

Fr. Hynes Conducts Annual Retreat

The annual college retreat was conducted this year by Rev. Hynes, S.J., on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week. The period of religious devotions was held later than usual this year, customarily taking place in the second week after the opening of the first semester.

Father Hynes is a specialist in missions and retreats. He is a graduate of St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and served as a chaplain during World War II.

The three-day period, interspersed with sermons, religious exercises, and spiritual reading, saw a large percentage of the student body attending.

A master of narration, the retreat director held the students' interest with episodes of life overseas in the past war and drove his points home with force and clarity. The stories of human piety amidst trying conditions served to bring closer to listeners, the intrinsic value to adherence to the moral code.

Urging greater love of God, and consideration of the next life, Father Hynes said: "Reading, writing, and arithmetic do not make a man. Education is only one factor in man's ultimate destiny. You may be a successful engineer, lawyer, doctor, etc., but what comes next? What follows after a successful career? Think about that fellow, it's very important".

ALMANN AWARDED DRAMATIC MEDAL

It was announced last night that the Rector's Medal for Dramatics has been awarded to Al Mann, a sophomore Journalism student, who so capably portrayed boxer Joe Pendleton in the Saint Mary's College Playshop's 1947 production, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." It was the winner's first experience in the field of dramatics.

Judges for the award were Rev. A. B. Leverman, Mr. W. A. Russell, Mr. J. E. Flinn.

Rector's Christmas Message

LONG ago St. John, the beloved disciple, summed up the underlying theme of Christmas when he wrote: "God so loved the world as to send His only-begotten Son". The message of Christmas is fundamentally the revelation of God's love for us. On Calvary our Saviour reached down for our sins; at Bethlehem He reached out for our hearts.

DESPITE the worldwide anxiety and distress, and the suffering and destitution in so many countries, there is reason for true joy. While we may not have the worldly peace and plenty with the freedoms our statesmen so eloquently extolled during the war years, we can have the peace and happiness 'which surpasseth all understanding'. It is realized in the presence and love of Him Who gave us our first Christmas.

THE joy of Christmas, the joy of the crib of Bethlehem, is not the joy that the world knows. If we wish to experience the true joy of Christmas we must look beyond the pagan material trappings of the feast to the heavenly Prince of Peace. It is He Who still points the way as He did from the cave of Bethlehem. May He guide you in His way; May He increase His love in your hearts; May He grant you His most precious gifts and blessings.

PLAY SUCCESSFUL



"Lay Off Him, Inspector"

SINGING BOARDERS MAKE DEBUT

The Boarders' Glee Club, directed by Mr. David Asselin, S.J., made its debut Wednesday night when the organization rendered three negro spirituals, two old standbys, and a Christmas hymn between acts of the college play.

Next term, the club will annex some high school boarder talent and stage a vocal concert, according to current plans. The musicale will be held in the college residence with about twenty voices participating.

Wednesday night, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Seen" started the program, followed by "Standin' in the Need of Prayer". The latter number along with "Some of These Days" featured the quartet of Oliver Blakeney, Paul Hazel, Neville Connor, and Ed McCormack.

Other renditions were: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton", "Silent", and "Adeste Fideles". The rest of the group consisted of: Byron Phalen, Al Kalbhenn, Richard O'Hagan, Elmer MacGillivray, Gerry Stanton, Roger Le Frank, Al Chisholm, Art Mancini and Robert Burke.

The director also plans to form a chapel choir with general singing as the main purpose.

LADIES AUXILIARY HOLD ANNUAL FACULTY TEA

The Ladies' Auxiliary held their annual Faculty Tea last month with about 200 persons attending. The Tea provided an opportunity for parents to meet the teaching staff of the college.

Mrs. G. F. Clyne, Mrs. T. B. Houlihan, Mrs. T. J. Moore, and Mrs. Joseph Donahoe poured tea. Assisting in the serving were: Mrs. T. M. Lee, Mrs. J. J. Napier, Mrs. J. D. Connolly, Mrs. W. Heenan, Mrs. J. W. Blair, Mrs. J. D. Devan, Mrs. E. Weagle, Mrs. J. M. Inglis, Mrs. J. W. Dyer, Mrs. A. W. Abraham, Mrs. J. B. Sabeau, Mrs. W. J. Martin, Mrs. E. M. Hyland, and Mrs. A. T. Sabeau.

Debaters to Hold M. I. D. L. Trophy?

Santamarian debating teams this year are continuing the reputation of intercollegiate victories set by their colleagues in the 1946-1947 season. As defending champions of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League, they have won their first two contests of the current season and are well ahead in the race to hold onto the trophy.

Ron Downie and Steve Hagarty started the ball rolling when they defeated a Pine Hill duet on the topic "resolved that the Federal Government should provide a system of complete medical care available to all citizens at public expense" to cop last season's championship.

Then came the success of Terry O'Toole and Bob McNeil over Dalhousie on the subject "resolved that the Federal Government should adopt compulsory military training".

Lloyd Robertson and Jack Earle concluded Saint Mary's debating activities for the first semester when they got the judges' nod for upholding the negative of a resolution calling for the adoption of permanent price controls. The last win gave our society the enviable record of eight consecutive victories in M.I. D.L. competition.

Probable debaters for the final encounter, scheduled for February against St. Dunstan's College at Charlottetown, are Ron Downie and Steve Hagarty.

Mann and Downie Star In Comedy-Fantasy

BY THE EDITOR

Halifax, notoriously barren of legitimate theatrical productions, is once a year enriched by the Saint Mary's College Playshop. This year, the organization further elevated its reputation with the revival of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan", a three-act comedy by Harry Segall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Directed by Rev. H. J. Labelle, S.J., with keen dramatic insight, and acted with vivid interpretation, the play flitted from solemn realism to witty hilarity, from tender emotion to almost incredible fantasy, and held the audience all the way.

It is only occasionally that a decade or even century produces such an histrionic phenomenon as the recent Playshop theatrical. Novices to the art performed like old troupers, set men came through like veteran architects, and production manager Tom Murphy's showing would credit Samuel Goldwyn. A theatrical involving nearly every device of dialogue and staging in the playwright's repertoire was set before the footlights with eminent success—truly a great and appropriate compliment to an enthusiastic and talented group.

The play centers around a good-hearted and rather dumb pugilist attempting to find a suitable body after his soul is prematurely spirited to heaven by an over-zealous messenger, (Gerry Parsons). Assisted by a Paradise big-shot, Mr. Jordan (Ron Downie), boxer Joe Pendleton (Al Mann) first inhabits the body of a 20-million-dollar financier, Jonathan Farnsworth, who has just been drowned in his bathtub by his wife, Julia (Barbara McCarthy) and her heart-throb Tony Abbot (Steve Hagarty), for obvious reasons.

Bette Snares Joe

Then heroine Bette Logan (Madeline Heenan) enters the scene to beseech Joe to get her old man out of jail (Jonathan Farnsworth put him there). Joe (outwardly Farnsworth, of course, falls head over heels and immediately initiates a program of restitution.

Meanwhile Joe is whipping Farnsworth's body into shape and gets his manager, Max Levene (Don Delaney) to get him a fight. All goes well until Farnsworth puts up such a beef in heaven (he "abhors pugilism") about the misuse of his body, that Joe has to leave it. The leave-taking is brought about naturally when Tony Abbott shoots him. But Joe doesn't like the idea since Bette has fallen in love with Farnsworth and he'll have to start all over again

if he gets tangled up with another corpus delecti.

Joe fools around sans body for a while and hops into K. O. Murdoch's when the fighter is bumped off in the ring by gangsters. So Joe gets a good body and the light heavyweight championship and Mr. Jordan decides to let the fighter stay where he is.

Mrs Farnsworth and Tony confess their misdemeanors to police inspector Williams (John Delaney), Bette and Joe (now Murdoch) are attracted to each other, Mr. Jordan returns to his post in the other world, Max Levene and Lefty (Bill Russell)—K. O. Murdoch's manager—make a satisfactory deal, and everyone is happy.

"Crime Does Not Pay"

The play's moral seems to be that goodheartedness and generosity finally overcome adversity and the old standby—that crime does not pay. In certain sections, the dialogue leaves much to be desired, but skillful interpretation irons out this failing. While the theme of the drama is almost as old as the proverbial hills, it transcends the commonplace through the unique aspect of portrayal. Modernization of ancient credences gains audience interest and the plot complications hold it.

(Continued on Page Six)



For the Cast: Greasepaint and Powder.

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

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Sports Editor—DICK O'HAGAN Business Manager—MAX POTTIE
Feature Editor—GERRY PARSONS Circulation Mgr.—BILL RUSSELL
Literary Editor—RON DOWNIE Asst. Cir. Mgr.—GERRY STANTON
Reporters—TERRY O'TOOLE, JOHN HOUGHTON, TOM TRAINOR,
STEVE HAGARTY.

They Say...

... that most arena ice-time goes to the high school
... that, at least, the high school is satisfied with this arrangement
... that Post Office employment has beckoned many Santamarians
... that perhaps one will be able to fearlessly smoke a cigaret next term
... that with exams only one month away, there is still a lack of textbooks
... that S.M.C. boys will prevail despite obstacles
... that they haven't much choice in the matter
... that December 8 was a holiday
... that, nevertheless, Boarders had to rise for seven o'clock Mass
... that they didn't want to enjoy the day-off anyway
... that the Sodality reception was operated smoothly
... that nobody made a hog of himself
... that it wasn't for lack of trying
... that many more are turning out for interfaculty hockey
... that it's free this year
... that players must provide their own gear
... that the A.A. can't be expected to do that
... that just what the A.A. can be expected to do is a very obscure matter
... that the play was an outstanding success
... that it wasn't because of support of college students
... that all who worked on it are to be congratulated
... that the intercollegiate hockey team doesn't look too hopeful
... that new talent is necessary
... that that's tough

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR...

To the Editor,
Saint Mary's College Journal
Dear Sir,

We, a few of the more scholarly students of Saint Mary's College, were gathered in the canteen exchanging verbal gems when the subject of the Student Council came up. Someone mentioned that the Student Council has decided the post-examination dance shall be an informal, small-time "do" at the College Residence—meaning, of course, that it would be sans glitter and sans splash.

In past years our policy has always been that we should hold a formal at one of the hotels and celebrate the completion of the examinations in a fitting manner. This year, it would seem that some changes are to be made. So what, if we invariably lose a few ruples on the "do". Better to have lived gloriously than never lived at all. Saint Mary's, and the Student Council at Saint Mary's, have a tradition to follow. And, that tradition demands big dances in plush surroundings with resulting big bills in not so plush surroundings.

We more scholarly students have formed a committee, by name: "The Canteen Committee" and we have decided that it would be in the best interest of all, if the Student Council were to sponsor a formal at some local Paladium, rather than fritter away their time on adolescent endeavours. We cannot deny tradi-

... that there should be a semi-formal prom after Christmas
... that it's improbable
... that it would tax the Student Council's energy

tion and the demands of the student body—(only the A.A. can do this).
This is the time for all "Big Time Operators" to rally around and stomp for plush dances and plush bills.

Respectfully yours,
Publicity Dept. of the
Canteen Committee.

To the Editor, Saint Mary's Journal
Dear sir:

Am I mad? Am I? Just when everyone (even Ron Downie) has forgotten that odious incident way back in the football season, when the Boarder's were being pushed around by the A.A., somebody gets short of material for a sports column and stirs it up again.

So I would like to point to Mr. Biggs that not only is he untimely, (it happened about six weeks ago), but that he is also incorrect. He states: "The Boarders continued their holdout and thus the lack of interest in the league". Ye gods, what an untruth!

Did Mr. Biggs read the summaries of the final games for the league championship? Does he not realize that Elmer MacGillivray who starred in both games, is a boarder? Is he aware now of the fact that when he made the above statement, he knew not whereof he spoke?

Please, please, Mr. Biggs, stop browbeating the poor Boarders and admit the awful truth that the Barrington Street malcontents have more spirit than all the rest of the college.

Roger Le Frank
Boarder

about the impossibility of writing good Latin Composition, yet at the drop of a hat or better still, a handkerchief, will travel directly Westward to help a damsel in distress. Maybe its just plain old chivalry from the Highlands of Scotland, or maybe there's more than gold in them thar hills.

And by the way—Did I or did I not observe a couple of Engineers, one a Scienecman, escorting a young lady with a position at "Russell's Roost," into the Family Theatre a few nights back. Being of an inquisitive nature I took a look on the inside to see what gives, and it was worth the money. Big boys as they were, each insisted on holding a hand through the whole performance. I just wanted them to know that the incident didn't go unnoticed by mine truly Transit-Trailer around the College that you know of is always so financially embarrassed that he has to take a buddy along to help stake a girl to a thirty-five-cent movie! Besides, while talking about Engineers...

To anyone patronizing the first Interfaculty Hockey game of the season went a spectacular display of talent. Before the preliminary face-off, MARIUS LEVESQUE, "The Flying Frenchman", whizzed through a few tricky numbers that would make Barbara Ann Scott blush. But, as if that weren't enough, Marius later reappeared accompanied by DON "Twinetender" ADAMS in the Surveyor's Specialty Number which consisted of exchanging pads right in the middle of the game without a goal being scored. One of these days, those lads will get too overconfident.

As a parting evil gester might I suggest that, in the name of Al Johnson, Barton and McNeil go into the blackface?

Hatefully yours,
THE JOTTER.

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By STEVE HAGARTY

"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

I believe these famous (or is it fictitious) words were once said by a well-known American, George Washington, in reply to his father's question, "Did you chop that blasted cherry tree down?" Now I really have no positive proof of the day, month or year on which these manly words were said, but I would venture to guess December 24th, year unknown. For if the "Christmas Tree" situation was as serious in those days, as it is now, I would not blame anyone, (not even a future president of the United States), for chopping down any type of tree, (even though it be a cherry). Now by a serious "Christmas Tree" situation, I do not mean a scarcity in the strict sense of the word; rather let us say, a scarcity of "Christmas Trees".

You see, although local tree dealers most assuredly disagree with me, I stand firm in the conviction that a "Christmas Tree" is neither a puny branch from a pulpwood log, nor a ten ton giant from the British Columbia "Red Wood" district. On the other hand, the tree dealer, who is obviously of a different opinion, works under the motto, that a tree is never too young or too old, and proceeds to rob both cradle and grave.

It is true that "Christmas Trees" come in various shapes, but in sizes, there are only two—the five cent sample bush, and the big, big family-size telephone pole.

But one thing that can be said for the "dealer", is that he keeps up with the fashion parade as dictated by "Parisian Pomp". The bare mid-rift is very popular these days in the "spruce style". You know the kind I mean; a handsome cluster of limbs at the top; a flowing skirt of limbs at the bottom; and in the middle — nothing but a naked scrawny stem between you and a picture of grandpop on the wall behind.

Then too, there is the "low necked evening fir". Draping dangerously from a splintery point, the limbs begin to sprout half way down the trunk, giving it the appearance of a "strapless party gown", which is very becoming, but hardly practical during the winter season.

Still another, and very modern style I might add, is the "new look". In this creation, the bushy limbs are growing out from the very bottom of the tree; in fact, they are the roots of the tree. Some might say that this style produces a very natural atmosphere. But to the man who does not spike his tree to the floor, but rather perches it daintily on an undersized stand, these roots are apt to cause some confusion.

Now getting back to the "tree dealers". Without any particular malice being intended, I have reason to believe, (between you and me), that those refugees from a pulp factory are not altogether honest. Why only last year I asked the man who sold us our tree, if he was sure it was fir. (I didn't want the needles to fall off too soon.) The man practically sneered in my face, and accused me of being ignorant of the facts of nature. What

could I do? I wasn't going to admit my own stupidity before any man, much less before a Christmas tree dealer. So I agreed that the tree was most definitely fir. But would you believe it? Not three days after the tree was in the house, the "blame" thing was shedding its coat faster than a man who has just been invited to dinner. So help me, we had to wade back and forth in our bare feet for three hours before we could find the presents under the tree.

You know it gets "awful disgusting", when year in and year out you order the ideal tree for the narrow little corner in the front room; and year in and year out the Christmas tree dealer either carts in the "Forest Primeval" or bestows a pitiful fragment thereof. It's so mighty disgusting" that I'll be "danged" if I'll go through with it again this year!!!

"For pete's sake maw; hand me down my little hatchet. The Cherry Tree must go!!"

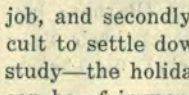
Campus Opinion . . .

LLOYD ROBERTSON, ARTS '48

Would you rather write first term exams before or after Christmas? Why?

Jack Delaney, Commerce '48:

I would rather write the first term exams after Christmas. I have two reasons for saying this: first, if exams were written before Christmas it would mean that the fellows couldn't hold down a part time job, and secondly, it would be difficult to settle down to pre-Christmas study—the holidays after Christmas can be of immense value as a study period before classes are resumed.



Bob McNeil, Arts '49:

I think it would be better to write them before Christmas. You don't learn anything in repetitions that you wouldn't learn with a bit of extra work. They do it in other bigger universities so why can't we. Your Christmas holidays would then be real holidays, and also we would get off two weeks earlier in the spring.

Jack Earle, Arts '48:

I think the present system of writing exams after Christmas is more favourable. If the exams were written before the holidays the first term would be too long. Besides, the majority of the students would spend their Christmas holidays in a state of anxiety and apprehension of their marks.

Marius Levesque, Engineer '48:

I would rather write first term exams after the Christmas holidays. My schoolmates think the same. Such a system would benefit everybody. During the holidays, a student who wants to succeed, can review his text books six hours a day for two weeks. Also, if he likes, he can go out every night, either skating, dancing, or to the movies. In the day-time there is nothing to do but study. First term exams being written after Christmas makes the second term a lot shorter, and the second term exams easier.

On and Off the Campus

Salutations! After much squinting through keyholes, peering around corners and peeping from under stones, a familiar quote forced itself upon my abundant grey matter: "Oh, justice! What crimes are committed in thy name!"—So, in the name of justice the following libelous matter is gleefully strewn:

One Friday night of late, DICK "I'll-argue-on-any-point" O'HAGAN disappeared with several acquaintances from the vicinity of Harvey Street. He returned, I am told, babbling about historic prisons of all things—at least he was muttering something concerning "Old Bailey"; or was it "Young Bailey"; perhaps it was the Tower of London. Anyhow...

DON SMITH, the Enigma of Engineering, is rapidly deteriorating to the canines. As an all-round athlete he neither smoked, drank, chewed gum nor took baths in tepid water. But now! Times have changed. Don has acquired a pipe which he fondles in the same way as a cannibal cradles a missionary's head. Perhaps after several weeks of possession, Smitty may purchase a little of the Indian weed and set to work smoking it. Who knows? Anyway...

As a part of his Political Science course, BILL "La Cucaracha" RUSSELL is endeavoring to cement Latin-Canadian relations. He is rapidly learning the Spanish language by casually listening in on the conversations of three high-school Mexicans and by avidly reading Johnny Hazard. To date, Gussie can pronounce verbal dilemmas such as Si!" with an impeccable accent, and is even considering calling his truck "Don Quixote". (Because it runs full tilt into windmills and ladies.) And...

DAN KIRK insists on sitting in the library by the hour with a blank look on his face. Anybody questioning his lack of activity would quickly be consulted on "The Ultimate Norm of Morality". Dan finds Ethics out of his realm. Yet...

As I peeked through a grating at play practice the other night, I observed "Suave Steve" HAGARTY making a pest of himself by putting the rest of the cast and even the stagehands on pins and needles. Everybody stops patiently waits for the big love scene, but Steve invariably manages to ruin things with what will probably go down in Playshop history as "The Clinch Question."—He puts his arms around the girl, looks tenderly into her eyes, and then... "Now just how would you like this done, Father?" Meanwhile...

Why it is guys like ELMER "Pliny the Younger" MacGILLIVRAY, are always beefing and therefore no names mentioned; (but what



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



A Christmas Tale

By JOHN MATHESON

"TWAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring" . . . but, in his bedroom on the second floor, a small figure stirred. Johnny, seven years old, curly-haired, brown-eyed, sat bolt upright in his bed and listened. There it was again! A faint click, clack; click clack. Someone had said that Santa never comes until little boys are asleep, but Johnny wondered. The sound seemed to come from downstairs, but . . . maybe it was outside. The small boy slipped from beneath his bed-clothes, and pattered over to the window. Flake after flake of silent snow appeared out of the black night air, and disappeared. Nothing more could be seen. Nothing. Not even eight white reindeer. Johnny wondered whether Santa was already downstairs. Wide-eyed, the boy crept towards the hall stairway.

BELOW, in the living room, quick hands were at work. With the stealth of a cat, a large man held a burning candle as close as possible to the coarse cloth bag which lay open before him. He weighed some choice pieces of silverware, one by one, in his hands. Finally, chuckling, he straightened. Taking a long, silent breath, he looked round and round him, as if impressing every detail of the room in his mind. At the base of a Christmas tree were gay presents marked "For Johnny", and nearby stood a large heap of goodies. The burglar was tempted to take some of these for his own child. As he stooped over to look in one of the boxes, something cold and prickly brushed his face. Suddenly startled, the big man gasped with relief when the low-hanging tree-branch trembled a second time. He laughed, ashamed of his fear. A frail ornament fell from a higher branch, and shattered at the man's feet. The broken ornament looked, in the dim light, like a handful of diamonds thrown on the rug. Another uneasy glance about the room was arrested by two objects on the mantelpiece.

THE first was a large piece of chocolate cake. The second, even larger, was a sheet of writing paper. Curious and amused, the house-breaker reached the fireplace in two strides and picked up the paper. On it, in heavy black crayon, was scrawled: "Dear Santa, Here is some cake for you, From Johnny".

For a few minutes the lone figure who stood before the mantle read and re-read the simple note. Then crumpling it into a ball, he held it over the burning candle until a flame leapt from the paper. As he threw it into the fireplace and watched it turn to ashes, the sound of two small feet, quietly coming downstairs, startled him. Quickly whipping out the candle, he whirled towards the stairway. In the sudden dark, he

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A SHORT SHORT STORY

By TOM MOORE

I am just counting my 32nd street-corner-Santa when Helen decides to stop in at Milne's Hat Shoppe. So I slide the car towards the curb and just as we crunch to a stop, I see her. She looks like the little girl in those posters—you know, "Help the Starving Greek Children". The poor kid is apparently frozen, clad in scanty, ragged attire. But she looks happy and I soon know why. Rubbing her nose back and forth, back and forth on the icy plate-glass that protects the wares of Cy Proctor, the toy-man, every now and then she gets up on her tip-toes and gazes for a few seconds at a beautiful big doll. I jump out of the car because I know Helen will be a long time in Milne's—here is my chance to do something good for Christmas.

"Gimme a dime mister, gimme a dime", she says. "What do you want it for?" I ask her.

Just like someone had stuck a pin in her, she scampers back to the glittering window. So I take the hint and follow. A small, blue finger is pointing to the huge doll, resplendant in white silk and nestled between an electric train and a mecano set.

The price tag glares at me—\$12.95. I have no cold cash with me but I can charge it so I stride in, make the deal, and two brown eyes say "thank you" better than anything else imaginable.

"What name did you say, sir?" inquires the clerk. "Helen Dawson—D-a-w-s-o-n". I know that Helen has an account here. After all, what is thirteen dollars — at Christmas time?

Suddenly it begins to rain. Snow turns into slush—slush forms into little puddles of dirty water. I decide to get back in the car when I see Helen hunched in the blinding rain. The car is locked. There isn't any conversation on that ride home. She just glares at me and finally says with icicles in her voice: "You just wait—mother wil soon have a new chauffeur!"

could neither see nor be seen. But a small voice pierced the darkness.

"Santa, can you see in the dark?"

The burglar coughed, stammered, answered: "Yeh, yeh, sure kid. Now . . . be a good little boy, and go back to bed, and Santa will . . . uh, Santa will . . ."

A LONG silence. Then, hesitantly, the two feet turned and pattered back upstairs. The burglar worked quickly. Heaving the heavy sack of silverware on his back, the man headed for the exit. As he opened the outer door, a great gust of cold air and snow blew in. Then, on a sudden thought, the strange figure turned and came back to the mantle. He had forgotten how much his own son liked chocolate cake. Taking the piece, he wrapped it carefully in gay paper which he found beneath the tree, and placed the small package in his pocket. Satisfied, he slipped from the house.

UPSTAIRS, Johnny slept the easy sleep of a child. The whole home was quiet. Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

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Hard Times for a Pessimist

By BERNARD KLINE

A plump old man, jolly faced with a mass of bushy white whiskers and a large pack on his back, stood looking at a store window display on a main street. On the road, behind him, taxi cabs, trucks and busses sped in both directions. Hundreds of men, women and children thronged the sidewalks, most of them carrying parcels. The great stores shone like electric palaces as neon signs flashed, store windows became illuminated and Christmas lights shone forth.

The whole shopping district was a great treasure house in the process of being sacked for the coming great festival.

"Waste, waste! All squander," snarled a rather high pitched voice.

"I hate all this," he said to the old man. "A farce! the beginning of the end. Luxury! Bah! The nation is doomed. Extravagance always precedes a fall.

The jolly faced man turned sharply away from the window and stood face to face with a lean, thin lipped, well dressed man.

"But Why extravagance?" asked the old man. "It's trade, sir. Think of all the people who are kept busy all year round making these wonderful gifts like in this window. Think of the money that they circulate. Think of the happiness. What about the children?"

"Bah! I have nine nephews and two nieces. I shall send each of them a postal note for fifty cents. It's blackmail. That's what I call it. This silly Christmas custom has become a plague, a nuisance, a —, a —, an outrage, that's what. As for the feasting—all gluttony and guzzling. It gets worse every year.

"Judging from what you say, I think you have not quite the notion of it," said the old fellow, struggling to keep the pack on his back. "These crowds of people here now are just bursting with pleasure at the joy of giving. A fifty cent postal note will not delight the heart of a child or give it as much happiness as a tiny engine or a doll or a small box of tin soldiers."

The thin lipped man only stared and looked unconvinced. "Another Christmas foolery," he snapped back "It oughtn't to be, this waste, with the income tax so high, rent high and the cost of living rising. Christmas should be abolished. Why, if I were in Parliament—"

"You couldn't stop it, if you were," said the old man curtly, "because you couldn't stamp out the human touch by any Act of Parliament. It does a world a lot more good among men than any Act of Parliament could do. It has its roots imbedded in an ideal. Perhaps I might call on you some time and explain it."

"You will be wasting your time, but if you like," said the other. "There is my card."

The plump old gentleman read it:

Mr. S. C. Rooge,
The Willows.

"Humph! I thought it would be something like that," said he, as he stuffed the card in his pocket, while the thin lipped man walked briskly down the street.

Then he went on his way, visiting store after store, his pack getting heavier and heavier. At last his face lightened and shone. He walked into a shop where a music box was chiming out a Christmas song.

"The very thing," he said. I'll take it. I wonder what Mr. Rooge will think on Christmas morning when I drop this down his chimney. I'll set it to start with 'Good King Wencelas' and 'God rest ye merry gentlemen. Let nothing ye dismay,' to follow" There was a merry, mischievous twinkle in his eye as he disappeared among the confusion of people, cars and flickering lights.

"Night"

by LLOYD ROBERTSON

THE laughing stars come out to play
As if to mock the parting day,
The moon looks down from heaven's height,
And on the earth bestows her light.

STILL shadows creep from o'er the deep,
And bathe the land with solemn sleep.
And now man's labors are no more
Till bold sun breaks full ope' day's door.



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Short Story

by F. A. MORRIS,

Each year, the problem of what to get "so and so" for Christmas, appears before us. "So and so" may be anyone, may be a friend. To many of us this problem approaches nightmarish proportions as Christmas looms in the snow-clad distance. We wrack our brains, and thumb through mail order catalogues, and advertisements, searching for hints.

We may decide on a gift, and then steer clear of the recipient in case the present wasn't satisfactory. Of course, if the victim happens to meet us, then he'll insist on telling us that it was "just what I wanted". You'll know he's probably lying. If we don't give "so and so" something, we'll feel bad about it. So, what to do? Well, we can take our choice. Whatever decision we make, it will likely be wrong, so what is there to lose?

However, there are some ideas that might help in your choice. If, for instance, Harry smokes. Then we would get him a pipe. Maybe he likes skating — buy him skates. If he doesn't do anything, then a book would be just the thing, for it would make him more inactive than ever. Possibly, if Harry is the depressed and worrying type, a bottle of Scotch might help him forget his troubles—for a while anyway.

So at last, having thought of a present that might be appreciated, we enter a large store. The ancients couldn't have thought of a worse torture than shopping in a modern department store. Ceasing to act like gentlemen, we clean a path through a struggling mass of humanity to the nearest counter. The much-handled merchandise doesn't seem to be just what we want, so we move on.

Passing an open elevator, we are caught in the midst of a surging mob, and hustled (protestingly) into the lift before we can jab anyone with our elbow. Finally, a couple of floors up, we manage to scramble out before the machine can resume its upward climb.

After getting back down again to the main floor, we make a couple of frenzied attempts to reach the counter we want. Taking no notice of the crushed toes and the muttered oaths of their owners, we are successful in trapping an unwary sales clerk into serving us. Either the article we see is just a little too expensive, or it is snatched from our vision by some energetic shopper who disregards our angry stares.

Passing the toy department, we are deafened by the noise of young children giving the toys a tryout. Midget automobiles speed along, and before we can dodge the traffic, one young speed-demon rams into our ankles. Limping along the aisle, and clutching our slipping parcels we suddenly think of a gift we've forgotten. Just then the closing bell clangs and the clerks whip out cloths to cover the merchandise before another customer can voice a request.

There being still a few more shopping days left, we can go home and recuperate, so as to venture out again on the morrow and purchase those last Christmas gifts.

Harry A. Smith

Stationery and Greeting Cards

Portland Street - Dartmouth

IN HOC SIGNO VINCIS

By DR. GEORGE ADAMKIEWICZ
Professor of History and Political Science

The conflict between idealism and realism, freedom and tyranny, democracy and totalitarianism, religion and atheism which was brought to a head after the first World War has now, since the end of the second World War, entered upon a new and apparently decisive phase. Today, when it is being more and more widely realized that these systems are fundamentally incompatible and cannot be made to cooperate side by side within a given area, we needs must arm ourselves with all moral and intellectual weapons requisite to defend our own political, economic and social order such as it has been handed down to us from generation to generation.

If events such as we witness them in the world today, seem to hold out very little promise to lasting peace and international good will we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that this is largely due to initial errors of judgment on our part as to the real nature and aims of this revolutionary movement. Owing to these errors, the movement in question has been allowed to spread so that, today, it is threatening the very foundation of our Christian culture and ancient civilization. For we must not for a moment, overlook the fact that this is a life and death struggle involving the very soul of man, as well as his whole relationship to the material world.

In order to achieve victory in this most decisive of all conflicts, we dare not shut our eyes to defects in our own system which we feel to be irreconcilable with our own consciences and which make it vulnerable to aggression on the part of those who are striving to overthrow it. Democracy in its intrinsic sense as well as the concepts of economic security and social justice to which it has given rise, must be made to work successfully for the good of all classes of society, so as to leave no doubt, in the minds of men, as to its consistency with the laws of nature and the eternal principles of a divinely ordained moral order.

It is for our Catholic youth to grapple with these problems in the light of science and the teachings of our holy Faith and to ensure by a combined effort that the tide of soul-enslaving practises and false doctrines be definitely stemmed.

The Green Years or At Sea with "Pres"

By SANDFORD J. PRESTON, Journ. '49

Through various means, (all underhand I assure you) I arrived at the climax of my naval career. I was discharged. Many a gunners-mate breathed a sigh of relief as I strode through the gates of H. M. Dockyard. You see I was not a model of what all naval ratings should be. They told me I had a mind of my very own and that was something that no other man in the navy possessed.

I was also told that I spent the most TIME in the navy. Speaking of time, I must say that there are various kinds of time in the navy; sea-time, shore-time, cell-time and waste-time. The latter was the official naval time. As for myself I wasted my shore-time doing cell-time.

But let's continue with the brutal story of my naval life. I joined the navy on the anniversary of the death of John Dillenger. I will never forget that day as long as I live because on that day I graduated with full honors from the third grade.

What a glorious day it was for me, with my diploma tucked under my arm and dressed in the full rig of an O.D. (Off the Deepend), I strode into the local pub and dropped a few down the hatch. The result of this venture was the start of my TIME in the navy. To this day I am still proud of the honors bestowed upon me by the "keeper of the keys". Not only did I become the champion "Okum-picker", but I received my crossed mops and star above.

Mother's Socks

My mother was so overjoyed that she immediately sent me a pair of diamond socks to wear in my seaboots.

All through my career of fighting for George, one sad incident after another would keep me in a state of perpetual melancholy. Once my best pal was washed overboard by a large gulp of compass alcohol. I wept all night for him and nothing would pacify me except Carley Float Rum. The Old Man got the O.B.E. for his daring attempt to rescue my buddy on the return trip.

Our captain was really a fine man though. He was a graduate of the Canadian College of Agriculture, and answered the call to arms as soon as he was old enough to enlist.

The thought of pay-day was always a consolation to me until I arrived before the pay officer and

was handed the usual B.N.M. (Back Next Month). After three years of swabbing decks I took my first lesson in seamanship, this was learning to tie a bowline on a keg of rum to sling it aloft. It was during one of these lessons that I committed the greatest crime in navy history by tying a slipknot on one of the kegs. This angered the captain so that he immediately sent me to the crow's-nest without my supper.

What's His Story

Right here and now I must tell you about our cook, the man who made me gain 60 pounds, (2 pounds of fat and 58 pounds of equipment). Before he joined he was champion pig-mash boiler in a slaughter house. He then read a book on the survival of the fittest and added himself to the long line of can-opener hash slingers.

Our Jimmy was a great man too, he used to model zoot-suits for a blind merchant in Quebec. He joined as soon as the navy and zoot-suiters clashed in Montreal. You see, he was out of a job then.

Our coxswain was the "dim-bulb" of the whole ship. The day he came aboard, the rats lined up four abreast and marched off in a body waving banners to the effect that something or other was unfair. Just to show you how Pusser he really was, he made us drink our rum on the port side because that was the side Nelson died on.

And mean, why that guy was so mean that he wouldn't change his socks for fear that he would tear a hole in them. Not me though, I took my lesson from him and had canvas toes and heels sewn in so I wouldn't have to change them. But all that is behind me for I have now joined the ranks of the unemployed and as I saunter into the Sally Ann each day for my free meal, I can't help but think how lucky I am that I'm free.

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a short story

One Floor

By BEN DOVER

It was Christmas, Eve. I was sitting on my favourite two-legged stool in the spacious living room of my adobe, listening to the radio (station CHNS), when all of a sudden my ears were nearly blown asunder by the sounds of that hit tune of the day: "OLD LANG SIGN." Hastily scrutinizing my calendar with one eye, I noticed that the big day was fast approaching; namely New Year's, Eve.

Well, as I sat there, swaying gently to and fro, I was seized with a dizzy spell and decided to sway fro and to for a spell. Outside, the Christmas Carollers were singing Christmas carols, (they'd be fools to sing sea shanties on Christmas Eve).

Next to my home, there was a church. But it burnt to the ground years ago, so naturally enough there were no church bells. I sat there very quiet, wearing my cream-colored earphones arched over my scalp, and enjoyed the wonderful chin music. The doorbell sounded noisily, but I did not hear anything because my doorbell is out of order; so I opened the window to look at the White Christmas. The rain was coming down in buckets. I selected a nice aluminum one, and fermayed the fenetre. (French).

Now, Eve old girl, you know that I never touched a drop of joy juice in all my 31 years. (I will be 32 next month). So you can imagine my surprise and chagrin, when I heard a commotion on the roof. I immediately decided to take steps to remedy the situation. In my hurry, I forgot to remove my cream-colored earphones, with the result that I dragged my crystal set clear up the attic steps. (Has anyone got a X-34960-B radio tube lying around the house?)

Well anyway, upon reaching the roof, I perceived a jolly old man in red B.V.D.'s climbing out of a battered old jeep. I asked him what he was doing on my roof at such an hour in the morning. (This kind of threw him, because it was still night). He said to mind my own business, and proceeded to get into my chimney. I told him he couldn't do that because: (a) I could have him arrested for entering, (b) the furnace was blazing in the living room and (c) I have no chimney. He immediately showed his distaste by hurling a toy atom bomb at me. So you can see why I call this a short story. My three floor mansion is nothing but one floor and a basement, now. I spent a very dreary Christmas.

By the way, what are you doing New Year's, Eve?

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Fitz's Diary . . .

By JIM FITZGERALD, Eng. '50.

DEAR DIARY—

Golly, Mr. Diary, I read a sad news item in the paper today. A 12-year-old boy confessed to killing his sister with a .22 calibre rifle, "because she was always nagging me about bringing in the fuel."

My first reaction was that of losing all faith in the ingenuity of my fellow 12-year-olds. The youngsters nowadays display unforgivable out-breaks of temper and utter lack of control. They all do, that is, except me. A similar situation came to a head in our fifth floor apartment the other day, and, if I do say so myself, I handled it like a veteran.

It concerned this business of taking garbage downstairs to the basement every five minutes. Like that fella, I was always being hounded into it by my sister. As I say, the other day my patience ran out. Unlike that fella, however, I didn't go berserk. I calmly took my little saw, and cutting through a few ceilings here and there, made a dandy hole right down to the garbage room. As you can well imagine it is a wonderful time-saver.

Now and again, when siter falls in I am inconvenienced a bit as I have to wash the dishes. However I think it is worth it, as she usually finds her way back in a day or two. Better still, she hasn't mentioned the word 'garbage' to me ever since.

P.S.—I take it all back, Mr. Diary. This other fella wasn't so dumb after all. Just a minute ago I stepped into the kitchen for a glass of water. How the deuce did sis get out of this place anyway?

Yuletide Verse

by TERRY O'TOOLE, Arts '49

Born 'neath a star shining down
down on His crib,
O'er the hills bare, chill gales
sifted bleak,
Immaculate Child of a virgin
meek,
Adoringly pressed to a stain-
less cheek.

Angelic choirs carol joy unre-
strained,
The hymns from on high, this
night lulled the herd.
Motionless shepherds, whose
flocks lie unstirred,
Stilled by the birth of the In-
carnate Word.

A trio of camels, rise over a
dune,
Orient riders, led on by a star
To Bethlehem come, with gifts
from afar;
The peace of the night, their
sounds scarcely mar.

Infant descending from heaven-
ly heights,
To earth iced in sin, for man,
beauty shorn:
With radiant face these souls
He'd adorn,
To lift up humanity Jesus was
born.

Love is Ever-Green

By TOM MOORE, Arts '51

Most hot-houses around Barre were tempermental, and Anne Kennedy owned one of them; but she loved flowers and plants so fervently that well . . . they were a mania of hers. It was just one of those things. Day in and day out, she transformed their home into a miniature garden, even though husband Johnnie had been more hostile than persevering. Unfortunately he was one of those "ultra realistic", "first I'll make a million" fellows—certainly not the right match for Anne. And Anne knew it.

"Oh well", she sighed, flicking back a stray lock from her pretty forehead, "he can't mind me now . . . after all . . . at this time of the year with everyone dropping in . . . the house just has to be presentable. This argument seemed to convince her, so away she went. "He" was stretched out over in his corner—dead to the world, hard work and too much of it had taken its toll on Johnnie,—he wasn't the man he used to be. She often wondered if he had been working. Yet what could she say? Nothing. No woman was good enough to crash a circle of mad money-making, liquor and sleeping pills, that is—no ordinary woman. Marigolds looked heavenly on the

by ROGER LeFRANK
Arts '49

THE shrinking days of autumn
grow more cold,
The birds have left the winter far
away,
Another year has suddenly grown
old,
And fades towards its finish day
by day.

WHILST looking backward far,
the eye renews
The sorrows, joys, and revels of the
year;
And timeless memory holds within
its views
An image bright, of cherished mo-
ments there.

BUT stranger yet, anticipation
reigns,
Of that great joy which God to
creatures sent;
The Gift who purged our souls of all
their stains
Will be reborn before the year is
spent.

AS though God kept it last, it now
remains
To end our year in joyous wonder-
ment.

mantle, so all dahlias were relegated to the tables, while a platoon of lilies stood guard of honor around the window sill casting lithe, symmetrical shadows. Said shadows landed on the persian rug, whose pattern of roses found it impossible to compete with Anne's produce of the same name. White blended into pink; pink flushed into a deep, deep red . . . There was no need for her to study the effect from a distance, for who should stroll in, but Marg. Newcombe, an old friend and confidante.

"Anne".
"Marg".
"My dear I must compliment you, —the rooms are lovely, I wish I had your flair for flowers."

"Thanks darling. Here . . . I'll take your coat . . . Johnnie's in the back room."

For a second their eyes met warmly. Anne whispered appealingly "My roses do look nice around his coffin—don't they . . ." Then she began to cry.

Merry Christmas!

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Christmas shopp-
ing.

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Service.

A Merry Christmas
FROM
The Journal Staff



S F



O A T S



From where IT IS IT

by Dick O'Hagan

We looked at a calendar the other day. Not that such an act in itself is of any particular news significance, but the fact however, that we discovered to our extreme consternation that the intercollegiate hockey season is bearing down upon us with the utmost rapidity.

* * * *

We should relish nothing better at this time than to report that Saint Mary's is shaping up as a potential intercollegiate championship threat. But, unfortunately, no can do. Having had only two practices, it is almost impossible to assess the power of the Maroon and White's 1947 edition. Everything must be left to conjecture.

* * * *

After closely perusing this year's tentative lineup on paper, our findings seem to indicate that old Saint Mary's-on-Windsor shall definitely not be blessed with a team of powerhouse proportions. But neither shall we be represented as some obviously unthinking persons are prone to believe, by one of the weakest groups of puckmen ever to pull on tattered Saint Mary's sweaters. Gloom goons have gone so far as to say that we may expect our warriors to romp through their entire eight-game schedule without once shattering the goose egg under the "wins" column. Great expectations!

* * * *

Reckless tongue-wagging of this nature have ired yours truly no little. And we feel it our unshirkable duty to take up cudgels and hasten to the defence of our golden gladiators. After all, this year's team is not completely devoid of talented performers. Have we not such brilliant forwards as Johnny Young, Elmer MacGillivray and Don Larlee, all of whom are much improved over last season. Have we not, indeed, those venerable favorites, Jimmy McManus and Bill McCoombs. And have we not defence-man Frank Graves and goalie Don Smith. There, friends is the nucleus around which may be molded a team that could . . . well . . . maybe equal the 50 per cent average compiled by the 1946 squad in chalking up four wins against as many defeats.

* * * *

There is, however, a minor obstacle to be overcome. Where are at least six more good men to be uncovered. The interfaculty league? You must be joking or mad, or perhaps both. But on second thought, from what other source can they possibly emanate? If there are in the college, gifted hockeyists other than those previously named, then they have chosen, for personal reasons no doubt, to keep their abilities well shrouded. However, the task of ferreting out half a dozen enthusiastic young men, physically intact and willing to learn, falls weightily on Father Rourke, who is expected to mastermind this year's club.

* * * *

So we have twelve or thirteen men mustered under the colors. What then? What of the opposition? Will it be generally obnoxious or will there be the occasional soft touch? This operative has never been renowned as a specialist in the field of prognostication (we've waited a long time to use that one). So we shan't predict but just look 'em over briefly.

* * * *

It is a copper-riveted cinch that Dalhousie, with Jimmy Gray having taken over the coaching reins from Thomas "The Breeze" O'Neil, will be even more unpleasant to deal with than last year. Down at Tech, Vincent Vaughn with his Chouinards, Toners, Fergusons, Campbells and MacDonald's et al., should come up with an intercollegiate power. And of course, the defending champion, St. F. X. may be expected to provide able defence for her laurels. And what of Acadia? Glad tidings have come through the public prints, for we note that with but two or three minor changes, Frederick Kelly's Valley Woodchoppers, sans Mr. Gary, have practically the same team that Saint Mary's defeated twice last year. Hence, two or three victories are not only possible, but highly probable.

* * * *

So Halleluia and jump for joy. And let there not be a tear in the beer. For while there is Acadia, there is hope.

* * * *

From the point of view of the harrassed gift purchaser, the 25th day of December is drawing uncomfortably nigh. But this corner does not hanker to put the lug too heavily on poor old St. Nick. Doesn't he have enough to contend with as it is? All we'd like to find in the old college sock on Christmas morn is five or six hockey players. Now look Santa, don't get us wrong. We have no selfish motives. Just give us a few more boys who are capable of taking to the ice and at least looking as if they know what they are therefor, and we'll be as ignorantly happy as ever.

We are also pouncing on this opportunity for the purpose of extending to our friends and readers (assuming that we have such), this column's sincerest wishes for the best of the Yuletide season.

ARTSMEN SMASH BOARDER THREAT

The Boarders' entry in the Interfaculty Hockey League took to the ice on Saturday morning at the Arena intent on capturing their first victory of the season and their second in two years. But things failed to work out as they anticipated for a fast-skating Arts sextet squashed the well-laid plans to the tune of a 7-2 count.

Sparked by their smart-passing forward line of Downie, Cable, and Mulrooney, who accounted for all seven goals, the Artsmen were in command throughout. Spearheading the winners' scoring attack, each with three markers were Frank Mulrooney and Freddy Cable with "Duke" Downie picking up a singleton. Lighting the lamp for the Boarders were Eddie MacCormack in the opening stanza and Paul LeBlanc in the last.

The victors were on top 3-1 at the end of the first and 5-1 at the end of the second and continued to hold the upper hand in the final frame as they added two more while the losers managed to punch home their last marker.

Intermediate High, Woodside Draw 3-3

The Saint Mary's College High School Intermediates held the Woodside entry in the city juvenile league to a 3-3 draw in a fast, closely-contested game at the Arena Saturday morning.

Two goals were scored in each of the three periods. Saint Mary's tallied the first in each frame with Woodside driving back to knot the count each time. Maroon and white marksmen were Hallett, Lee and Cable while Beaver, Scotland and Hodgson registered for the visitors.

Hard-driving forwards Robin Lee and "Gabby" Gibson and smooth-working rearguard Hughie MacDonald were outstanding for Saint Mary's. Brilliant for Woodside were fast-skating forward Doug Scotland, defenceman Walter Lee and agile goalie Ernie Rolb, who time and again kicked and labelled shots while at the mercy of the Saint Mary's attackers.

O'BRIEN GIVES BOARDERS TUMBLE

The services of "Ginger" O'Brien, well-known Navy quarterback during the past season, have been secured by Saint Mary's athletic authorities for the purpose of instructing college and high school boarders in the art of tumbling.

The first class was held Tuesday night before a large assemblage in the Recreation Hall. After briefly outlining the fundamentals of tumbling, O'Brien started his pupils on simple rolls and spins; gradually working up to the more intricate and strenuous exercises which left most of his disciples in a pained and frustrated condition.

The period of instruction was replete with not only strains and pains but provided fun and amusement for the spectators as well as the participants.

It is expected that Chief Petty Officer O'Brien, a physical training instructor at H.M.C.S. Stadacona, will continue his lecture-demonstrations for the remainder of the season.

ENGINEERS TAKE OVER LEAGUE LEADERSHIP

Down Commerce In Hectic Fray

The Engineers moved into the top slot of the Interfaculty Hockey League as a result of their 6-3 victory over Commerce in a fast game at the Arena on Wednesday afternoon.

Sparked to victory by Fitzgerald and Kelly, each with a brace of markers, and with MacGillivray and Freckleton picking up singles the Transistmen rapped home four tallies before the losers were able to crash the scoring column.

Counting for the Commerecemen were Kenny Fultz on a breakaway and Tom O'Neil, who picked the corner with a difficult angle shot. The Commerecemen's final goal was scored by Rawley Hunter on a penalty shot awarded after he was tripped on a breakaway in the last second of play.

Kelly and Garagan were outstanding for the Engineers while Hunter was the pick of the Commerce team.

* * * *

Off the Boards . . . In granting the penalty shot to the violated Commerce player, Referees Fr. O'Donnell and Don Larlee automatically called down on their heads the wrath of the Engineer management . . . Terrible Tom Trainor, Engineer defenceman, was banished to the cooler twice during the course of the game . . . Lining up with the Transistmen, Jim Hallisey, South Orange, N.J., played the first hockey game of his life. Although showing plenty of pluck he looked rather incongruous out on the ice, attired in a flashy tweed suit . . . Commerce mentor Tom Murphy, in a post-game tirade, promised that his charges would do better next time provided: "We have a full team and the referees give us a few breaks."

SAINTS NOSE LIZZIES IN LEAGUE FIXTURE

Recovering from a bitter defeat suffered at the hand of St. Pat's last week, Saint Mary's came roaring back Friday night to knock off Q. E. H. 3-2 in a fast, rugged game at the Forum.

The Saints' well-balanced, first-string line of Napier, Fultz and Fellows pulled the coup d'etat in the first two minutes of play, pumping two quick goals into the mesh.

The first period had hardly begun when Jack Napier snared a pass from Fultz and casually tipped the disc into the net. Then less than a minute later Don Fultz roared in to give Saint Mary's a 2-0 lead. But at the 5.30 mark, Ray Forrest fired a blazing shot past Nardocchio for the only Q.E.H. counter of the period.

The second frame was a regular see-saw with thrills and spills galore. But neither team was able to break into the scoring.

Almost halfway through the third stanza with the play getting rougher by the minutes, "Puddy" Reardon backhanded one in on a pass from Stan MacPhee. Then a few minutes later "Dinney" O'Brien gave the losers their second and last tally on a brilliant solo effort.

"Buddy" Nardocchio, between the pipes for the Saints, was outstanding all the way. Reardon and Johnson also showed well. O'Brien was impressive for Q.E.H.



Having perched observingly in the old press roost for the past couple of weeks, we sally forth once again with a trouserful of slivers, which we shall proceed to pluck and pass around . . . It is said that among the new candidates who have been exhibiting their wares in an attempt to pick up berths on the college team, Rawley Hunter, Joe Hensworth, Danny Kirk, and Fred Cable are the most promising . . . Although out for a couple of mid-season practice sessions last year, Al Munn, a netminder of considerable intermediate experience, has indicated that he will not be a contender for the rubber-eating post this year . . . Freshman Joey Johnson and Don Fultz, highschoolers Pat Heron and Stan MacPhee and erstwhile fellow-traveller Ron Cole, who has of late been shuttling back and forth between Halifax and Montreal, are generally considered sure-fire bets to catch on with Marty Barry's Saint Mary's juveniles . . . The New Brunswick-Prince Edward Island section of the Maritime Intercollegiate Athletic Union has drawn up this season's hockey schedule. The program calls for a round-robin series, with U.N.B., Mount A., and St. Thomas participating. The winner then advances against St. Dunstan's in the tri-province semi-final .

It seems to have taken half The Boarders' interfaculty hockey team, pursuing a course parallel to that of the Northside Vics of the Cape Breton League, will have their sagging ranks bolstered for the post-Xmas schedule by the addition of Al Mann and Al Kalbhen.

a dozen Saint Mary's hockey artists to revitalize the badly-founding Crescents, who for a time threatened to evict the hapless St. John Beavers from the Big Four's basement coal bin . . . While the four juniors, Elmer MacGillivray, Hughie Campbell, Bert Hirschfield, and "Digger" McNeil were up for but two games, it has become apparent that Johnny Young and Joe McLellan have settled down for the winter in the land of milk and honey . . . The Xavieran Weekly reports that Dunc MacIntyre, Colin MacGillivray, and "Shorty" MacDougall have had their services solicited by the New Glasgow Bombers of the A.P.C. loop . . . Frank Graves is a member of the intermediate Wanderers defense corps . . . Augustus "Trigger" Cossett, ex-Commereceman and fast-skating forward with last year's Boarder sextet, is spending a few days in the city renewing old acquaintances, etc. . . Father O'Donnell, who gained considerable notoriety last season for his roughhouse style of play while throwing body checks on Boarders' behalf, has decided to refrain from participating in the bloody interfaculty puck wars this year. Father O'Donnell feels the Barrington Street "Irregulars" can easily round out a full squad without his stepping into the breach . . . For the second successive season, Bill McCoombs and Jim McManus are numbered among the Pirates of Purcell's Cove in the North West Arm League . . . "Duke" Downie is considered by many to be of potential intercollegiate hockey caliber . . .



The Playshop: "An Histrionic Phenomenon."

1st Row—Madeline Heenan, Jeff Flinn, Buddy Nardocchio, Henry Nunn, Jerry Parsons, Tom Murphy, Steve Hagarty.
 2nd Row—Eileen McCarthy, Betty Brackett, Bill Guthro, Barbara McCarthy, Lillian Bates, Ron Downie, Hugh McLeod.
 3rd Row—Tom Moore, John Campbell, Al Mann, Tom O'Neil, Bill Russell, Rawley Hunter, Max Pottie, Joe Wall, Tom Trainor, John Fenton.

To These, Thanks Playshop (con't)

The play is over now, but the success lingers on. Credit has been given to Father Labelle, the director; to the actors and actresses; to the capable stagehands; to the producer, T. W. Murphy, and to all those whose names appeared on the eye-catching program.

But the really valuable friends of the College and the Playshop, are the firms and business men who contributed their own special talents in making the production a hit.

To Gerald J. Redmond, Harry Stephen and radio station CHNS.;
 To Dr. Landry of the School Board;
 To Provincial Electric Ltd.;
 To Cliff Maxwell;
 To the Halifax Infirmary; and
 To Colwell Brothers, we say "thank you" for your wonderful cooperation. We would also like to thank Dr. Glennister, W. A. Russell and A. J. Haliburton for their welcome contributions. Saint Mary's College Playshop is indeed grateful and proud to have such distinguished friends.

Al Mann and Ron Downie, in this observer's humble opinion, are the logical contenders for the Dramatic Medal with Steve Hagarty definitely in the running, the latter actor perhaps being handicapped by the comparative brevity of his role.

Mr. Mann's characterization of a bewildered pugilist hopping from body to body and trying to adjust himself to various conditions which fate throws in his path speaks of talent not often discovered in a novice of the greasepaint and limelight world. His versatility in rendering emotions of indignation, love, sorrow, sincerity, tenderness, etc., along with his confident pantomime give him a position on the list of the all-time greats of Playshop history.

Ron Downie as the imperturbable Mr. Jordan, listed as the second principal character of the dramatis personae, fully utilizes his previous experience on Saint Mary's productions. In his own way, Mr. Jordan is as colorful a character as Joe Pendleton. Mr. Downie gives a seasoned portrayal of the omniscient, just, and somewhat cynical director of heaven-bound souls. He handles many philosophic diatribes and verbose explanations with a dignity and charm which rather generates than loses interest, and never once stumbles into the abyss of over-acting to which such a supra-mundane personation conduces.

Stacatto-speeched Steve Hagarty gives his role requisite worldliness, unscrupulousness, and sauvity. He leaves nothing to be desired as the money-grabbing, stop-at-nothing private secretary to Jonathan Farnsworth. He handles what might be an embarrassing love scene, especially in a collegiate production, with sophistication befitting a much more mature actor.

Don Delaney as the harassed fight-manager scrapes the borderline of over-acting which his role easily assimilates. Mr. Delaney, ineligible for the dramatic award, could undoubtedly be an A-One competitor if he were still attending the college. His pantomime surpasses all others in the show and the entire play would fall flat without his comedy.

Barbara McCarthy as Julia Farnsworth portrays the essence of sophistication and unscrupulousness. Her performance as the unfaithful, socialite wife is a flawless amateur

characterization and further demonstrates the wisdom of the Playshop when it adopted a new policy last year, of using actresses. Miss McCarthy is definitely an asset to the dramatic society, an integral part of the recent successful production.

Madeline Heenan as Bette Logan, sincere, troubled, and later in the play, in love, turns in a stellar performance. Her natural talent eliminates any strained quality which could readily seep into such a role. Miss Heenan's acting experience adds that extra "something", rendering her so much at home before the footlights.

Gerry Parsons as Messenger 7013 stages an over-zealous soul-grabber, desperately fearful of his superior and anxious to succeed. He is a large laugh-getting factor with his original and dignified pantomime.

Vociferous and methodical police inspector Williams is capably acted by Jack Delaney. Mr. Delaney conveys to the audience a true picture of a blustering and plodding official. His efforts to fathom the mysteries connected with "Joe Pendleton, alias Jonathan Farnsworth, alias K. O. Murdock, alias god-knows-who are portrayed with sincerity and vigor.

The all-important supporting cast provides support worthy of the singular excellence of the principals. Bill Russell (another fight manager), Max Pottie (a doctor), Joe Wall (a plainclothesman), Hugh McLeod and Rawley Hunter (escorts), Henry Nunn (a workman) handle their respective roles sincerely. Betty Brackett (Susie, an hysterical and not too bright maid) puts in a convincing performance as also do Lillian Bates (Mrs. Ames, an elderly maid), and Eileen McCarthy (Arne, a nurse employed in the Farnsworth home).

A truck load of orchids go to stage manager John Fenton for his realistic settings and to his assistants, James Fitzgerald, Denny Biggs, and Tom O'Neil; also to business manager Gerald Hubley, advertising manager Frank Barton, ushers Anslem MacDonald, Sanford Preston, and Gerry Stanton, properties men John Campbell and Ron Redding. Last but by no means least, we make special mention of Father Labelle, director, and production manager Tom Murphy for their unequalled efficiency and diligence without whose important contribution the play would have been impossible.

Grease and Make-up

By STEVE HAGARTY

When "medals are bestowed for outstanding achievements, invariably does it occur, that the unsung heroes, the men who work "behind the scenes", received little or no acclaim. Now during the past week a play was staged by the Santamarian Playshop. It was a grand production and no raised eyebrow dare dissent. But a play, like the proverbial chain, is only as good as its weakest link, and in this case, there were no weak links.

From the director and actors to the stage and property men, a treasure chest of talent was displayed. But here I merely wish to mention one man, "Westmore" Redding, make-up artist supreme. With no previous experience, (either amateur or professional), Ron took over one of the most difficult jobs of the whole production,—and, (if I might be so "bold" to say), did a high and noble work. If there be any sneering faultfinder who would have the audacity to say that the make-up was slightly off color, let him now hear the facts, and "forever hold his peace".

Picture a make-up room the size of Class 14 in the College. Picture it jammed with twenty-four actors, each needing applications of cold cream, base, rouge, lipstick, shadow, eyebrow pencil, face lines, etc., etc., etc. And now place one man; one man by the name of Ron Redding in the midst of this tumult, and tell him to make-up the cast, overlooking the fact that he is human, and as a human, is confined by space and time. Now balance these two,—a human endeavouring to make-

NOVICE RETURNS

Jack Mantin (H.S. '47) who left last August with his fellow Santamarian, Varrily White, returned home recently on sick leave from the Holy Cross Fathers' Novitiate at North Dartmouth, Mass.

Although Jack gained sixteen pounds in his short stay, he was having trouble recovering from an appendectomy. So as to be of more value to the Holy Cross Order on his return, he was advised by his superior to take a few month's sick leave. In the meantime Jack Mantin is eagerly waiting and praying for the day that he will once more head for North Dartmouth, Mass.

Frank McNeilly: Order of St. Peter

Frank McNeilly, who was bell-ringer and general handyman around the sacristy, for the past three years at Saint Mary's has chosen for himself, "the pearl of great price". This year he is at St. Paul's Seminary, Ottawa, and needless to say, he is thoroughly pleased with his new life.

He is studying for the Diocesan Clergy, or as they often call themselves, "The Order of St. Peter. Upon ordination he intends to return home to St. John's, Newfoundland.

up an inhuman mob of frustrated actors. What then should have been the outcome? You said it,—a complete mess;—but what in truth, (mirabile dictu), was the outcome? —a fine job,—an excellent job,—a working deserving of the highest praise and congratulations;—and by "gum" I'm handing them out,—and proudly.



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