they practice refinement, and clean their feet before they come in on him the next time.

Feb. 24th.

SPANISH "SNIPERS" vs. S.P.C.

Trimmed to a "T" again, friends. We have no excuse to offer. We must play better hockey and more of it--- Spanish 11. S.P.C. 5.

Claver's sextette have a promising crop of scowls a-blooming now--wonder what it means?--And the boys talk down in their chests--The coach seems to smoke a contented cigar though, in his arm-chair hours; and the "chiff" he

gets about his squadron of "has-beens" just calls forth a complacent grunt or two.....wonder why?

Seems as if.....

Mar. 1st.

S.P.C. vs. "SNIPERS"

The thermometer goes up and the score goes down! I mean vice-versa.....They're hittin' on all fours again! folks. Now, old coach, we know where your dollars were.....

.....

A clean fast game-- the home lads like tigers uncaged-- and the papers say 5 to 5.

.....

Papineau got his powder dried since the rain stopped; and his shots came clean--

Simons and Anderson are crimping the curtains again---

Good old gamesters! we knew you'd come back.

.....

Then as say the Spanish fans are not good sports will kindly refer the matter to our team..... off the ice for persuasion's sake.

.....

Mar. 4th.

Juniors stepped out to-day 'gainst the combined forces of both our local high schools.

Every midget deserves a mention-- but little Pete Papineau sure juggled the "heel".

Midgets 1. Visitors 0.

.....

Pete's got pep! Hang onto yer jobs, Seniors!

.....

Oh! we almost forgot...

The faculty thought they needed exercise and picked on our Seniors. They got their exercise a-plenty...

Mar. 2nd. Seniors 6; Fac. 3.

Mar. 3rd. Seniors 6; Fac. 4.

.....

Further games prohibited-- coach fears degeneracy!!

.....

Mar. 5th.

SPANISH vs. CLAVER'S.

This was a game, friends! The coaches packed their bombs in the dressing rooms las' night; and the "cappies" passed out the matches to light 'em off just before the gong to-day. It was a fane frolic, this one! No programs thrown either--The Spanish folks sure went fifty-fifty, and we'll gladly roll back their 'hoops!

.....

The lads swapped cracks, and they didn't come in bunches!

Wish "Jeff" Papineau would develop some skate blisters-- he'll be lost in commercial currents! shore's gum

S.P.C. 4 ; "SNIPERS" 4.

There was overtime.....

.....

Mar. 8th.

SPANISH vs. CLAVERS.

We're hangin' right wid 'em, doggies. They ain't goin' to dig up the bones we've been hiding all winter an' get away with it....

This was a battle of attacks-- with a rink full of rooters to make a din you'd remember. The score ended 5 to 1 for the Purple & Gold.....

We sure felt like prize babies

.....

Pete Bishop our mutually liked and much-jawed-at ump, slipped up on one to-day---

.....

Use your monocle, Pete!

Who threw the stick at our goalie?---- we mean the lip-stick?

.....

The boys were all sublime--

The features were-- our line-up.

.....

JOE'S LETTER

Dear Jim

Its a long time I didn't write to you about anything.

It seems the older a feller gets, the more he don't like to write. I just got to write this time or buss, cause I got something to write about.

Bro. Jacoby and the carpenters and Harold, are going to try and raise some rabbits this summer. They got most as many cages as they is wells out in the field. I ast Bro Jacoby which kind of rabbits they were, and, he says, Chinchilly rabbits. "Why?" I ast him "Cause their chins was so small" he says. Then I says what about their tails?" but he says "You couldn't call em by more than one name at a time could you now?" "Well why dont you raise skunks?" I ast him "Inair skins is worth more than rabbits skins, and you cant lose em "Tell me what sense is there in raising skunks?" he says "lots, I says," it depends on which way you raise em." Any how Fr Hagerty says they are full of hops. (The carpenters, I think he means) And Fr Hines, says if anybody is going to do any hare raising stunts a-round here it should be Bro. Campbell an Bro Lafane. Anyhow I'm making me a good salingenot.

Joe.

MEMBERS OF THE W O R K S



MICHAEL PEPPERDINE



SHAWN MCGILLY



ARCHIBALD PENNYWIT



MAURICE FITZGERALD



ROSE CREIGAN



EILEEN FURNE



TERRY CREIGAN



MAY AGNES BARICKLOW



MARY ANN MCCORMACK



EILEEN FITZGERALD



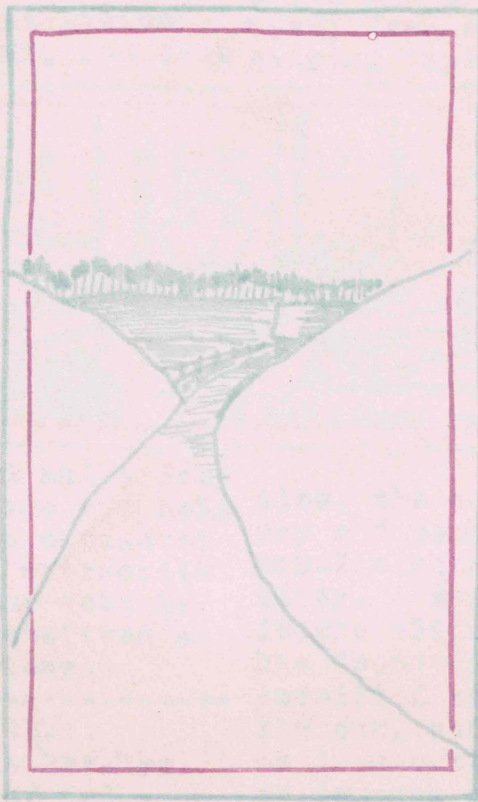
EILEEN MCCORMACK



THE WIDOW HANNIGAN

THE GUEST IN MY IRISH ROSE.

THE
Wigwam.



ST PETER CLAYER SCHOOL

SPANISH, ONT.

NOVEMBER.

1.00 a year

By the month.



Vol. 111.....No. 11.....November, 1930.....Spanish, Ont.....

STUDENT RETREAT.

The annual Retreat for the students of Claver College has ended for the year. As is customary, only the graduating class and Sophomores made the exercises. The subject matter treated was according to the plan of instruction established by St. Ignatius. The retreat was conducted by Fr. E.A. Hynes, S.J., formerly of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal, and lately Director of Altar Boys' Societies and Young Men's Clubs in this exalted seat of learning. The object of the retreat was to remove those participating in it from the ordinary routine of their daily duties, to a state of serious, undisturbed contemplation concerning God and the soul, and thus to batter their lives for the ultimate goal, which is their purpose in life. Accordingly, the convent girls and Parochial School children, who also followed the exercises of the retreat, were urged, as they always have been in past retreats, to enter into this one with a sincere frame of mind and a desire to profit by its sermons and holy atmosphere. Fr. Hynes, who conducted the retreat, displayed an extraordinarily fine ability for the work he was doing, and everyone benefited abundantly by his instructions.



FOUR CHIEF GOES TO SPANISH.

On October the second, the Rev. Bro. Campbell, S.J. the noted chef and soup and gravy expert, arrived on the Algoma Flyer from St. Stanislaus Mission, Guelph Ontario. His seven years of experience at Campion College, Regina, augurs well for the future health and good spirits of our large community. Brother Flynn, S.J. our former chef is now assistant to Fr. Campbell, and culinary anxieties are now a worry past and to be forgotten.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

High Mass and procession of the Blessed Sacrament at 9 o'clock Friday morning, October the thirty-first, inaugurated the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours for the present year. The various exercises were very well attended throughout the three days, and many a little sacrifice on the part of parishioners and children alike will not go unrewarded.

MIDNIGHT MINSTRELS ENTERTAIN.

On Thursday evening, October the thirtieth, just as our Lay-Brothers were writing fans to a quiet restful feast day in honor of their Patron, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the Flyer from Geerge pulled up at the local depot, with Geerge Washington Alexander Couchai and his Glee Club on board, and the show was on. Good music, clever dancing, unique and amusing entertainment and clean fun abounded in Couchai's latest musical comedy extravaganza: "Unlax and see how you like it".

The large cast of musical favorites included Gerden, Sam an' Andy; Blerian and Caspar Papineau; Sambo H. McCleed; Ivan and Yuran Awfulitch, our dancing duplicates, and a troupe of midgets.

Twelve hours in a sleeping car with a nigger porter and Kid Chocolate, and you have "The Wreck of the Trans Continental", George Washington Alexander Couchai's famous drama of travelling humanity. "The Wreck of the Trans Continental" has been

acclaimed by local critics, the most wonderful play of this day and generation. It combines wide popular appeal with fine literary quality. A typical C.P.R. sleeping car is the slide upon which the dramatist has focused his microscope. You are permitted to stand at the entrance to the car, and savor the essence of life as it shuttles to and from its work, or lounges about its nocturnal recreations. It encompasses love and hate, humor and excitement, in a word, all the phases of life itself. Residents of Spanish and outlying districts were really fortunate to witness such an excellent cast as the Georgia Midnight Glee Club.

BEAUTIFUL GIFTS DONATED.

The Community are deeply grateful to Mr. F.J. Topp of Montreal for his magnificent gift of two beautiful paintings during the past month. One of the pictures is a truly life-like painting of Our Sainted Canadian Martyrs. The other is a beautiful scene of St. Peter's, Rome, at night, and is gorgeous beyond verbal description. We thank you sincerely, Mr. Topp, and beg God to bless you abundantly for your boundless generosity.

WALLS PULLED DOWN CHEAPLY...BEAMS A SPECIALTY. Apply HYNES & CO. LTD.

FOLLOW THE CROWD TO "YE OLDE MOLASSES SHOPPE"-THE KAMPUS KANDY KOUNTER. SERVICE HOT OR COLD--H. Jacoby, Prep.

MISS HITTLER LIES IN REST.

After an illness of nearly two years borne with incomparable patience, Miss Hittler died peacefully in our bed on Thursday afternoon, October the sixteenth, at St. Joseph's Convent. Miss Hittler was born in New York in 1844, and came to Canada about thirty years ago to devote her life to the salvation of the aborigines of Kanitowaning and Georgian Bay. Requiem High Mass was sung by the boys and girls of our schools for the repose of her soul on Saturday, October the eighteenth. Miss Hittler was ever remarkable for the practice of all religious virtues, and we feel confident that she is now at peace with God. May she rest in peace!

NEW FASHION-KRAFT OPENS ITS DOORS.

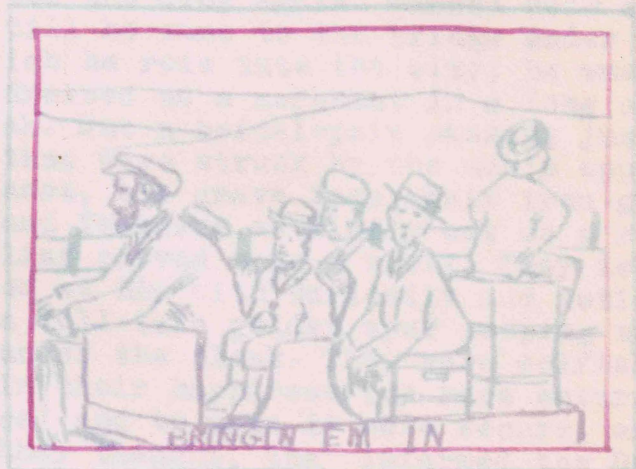
Despite the official dread at the passing of any Claver tradition, we regard with unbounded pleasure the demise of the old three-room wardrobe, at which the student body lined up umpteen times a week, and indulged in a cheerful bone-breaking survival of the fittest free-for-all for the necessities of corporal warmth and well-being. What sport that was! And how keenly contested were the honors! The Saturday evening rush in particular witnessed the class of giants, and to be the star of one of those evening performances required a rare combination of patience, brawn, sleight of hand and self-annihilation, prefects included. Certainly we do not accord its loss the compliment of a passing sigh. The old has given way to the new and practical. Walls have tumbled down, clothes-hangers have been installed, individual clothing put in individual boxes and marked, and now clean fresh linen can be procured as easily as pilfered fruit from the desiring apple-vender's cart. Great appreciation is due to the Lyles-Laflores and Jacoby-Gagnon Jobbers for their untiring work in this department.

IMPORTANT.

We have to request that our kind subscribers and recipients of the "Wigwag" will not forget to send in their annual one-dollar subscription before Christmas. This year particularly, with financial depression so rampant, we need help to make this Christmas a happy one for our Indian children. Is Spanish on your Christmas list?

IN AND FLOW AT CLAVAN BRIDGE.

Edmund O'Keefe, S.J., Registrar, reports the arrival of five new Freshmen during the month. These young men swell our total attendance to the high-water mark of 123. The new arrivals are Thos. Montour, 14; Leslie Dion, 12; Michael Norton, 12; John Norton, 11; and Louis Norton, 9; all from Caughnawaga, Quebec. So much for the flow. But during the month five of our former students left for parts known and unknown, and they constitute the ebb. The departures were: John and Wilfrid Debossige; Joseph and Michael Oshabon; and Michael Gulaie. At least we can rest content with the even break. St. Joseph's Convent were a little more fortunate or unfortunate, just as you like. Latest reports from that quarter announce the arrival of



four girls from Caughnawaga, and the discharge of one. Margaret Gabow, a pupil of the school for a number of years, has been discharged, and is now housekeeping in Espanola, Ontario.

BURNETT'S DEATH SHOCKS COLLEGE.

Philip Burnett, an old pupil of Wikwemikong days, died October the twenty-eighth in the hospital at Hornsby of appendicitis and resulting complications, after an illness of only a few days. He went to the hospital suffering from severe stomach pains, and his case was soon diagnosed as appendicitis. According to reports received here, peritonitis set in after the operation, and a few days of intense suffering wrote finish to his youthful and promising career.

Philip was born in May, 1902, and attended our college in Wikwemikong for a number of years. What shocked us most was the fact that Philip had visited us just three weeks previously on his honeymoon trip. It is with the utmost regret that we extend to his parents and wife a most heartfelt sympathy. R.I.P.

FOURAGERS DEMAND--INSIDE OR OUT... Apply... Elard & Co. Ltd.

DISTINGUISHED OFFICIAL PAYS A VISIT.

We were all very glad to see Mr. Phelan, of the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, here at the beginning of the month. Those of us who had experienced his kindness and courtesy, and his cheerful ways, at his former visits, welcomed him gladly indeed, and the new arrivals among our teaching staff have assured me that they fully share our sentiments. Mr. Phelan encouraged us as always, and did a considerable amount of good to our Senior class. He came in during one of the lessons, and made the acquaintance of these boys, and by his kind and encouraging words made them feel that they have a sympathetic and powerful friend in the Seats of the Mighty. We would all be glad if Mr. Phelan could make his visit bi-annual instead of annual.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We sincerely thank Mrs. Meylan of London, Ontario, for the generous supply of clothing, used and unused, that she sent to us during the past months. We can always put such articles to good use, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Meylan's good example will be an inspiration to our many kind subscribers to heed the words of Christ: "Go thou, and do in like manner. We also appreciate the kindness of Mrs. Barker, of Winnipeg, for her generous treat of candies for the children, and Fathers Desautels, and Paquin, and the Wright family of Montreal for subscriptions to the Wigwam. We are likewise sincerely grateful to the Fathers in Montreal, and the Walsh family of Sherbrooke for generous contributions of magazines and funnies for the relaxation and amusement of our many children.

FR. HOWITT NAMED TEMPORARY SUPERIOR.

At the beginning of last month, Rev. Fr. James Hewitt, S.J. was named superior of this institution, replacing Fr. Charles Belanger, S.J. who had been Superior for the past six years. Fr. Belanger had been suffering from mental strain for some time, and was finally granted a month's leave of absence for a much needed rest. We sincerely hope that God will soon restore him to perfect health and bless him abundantly in his work.

DO NOT FORGET THAT ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION. THOUGH SMALL, IT MEANS MUCH TO OUR CHILDREN. LET'S GO, FOLKS!

Mention the Wigwam-nationally known.

CHILDRENS' CORNER.

Editor's Note:

Another Fourth Book boy, Clement Chesterfield, who somewhat deprecates Geoffrey Plantagenet's informal way of writing history, has written an essay on St. Edmund, King and Martyr, I have managed to find space for the following extract from it.

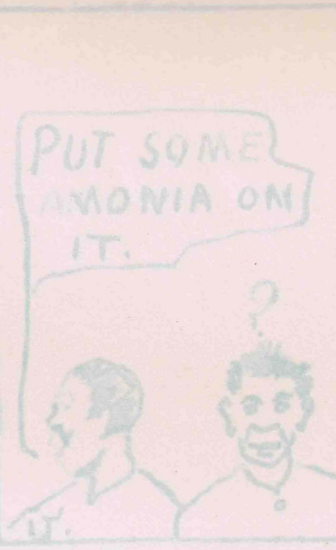
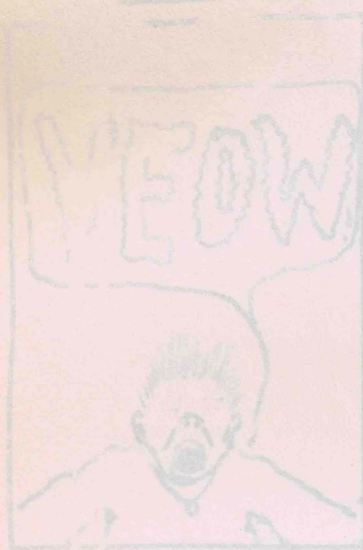
"Edmund turned to the soldier and told him to ride to Storrington to tell his friends there to expect him, all going well that night. Wilfride shook his head and replied: "Better come now." "No," answered the King, "I have to do that which brooks no tarrying." And so they parted, the soldier looking long after him with a sad foreboding that he would never see the King again. Edmund rode on till he came to the bridge under which he rode into the city; he was dressed as a merchant in a long cloak. But a bridal-pair passing just then were struck by the man's appearance, his grave face, hair iron grey, and features as finely cut as a relief carved upon a shell. They looked at him with curiosity and noticed a tell-tale golden spur peeping out under the cloak. They were selfish in their happiness (no rare occurrence) and to make it more secure, as they thought, they informed the Danes.

When the soldier returned from Storrington the following day, he was told of the martyrdom of St. Edmund. With primitive feeling his first impulse was to kill the newly-wedded pair, but remembering that the King had never held any bitterness in his heart, he left for his own home in Sussex, where he was murdered by the Danes a few months later. But so perished most of the Christians of those days. Treading the road of persecution and martyrdom, few of them passed out of this life in the way of the patriarchs.

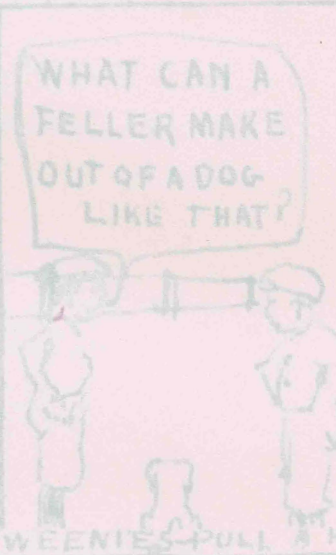
LITTLE JOE'S LETTER.

Dear Jim: We got thrashed all right. It wuz a dusty job; sum fellahs wuz up in the mew pushin stuff in the masheen; some wuz takin eats way; me an Paul wuz takin way the stuff whet cum out a the blew-pipe. Everythin wuz duss; my ears and nose wuz full; my eyes an mouth get fullup. I near choked cause my shirt wuz full an my pants too. I felt like I wuz havin the meezles all ever. When we wuz through Bre. Vandermur said that wuz the cat's mew and then we went to eat. We change wurk pretty soon. Sen sum munny if you can.

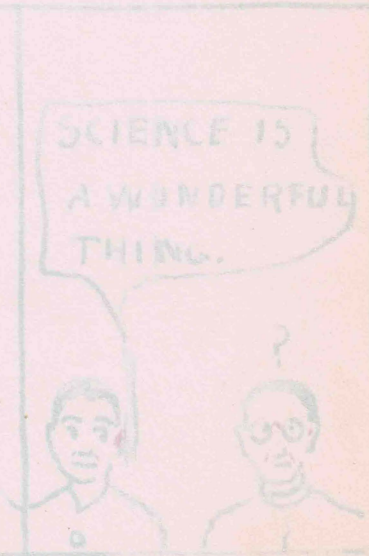
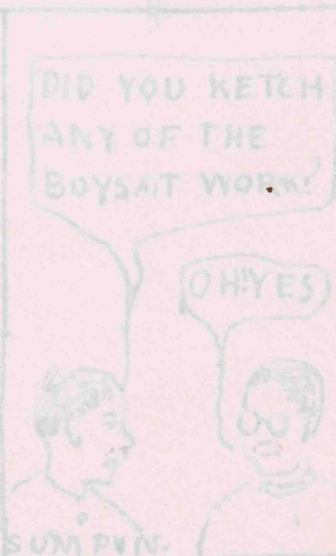
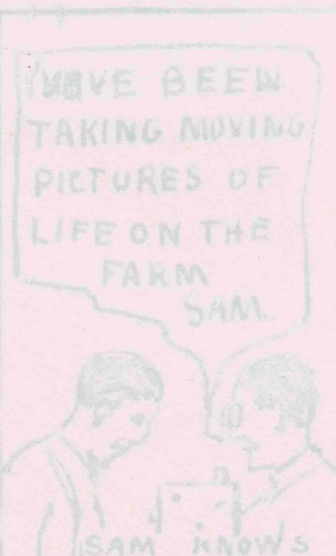
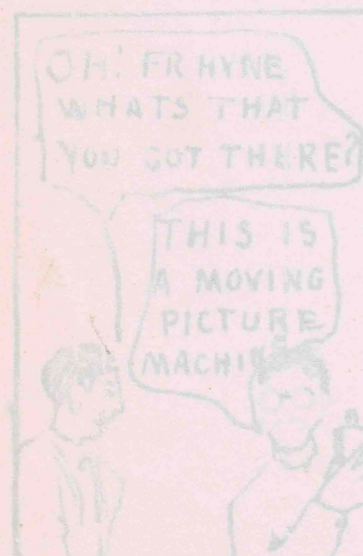
Affexshunnutly,
Joe.



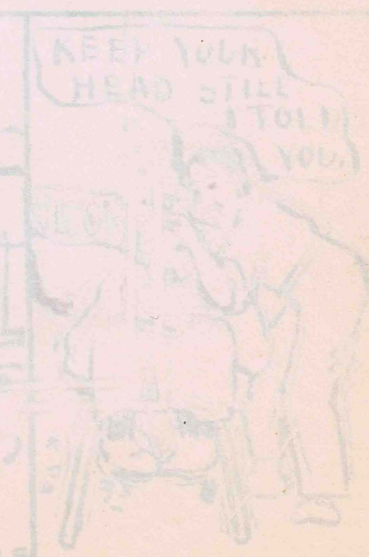
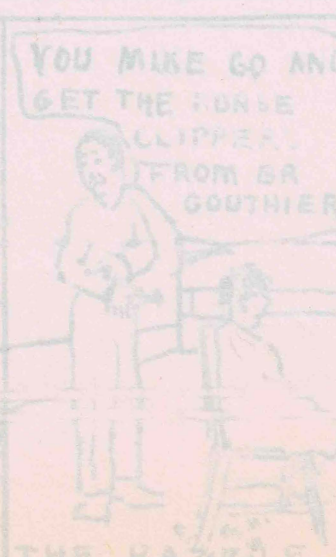
FUNNY AIN'T IT.



THE TEENEY WEEENIES PULL A HOT ONE



SAM KNOWS SUM PVN.



THE RAZZLE DAZZLE PARLOHS

THE

Wigwam.



ST PETER CLAVER SCHOOL

SPANISH, ONT

DECEMBER

A Merry Xmas.



-----NEW-OR-D-----



THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT OF THE WIGWAM. THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY MORE DAYS TO GO AND SANTA NEEDS THE AID OF OUR KIND SUBSCRIBERS. OUR 121 YOUNGSTERS ARE EAGER AND FOR THIS REASON THE WIGWAM CHRISTMAS FUND SENDS FORTH ITS APPEAL TO YOU ALL.



CHRISTMAS 1930.

"THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE!"

There are 121 of them! Clarence, 6; Isadore, 8; Basil, 10; Louie, 12; William, 14; Sam, 16; and a host of others.

Confident that the kindness of heart and Christian charity of our good subscribers will spur them on to aid God's poor entrusted to our care, we sincerely thank them in advance for any donation or gift, however small, that they may send us before Christmas. The most desirable gifts are pecuniary contributions, which can purchase urgent necessities. But bear in mind that nothing is too small or unacceptable. Candies, toys, old clothing, books, discarded skates and hockeys, and many other items that our kind readers will doubtlessly call to mind, will be very welcome indeed.

They are dark-eyed and black-haired. Their faces shine with the radiance of youth. Their bodies are alive with the eager enthusiasm of childhood.

Be generous, dear friends. By giving to this worthy cause, you will undoubtedly find your own joy at Christmas more replete, and very pleasing to the Christ-Child whom you honor in the feast of Christmas.

"It's the Wigwam Santa Claus!" the whole 121 seemed to shout in one cry when the Wigwam reporter called on them yesterday.

Please address all contributions to:
BOYS' SCHOOL,
SPANISH, ONT.
(Please enclose name of sender).

It is at such anniversaries as Christmas that the father hearts of the Prefects of Spanish turn in affection to those who are their very own. And now that an unkind fate stands in the way of providing them with the things dear to the hearts of children, this is indeed the time these in charge of our children need befriending.

We sincerely believe you want to help. In this year of special need we are eager that not a single one be overlooked. Your contribution will be the only guarantee that these poor children will be cared for as the One in whose honor we celebrate Christmas would have them remembered. Will you forget them? God forbid!
