



C. C. S. M. C. RALLY was held at St. Patrick's Church, Sunday, April 26th. Rev. M. J. O'Donnell delivered the sermon.



Winner of the Public Speaking Contest, April 29, Ed. Cosgrove, Sc. '42.



Top: Seated: Rev. C. C. Ryan, S.J.; Rev. Francis Carroll, Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J.; Mr. G. Parsons.

Standing: Jim Moriarty, Rev. V. F. Hayden, S.J.; Pat Brackett, at recent High School hockey banquet.



Center: Capt. Jim Pineo is congratulated by Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., upon his being awarded the most valuable player Award.

Bottom: McPherson, Smith, Laba, Dunne, Arts Executive, looking complacent after the successful Tau Gamma Banquet.

Saint Mary's
JOURNAL

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"Here is a Brief News Report"

THE STORY BEHIND THE C. B. C.

For almost three years now, the greatest drama and news story in world history has been unfolding across the sweep of an ever-widening canvass.

That drama, that story, has become the all-important factor in the lives of men and nations. Everyone has become a participant as well as a spectator; every home and every community is being affected, directly or indirectly, by the terrific impact of events in World War Number Two.

That is why the reporting of the news of the day is of paramount interest in more than a million Canadian homes. That explains why the Press and Radio are carrying an ever-increasing responsibility to the Canadian public.

In Radio, this responsibility in Canada falls upon the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and upon privately-owned commercial radio stations throughout the Dominion.

The CBC News

On the first of January, 1941, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation inaugurated the CBC National News Service to provide daily news bulletins to its national network of CBC and affiliated stations. A Central Newsroom was set up in Toronto and regional newsrooms were established at Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Let's have a look at the setup of Canada's national news service. In less than two years, it has proven itself as a nationwide system of news distribution. It would probably be hard to find a Canadian anywhere who isn't at least faintly familiar with the name and voice of Lorne Green, who does the late news at midnight . . . "You have just heard the National News Bulletin from the Central Newsroom of the CBC. Lorne Green Speaking. This is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation"

(Incidentally, Maritime listeners will hear the late news at the old time of eleven PM starting about the tenth of May).

Green ranks easily as Canada's number one news announcer, and there are few of the Americans that can do a more straightforward job on the air. But one of the reasons for his success is simply that the news he reads has been written in a style adapted to his capabilities by the editors in the Central Newsroom.

Writing For Radio

All CBC news is written especially for radio presentation by news editors experienced in radio technique. There's a big difference between radio copy and newspaper copy—get someone to read newspaper news out loud and judge for yourself. The facts are the same, but the manner of presenting the facts is altogether different.

Radio news must be conversational

by

Don Macdonald, '43

Junior Editor, Halifax News Room

—easily read, easily listened to and easily understood. In a newspaper, the reader can go back and read the item again, if it's a bit vague or confusing. Not so on the air!

All newscasts, however, are based on the same dispatches that you'll find in any large city newspaper. The CBC news is not a mouthpiece for the government; it has not been set up as a means of pouring government propaganda into the Canadian public. You'll hear essentially the same international news as you will on Columbia, NBC or Mutual.

The Halifax Newsroom

In addition to the network news from the Central Newsroom at Toronto, the CBC Newsroom at Halifax supplies four newscasts a day to Maritime listeners. The news you hear at eight in the morning, for instance, is written in the Halifax newsroom. It's based upon Canadian and regional news and the

international dispatches that are "filed" by news-agency correspondents in every corner of the world.

The international news is carried to the North American continent by cable, wireless and trans-oceanic telephone. It's then relayed over automatic teletype machines to newspapers and radio newsrooms in every part of Canada and the United States.

From early in the morning until late at night, there's a continuous stream of such news rolling off the teletypes in the Halifax newsroom. There it is carefully analyzed and re-written for radio presentation. Late bulletins are added, oftentimes while the announcer is reading his newscast on the air.

That's a brief idea of the setup of the organizations that are at work behind the microphone, when the announcer says:

"Here is the CBC News" . . .

brought Clarence back to the Twentieth Century. Mr. Cunningham stood threatening over him, ruler in hand. For a brief second Clarence stared at him in a blank, unrecognizing sort of way, but as he wielded his weapon in preparation for a second blow he sat upright and in his familiar meek voice blurted an apology. "Perhaps it's the air in this classroom, open that window at your right. I suppose you realize what you have missed. We have already recapitulated the ancient history of the course. See if you can pay a little more attention from now on."

. . . Down the hill he rode. Faster, faster, he urged his mount on. He shed his boots as he galloped. He felt the great horse giving his all for its rider as if it sensed the grave importance of the mission. There beyond that rise lay the camp. He had made it! Against incredible odds, against the opinions of all his associates, Hopewell had done it again! He would prevent the ambush, perhaps he would even reverse it. He made the camp in a flurry of dust and as he almost toppled from his mount he blurted "Ambush ahead". "Take care of him men, Give him the best we have. He deserves it." "No, no," Hopewell muttered through lips parched and bleeding, "Look to my good horse, I am all right . . ."

"Clarence Hopewell, for the last time wake up. If I catch you day-dreaming once more out you go. This is a lecture hall not a dormitory. Resentment raging in his heart, his mind still with his noble horse, Clarence replied weakly, "Yes, Mr. Cunningham."

. . . What! Is there no scholar in Europe who can translate this for me?" The Emperor Charlemagne spoke in an incredulous tone. Here before him stood all the known great minds of the world, yet not one could so much as attempt a translation of the manuscript which he held in his hand. "That document belongs to a lost age of antiquity," said one. "No historian will ever solve its message. Such a knowledge of history is unimaginable." At that moment a servant entered the chamber with the statement that an extremely intelligent man was without talking with Alcuin. "Send in this man and let us converse with him." The man entered and Charlemagne, struck with his learned appearance, handed him the puzzling script. "Very interesting", Hopewell said, "A product of the Abbasid period. Nice description of a battle. Where did you unearth this?" The gathering was stunned . . .

"Are you coming home, Clary?" "What's that? Home? Oh, yes, I suppose so. That was a short class, wasn't it, Gordan? . . ."

Knight Errant

**A Warm Day
In Repetitions
--- in the Thurber
Manner.**

"We will win, we must win!" General Hopewell screamed these words at his charges as the blood-thirsty Persians advanced up the beach towards the vastly outnumbered Greek phalanx assembled on the plains of Marathon. "Sir, retreat is imperative, the situation is hopeless, we shall be massacred in our tracks," cried one of his junior officers. "I say stand fast, and I am still in command here. Right and left flank advance, centre stand ready. We'll give those devils something to think about." The great strategist spoke with such assurance that the men could not but have confidence in him. He was a magnificent figure, this mighty Greek, as he sat there, dauntless, on his famous white charger . . .

"Clarence Hopewell! how do you ever expect to pass the final examinations? Here I've been reviewing all the Grecian history we had this

term and you've been sound asleep!" Mr. Cunningham's voice had suddenly wrenched General Hopewell from his Grecian battlefield, and he felt strange in the classroom atmosphere. The teacher started again. "The next thing to review today is the Roman period."

. . . "O worthy senator, the mob cries for revenge, for blood; they must be appeased. What can we do?" "Do, you say? What do you think I shall do? I shall address the rabble as I have always done." Gathering his toga about him, the venerable Senator Hopewell advanced to the window of his sitting room and began an oration that was to stir their very souls. "What a specimen of Roman manhood," the senators behind murmured. "Look, even now the citizens are swayed. Would to Jupiter there were more Romans like him . . ."

A sharp crack across the fingers

B Y " S C O T I A "

"God alone knows the building rules of beautiful works"

Art, broadly speaking, is "the well making of a thing." In general, then, anything well-made is a work of art, be it a portrait of a DeVinci, the shoe of a cobbler or a large ocean-going vessel. However, when we speak of art today we usually refer to fine art, such as painting, music and sculpture, as differentiated from the utilitarian or useful arts. For art is essentially a human activity, involving man's faculties of intelligence and free will. Eliminated then are factory produced articles such as fountain pens, safety pins and the like. In modern parlance, art refers to anything well made, but especially to music, painting and sculpture.

From God; to God

Every work of Art is essentially from God, for man has been given this world as a stepping stone to Beatitude in the next. This world of ours is not an end in itself; it is just a means to an end, hence all our worldly activity is directed to, or at least should be directed to, not this world but to the next. Art is from God and the artist must be God's pupil for He alone knows the "building rules of beautiful works."

There is no sure-fire way or road to success in doing or making. It is the end aimed at, the intention, the deep-down desire in the human heart that counts. The artist must have in mind something beyond his work, or his own petty self, something beyond, and ultimately, God. It is not necessary to become, as Eric Gill puts it, "All workers in church-furniture shops." "For nature, red in tooth and claw is just as pleasing to God as children singing hymns." There is no need to rule out gaiety and laughter, for this has a definite place in our lives and is pleasing to God. The poets sing of God and so does the glory of the sunrise, the terror of the storm, the song of the lark, the beauty of the landscape.

God-like

Artists are creators of a sort, for art is akin to creation. From the material gathered by external senses the internal sense or imagination forms an image. The artist then transmits this mental image into concrete realities.

As in any productive action, four causes are at work: Final, Material, Efficient and Formal. In the process of art we can reduce the final cause to the artists' first or primary aim, the material cause to that material with which the artist has chosen to work, the efficient cause to the instruments or tools with which he works, and the formal cause to the mental image from which he will build.

The artists' primary purpose, his aim in creating, must be intrinsically good. He must strive to the best of his abilities to fashion a product that is good, and in addition, possible.

He must, also, be intelligent about his material. Its potentialities and nature must be considered and acted on. The material must be used as it wants to be used. A conflict, of

What is Art?

by
Laurie Smith, '43

course, is inevitable between the material and the new form. It is the workman's task to reduce this conflict as far as possible. He cooperates with the material, never working against it; the violence of the material is reduced to a minimum; the material expressing itself as best it can.

The imagination must be respected, the artist feeding it only relevant and digestible material. Here the artist must realize his own personality and be conscious that he differs from every other artist. He must be willing to be himself at his best rather than a cheap imitation of a Turner, Titian or DeVinci.

The Names of God

The four causes working in perfect harmony give perfection. The abuse of any one of them will bring swift and just retribution. Perfection in an object of art to the desire that we have for it we call Goodness, to the extent we have knowledge of it, we call Truth. To the extent we wonder at it we call Beauty. "But Goodness, Truth and Beauty are" as Graham Carey says "all names of God."

It is never permissible for an artist to seek beauty as his final end. "Look after Goodness and Truth and Beauty will take of itself." (Gill) An object of art well made will be beautiful even if this idea be absent from the artist's mind. Let, however, any of the causes be abused, then, try as he will, he can not produce the beautiful.

Is the End of Art Pleasure?

Today there are popular notions that art is concerned solely with pleasure, as essentially an affair of copying and an escape from reality. All of which are wrong notions, as we shall proceed to show.

Pleasure perfects the operation but it can never be a legitimate end of action. Art as considered today is 'good' when the finished product is viewed as a pleasing arrangement of materials, but as we have shown before this is the wrong viewpoint from which to survey art. The artist who gratifies his sense or imagination at the cost of his work is an aesthetic or a romantic rather than a good workman. This is what Dr. Coom Araswamy means when he remarked rather reprovingly "Art is

a rhetorical not an aesthetic activity."

Art is an affair of creation, not imitation. It is not the making of a thing to the image and likeness of another objective thing but to the image and likeness of an immaterial idea, a truly mental origin. Thus the one who sits with brush and canvas and slavishly copies from nature is not an artist. Art is connected with reality through the mind of man and does not consist in copying exactly from nature.

No Escape from Reality

Again, it is not an escape from reality. We condemn this escapist philosophy. We do not retire from the world of objects but we make the objects of the world so well that we would rather remain and contemplate them, than hide our eyes. "The artist must realize the ideal and idealize the real."

Certain it is that much of our so-called modern art is not worthy of the name. Our museums and art magazines are filled with monstrosities. Our churches are plagued by ugly distortions not fit for offering to man, much less to God. For Art has become lost in the welter of current sensism, imitativeness. Only when artists become better workmen and better, more vital Christians, only then will Art revive and become great.

He Was Foretold By Belloc



Forty Years Ago

"It also showed me something intimate and fundamental about the Germans which Tacitus never understood and which all our historians miss—they are of necessity histrionic. Note I do not say it is a vice of theirs. It is a necessity of theirs, an appetite. They must see themselves on a stage. Whether they do things well or ill, whether it is their excellent army with its ridiculous parade, or their eighteenth-century sans-soucis with avenues and surprises, or their national legends with gods in wigs and strong men in tights, they must be play-actors to

I have always been peculiarly attracted to Tchaikowsky because, at heart, he was an Engineer—an Engineer in the mathematical perfection, in the sheer architectural grandeur of his composition, in his honest craftsmanship displayed throughout in the complete conform-

Arthur Norman, '44 discusses Tchaikowsky: Engineer

ity of the construction to the materials at hand. (He has also been, probably, never more an engineer than today, when "Everybody's Making Money Except Tchaikowsky"—Editor.)

Musical genius seems especially fraternal to Engineering. And few things, conversely, could be more practical for us, studying for that most exalted of professions, than a course in Music. In Wagner, for instance, we could study a sublimer Aeronautical, his Preludes supplying us the motivity and vehicular transportation with which we may go soaring around the heavens. Mozart we might have for Architectural, edifices of such fragile enduring beauty have been fashioned by him. And all great composers are proficient Mining Engineers, capable of teaching us many things of abiding worth, as they go deep down into the living heart of mankind and bring forth inexhaustible riches.

But the Tchaikowsky of the Great Concertos, the Fifth Symphony, etc. (or, "Moon Glow," "The Things I Love," "Tonight We Love" to you) although he knew the human heart so well did not find happiness himself. His father was intelligent. (He was an Engineer.) But young Peter was dogged with ill-health, frustrated love-affairs, a general indifference of critics to his work. The one hopeful ray in his life seems to have been friendship, by letter, with the motherly Mrs. Von Mech (wealthy widow of an Engineer!) who gave him a sizeable pension, and—what he needed most—sympathy and appreciation.

However, Tchaikowsky probably missed his real vocation. If he could distill such beauty from the airy stuff of musical sounds, what immortal symphonies in stone might he have created—had he only done what his father told him!

—A. N.

be happy and therefore be efficient; and if I were a Lord of Germany, and desired to lead my nation and be beloved by them, I should put great golden feathers on my helmet. I should use rhetorical expressions, spout monologues in public, organize wide cavalry charges at reviews, and move through life generally to the crashing of an orchestra. For by doing this even a vulgar, short, and diseased man, who dabbled in stocks and shares and was led by financiers, could become a hero."

—"The Path to Rome". 1902.

THE MUSIC GOES Round & Round

BY "DISCUS"

CLASSICAL

The Victor list this month has a more than its usual selection of individual recordings. Worthwhile are: Strauss' Emperor Waltz, by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Vic. 18220); Humoresque, backed by The Rosary, by William Primrose, Viola, and the Victor Symphony Orchestra (18222) — the "Humoresque" is the one you all know, by Dvorak, and the "Rosary" is Nevin's popular gift to a maudlin public, mentioned here because this is not a vocal recording; Danse Macabre, played according to the composer's arrangement, as a piano duet, (Vic. 18456)—this last is highly recommended; Bach's Arioso, by Stokowski and the NBC Orchestra—likewise excellent, (Vic. 18498).

POPULAR

A record everyone should buy is Victor 120970, *Waltzing Matilda*, sung by Peter Dawson and chorus. This number, slowly becoming very popular, possesses the authentic marks of folk-music, and will live.

Of all the recordings of *A Zoot Suit*, the novelty tune that is mildly popular, Paul Whiteman's is probably the best (Vic. 27801). The reverse, *Well-Digger's Breakdown*, is good.

Deep in the Heart of Texas, which we prophesized would sweep the country, is continuing to do so. Almost everyone has made a record of it. Since the last issue of the Journal, one by Bing Crosby (Decca 4162) has appeared which is definitive. Woody Herman supplies the musical background.

Highly recommended is Col. 609, Benny Goodman playing on one side *The Jersey Bounce* and on the other *A String of Pearls*. Both these numbers are above average, and Benny's treatment of them puts them in the first rate class. Benny has also recorded the "Zoot Suit" backed by *My Little Cousin* (Col. 619). The latter is a pretty novelty played unexcitedly; the "Zoot" is inferior to Whiteman's.

Another novelty number, interesting, imaginative, well played and arranged is *The Bottom Man on the Totem Pole*, by Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Ork (Decca 4156). The record is in two parts, filling the entire disc. Get it. *Moonlight Cocktail* is becoming popular, though for sheer inanity of both lyric and tune it equals most of our current patriotic songs. The various recordings of it are equally inane, especially Glenn Miller's, who hits a new low this time. Under Glenn's baton "Moonlight Cocktail" sounds exactly like his "Sunrise Serenade" or his "Moonlight Serenade" (maybe he mixed up the scores.) Even stereotyping must have its limits.

Hit to come: Three Little Sisters. Watch for it.

Variations

on a Minor Theme

Three blind mice—
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice?

As Bacon Might Write It:

A Mouse is a wise thing for itself, but it is the Cause of terror for Women. For the Female sex are great Lovers of themselves; which is a depraved thing. They (as Cicero saith of Pompey) which are "sui amantes sine rivali" are many times unfortunate. So, Three Rodents, peromysci leucopi, Blind as was old Oedipus, did once follow hard upon such an One; which did with a Carving Knife (the country housewife's protection) forthwith sever their Tails. Behold—horrible visu!—these Mice, without Eyes the foremost, without Tails the hindmost Parts of their Bodies. Certainly, Adversity doth best discover Virtue.—T. P.

As Gray—

The curfew tolls the knoll of parting day,
The three blind mice run swiftly o'er the lea,
The plowman's wife in frenzy makes her way,
And leaves the field to darkness and those three.

Yet, kitchen Amazon, she turned with dauntless breast,
The little tyrants of the field withstood,
And blind, inglorious rodents here did best,
And carved their tails as only housewife could.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen them at the peep of dawn
Brushing, blind and tailless, the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

A. McP.

As Burns:

Three wee and sightless, cow'rin beasties!
Ye need na chase the maid sa hasty
She'll of thy bodies' tails deprive thee
Wi' murd'ring cleaver;
It wad be strange and sore to see thee,
A' tailless, shiver.

R. W.

As Byron:

Run on, thou swift and sightless trio—run!
The rural housewife you pursue in vain;
Alas, ye mice, whom fortune still doth shun,
This course of recklessness will be thy bane;
Thy tails are from thy bodies cropped with pain
As she, whom thou didst chase, a knife doth wield;
And ye, bereft, now seek your home again;
And nature hath no stranger sight revealed
Than three blind rodents, tailless, in an open field.

R. W.

As Browning—

Mushikas, enamoured of Camembert
Sightless wretches, deigned to pursue me thus,
Aha, weke, weke, you'll know your betters,
For mad I am. Off terminal appendages,
Never more farmerettes will you terrify, wee trinity;
Che, che my dears as we say at Rome, don't you protest now;
Status, entourage, worldly circumstance.

A. McP.

From Alumni Hill

by "Horatio"

Gerard Carroll seems to be thriving on Navy rations. We saw him on Barrington Street the other day and he never looked better. There's rivalry in the family now. Brother Michael preferred the army. Congratulations are due to Mike on his recent success in his examinations at Brockville.

We hear it mooted that the Arts class of 1935 is planning another function in the near future. This class has shown life recently and we believe that they deserve a pat on the back. How about the other classes of the Alumni copying their example? If more of these class functions took place we think that the Alumni would be able to operate with more life than at present.

We're "all out" in our congratulations to Jack Lynch on the recent addition to the family. We hear that his cigar bill at Joe McDonald's was terrific. Wonder if he has any left? Too bad the College can't sign up a new student. Oh well, the Mount or the Convent will benefit.

We should like to draw your attention to the fact that certain expenses were incurred by the Alumni Association in connection with our football team and Alumni Banquet. Those Alumni who have not yet forwarded their 1941-42 dues are requested to do so as soon as possible, to Jack Christian, c/o General Trust, Halifax. Remember the College motto, "Age Quod Agis"—"do it now". Your dollar will be appreciated.

Some one said that Brother Lannon is in Seattle. It would be interesting to know who "pee-wee" is out there. Can you imagine Brother Lannon preparing for an invasion? There he would stand brandishing his trusty rifle, shouting "Come on, ye men, have at 'em." Seriously, Brother Lannon was one of the hardest workers in the College. The Library is a monument to him and one of which he may be proud.

How many of you noticed the little advt. in the "Journal" concerning the trading of books for the College library? Surely some one likes to read and if so, he must have bought some books. Not only that, most of us have been "landed" by some energetic book salesman and have books that we don't want. Here is an excellent opportunity to get rid of them in exchange for a set of the "nineteenth century." Incidentally, this set makes good reading and they would even fill that empty space on your bookshelf. So think it over. Call S2369.

A word of criticism to the editor. How about a more efficient circulation department? The few Alumni who take the Journal find that they don't get it until the next issue has gone to press. When Horatio asks for contributions for the next issue he usually finds the person asked hasn't received his last copy. You know, it's downright embarrassing. (The Journals are mailed the same day they come out. Your argument is with the postal authorities.—Ed.)

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The Portugal of Salazar

Unique among dictators is Portugal's Salazar. Born in 1889, of peasant stock, Antonio Salazar was reared in daily contact with poverty and the realities of Christian life. Thinking for a time that he had a vocation to the priesthood, he studied at the Seminary of Vizeu, but left, when twenty-one, for the University of Coimbra. Six years later he was head of its Department of Economics.

It was in 1921 that he first ventured into active politics and was forthwith elected to Congress. He sat for a single day and returned home in disgust at the corruption of the party system. But after the Revolution of 1926 he was called from his university to unravel the tangle of national finances.

The gradual placing in his capable hands of authority over innumerable aspects of government was inevitable, until the accumulation of them made him a dictator. And the first thing he did when such power was given him was decree the abolition of parties in Portugal. He is concerned only with making the government genuine Portuguese with everybody in the government and out of it working for Portugal. He has put an end to the persecution of the clergy and suppressed Masonry, whose chief characteristic was hatred of the Church. However, Church and State are kept far apart.


In Portugal the mission of the State is expressly to serve, not to regiment. Therefore, individual liberty is respected. The Constitution lists and guarantees the rights and freedoms of its citizens. Granted, subversive activity is not tolerated; but freedom of opinion is respected.

Salazar's peculiar strength probably lies in the fact that he is not a party politician. He has clearly stated his policy and the results that follow from it: "The more profound is our feeling of the organic reality of the Nation, the more necessary it becomes to thrust aside all factions, parties, and groups to which individuals adhere according to chance circumstances. There will be no more such parties and two benefits will result: for the Nation, the fact that the Government will work solely for it; and for the Government, the splendid liberty of being able to serve only the Nation."

These two benefits, under Salazar, have been attained.

by Tom Sullivan '43

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"Did you ever feel as if you were destined for great things?" he suddenly blurted out.

The Ambitious Guest: 1942

by Bob Morley, '45

The comforting crackle of the flames in the grate was audible only now and again as the driving rain would momentarily subside upon the window panes. Above and around the little house thunder rattled and crashed, and the lightning sent in at the windows sudden, garish pictures of a storm-swept countryside.

"Mamma! I'm afraid! Why can't we turn the light on?" came a little voice from a bedroom. "The German bombers won't come over tonight 'cause it's too wet—they'd slip."

"S-sh-sh," the mother soothed, busying herself about the dimly lighted kitchen, "Go to sleep."

The young girl by the fire, vainly trying to read, smiled amusedly. Her younger brother had very little knowledge of planes, although the family had been bombed out of their London home and were now forced to live in this small house in a country district.

Near her sat two other figures, staring into the fire, a little golden head nestled beneath a strong, graying one; the child, warm and safe upon her father's lap, protesting in a sleepy voice that she didn't want to go to bed.

Suddenly the door flew open behind them the quick gust of air brightening the flames in the hearth. Advancing to close it, the girl saw a dark figure scrambling up in the direction of the house from the road beneath. As he stumbled into the firelight she saw it was a young army officer. He evidently thought their welcome understood for he stepped right into the room, throwing his rain cape upon a chair. As he removed his hat, the light of the fire revealed a young, over-thoughtful face.

"Come over to the fire, son," the father's tone was kindly.

"Thank you."

Then for the first time the stranger noticed the girl who had admitted him. Their glances met, held. Suddenly the girl turned as if with an effort, and the man accepted the proffered chair.

For a time no one spoke, each occupied with his own thoughts. Presently the older man rose and carried his little daughter, now sound asleep, to bed. After this the silence became too evident.

"Why are you on foot so late at night," asked the mother. "Did your car break down?"

"Yes. I was driving an army truck and it became bogged," he explained. A pause. "Did you ever feel as if you were destined for great things?" he suddenly blurted out.

"Why not especially," the mother exclaimed, with a quizzical smile. "What do you mean?"

The young man smiled, too, as he looked from one to the other of the frank, friendly faces about him, warm in the firelight.

"I suppose I'm crazy," he went on,

looking soberly before him. "But this war isn't going to last forever. Out there in the night, alone, I get to thinking, and I feel sometimes that I'm just going to burst with the things that are within me—big things."

"Yes, we have all had our ambitions," the older man said. "But here, with my family safe about, I can ask little more." He rose quietly and replenished the fire. A little, piping voice came from the adjoining room.

"Mamma! Let's go and help the man push his truck out."

And they all laughed at the absurdity of the suggestion.

Suddenly a crash louder than the others shook the room. A few minutes later there came another.

"My, my, the thunder is certainly heavy now," the mother said nervously.

But the officer leapt to his feet.

"That isn't thunder! It's bombing!" he shouted. "Hear the plane?" Above the noise of pelting rain came the increasing hum of engines.

"Where is the nearest shelter?" he demanded.

"Just a few yards from here."

The young officer gathered up the trembling boy in his arms as the father hurried past him carrying the little girl. The last out of the house, the officer slammed the door behind him and joined the others already crouched in the sand shelter. And then he looked back, and started. The wind had torn the door open again and whipped the fire to a blazing intensity so that its reflected light through the door formed a perfect target from above.

Above in the stormy night the Observer caught sight of a small square of light upon the ground and instantly pressed the release button. But he had already overridden his mark. Down in a long, whistling arc came the bombs, over the little empty house, and blasted forever from the earth the shelter and its occupants.

On The BOOK-SHELF

by Don Macdonald, '43

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK

by Daphne Du Maurier (Doubleday & Doran \$2.50).

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinkin' What a queer world this would be If we lost our Cigarettes, Liquor, Slush and sen-ti-men-tal-i-ty.

A glance at the book shelves of any good-sized library leads one to the inevitable conclusion that this business of novelwriting and publishing must be indeed a lucrative profession.

Your reviewer has reason to believe that he has discovered why so many trashy, sentimental novels attain the dubious heights of a "best-seller".

Go into any Halifax lending library almost any time, and you will find a stream of women coming and going with one, two and three books

to be returned or

Feminine taken out. Add in

Fiction the number of "idle rich" who can afford

to buy such books instead of borrowing them, and then multiply this condition by the number of towns and cities in North America . . . and you have the answer to the whole question.

Our wonderful civilization has bred a class of book readers such as was never seen before; and, Pray Heaven, will never be seen again.

The cook book has been abandoned; and by tens of thousands, women have created their own particular fetish to the Book-of-the-Day. As one American critic puts it . . . most of them never read a book in their life.

Your reviewer is not trying to say that this state of affairs is confined solely to women, or that it includes all women. Such a sweeping statement would be un-

Mental true. But neverthe-

Misery less, the sluggish

mental indigestion caused by the wholesale gulping of trashy fiction is all too prevalent in these days of an all-out war effort.

Let us make a clean break with that type of mentality which encourages the man of the house to glue his eyes to the sport page and his nose to the dollar bill; while his wife is engaged in drowning herself in the morbidity of the "washboard weepers" and the slush of the modern novel.

Oh yes, the Book Review! FRENCHMAN'S CREEK is a modern novel in the worst sense of

the word. It's a mere

The time-killer that lacks

Book even the one or two original features that

Miss DuMaurier succeeded in working into her previous effort, entitled . . . as you may well remember . . .

REBECCA. You can get a copy of FRENCHMAN'S CREEK from almost any of the lending libraries merely by putting your name on the women's waiting list.

Goebbels and the Newer Journalism

Nobody knows what Germany's secret weapon is, but if we said that propaganda fits the role very nicely we would probably be hitting very close to the truth. In "Mein Kampf", Hitler has written: "Through the skilful and persistent application of propaganda an entire people can be shown heaven as hell, and equally, the most miserable life can be made to seem paradise." Through the skilful and persistent application . . ., in other words—Paul Joseph Goebbels, for Jupkin-insignificant little Joe—is the master genius behind the insidious German propaganda. Herr Doktor became Reichminister for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment in 1933, at the age of thirty-five, and today stands at the head of a vast staff of an estimated fifty thousand hirelings scattered throughout the world. Goebbels is, by the way, a Doctor of Philosophy of Heidelberg.

Now most of us are more or less familiar with two forms of Nazi propaganda—the myth of German invincibility, and the broadcasts of the numerous Lords Haw-Haw and Hee-Hee. The following extracts evidence another form—the direct, derisive attacks on England and the English which are every day features in the Goebbels' press.

The so-called hypocrisy of England is a common subject. "Today these instances may suffice to throw light on the abysmal hypocrisy of British policy. And such people have the effrontery to direct the bolts of their Christian morality against the new Germany. Hypocrisy, thy name is England." (Westdeutscher Beobachter). And the same paper has something to say concerning British foreign policy: "Certain English know-all, whale-bone collared aunts would be better employed in turning their lorgnettes on the far from idyllic conditions in India than in prophesying that the lack of whipped cream in Germany must lead to a horrible famine."

The propaganda is, in general, not at all subtle but a mere poking fun at the English,—as for instance, the following refutation of German barbarism: "Nor is the conclusion of a Conservative member that in England far greater sympathy is shown to animals than human beings exactly flattering to the English character. In proof of this theory he showed that a radio appeal on behalf of a society for the protection of animals raised £18,000, and one on behalf of a children's hospital only £183! So, in the eyes of the people a dog is worth exactly 102 times as much as a child!" (Der Angriff). Again: English clothes have their own particular qualities. The flat tepid English beer has its own secret merit for the connoisseur. Naturally, English practical Christianity is also quite unique. Naturally, English democracy is based on political idealism, while English false teeth, to which three-quarters or more of the entire English population is condemned after its fortieth year, are self-righteously considered the epitome of civilized progress! (Berlin Lokal Anzeiger.)

The fact of women in uniform has the attention of certain propaganda sheets: "What does it matter to us if English women hurl themselves into uniform and march as stiffly as possible, in full war-paint and dripping with sweat, across a barrack square? We simply pity them. Let others take this as a reproach. We know that women only become manly when and where men are effeminate." (S. A. Mann.)

This type of propaganda, although in many instances rather elementary, nevertheless is highly effective in Reichland. The success must be credited to the clubfooted genius who with his utterly unscrupulous method has completely moulded German opinion. We of this country are profiting by the experiences of less fortunate ones by learning to detect the seeds of Goebbelism in time to avoid its disastrous results. Let us hope that we will continue to be on the alert, for Dr. Goebbels warns: "I shall proceed according to my old and tried principle: to attack before the enemy has any chance to pull himself together, force him on the defensive, and then belabor him until he becomes compliant . . ."

Humoresque

by

Allan McPherson, '42

They had always been a strange pair, this mother and her son. But, as she stood by the window, awaiting the postman, her face was different. A wild savagery tightened its every line, and she looked, her eyes lambent with the fire of resolution, almost unseeing into the street. The neighbors had known her as a good woman, although at times an exasperatingly fond mother. But what could you expect, they would probably add. She was a widow, he her only son—and a fine boy he was. And although she lavished upon him a jealous, all-consuming love, he had remained unspoiled.

He sensed his mother's attitude toward him, and was always playing practical jokes upon her—tests, he called them, of her strange, serious, doting character. But now he was overseas, and there had been no word of him in months. And every day she was at the window, all day, waiting for the postman. Sometimes he stopped with a bill or a letter or two. But never anything from Johnny. You could tell by the way her face hardened.

Today her mind was a wild turmoil of thoughts. She had made elaborate plans for her son. He would be a lawyer, as his father before him. And Johnny had seemed to agree, although it was so hard to make him take anything seriously. But then the war came and Johnny had suddenly enlisted in the navy. There had been letters from him at first, letters full of fun and laughter. And the postman had seemed to become the only link between them. She used eagerly to wait his coming and often they would stand together at the door talking of Johnny and his old pranks.

But then, suddenly, the letters stopped. That was three months ago. As she stood in the window, there reeled through her brain the face of the postman, smiling, embarrassed, and in her ears there seemed to drum the same, torturing, monotonous, "Nothing today." "Sorry Mrs. Goodman, not a thing." "Nothing . . ." "Sorry . . ." she shrieked in sudden anguish. That soft, simpering face—how she hated it! And to think that at one time it had reminded her of Johnny. He was doing this to her. The fiend! He was deliberately keeping Johnny's letters from her. She knew it! And then she saw him. He was coming along the street. How he resembled her Johnny! Would he come to the house as yesterday with his torturing affability, and "Sorry ' ' ' ? Yes, he was coming up the path. There he was ringing the bell. Coldly, methodically she took up her dead husband's revolver from the drawer beside her and walked slowly down the little hallway. The bell

Continued on page 6, col. 1

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RAGS

by
Chisholm Lyons
Grade IX

The flames leaped merrily in the old fireplace and illuminated the quaint old room with its crazy light. Little Mary outstretched so comfortably before the open grate, completed the homey scene. She read the daily paper by the light of the fire, for although just eight years old she was already in the sixth grade. Mary did not even pretend to know the big words but she thought the little ones every bit as good.

Cuddled close to Mary was her little friend and treasured playmate, Martha. She was very small, even smaller than Mary. Martha was smiling. She always smiled, even when she would topple off a chair. Her long dress completely hid her feet and hands and a little bonnet covered her round head. She just sat there gazing contentedly into the fire as Mary turned now to the comic page. Mickey Mouse was the first which caught Mary's deep blue eyes. Then she read Little Orphan Annie and in time she was finished with all her heroes and heroines.

As she was about to place aside the pictured adventurers she happened to see a notice in one corner — "Save all salvage, rags, paper, rubber, etc." She was surprised and even angry at first. She read it a second time, then she showed it to Martha but she was not very consoling since she still smiled as she always did. Mary asked her for advice but received no answer, not a word.

Then Mary began to think that perhaps some soldier or sailor might suffer from the cold just because she was mean. Now she thought she would, now she thought she wouldn't, then she didn't know what to do. For a long time she sat there gazing into the flames.

Of a sudden she was up and with Martha in her arms she ran to the door, opened it and hurried down the hall, through the open doorway, down the steps, up the street to the corner of the block. There was a salvage post there and Mary ran to the box with "Rags" written on it. With tears in her eyes she lifted the lid and dropped Martha into the box. From the top of the heap Martha gazed as complacently as ever. She still smiled. She always smiled. For Martha was a rag doll.

HUMORESQUE

Continued from page 5, col 4.

rang overhead again. How it was like Johnny's insistent ring! She flung open the door and fired. The body staggered, pitched forward, and rolled face upward on the carpet. Her scream echoed through the empty house.

Johnny had played his last practical joke . . .

Campus Jottings

Fear prevents our trying to gauge to just what extent the last issue of this column descended. We heard all kinds of Oh! such awful remarks and from such people! Most vociferous in his denunciation was one Joe ("High Command") Hallisey, who, referring to our little preview on promotions, says: "They shouldn't be allowed to write such stuff. That's going to make the _____ hopping mad." Ah! Joe, and this to me!

I'd rather be a could be
If I couldn't be an are,
For a could be is a may be
With a chance of reaching par.

I'd rather be a has been
Than a might have been by far,
For a might have been has never been,
But a has been was an are.

And that to you, Mr. Hallisey!

THINGS PASSING:

Gus McCarthy, complete with leather jacket and "Big Five".

William Dalton and the seven-year plague.

Scotty McPherson and—(well, need I say?)

Joe Hallisey and the main cog in the C.O.T.C.—or so Joe thinks.

Bulus Laba: "You dog, you"; "Whatta man". "Gad!"

James Dunn and Eddie Boyd's heart.

John Campbell—a student and a lot of "silence".

James O'Neill—a three year's blessing.

By the way, Billy, is it the ruth that you were a very disappointed young man three weeks ago? You wanted to be "blitzed", eh, William!

Eddie (converse, discourse, shout, spout, rant, recite, blurt) Cosgrove reminds us of "the last rose of summer" since Mason has silently passed on his way.

To Mr. Mason a fond "good-bye" and may "pithy" and "pernicious" remarks never overtake thee.

THE JOTTER.



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Heretics All

by
Democritus, Jr.

An extremely interesting study for the literary student is the criticisms of the masters concerning other masters. It seems strange that great literary men, in many instances, fail to appreciate the equal genius of their fellows.

By far the worst in this regard was Thomas Carlyle. For him Henrik Heine was "that dirty ape". Of Lamb he was equally castigating: "A more pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering Tomfool I do not know. He is witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners . . . Poor Lamb Poor England! when such a despicable abortion is named genius!"

Wordsworth, in comparison, he lets off a little easier with: "One finds a kind of sincerity in his speech. But for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution it excels all the other speech I had heard from mortals." He was apparently disappointed in Coleridge. "A weak, diffusive, weltering, ineffectual man . . . A great possibility that has not realized itself. Never did I see so much apparatus got ready for thinking, and so little thought. He mounts scaffolding, pulleys and tackle, gathers all the tools in the neighborhood with labor, with noise, with demonstration, precept, abuse, and sets—three bricks".

Shelley, too, failed to register: "Shelley is a poor creature who has said or done nothing worth a serious man being at the trouble of remembering . . . Poor soul, he has always seemed to me an extremely weak creature; a poor, thin, spasmodic, hectic, shrill and pallid being".

Untouched by Keats he wrote: "The kind of man that Keats was gets ever more horrible to me. Force of hunger for pleasure of every kind, and want of all other force—such a soul it would once have been very evident was a chosen 'vessel of Hell': and truly, for ever there is justice for that feeling."

Byron with his loudmouthed bombast also attacked Keats: "Of the praises of that dirty little black-guard Keats, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension: 'What has HE got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up mine'. Nobody could be prouder of the praise of the 'Edinburgh' than I was . . . At the present all the men they have praised are degraded by that inane article. Why don't they review and praise 'Soloman's Guide to Health'? It is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats."

But Byron himself came in for some bitter remarks hurled by Swinburne: "the most affected of sensualists and the most pretentious of profligates." And Swinburne evidently cared little for the "Border-

News Briefs - - -

ers" of Wordsworth: "None but a very rash and very important partisan will venture to deny that if this burlesque experiment in unnatural horror had been attempted by any poet of less orthodox and correct reputation in ethics and theology than Wordsworth's, the general verdict of critical morality would almost certainly have described it and dismissed it as the dream of a probably incurable and possibly a criminal lunatic." George Elliot too received the biting: "... an Amazon thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus."

Two of our well-known modern writers are as vehement and even more audacious in their denunciations. The first of these is George Bernard Shaw. He assails the Elizabethan dramatists: "Webster could have done no good anyhow or anywhere; the man was a fool. And Chapman would always have been a blathering, unreadable pedant like Landor" ... "the true Elizabethan blank-verse beast, itching to frighten other people with the terrors and cruelties in which he does not himself believe, and wallowing in blood, violence, muscularity of expression and strenuous animal passion, as only literary men do when they become thoroughly depraved by solitary work, sedentary cowardice and starvation of the nerve-centres." Shaw does not stop there. Shakespeare is not too good to be left unscathed. Of him he says that "with the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I despise as heartily as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my

Saint Mary's College will present F. J. Sheed, author, lecturer, founder of the publishing house of Sheed and Ward, on "The Sword of the Spirit", at the Auditorium of the School for the Blind, Saturday, May 16th, at 8:30 p.m. Tickets will sell at the modest sum of 50 cents for adults, 35 cents for students, and may be obtained at the College.

The program for Convocation Week has been announced:

May 18—C. O. T. C. dinner at the College.

May 19—Mass for dead Alumni, 9:00 a.m., Seminary Chapel. Tea for graduates, 4:00 p.m., at College.

May 20—Pontifical High Mass, Baccalaureate sermon, Seminary Chapel, 9:00 a.m.

Convocation, 3:00 p.m., Nova Scotian Hotel.

Alumni and graduate dinner, 8:00 p.m.

impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshippers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity."

The other modern is one H. G. Wells, who also hurls his little insignificant mud at the immortal bard: "What did Shakespeare do? What did he add to the world's totality? ... If he had never lived things would be very much as they are; there would have been so much

General chairman of the Prom Committee, Ed Cosgrove has announced May 22 as the date for the annual Prom. It will be held at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

We are indebted to Dr. C. O'Brien of Halifax, and to Mrs. Frederick Walsh of Rockingham, for books presented to the College Library.

Applications will be accepted up to July 31 for a Scholarship at Saint Mary's College given by the Alumni Association. This Scholarship will cover tuition fees for four years. Applicants must be from local Catholic High Schools and should have successfully completed Grade XI. Applications should be addressed to:

The Educational Committee, Alumni Association, c/o Saint Mary's College, Halifax, N. S.

less beauty in England, and a British literary people, native and immigrant, would have had some other name to cant about, but that would have been all. Shakespeare's thought amounted to very little. He added no idea, he altered no idea, in the growing understanding of mankind."

Pope's dictum still stands: "Tis hard to say if greater want of skill Appear in writing or in judging ill; ... Some few in that, but numbers err in this; Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss."

Tom Sullivan's All Star Selection

Catcher: Allan McPherson (Arts)
Pitcher: Bernie Mulcahy (B.S.U.)
1st base: Ed Cosgrove (Eng.)
2nd base: Don Campbell (Comm.)
3rd base: Tom Holloway (B.S.U.)
Shortstop: Butch Gummer (Eng.)
Left field: Mick Merrigan (Arts)
Centre field: Jim Pineo (B.S.U.)
Right field: Dick Murphy (Arts)

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