

## Saint Mary's

# JOURNAL

The peace  
of Christ...

... in the reign  
of Christ

Vol. 9

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, DECEMBER 24, 1943

No. 6

### The Archbishop's Christmas Message

Most Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D.  
Archbishop of Halifax

"And the angel said to them 'Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.'" (Luke II, 10-II).

"She shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." (Matt. 1, 21).

It is Christ's quality of Saviour, and His method of applying His saving merits to mankind, that I wish to discuss on the anniversary of His coming to this world in human form. What I write is founded on the inspired texts of Holy Scripture, and is a fervent recommendation of genuine religion, so that those who want none of that (or who have no belief in the Gospel teaching, will not care to read it.)

The coming of Christ to bring eternal salvation was prophesied in the Old Testament story in many ways, and was presaged also by the precepts, sacrifices, priesthood, temples, tabernacles, altars, ceremonies, feasts, fasts and all that pertained to divine worship under the old law.

It is the essence of God's revelation to men, and calls for a response from them of faith and good works. Faith is the acceptance of the story of God in human form dying for men, with all that is implied and consequent upon that acceptance.

His coming, and all that followed from it, have never been dimmed by "the mists of fabled time", and, though for too many it seems to remain but as "a fading verbal memory", its impress on human history outshines all else that ever was chronicled.

"For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke XIX, 10).

Let us dwell upon the following features of that salvation:

1. For what does Christ so dearly purchase our redemption?
2. From what does His saving immolation rescue us?
3. What element brought upon us the danger of losing the one and of incurring its dread alternative?

4. To avoid this, or remedy it, what safeguards has He provided for the efficacious and lasting application of His dear-bought salvation through all the world, to the end of time?

5. Practical conclusions flowing necessarily from these, for all who use their reason and free-will to noblest ends.

No. 1. The bliss-giving sentence to be pronounced by Him, who came "to judge the living and the dead", is couched in these words "come ye blessed of my Father, possess you



the kingdom prepared for you". (Matt. XV, 34).

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ", says the apostle Paul, "we are of all men the most miserable". (I Cor. XV, 19).

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love Him" (I Cor. II, 9). There we shall find "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding". "If God", says the great St. Augustine, "has made this earth of ours so fair, this earth which is to be a mere passing place of pilgrimage, this earth which is but a land of exile and tears, this earth which is the abode both of sinners and of saints; how much more transcendently fair shall not that new earth be, which Christ shall set His wisdom, and His power, and His love to make ready to be the true and eternal home of the blessed of His Father."

Many conceive heaven to be a kind of glorified picnic, with delights for the senses and the pleasing society of old friends. They know, and seek to know, nothing of the Beatific Vision of God imparting knowledge and love, and this is the essential bliss of heaven. There the senses no longer count. All is spiritual and supernatural, and our bodies are made to conform to this new state.

"There the infinite God shall be the end of our desires, who shall be gazed upon without end, loved without any satiety, and praised without any tediousness". (St. Augustine).

"For we know, if our house of this habitation is dissolved, that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven. For in this also we groan, desiring to be clothed with our habitation that is from heaven. Yet so that we be found clothed, not naked. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil". (II Cor. V, 1, 2, 3, 10.)

This shows the vain presumption of pronouncing any soul safe in Paradise, when taken away by death, as many do, with no thought of what may come after.

The death of the body is when the soul leaves it. The death of the soul is when God's grace and favor leave it. The death of both is when the soul, devoid of grace, leaves the body.

We face the judgment seat, therefore, with the possibility of two quite opposite sentences, either that of eternal life, in our heavenly home, or that of death—obviously also eternal—in the state of culpable loss of the destiny for which we were created.

2nd. This brings us to a consideration of the awful possibility of condemnation to the state mentioned so many times both in the Old Testament and in the New, under the name of Hell.

It is useless here to portray the torments of Hell. Its worst suffering is the pain of final and hopeless loss. Hear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul; warns the divine Saviour, "but rather fear Him that can destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. X, 28). No pronouncement of Christ is clearer than the punishment of hell; but those who live mainly for this world affect to scoff at the idea, and those who want to attract attention by preaching easy religion, of their own making, refuse to accept Christ's proclamation, and try to distort and mitigate its unmistakable meaning. Their argument is that God—the god they conjure up, a god of pure benevolence—is too good to exact such severe and lasting punishment. The question is not of God's goodness, but of His justice, which, by its very nature, must provide that the wrongs of this life be righted, virtue rewarded, and disbelief and sin condignly punished. Those who abolish hell—through fear of deserting it—claim that an eternity of punishment is disproportionate to this life's brief offending. If that be so, any earthly punishment is too severe for offenses committed in a passing moment. But here it is not a question of time, but of the character of the offenses—those of the creature against the creator, of the finite against the infinite, of the sinner entering into eternity, ir-

(Continued on page 4)

### HOLD SODALITY DAY

#### IN THIS ISSUE . . .

We present the prize winners in the Journal Christmas contest, Carvey Reyno, Edmund Boyd and Robert Lauder. Lack of space alone prevents publication of some of the other capable entries.

#### On the Campus . . .

##### Review

- Dec. 6—Engineer's Banquet
- Dec. 13—Arsenic and Old Lace
- Dec. 15—Christmas Vacation begins.
- Dec. 17—High School Vacation begins.
- Dec. 24—Christmas Journal.

##### Preview

- Dec. 25—Merry Christmas.
- Jan. 1—Happy New Year.
- Jan. 11—Repetitions Commence.
- Jan. 12—C. O. T. C. Parade
- Jan. 19—Mid-Year Exams.
- Feb. 11—S. M. C. vs. Acadia.

#### Father Mills Preaches At Reception

On December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the annual reception of new members into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary was held in the Chapel of Holy Heart Seminary. His Grace, Archbishop McNally officiated at the Reception assisted by Very Rev. F. C. Smith S.J. and Rev. M. J. O'Donnell S.J., Moderator of the Senior Sodality.

In the morning Mass was celebrated by Father O'Donnell at 9 o'clock. At 5 p.m. the Sodalists assembled for the Reception, during which Father Mills of Saint Mary's Cathedral preached a sermon suitable to the Feast in which he stressed especially the duties of the Sodalists as Children of Mary.

Later at the College an Honor Roll of those in the services was unveiled and blessed by Archbishop McNally. The rest of the evening was taken up with a buffet supper, served by the members of the Ladies Auxiliary; and an enjoyable movie and sing-song, held in the Assembly Hall.

After the Christmas recess and the mid-year exams, the Sodality intends to become more active, with stricter demands upon its members as to attendance and activity.

### ENGINEERS HAVE INTERESTING SPEAKER

The Engineering Society of Saint Mary's College held its annual banquet at the Nova Scotian Hotel on Monday evening, December 6. Some fifty-five members were present for the occasion as well as several distinguished guests, and members of the faculty.

The guest speaker for the evening was Mr. H. F. Ryan, Maritime Engineer of General Electric Company. Mr. Ryan was introduced by the chairman, Jack Lynch, President of the Engineering Society, and gave an interesting lecture on "Electronics". Mr. Ryan illustrated his address with numerous practical examples and devices.



New members of the Sodality are shown above receiving their medals and certificates from the Most Reverend J. T. McNally, Archbishop of Halifax, in a ceremony held in the chapel of Holy Heart Seminary on December 8, Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The ceremony included Rosary, Sermon, Reception, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. His Grace, the Archbishop was assisted by Very Rev. F. C. Smith S.J. and Rev. M. J. O'Donnell S.J., Moderator.



By DON CAMPBELL

After the Xmas breakoff, when we again push each other around the familiar corridors for another round of exams, besides talking of INTEGRATION, HOLSAPPLE and PROPRIETORSHIP the word hockey will poke its nose into the confab. We will be asking questions. Where does Saint Mary's fit into the picture? What are our chances? The answer to the first is spread all over this page; the latter will be up to each and every one of us.

\* \* \* \*

In many leagues, and particularly in leagues where school spirit puts in an appearance, the team that receives the orchids after the bell is the team that has the determined will to win, the unqualified backing of every student and a common spirit of sportsmanship.

\* \* \* \*

Let's face the facts. I may not be in a position to judge since my first appearance at S.M.C. has been more recent than many of you, but you and I have been watching Santamarians wearing the Maroon and White in the past few years while certain opinions were formed in our minds.

\* \* \* \*

Two years ago, after that unmentionable defeat in St. F. X., Saint Mary's came back with a team (in the opinion of those who were in the know) not quite a match to the previous season. But that season there was a seventh man on the ice as well as several hundred more in the stands. That seventh man was "college spirit" and he can be the best player on the ice and can be worth a thousand Martha Raye's in the stands.

\* \* \* \*

When the score was 4-1 St. F. X. over S.M.C., no team ever tried harder than ours. No supporters ever cheered louder than we. At no time was Saint Mary's College spirit at a higher peak. At no time were we prouder to be SANTAMARIANS. You know the rest of the story. Last season, Saint Mary's hockey career is less pleasant to narrate. True, we only dropped one encounter. But that fall from the Xaverians went to show just how low our college spirit had fallen. Not that the team did not have the ability for we needed fewer replacements than the Axemen, but any team, and it is particularly true with college clubs, needs the moral backing of its supporters. The Xaverians had the will to win last season. The result was victory to the blue and whites.

\* \* \* \*

Now, I ask you, with which of these two seasons will we be comparing to the 1943-44 campaigns when spring rolls around? It's up to each and every one of us. In the only sport left in which we can gain intercollegiate laurels let's make it "all out production."

\* \* \* \*

The team that is expected to come through with a few "mugs" this year is the Juvenile squad. Last season Mr. Ryan gathered together a few of the High School puck chasers and came up with a team that finished as provincial finalists. This season with more time and effort spent on them they should really go places.

\* \* \* \*

Although it may be early to mention the fellows who are expected to show the way, certain names are bound to come up. Of course Bill McCoombs, Hyland, Graves, and Kemp will be back and Joe MacLellan will make the jump from Junior to Juvenile. Perhaps the best bet among the playmakers will be Duggar MacNeil who as days go by is beginning to look like the best athlete to come our way for some time.

\* \* \* \*

Speaking of names my partner Mulcahy doesn't get over his own blue line when it comes to talking about our College outfit. MacDonald, Mulcahy, Godwin, Allen, and Pineo will form the nucleus. We can rely on them to show their best for they are good stocks to put your money in. Dinty Moore and Jimmy MacManus will likely get the nod from Coach Beasley and take it straight from me these two will provide half the red flashes behind the opponents cage. For the other positions let's leave them up to the board of strategy except that Joe MacLellan looks like a sure bet for a defence berth. Pineo will have his hands full holding down his position with such experts as Wade and Hanrahan around.

\* \* \* \*

The addition to rule number six regarding forward passes to the center line by the defending team without an offside penalty should prove a boon to Saint Mary's style of hockey. With the larger passing area there will be less power plays and more opportunities for the centers to make their plays. Pineo suggests a new type of goal stick with plenty of spring for a long forward pass and perhaps a chance for goal-tenders getting assists.

\* \* \* \*

Should President Reardon's attempt for intramural hockey come through let's show more spirit than in the football season just completed.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

# MARITIME TITLE ON THE BLOCK

## Saint Mary's To Meet Acadia Feb. 11

\* \* \* \*

### FATHER McCARTHY ELECTED VICE-PRES.

At the recent meeting of the Maritime Intercollegiate League, representatives decided to put the Maritime Hockey Championship up for competition. Strictly speaking the playoff between the Nova Scotia winners and the New Brunswick finalists will be an exhibition affair, but those present agreed to recognize the winner as duration champion.

Father McCarthy of Saint Mary's was elected Vice-President. Father McCarthy, with his long connection with sport, should prove a valuable man in his new position. He has been faculty adviser to the A.A.A. ever since his arrival at Saint Mary's, a position which he has most capably filled.

Other officers elected were Mr. H. R. Ryan of U.N.B. as president and Father Grant of St. Thomas was re-elected to the Secretary-Treasurer's post.

Saint Mary's first opponents in the playdowns will be the strong Acadia sextette. The series will be a home and home affair with the first game at Wolfville, February 11. The teams will return to Halifax for the final game. The winners will then meet St. F. X., the present title holders, in a similar series for the championship. The finals must be started within ten days after the Saint Mary's - Acadia series has been completed.

### JUVENILES' FIRST GAME DECEMBER 29

The College Juvenile hockey team held its first workout of the season at the Arena last week. At least thirty hockey enthusiasts were out for the initial practice, and manager Emmett Campbell sent them through a light workout. Although most of last year's team will not be available, it is expected that Campbell will ice a strong enough aggregation to retain the city title won by the College last year.

Father Carroll will be back to coach the team again this year and he will have five members of last year's team around on which to build this year's squad. Holdovers from last season are Bruce Hyland, Bill McCoombs, Frank Graves, Doug McNeil and Stan. Kemp.

Saint Mary's Juveniles take to the ice Wednesday, Dec. 29 at 9.30 p.m. In their first game they will stack up against the powerful "Royals" sextette. There are eight teams entered in the Juvenile league this year, with four games every Wednesday night. Be there to help the Juveniles along in their first game. They have a powerful outfit and with a little support from the student body should go a long way towards the Maritime Championship.

### To Organize Interfaculty League

At an A.A.A. meeting last week Gerald Reardon announced the formation of an interfaculty hockey league during the coming winter. After receiving the go-ahead signal from the faculties the A.A.A. President is planning the opening clash following the mid-term Exams.

All four societies—Arts, Boards, Commerce and Engineers will enter the league with a schedule to be drawn up after the vacation. With all intercollegiate material and Juvenile hockey players ruled ineligible the signs point towards a fight to the finish with all four teams having the title "dark horse."

and as the result of a few extra pounds he has picked up, gives promise of being "bigger and better than ever." So far he has been centering a line of left-winger Bruce Hyland and Jimmy McManus who patrols the right boards.

From what we hear, several changes are anticipated in the team set up. There is talk of making Godwin a centre and of moving Terry Hanrahan up to a blue line position. Hughie MacDonald, who has been one of the mainstays for the past three years is anxious to move back to the rear guard, thus leaving his centre position open for competition. Joe McLellan, who guarded the blue line last year is still working out at that position, but he may be due for a shift to a winger's spot.

There is still a battle for the other positions. "Tusker" O'Neil is out for defence, while Bill McCoombs and Doug Flemming who starred in High School competition are in search of forward berths.

## In The Sport News - - -



REV. P. J. McCARTHY, S.J.  
Vice-Pres. Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey Association.



REV. F. L. CARROLL  
Coach, Juvenile Team.



MR. H. G. BEASLEY  
Coach, Intercollegiate Team.

### Opinions On The Team

#### Changes in Line-up

"We'll be at least as good as last year," said Mr. George, S.J., after watching the candidates for the intercollegiate team go through their initial workouts. "True," he continued, "we've lost a number of experienced players, but these young fellows coming up are due to hit their stride at any time." A. A. President Reardon was equally generous in his praises. "I don't see why we can't be better than we ever were. As Mr. George said, these younger fellows are full of fight, and need only a few games of actual competition to get them started."

The two practices held so far have been devoted mainly to loosening the boys up and weeding out the "undesirables." The old guard of Pineo, Mulcahy, Allen and MacDonald have been going great guns. "Bunny" has lost none of his polish

**THOMAS WALLACE**  
Optometrists and Opticians  
"IF YOU WANT TO SEE WELL, SEE WALLACE"  
Y. M. C. A. Building HALIFAX, Nova Scotia

**For Life Insurance** - Call **JIM O'CONNELL**, Maritime Life  
Page Building -- Phones: 3-8288 and 2-2890

# «CUE-PERFECT!» EXCLAIM CRITICS

## “ARSENIC AND OLD LACE” WOWS CAPACITY AUDIENCE

### BOYD BEST ACTOR

“Great”, “Marvelous”, “Colossal”, were some of the Hollywood adjectives heard after December 13's playing of “Arsenic and Old Lace”. The current comedy success was presented by Saint Mary's College Playshop at the Oxford Theatre before a capacity audience. Among the distinguished patrons present were His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. H. E. Kendall.

“Arsenic and Old Lace”, Joseph Kesselring's hectic comedy, is the outstanding work of the Playshop for this year. This performance was also the first playing of “Arsenic and Old Lace” in the city of Halifax.

The play itself, due to the fine acting and capable presentation, went according to plan and proved to be more than enjoyable to the large audience, judging by the laughter and bursts of applause.

The realistic scenery for the play, built by student volunteers under the direction of Jack Thomas, represented to the audience the comfortable living room of the Misses Brewster, Abby and Martha. The lights were handled by Rev. F. Crowe, S.J., assisted by Alex MacDonald and Bill Phillips.

The parts of the Brewster Sisters were very capably played by Ed. Boyd and Jerry Mackey. The supporting cast also handled their parts very well.

On Friday evening a performance was staged for the Religious of the city and on Monday afternoon a matinee was put on for the High School students.



The cast of “Arsenic and Old Lace” are shown above gathered in the Brewster living room. They are, from left to right: B. Bourke as Mr. Gibbs; T. Hanrahan as Mr. Witherspoon; H. MacDonald as Officer Klien; D. Finlay as Dr. Einstein; J. Mackey as Abby Brewster; R. Miller as Jonathan Brewster; C. Lynch as Mortimer Brewster; J. Penny as Rev. Dr. Harper; E. Boyd as Martha Brewster; A. Allen as Teddy Brewster; G. Reardon as Lieut. Rooney; B. Mulcahy as Officer O'Hara; E. Levy as Officer Brophy.

### Gold Medal to Be Presented

Father Rector's prize for the best performance in “Arsenic and Old Lace” is to be awarded to Ed. Boyd for his portrayal of Martha Brewster.

The prize is a Gold Medal which will be presented at the Spring Convocation. The judges of the ability of the actors were Father Rector, Father Burke-Gaffney and Squadron Leader the Rev. M. J. McNeil. All three admitted that it was extremely difficult to pick the prize winner as there were five or six of the actors almost equally deserving of it. Mr. Boyd's humorous and convincing portrayal of Martha however brings him the prize.

were any number of others who pitched in with such good will.”

“But how about the actors, Mr. George?”

“Oh, yes! The actors! Well, I'd hate to have to judge between Boyd and Mackey and Finlay and Allen and Miller and Mulcahy. Cyril Lynch had much the most difficult role and he made such tremendous improvement that I'm a little prejudiced in his favor too. But there you have it. I'm afraid I'd make a very poor judge.”

“Compliments have come flooding in, of course”, concluded Mr. George, “but the only one I can accept is for having chosen men who knew how to shoulder their responsibilities. I've heard a lot about college spirit, but this time I saw it.”

### OVERHEARD AT THE PLAY . . .

As Teddy Brewster raises the defunct Mr. Hoskins from the window seat, Miss Burns in Father Burke-Gaffney's car: “Rigor Mortis has not yet set in.”

“Gee, isn't that crazy man funny?” (Alex Allen of course).

McCurdy, printer extraordinary of the Journal: “Do you mean to say they're not women?”

As the curtain opens on Aunt Abby pouring tea for Teddy Roosevelt, Mrs. Dyer: “Who is that boy?” Father O'Donnell: “I'm not sure, but I think it's a day student.”

T. J. Wallace: “Boys, I saw the Army show, the Navy show and the Saint Mary's show; Saint Mary's takes the cake.”

Knucker Burns, between impotent blasts on Alex Allen's bugle: “Nice going Hughie, any more coke around?”

The Cast: “Where do we go from here?”, “When do we hit the road” — Bo-Bo Morley: “Ecum Secum, the sooner the better”.

Father O'Donnell: “Arsenic and Old Lace was more glorious a triumph than any inter-collegiate championship.”

Jim Mulcahy to his mother on the way out of the theatre, “Hiya Peaches.”

And what did you think of the play. Mr. Farrell: “Give me time to think it over.”

Cliff Styan: “Jolly Good Show.”

### Interview With The Director

Interviewed in his office the day after, Mr. G. George S.J., ran out of adjectives in an attempt to express his satisfaction with the night's performance: “Splendid magnificent, superb . . .”

“As far as I'm concerned the play was a huge success before the curtain went up. It was a great triumph of co-operation. I asked for a lot, and got three times as much as I asked for. It was a privilege to work with such unselfish collaborators.”

When asked who he thought gave the best performance of the night, Mr. George waxed eloquent on the men behind the scenes.

“The public sees only the actors”, he said, “but the director sees the work of the men behind the production. There's Art Leahey and Roy Power for instance who wore out a couple of pairs of shoes tripping around town interviewing theatre managers; Jack Thomas, who didn't even have time to go to bed with his flu. Bob Morley who sat night after night at the dreary job of prompter; Mike Edgar, the assiduous property man; Ray Beck, who put out that fine program; Gerry Reardon, the efficient ticket maestro.

“Anybody else?” I asked. To mention some names seems an injustice”, he continued, “when there

## Do You Know Joe Blow?

by ED. BOYD



Joe Blow Resting Between Acts

Joe Blow they called him. They called him a lot of other names too but that one stuck. Joe Blow, the man they couldn't kill. They hung

and sewed him up, but Joe didn't bat an eyelash; Joe was hard; Joe was rugged. Despite his rough treatment Joe came back to steal the show. He, and he alone played a double role; he combined with “Teddy” Roosevelt to bring down the house. So stellar indeed was his acting that he was an outstanding contender for the President's award. But he didn't win it because they figured he wouldn't be around to receive it.

Joe was like that. Quiet and unassuming, he surveyed the play from his box seat. He only left his place once but he was soon back in his prone position. Joe loved the stage. All his life he was in a theatre; in fact he was born at the Oxford. Nobody paid much attention to him at first. They just let him lie where he was. Then when somebody noticed that he seemed awfully limp Jack Campbell volunteered his services. Equipped with a pair of scissors, a piece of cord and a few back issues of “Life” he started to stiffen Joe up. In a short while Joe was in perfect shape. His knees buckled at the right places and the corrugated paper didn't rattle too much.

Propman Edgar fondled him like an only child. Did we say fondled? Well, we should have said wrestled. You see, Joe grew to be quite a boy. He was all of six feet tall and when he was picked up his braces

stretched, thus adding about six inches to his already giant-like stature. Yep, his braces stretched—real rubber. He wasn't very heavy though. His insides were bright red. This is only natural perhaps, but Joe's innards were made of cloth. That just shows how easy it was to please Joe.

The climax came when “Teddy” Roosevelt lifted him from his box seat. Everyone backstage was in a state of nervous prostration. Would Joe come through? Would he make good in his first public appearance? And then it happened. Joe nearly lost his head. Undaunted, he pulled himself together, and made as nice an exit as you could wish to see. Joe was a success.

The rest was an anti-climax. When they pushed him back through the window his initial attack of stage fright had passed and he was now an experienced trouper. There was no more thrill to it. The fun was over. He'd done his job. When they took the window seat away Joe was still there. He's at the College, now, eager for the smell of grease paint and the glare of the footlights. What his end will be nobody knows. About his dual role? Oh yes, Joe was Mr. Hoskins and Joe was also Mr. Spenalzo. They couldn't kill Joe because he was dead. Joe was the star and Joe was the Dummy.

## Archbishop's Message --

Continued from page one

revocably separated from his God. The New Testament teaches nothing more explicitly and implicitly, in clear and emphatic terms, than the doctrine of hell—of enduring punishment for the lost. Without this, salvation, or the doctrine of redemption, has no meaning or purpose. We dare not reject Christ's own words, terrible though they are. This life is a time of trial, with varying results. The other life is a state of finality, in fixed eternal triumph—or of failure. The very term "state of probation" implies a risk of failure. They who die as failures remain fixed in that state, with all its inevitable consequences. As the causes are unchangeable, the time of probation being past, and eternity entered into, how can the consequences change? No passage can be quoted from the Old or New Testament hinting at any probation after death. The state we know as purgatory is not a probation, but a cleansing and purification of souls at peace with God, preparatory to their being admitted into the spotless glory of the Beatific Vision.

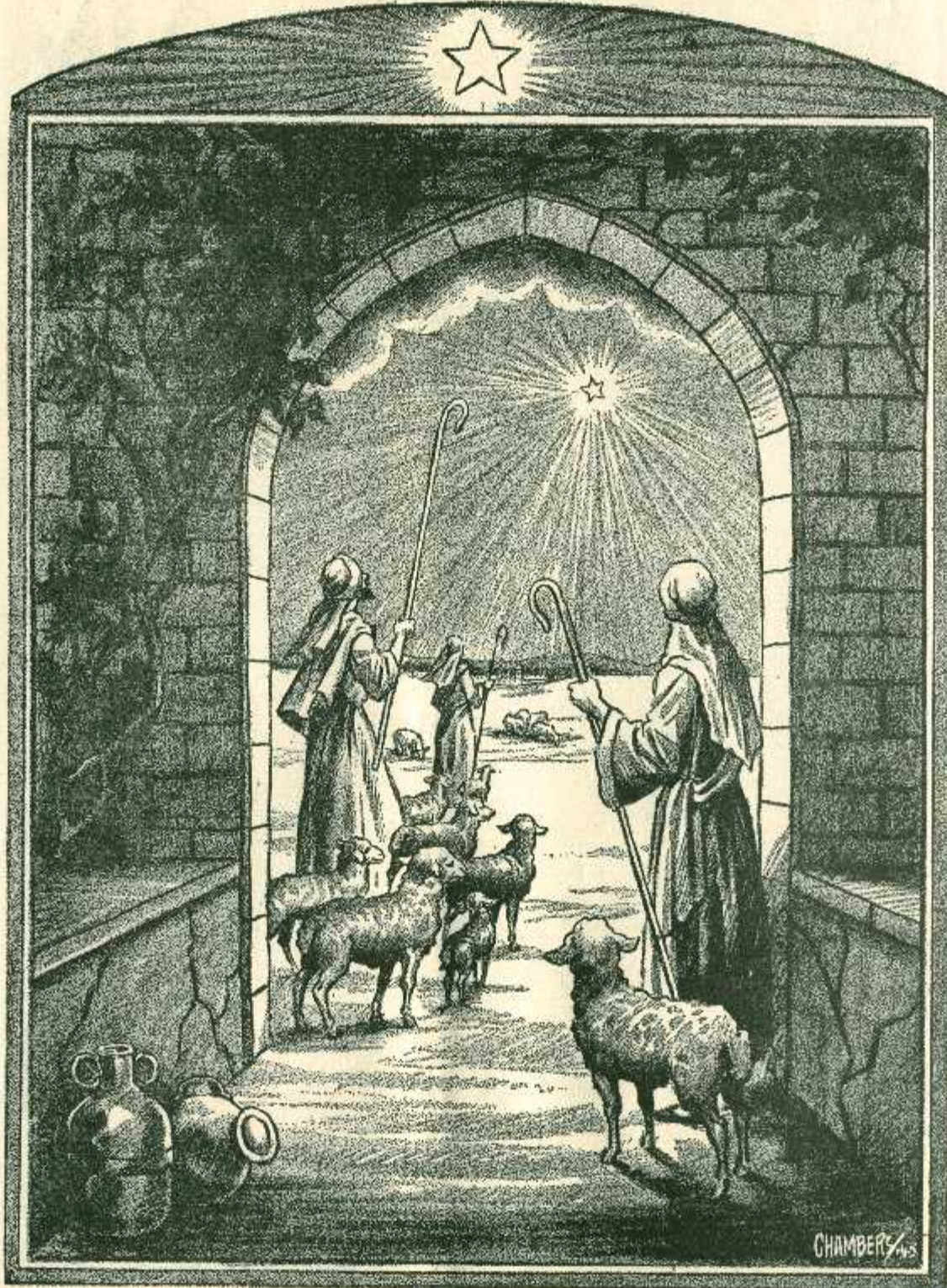
How terrible it must be at the last judgment, described by the Saviour and Judge in the twenty-ninth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, to hear the sentence: "Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels." But this is the final and immutable division of mankind "and these shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just, into life everlasting." (Matt. XXV, 46).

3rd. What is it in our mortal lives that serves to turn the scales of eternal justice in this momentous decision? "The wages of sin is death, but the grace of God life everlasting." (1 Rom. VI, 23).

Sin is an offence committed against God. Two varieties had to be reckoned with in the economy of our salvation. First there was the original sin, in which we all are born into this life. "As by one man sin entered into the world, and by sin death; so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned." (Rom. V, 12). The story of that sin of disobedience to God's first command to His favored creature, is told in the third chapter of the Bible. The punishment was swift and severe, but hope was implanted in the human family by the promise of a Redeemer.

But the primal curse left man weak and prone to evil. Other sins were added to the original one, in which all shared, and the Creator's anger and punishment fell often and heavily upon erring humanity. His prophets denounced them and warned their hearers of the wrath that they provoked. "Cry out, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their wicked doings, and the house of Jacob their sins." (Isaiah LVIII, 1). And when John the Baptist appeared in public as the precursor of the Saviour, his preaching was that men do penance for their sins, and, to their frenzied appeal as to how they might be unburdened of those sins, he pointed out the Redeemer "Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1, 29). So it came to pass that "As sin hath reigned unto death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. V, 21).

4th. "God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son; that, whosoever believeth in Him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting." (John III, 16). This belief necessarily involves the keeping of His commandments—"if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments" (Matt. XIX, 17)—and



"The Brightness of God Shone Round About Them" - Luke II 9

the eternal reward is merited in the highest degree by those who give up earthly attachments, and devote themselves to His service. (Matt. XIX, 21).

The indispensable entry into sharing the blessings of His Kingdom was instituted by Him, with the use of simple elements, as was His want: "Jesus answered 'Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God'" (John III, 5). The rest is realized "If so ye continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and immutably from the hope of the gospel which you have heard, which is preached in all the creation that is under heaven." (Col. 1, 23).

"He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark XII, 16). These things are essential, belief, baptism, and obedience to commandments. It is obviously of paramount importance to know exactly what to believe, and what to obey. His infinite wisdom could not leave that which He suffered and died to establish—the instrument of man's salvation, the Church which He so plainly announced that He would build—to be the subject of perpetual debate, or

the plaything of wayward caprice. He set up a Church, therefore, that must be at all times a certain, consistent, and unchanging guide on the path of eternal salvation. Through it His grace would flow abundantly into the souls of those wise enough to profit by its ministrations. Among these, besides sending the Holy Ghost as its un-failing mainstay, He imparts to individual souls that Holy Spirit with His enlightening and strengthening gifts, as confirmation, for their fickleness and weakness.

Other safeguards He has provided for every contingency in life, and in its ending, but the greatest prodigality of His love is the giving of His very self to be the nourishment of souls. In the sixth chapter of St. John's gospel He institutes this gift to all who believe. By His divine power which made all things, He changes ordinary elements of food into His sacred body and blood and declares categorically "he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day." (John VI, 55). Here we have a proof of His godhead, for only God can bestow everlasting life, and of His infinite love and solicitude for us. Shall we, in the face of this demonstration of divine power and love, say with the Jews who heard Him "how can this man give us his flesh to eat," or do as did certain disciples who "walked no more with Him"; or shall we say with Peter, speaking for the twelve apostles "Lord, to whom shall we go. Thou hast the words of eternal life." (John VI, 69).

Those who refuse His glorious gift, distorting the meaning of His perfectly plain words, would rob precious souls of that food provided by His power and love. They think that holding it up to ridicule as a wafer is a devastating argument. Well, whether it be in the form of a wafer—most convenient for its sacred use—or of a loaf of bread, so long as it comes from the ministry of those to whom he gave the undying commission "do this in commemoration of Me" (Luke XXII, 19), it serves the heavenly purpose He intended.

The objectors claim to shudder at

the thought that God should have made Himself be under the appearance of bread and wine. How then can they accept His placing Himself under the vesture of flesh and blood, which feed on bread and wine?

But the Saviour's solicitous wisdom saw another difficulty to overcome in the nature of those whom He made of dust. St. Paul accent-

uates this obstacle when he writes "Whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord." (1 Cor. XI, 27).

Here again we meet the handicap of sin, producing this unworthiness. God's presence, sacramental or otherwise, cannot dwell with sin. Christ's mercy again asserted itself in providing the plank of refuge to the shipwrecked soul. To His apostles He said "Amen, I say unto you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven." (Matt. XVIII, 18).

To Peter in particular He gave this commission when He also said to him "And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." (Matt. XVI, 19). These prerogatives of necessity must go down to Peter's legitimate successors through all generations to the end, and so with the power of binding and loosing to the successors of the apostles. And the Saviour made this delegated power more explicit, where He said to them "as the Father hath sent Me, I also send you" and then breathed upon them, saying "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John XX, 23).

The sacred tribunal, where this divinely delegated power is exercised, is at times denounced to unfortunate listeners as a Confessional box, replete with evil. These poor self-deluding traducers know not a particle more of the true operation and value of the tribunal of penance than a heathen knows of Christ. Let their hearers, if they have intelligence enough to be honest, ask the actual facts about the confessional from some of those who use it, and, like untold hundreds of millions through all the Christian ages, have derived from it consolation and peace. The devil and his angels who go about "like roaring lions" to seek inmates for their hell, do not like this tribunal of saving mercy, which releases souls from the yoke of their perdition.

Those who spurn what they call dogmas, that is definite religious teaching, claim that their good life makes their outlook sufficiently safe. Well, in this life of endless temptation he who dares to say that he so lives as not to need God's pardon, yes, provided as He ordained, is nothing but a proud, self-deceiving fool. The beloved disciple describes such when he says "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (1 John 1, 8).

5th. We are all weak, and subject to temptation, but we have ample means, provided by the loving Saviour, to resist and overcome all evil. If we neglect these, and make not provision for our eternal welfare, we are but sad examples of moral depravity, despising the above and the many other channels of divine grace, offered us through

Continued on page 6

*Simpson's*

... Extends  
Sincere Christmas Greetings  
and Best Wishes for the New Year

The Robert Simpson Eastern Limited, Halifax

HERE IS A FAMOUS ENERGY MAKING Food

Neilson's MALTED MILK CANDY BAR

A National favorite

**Neilson's**



# Journal Jr.

Editor: K. Napier  
 Managing Editor: T. Murphy  
 News: L. Donovan

Sports: K. Reardon  
 Reporters: C. Connors, M. Kennedy  
 D. Fanning, T. Orr

## Editorial

Perhaps you will not have time to read this! You are probably going to rush home to Cicero or Boyle's Law right at this moment. Even though the frenzy has clutched, and your lives (as well as your brains) are in turmoil, I feel there might be a few of you who will read this. You've commenced your exams and the mental heat is on, and you're probably looking for a momentary diversion from the sordidness. Although he would like to be a comforter, your editor is feeling the same squeamishness, and is doing all he can to keep his own morale up. At present you may be downcast and despairing, (or is this exaggerating?) but there is Christmas to look forward to. In your concern, and now in your "tribulations," I would like to feel that you are not forgetful of the coming feast and of the advent season. But that is just my suggestion. I'm sure that none of you would have forgotten. And so with a final word of good luck, I shall give you my wishes for a very joyful Christmas. So, until after Christmas, au revoir!

## DOINGS IN TEN-A

As the fall gives way to winter, our merry classroom hums with the preparation for the Christmas Examinations. Many a starry-eyed lad gazes at the blackboard as one teacher after another reviews the work. However, there is a brighter side, for it isn't every day that one sees a great acrobat like Ed Craig do his stuff as we in Ten A do. All for free too! Satisfied at the last clause, Fry seats himself; a yell, and he rises abruptly. At this MacIntyre chuckles, Ibsen sighs and Father Kehoe asks, "Was it rusty?" Meanwhile Pat (Boyer) Napier sighs. He wants to go "back to the Cash-a-a-h." Pat (Metcha at Joe's) Crosby has the habit of parking his books in the aisle, and sooner or later it will be Father Kehoe's downfall. Meanwhile Jones heaves the deepest sigh of all. Five-fifteen, Chuck? Apparently unaware of all this, Mike Sullivan has had his head buried in his "Dondo." Studying? Nope! They're not going to catch him chewing gum again. Well gang, that's all the space I can use. So long.

## INSIDE TEN-B

Here we are again with a little exclusive information, found in the old room of Ten B. A bit of excitement, now past, was the debate on whether a modern, up-to-date, well-equipped school could produce better students than an ill-equipped one. The affirmative was upheld by Pete MacCarthy and Bob Gourly and the negative by Ken O'Toole and Albert Martel. The negative won the debate as you would surmise.

The spirited lads of Ten B swallowed a hard pill when they lost the Interclass League to Matric.

The President of the class, Lou Dauphinee, wants order and obedience and if he doesn't get it, he begins to plead with the fellows. Yes, it's time Lou had a soft heart. Our Secretary, Stan Kemp, when he doesn't receive his weekly ten looks, sulks like a child who has lost his last peppermint stick. The guy just hasn't got the heart! Our meek-mannered, mild treasurer, Ralph Tully, receives plenty of the coin that tinkles. "The fellows just can't get it through their heads that each bit of end-chewing is going to cost them one thin dime.

## FATHER O'NEILL GIVES TALK

On Friday evening, November 26th, the feast of St. John Berchmans, fourteen new members were received with due solemnity into the Boarders' Sanctuary Society. The ceremony took place in the College Chapel, and was the result of two months' patient drilling in rubrics and Latin answers under the Society's moderator, Mr. F. E. Crowe, S.J.

Reverend Father Rector formally received each candidate, presenting him with a diploma of membership and a Mass-server's manual. A special feature was an arresting sermon by Reverend L. J. O'Neill, of St. Thomas Aquinas parish, who spoke to the Society on the server's part in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Afterwards there were activities of a lighter sort. The rubricists turned detective in an exciting "treasure hunt"; a series of baffling clues led them a merry chase about the College dungeons until at last the treasure came to light under the storied skull and cross-bones. The evening closed, as all good evenings do, with that ancient and praise-worthy institution, — food, bounteously spread out in the College dining-room.

## THE NEW LIBRARY

As has been mentioned in previous editions of this paper, the high-school library is opened to the student body. Under the judicious management of Mr. Farrel, S.J., the library maintains a system and a balanced assortment of books including history treatises, scientific works, classics, and contemporary novels. Among the scientific works may be found books and argosies by Paul de Kruif, including his two more popular works "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters." The students may profitably obtain novels by Dickens, Eliot, Conrad, Curwood, Cooper, and many others. Among the more contemporary works are to be found, "The Masterful Monk" by Dudley, and an anthology, "The Theatre of Tomorrow," which includes historical plays by noted modern playwrights. Another anthology, "Pilgrims All," includes short stories and articles by some of the noted Catholic novelists. There are works by Chesterton, Padriac Colum, Alfred Noyes and many others. Among the fictional works is also to be found "The One Million" by O. Henry, including his immortal, "Gift of the Magi." Among the travelogues may be found the works of Richard Halliburton, "New Worlds to Conquer," and the "Royal Road to Romance." More particularly appealing are the works of G. A. Henty, including, "The Tiger of Mysore." Upon the war-angle, we may read White's "Queens Die Proudly," and "They Were Expendable." The students are heartily invited by Mr. Farrel to drop down to the library, and enter the literary world, (which incidentally is quite a surprising one), where he promises to provide you with the remedy for those "I'm just bored to death," follows. Mr. Farrel will also welcome any contributions which the students might care to give.

## Jotter Junior

The students of Ten A shook a little, opened their eyes, yawned and stretched. At long last the High School's most lifeless and easygoing class had awakened and what they saw—or didn't see—they didn't like. A fighting spirit which the Ten A'ers had kept shrouded in darkness for such a long time, came to light and things began to look like old times. The reason for this fury was simple. Two editions of the Journal had come off the press and not so much as a comma or a period was put in to represent Grade Ten A. You can plainly see why such normally meek and mild fellows as Brown, Beck and Manson were ready to fight anybody, anytime. The only comment I can make it: "Behold! The dead have come to life!"

Quit fuming Fry!

But Grade Ten A was not the only group on the verge of revolt. Ten B, and Nine also showed signs of discontent. Cries of, "Down with the Jotter!" rang through the hollow hallways and echoed and re-echoed in my mind. (No comment please).

Now I'm not one to raise the mortality rate so it is with this thought in mind that I sincerely and respectfully dedicate this, my humble column, to the "lower classes," those loyal men who have for so long put up with so little.

Circumstances beyond my control prevent me from making you sorry that you ever opened your mouths.

Sergeant-Major "No" Horner continues to serve in silence while giving his lectures. Sergeant Marcel Chouinard at least mumbles to himself in French and English and his two platoons blend as one under the able direction of dashing George Wall in singing songs old and new. An occasional voice interrupts the Cadet Choir to ask, "Whose deal?"

I will now go out of my way to be nice and wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, —and may everything you do get back to me.

## JUNIOR HIGH HOLDS FIRST WORKOUT

Last Saturday morning, S. M. C. Junior High had a stiff workout with Bedford in a practice at the Arena. The two teams battled to a 5-5 draw. Outstanding for the light and inexperienced Grade Niners were Eddy Fagan, Arnold Brown and Bob Reardon.

Jones bore the brunt of the battle for Bedford. Jimmy Houlihan and Gerry Ryan alternated in the nets.

## Home for Christmas

By CARVEL REYNO

Through the window Will could see the trees. Their full leafy tops were restless in the tropic sky. Nearer the ground their leaf-laden branches reached out, found and held each other. In this way a great blanket of whispering fragrance hid the forest from the peeping moon. Will lay back on the bunk. He didn't want to see the jungle. He thought of Joe out on the bluff, watching for a ship. For the past five days Joe had watched alone. Will couldn't leave the cabin. When he tried to get up the room swam before his eyes; his legs would not hold him; he'd feel dizzy and fall.

Will tried not to sleep, because when he did it meant dreams. His dreams were always the same . . . running through the forest trying to reach the cabin. The underbrush would reach out to trip him and he'd fall. The forest vines would twine around him so that he couldn't move. An eerie blackness seemed to come at him through the trees. Soon he'd be left in a circle of light and that empty black nothingness would be coming nearer and nearer. He'd try to scream, then sobbing and frightened would wake up. Will hated that dream just as he hated the jungle. He thought of the ship that would soon come to get him. His feverish eyes brightened, then closed . . .

He was walking up the street. There! the one with the green door! That was it. He was home at last. Will ran up the walk, lifted the latch and went in. His mother was standing by the stairs. For a long time they looked at each other. She came over and kissed him.

"We knew you'd be home for Christmas", she said. "I guess we prayed so hard that you just had to come. Dad and Nancy are in here; they expect you too."

Together they went into the room. Everything was just the same. The lighted tree stood in the same corner with many opened presents scattered beneath it. Some packages, wrapped with soft white paper and tied with red ribbon, remained unopened. They were his presents. Will was glad they had not forgotten him. His father came over and they shook hands. Everyone was so happy to see him. He stooped over so that Nancy could reach up and hug him.

"It's so good your here", she said, "and in time for dinner too."

No one seemed very surprised to see him, and Will was glad of it. He liked it better that way.

After dinner he went upstairs; he was tired and wanted to sleep. In his room nothing had changed. From the blankets he could see his bookcase, his trunk, the pictures—all in their proper places, his table and everything that made his room the only one like it in all the world. There on the table was Mary's picture. Will thought how much he liked that picture. How nice she looked gazing peacefully from the silver frame. How cool the sheets felt. How cool everything was. Not like the jungle where life was hot and feverish. The bed felt so good. He closed his eyes. He wasn't frightened of dreaming now . . .

Over the jungle the wind died out. The restless leaves were still and the whispering leaves became quiet. Nothing moved in the forest. Then the deathly silence was broken by footsteps pounding up the path. The cabin door burst open.

"Will, it's here, the ship's come! I told you it would. Now we'll be home for Christmas just like I said. Will! what's the matter? It's me, Joe. What's wrong??? My God! he's d-dead."

## A Christmas Poem

By E. P. BOYD, Arts IV

The night was cold without, the wind blew long;  
 The moon was frigid in its orb that night;  
 The shepherds kept their vigil on the hills  
 When through the dark burst forth a heav'nly light.

And Mary rode with Joseph on that eve,  
 The way was long and cold; the tears she shed  
 Were chilled upon her cheeks as then she thought  
 Of Him, without a place to lay His Head.

To inns they journeyed, through the streets they sought,  
 But no one heard their plea; they faced the gloom  
 Of darkness, rebuffed though unrebuking  
 The innkeepers' "Begone! we have no room!"

The star grew bright and soared across the sky,  
 Dispersed its gleam upon a manger bare.  
 Then all the earth rejoiced, for He had come  
 The Son of God; of her, the Virgin fair.

# SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

Official newspaper of Saint Mary's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Published bi-weekly during the school year, except January, by the Students of Saint Mary's College. Second class mailing privileges pending. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Advertising rates on request.

## STAFF

Editor

T. PURCELL, '44

Business Manager

R. POWER, '44

Associates

M. EDGAR, '44

D. CAMPBELL, '44

E. BOYD, '44

R. LAUDER, '44

C. REYNO, '44

T. LeBLANC, '44

J. FULTZ, '44



## Christ's Mass

Perhaps rationing will be a good thing for most of us. In pre-war days Christmas was becoming more and more commercialized each year. The fact that it is a religious feast was ignored by the majority of gift-seekers in a mad Yuletide rush, taking place at yearly intervals. Few indeed averted to the true Christian meaning behind their charity and with all too many it was, and still is, merely a case of "keeping up with the Joneses".

But the war has made many changes in our lives—some good, some bad. One of the few changes for the good is a greater appreciation, on our part, of the blessings that we enjoy. First of all, the blessing of being able to celebrate Christmas in a religious manner, a right denied some members of the Christian family. The blessings of all the traditional Christmas things—an important part of our way of life, and not to be scorned as trivial—gifts, good cheer, and even a turkey dinner.

We know the real beauty of Christmas lies in its religious significance. The shepherds on the hill, the Manger, the Wise Men—subjects of numberless works of art; we know that herein lies the true Christmas Spirit. Wartime restrictions, by making the material aspect of Christmas more burdensome, are forcing us to appreciate the spiritual and religious side more fully. Christmas—Christ's Mass—without Christ what meaning has Christmas?

*"Gloria in altissimis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."*

Thus sang the angels on the first Christmas eve. A return to the true Spirit of Christmas would hasten that peace.

## Pat On The Back

"Arsenic and Old Lace" has proved to all that Saint Mary's students are capable of great things. The cast and the "behind-the-scenes" staff deserve the highest praise from all for their ability and labour.

The amount of effort and thought required to put on such a production was very great. Without the extraordinary display of school spirit that was shown it would have been impossible. In a very short time (less than a month) many rehearsals were held, scenes were built, and arrangements made. The time was short, the work was great; but the members of the Playshop showed their stuff in a manner of which they may well be proud.

This production was the greatest attempt made in any school activity this year. It has reflected great credit on Saint Mary's College and should be an inspiration for future successes in all lines.

## ROME

City of martyred saints and noble fame,  
Silent witness through centuries of war,  
Again thy place usurped, and foes once more  
Ignore the right of thy thrice honored name.  
Upon one prideful soul we place the blame,  
As on one man we see from ancient lore  
The fault hath often lain. The Leader's roar,  
Now stifled, seemed as Caesar's much the same.

As Popes and Princes in thy pageant played,  
Uphold the glory of thy name, O, Rome  
Till broken man decides that Truth has stayed  
Within the shadow of thy mighty Dome.  
Then multitudes, who from the Truth have strayed,  
Will turn to thee as sons return to home.

## The Christmas Star



On ancient, hallowed ground he stands, this British soldier, his gaze stretching over the soft-rolling dunes of Iran. The moon's silver light washes the sand underfoot to a sparkling white as, overhead, star-lamps wink and flicker with dim delight.

Christmas Eve had never seemed so close, so real, to this Tommy as, rifle in hand, he mused on the depthless blue. But even while he watched, one of those pinpoint diamonds withdrew from the glistening masses and claimed a purple patch all its own. The pure white gleam reached out and held him in breathless concentration.

Now heavy with silence, the air throbbed about his ears, so alive it seemed, yet peaceful. Ageless time, like a blanket, fell upon him, suffocating, laden with the spirit of the Wise Men. And outlined against the purple night, he contrasted his star strangely with the Star of Bethlehem. He was a "Wise Man" seeking his Lord, the Infant Child. An evil Herod clouded his path.

Softly he prayed. He would follow to the source that guiding light. He must pursue a darkened path, studded with many thorns. Yet

## Archbishop's Message

Continued from page 4

Christ's Church. "For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap." (Gal. VI, 8).

Truth is one, error manifold. but vice is more easily imitated. It is disease that is infectious, not health. The spreading of the germs of spiritual disease provides often an ample livelihood for false teachers. At the expense of a world that loves to be misled. Instead of fighting the evil forces that seek to make nugatory the work of Christ for men's souls, there are always those whose modicum of intelligence provides them a livelihood by the vilification of the Church, finding ready listeners to their fictions and misrepresentations, to the abiding loss of both false teacher and gullible listener.

Reason shows us that if Christ's saving teaching and law be accepted at all, they must be accepted in their unqualified fullness. It is not left to mankind to pick and choose what they will believe or what they will obey. He paid too high a price for the permanent instrument He designed to apply His salvation to mankind, to leave it nebulous and uncertain. With its abounding help man, made a little lower than the angels, but fallen from his pristine perfection, must work his way upward to his destiny of endless glory.

Man is utterly dependant upon God, and servant to Him who made him. He is endowed with reason, and the awful responsibility of free will. His very nature assures him of immortality. But here on earth he is on trial. As far as we can see, the earth and all that it implies, exist only that this trial may take place.

A convinced follower of Christ in the fullness of His teaching is by no means a deluded sentimentalist, but is easily the most hard-headed and logical person this world contains, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul." (Luke IX, 25).

Happy, then, are they who, looking forward in hope to the bliss for which they were made, mingle with the blessings of this life ever more of the practice, rehearsal, and consequent foretaste of the unending joys of heaven.

Let us therefore, happily celebrate our Christmas, as I wish most ardently to all "giving thanks to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the remission of sins." (Col. 1, 12-14).

must he reach the crib and, falling down like the Kings of old, adore.

"Peace, God, peace, that we may live again, hope again, in a new world."

R. E. LAUDER, '44

## Campus Jottings

The other day George Moffat told me Christmas falls on Dec. 25th this year, and since that's quite near the end of the month and we're in the middle of it, Johnnie Martin (one day he wasn't in the library) thought it would be thoughtful of the Jotter if he went around and got the boys to write a letter to Santa Claus. The Jotter, ever thoughtful of humanity, in his benevolence collected their little desires and compiled them in a letter to Santa.

\* \* \* \*

The Editor said he'd do his share by donating space in the Journal; Hughie and "O. T." said they'd be glad to give data on what the Alumni in the services wanted this Yuletide provided they'd get their name inscribed where Gerald Moffat got his, and finally Don Campbell in a magnificent gesture of generosity said he'd supply the pencil. Thus only through such heart-warming co-operation and response on the part of the students was the letter made possible. The following is a copy of the letter to Santa per The Jotter.

\* \* \* \*

Dear Santa,

Now that Stripes have been awarded to these noble souls for their heroic service on Wednesdays and Saturdays; "Arsenic and Old Lace" is put on the shelf and Leahey again is restored to normality (or as near to its as he ever was) I am writing my annual letter to you asking for a few things I know you will be able to supply even though there is a shortage of everything but cuts in classes. Please bring Roy Tanton a new stripe—not that he needs it, but all his friends have three, so then he wouldn't feel so self-conscious.

While you're passing Roy a stripe please bring Don Messervey and Cyril Lynch a few new hairs to make their moustaches a little more noticeable. Don't forget to bring Ted Levy a policeman's uniform with a shiny badge so that he'll be able to act the cop all the time without waiting to be cast in a play. Santa, if you happen to have a cushion bring it to Joe Wade—he likes class enough but he finds it hard sitting through them.

Dave Allen would like anything in footwear as it isn't hard for him to fill anybody's shoes. Bruce would like (so would Joe) as many of Frankie's Hot Dogs as you can bring and I think Bill McCoombs would like a pin-ball machine installed in the college. Eddie Boyd would like to have something reminding him not to forget; Earl Burke and Jimmy Pineo some sleep. You know what Roy Power wants (I haven't got room in this letter) and you know what Emmet would like him to get. Tom Purcell wants a few more editions of the Journal without having to write editorials and Mike Edgar doesn't want to be known as G. Parsons.

Beckie wants another play, Gerald Reardon wants the money from the last one and Bill Duggan wants to know who the Jotter is (Santa some people are never satisfied—last week he was collecting Sodality dues). Mike Weagle wants a Students' Council Meeting and Frenchie Boyd, History classes with more Mac-A-Skill and less history.

Dinny wants a— (ask anyone in his platoon). Mike Merrigan wants everybody and not only Tom LeBlanc to realize he's Prefect. Moose Fennell needs a haircut—but badly. Ed Chisholm wants to be on a winning debating team and Bo-Bo wants a play, preferably Howard's "The Silver Cord" to show how really good a prompter he is. Bill Phillips wants curtain calls for prop men and Jack Thomas wants prop men.

Hoping you will bring these things along when you ride over Windsor Street, I am

Yours sincerely,

The Jotter,

P.S.—I want people to think I'm Charlie Reardon.



## A Smart Felt Hat

To Top Your Winter Outfit

YOU'LL want a snappy-looking felt hat to complete your Fall outfit—and EATON'S is the place to procure it! . . . Visit the Men's Wear Department on the Main Floor and pick out the model that suits you best. . . . A choice of good shades.

Each 3.75 to 7.50

EATON'S Men's Wear Department—Main Floor

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED