



Saint MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

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No. 7

Playshop Scoops Hollywood

New Altar In College Chapel



Sodality Sponsors Press Exhibit February 18 - 22

For the fourth successive year, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary will hold a press exhibit, from Sunday, February 18 to Thursday, February 22. The library, which is the scene of the showing, will be open from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m.

The purpose of such an exhibit is to make people more familiar with Catholic publications. Those who attend will be deeply impressed with the Church's efforts to spread truth through the medium of the press.

Jack DeLouchry, this year's Press Exhibit Chairman, announces two special features which are bound to be outstanding. The first will be a display of vocation publications, collected by George Moffat. George obtained these writings by sending over 100 requests to various Religious Orders and Diocesan Seminaries throughout Canada and the United States.

The second feature is a display of the well-known religious magazine, The Sacred Heart Messenger. This is very appropriate since 1944 was the Centenary of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Sodality has been able to obtain twenty-four of the seventy-five Messengers published during the past year.

The Press Committee has been further aided by the work of Miss Foley, the College Librarian. In response to her numerous letters of request, some four hundred and fifty publishers have sent samples of their publications. The co-operation of these companies is the more gratifying when we consider how understaffed most of them are.

In past years the Press Exhibit has been poorly patronized. Disappointing as it may be, the Sodality has decided not to accept the undertaking next year unless attendance this year is more favorable.

Show your appreciation, S.M.C. Get behind the Press Exhibit. It's yours and for you.

During the Christmas vacation, a new altar with all its fixtures was erected in the College Chapel. It is a modern liturgical altar of oak with candlesticks to match. At its centre is a metal tabernacle, the veils of which have not yet arrived. On the wall behind the altar are pretty, deep-blue drapes whose borders have as their design the rosa mystica, fashioned of gold cloth on a forget-me-not blue background. A beautiful statue in oak of the Madonna and Child has arrived and will soon be placed on a pedestal directly behind the altar's crucifix.

On each side of the Sanctuary a neat lamp adorns the wall, while above on the ceiling a fluorescent light has been installed. As a finishing touch, the floor of the altar has been sanded and shellacked, giving it a glossy surface.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has been responsible for these new additions to the chapel, and the altar will serve as a lasting monument to these ever-interested benefactors of Saint Mary's.

SODALITY'S FIRST SKATING PARTY WELL RECEIVED

On the night of January 20, Saint Mary's College High School Sodality held its first skating party on the campus rink. The ice was very good. The skating started at 7.30 and finished at 9.00. Those attending went into the auditorium and enjoyed some fine music, produced by Father Stanford, Billie Browne and Ken Davidson. Father Stanford's rendition of "Old MacDonald Had A Farm" brought cheers and cries of "more" from the audience. He was also the vocalist in this number.

After the music and singing a few short movies were shown. Some of the scenes provided opportunity for unappreciated "ad-libbers" to go to work. The film, "Jungle Savage", seemed more like a comedy than a drama, judging from the laughs of the audience.

At 11.00, as come it must to every grand event, the end came to the first High School Sodality evening of 1945.

90 Simoleons In The Red, or Wanted: Better Cooperation

The first Student Council Dance this year took place on Friday, February 2nd. It was held at the Nova Scotian Hotel with Don Low's Orchestra in attendance.

Following an interview with cooperative Alex. Allen, who had charge of it, we bring you the following notes:

About fifty couples were present, and as this was some fifty persons less than expected, \$90.00 was lost on the affair. Chaperones were: Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Donahue, and to them the Students' Council offers its sincere thanks. The holding of another dance before the Graduation Prom is not probable.

C.C.S.M.C To Meet Here Feb. 18

This year the annual reunion of the Canadian Catholic Student Mission Crusade will take place at Saint Mary's. Instead of the customary paper readings the four largest Halifax units will present four short plays.

Because of the size of the Assembly Hall very few representatives from each unit have been invited.

S.M.C. To Present "Ramshackle Inn" April 2nd, 3rd and 4th

Owen T. McCarthy, production manager of the "Playshop", announced that work would soon begin on George Batson's recent Broadway success, "Ramshackle Inn". The play will be presented on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of April. The Dal Auditorium has been reserved for one night and there are still hopes of obtaining a local theatre. In addition Navy officials are anxious to have the Playshop perform for the benefit of the sailors in their private theatre at Stadacona.

Notice of trials will be posted today and rehearsals are scheduled to begin early next week.

"Ramshackle Inn," according to Manager McCarthy, should prove a worthy successor to last year's hit, "Arsenic and Old Lace." The play is just fresh from a remarkably successful run on Broadway where it opened at the Royale Theatre on January 5th, 1944. Dramatist's Play Service Inc., New York, have now released it for amateur performance.

Burton Rascoe in the World-Telegram wrote of it: "It is one of the best entertainments currently available on Broadway, (and there are lots of good shows . . . at this moment). Just sit back and relax at "Ramshackle Inn," and you will thoroughly enjoy yourself . . . I guarantee you will have a good time."

McCarthy claims that he has beaten Hollywood by a year. "Selznick has the movie rights," he stated, "but it probably won't be around to the Capitol 'till next year. It's hot off the griddle."

Direction will again be in the hands of Mr. George.

MONSIGNOR DONAHOE
"Let us praise men of renown, rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness." In this group we list Msgr. Donahoe, "a man after God's own heart." Rich in scholarship, he was rich also in priestly sanctity.
For years Msgr. Donahoe had been a member of the Senate of Saint Mary's College and in 1941 he became Vice-Chancellor. Saint Mary's has lost a real friend and we shall long remember his courageous spirit before which obstacles ceased to be obstacles. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"
R. I. P.

Recently Honored



FR. BASIL MARTIN, O.B.E.

The King's New Year's list contained the name of Fr. Basil Martin, who was given the award O.B.E.

Student Council Again Active

A Student Council meeting was held Thursday, February 8th. Results of the gathering are as follows. The lack of support to the dance was deplored; there was a very poor showing of the students at this dance. A raffle is to be held as a method of raising funds, while Father Rector will be approached on the matter of making some arrangement for a steady income for the council. The president of the Student Body will report the results of this negotiation at the next meeting.

H. S. BOARDERS BLOW THE LID LeBlanc and LeFrank Come Out First

On Tuesday night, January 30th, the Boarders' social room was full of activity. Mr. Farrell and Mr. Crowe were giving the boys a party. The evening opened with bitter rivalry in cards, the reason for the rivalry being the prizes for the winners—a hockey stick and a puck. The majority engaged in a game of "eights" while a few played "hearts." The two winners, Richard "Scotchie" LeBlanc and Roger "Demon" LeFrank drew for the prizes. "Demon" received the stick the latter won the puck.

This finished, Mr. Farrell had a quiz on different subjects. Bill Browne was asked—"How many drinks of Adam's Ale (water) would it take to put you under the table?" Bill thought for a moment, then his face lighted up and he replied, "Two, father." Wonder what ginger ale would do to him!

Later refreshments were served in the dining-room. When it was almost time to stop someone spotted Fr. Stanford. Immediately he was asked to bring his saxophone down for a sing-song. This concluded the evening, and all enjoyed themselves.

SENIORS BOAST STRONG HOCKEY SQUAD



SAINT MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL TEAM

Left to right: Front row—M. Sullivan, D. MacDonald, S. Selig, S. Kemp, B. Keith.
Back row—E. MacGillivray, H. Cambell, F. Graves, B. Naugler, B. Hirschfield, P. MacCarthy, R. Reardon.

DEFEAT DAL 3-2 IN CLOSE CONTEST

Last Wednesday a fast-skating St. Mary's team defeated Dalhousie by a score of 3-2. The game was fast and clean, with only one penalty being handed out. St. Mary's drew first blood when McLellan, behind the Dal. net, passed out to Hyland who slapped the puck into the open cage. O'Neill drew a penalty for elbowing, and soon after he returned MacKelvie got the puck from a scramble in front of St. Mary's net and completely fooled Wade to tie the score.

Hyland opened the scoring for St. Mary's in the second period on a pass from McLellan. Dal came right back, MacDonald setting up Currie for the nicest goal of the game. The two teams fought for the winning score which came late in the second period. Godwin took the puck at centre, rounded the defence, and flipped it over Giffin who was sprawled on the ice. Shortly after, Giffin was knocked down by a skate which hit him in the back of the head. However, he was not put out of the game. The third period was very close, featuring several nice rushes by Dal, but Wade kicked everything out. Stars of the game were Hyland, Wade and Currie.

Summary:

First Period
S.M.C.—Hyland-McLellan.
DAL—MacKelvie.
Penalty: O'Neill.

Second Period
S.M.C.—Hyland, McLellan.
DAL—Currie-MacDonald.
S.M.C.—Godwin.

Third Period
Scoring—None.

S.M.C.—Goal, Wade; defence, Allen, Ross, Keddy; forwards—Godwin, Vaughan, O'Neill, McLellan, Hyland, Moore.

Dal—Goal, Giffin; defence, Wade, MacDonald, Graves; forwards—Simon, Currie, Lightfoot, MacKelvie, LeBlanc, Blakeney, Potechian.

H.S. Team Retains Lead in Defeating Q.E.H., 5-4

On February 6th, before an enthusiastic crowd of 1200, St. Mary's Senior High School Hockey team defeated the hard-fighting Q.E.H. squad by a close score 5-4.

Bill Naugler scored the one and only goal of the first period, unassisted, while Q.E.H. were playing a man short.

Less than a minute after the second period began, Smith of Q.E.H. tallied their first counter, tying the score. No sooner had they scored when Elmer MacGillivray put the Saints in the lead again on a well placed pass from Hughie Campbell. Back and forth went the play, each team straining for the advantage. O'Shaughnessy tied the score again when he beat Stan Selig on the draw. But the Fighting Irish were not to be outdone, and classy Hirschfeld on a pass from MacGillivray, blazed a shot that put S.M.C. back in the lead.

The third period opened with McKelvie scoring for Q.E.H., deadlocking the score for the third time. It

seemed as though the Elizabethans were determined to tie the score but the Santamarians were equally determined to win. MacGillivray and Reardon made a brilliant play and chalked up the last score for the Saints. The undaunted Q.E.H., fighting hard, registered the last point when McKelvie banged in a counter while Bert Hirschfeld was getting his breath in the penalty box. From then on, both teams played close hockey, St. Mary's on the defensive. In the dying moments of the game, Smith got a breakaway and swooped down on Selig. The spectators held their breath, but Speedy Hughie Campbell literally flew into his opponent and prevented in the nick of time what seemed to be labelled a goal. Still fighting hard, Q.E.H. lads tried to penetrate the Santamarian defenses, but in vain. The bell decided the matter and the terrific game was over. Stars for the game: MacGillivray, Hirschfeld (S.M.C.), McKelvie (Q.E.H.)



By BOB McNEIL

As we go to press the limelight seems to be on the Senior High team. This year I think the fans are being provided with the best High School hockey in years. The competition in the three team league is really stiff; no game so far has been won by more than one goal. A winner would be hard to pick but I think the final struggle will be between St. Pat's and St. Mary's; more than that I would not attempt to predict.

In the Juvenile League our own St. Mary's are the team to beat. Undeclared in the City League, they stand a good chance of reaching the provincial playdowns. The Midgets too, are leading their league with an enviable record of fifty-five goals for and four against.

This year young hockeyists have been given a much needed boost by the formation of the Halifax Minor Hockey Association. The Association pays for ice and outfits the players with whatever they need. This greatly reduces the injuries due to lack of equipment and makes for better hockey. Mr. Garrison and his staff deserve a great deal of credit for promoting junior sport.

Several newcomers in hockey circles bear watching. One is that speedy Cape Bretoner, Elmer MacGillivray. Last year Elmer played Midget in Sydney and this year is playing Juvenile and Senior High with St. Mary's. He's very effective around the net and, I quote Bert Hirschfeld, "He's always where you want him." Charlie Connors has been performing in the Juvenile League and is on the Senior High lineup. Bob Ross has been turning out with the Intercollegiate Team, and shows promise.

The loss of Mulcahy, MacDonald and Pineo is certainly noticeable on the College team. Pineo in particular is an irreplaceable man, though Wade is turning in some good work between the posts. This season Godwin is the mainstay up front. He came through with two brilliant goals against Dal, and is playing Championship hockey. I think that this year's team is a faster skating group than we have had in recent years. In the games I have seen they back-checked and broke quickly. I think that it is this speed which will take them to the city championship.

Hockey players in the College are really taking advantage of the rink on the campus. Mr. Crowe has put plenty of hard work into the rink and I don't think he is receiving enough cooperation. Some of the fellows seem to think that the ice is theirs to skate on but not to clean. How about a little support?

Campus Rink Succeeds Rorum

The Rorum had seen its last days, and retired after serving as a place of hockey for 40 years. It was beyond repair. But some place had to be found for the students' rink for the coming season. An outdoor rink on the campus would be ideal! Boards were obtained at the Winter Gardens, and construction would start immediately.

The High School took the job. Within the period between November 30th and December 16th nearly all the boards were up. But the holidays were here. A group of day scholars volunteered and under the able direction of Mr. Crowe the rink was completed. Flooding was started on the day before Christmas.

After the students arrived on January 8th they found a good base of ice on the rink. More flooding was needed and this job fell to the Boarders, who accepted it eagerly. Again Mr. Crowe could be seen out with them, sweeping and supervising.

Now that there was good ice the leagues were started. Each class entered two teams, a Junior and Senior. The Boarders also entered a Senior team. The rink is receiving outside notice from two different sources. Scores of neighbouring children skate and play hockey after supper, and the city hockey league has rented the rink for Bantem and Midget games.

For a while something was missing—lights! This problem was overcome by five rows of overhead wires with three lights on each row. Now the rink is complete.

All this would not have been accomplished were it not for the energetic leadership and hard work of Mr. Crowe. The student body offers him its grateful thanks.

LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD



The above picture of Margot Lynch, which first appeared on New Year's Day in the Mail, reflects the spirit of the students eyeing Saint Mary's teams in all leagues. Margot is the daughter of the popular High School Math teacher, Mr. John Lynch.

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AT STUDENT COUNCIL SOCIAL



Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



Left to right (front row: Mrs. E. C. Thomas, Mr. Thomas, Mrs. R. A. Donahoe, Mr. Donahoe. Rear: Frank Wallace, Isabelle Wallace, Ed. Chisholm, "Babe" Horne, Jerry Mackey, Ida Neau, Stan Kelly, Jean Cunningham, Frances Larkin, Alex Allen.

The Fighting Irish

By J. FITZGERALD



W/O Joseph M. Mahoney



O/S Gerald Reardon



Lieut. Ralph Vaughan

Joseph M. Mahoney, Warrant Officer in the Air Force, is en route to Canada aboard an official exchange ship after eighteen months in a German prison camp.

Jack Smith, who received his Bachelor of Commerce in '38, was pilot of the plane believed lost with all its crew on a routine flight over the Atlantic.

O/S Jerry Reardon left to join the navy in January and is at present stationed at H.M.C.S. Montcalm, Quebec.

Ralph Thomas Vaughan recently graduated at the Canadian Army Officers Training Centre at Brockville, receiving his certificate January 13. He is a graduate of Saint Mary's and of Dalhousie Law School.

Variations on A Theme

By PETER MINGO

Two dim gas-lights tried unsuccessfully to illuminate the dark, smoky room. The sharp click of wine-glasses and bottles sounded above the low murmur of groggy voices. A sudden burst of laughter from a far corner of the room broke the monotony.

Bill Munroe, once captain of the old schooner, "Hood," had just finished one of the many tales of his long life. His attentive listeners were Mr. Lawrence, first mate, and Mr. Mayers, second mate, both of the good ship "Judaë."

The story he told was one in which he took part some twenty long years ago.

It was in a tavern much like this one that one day he and a few of his friends came to discuss matters of common interest. The conversation ran on 'till the subject of courage floated in. Jack Sawyer asserted that he was afraid of nothing. Everybody laughed it off and nothing more was said. But the subject again came up when Sawyer began raving about how brave he was. After a while the man next to him spoke up: "I'll bet you five quid that you won't go into St. Michael's vault tonight." "You're on," cried Sawyer, "and I'll stick my knife into one of those crates so you'll know I've been there," and he went out into the damp night. The men yelled with laughter and were glad to get rid of him.

Meanwhile Sawyer walked quickly along the dark streets until a giant building loomed up in front of him: it was St. Michael's. Ascending the wet, slippery, granite steps to a huge oak door, he tried it and it opened easily and noiselessly on its well-worn hinges. For the first time as the door closed behind him, a slight tingle of fear trickled down his spine. Knowing where the basement door was he stumbled along to the stairway that led down to it.

Using the railing he descended the crooked line of steps to the bottom and walked across the concrete floor as if it was made of glass. He found the door, small and solid. His nerves were all worked up now and his only hope was that the door was locked. He fumbled for the latch and pulled. The door did not move. A sigh of relief came over him as he gave the door a slight push. But it opened with his weight, squeaking on its hinges. His heart sank; his knees and hands shook as his candle flickered and went out. He stopped; all was quiet; he was alone now, alone with the dead. Should he turn back and be called a coward or should he continue down the stairs and get his reward. He decided to go on.

(Continued on Page Four)

So They Say

Once upon a time (say about two weeks ago) the Students Council held a ball. It seems that a prominent member of that brotherhood (lately "accused" of writing this column) was seen all evening in the company of a fair Cinderella. When a sad sister asked our Prince the name of his companion, the genial one replied, "I don't know." Try Who's Who or Name It and Take It!

A man of many pseudonyms is Tusker "Greek God" O'Neil. The latest of these touching tributes bestowed upon him is quite a "doozer"—"Poor man's Van Johnson." Cute, eh?

Queried as to what he thought was of important note concerning Byron's life, the eldest member of the Dempsey clan, answered, "His ups and downs." Snap out of it Frank! He was a poet—not an elevator operator.

"Beck, why didn't you do your Latin last night?"
"I was too tired, Father."
"What time did you get to bed?"
"About eleven o'clock father, and I got up at eight."
"Well, so did I, but I got up at six-thirty."
"Are you tired, Father?"

Hunted by N. H. L. Wolves



Report has it that Tusker O'Neil has been offered a berth on St. Michael's College team, with a view to moving into professional company.

QUIZ QUOTES

The Question: "What would you like to see on the site of the Rorum?"

Gerald Courtney, Grade XI: "Well first, what are they going to do for an orderly room if the Rorum is torn down? As for the space, just plant grass and have some more campus."

Mike Murphy, Grade XI: "I guess it'll cost quite a bit and for the few years we will be here it may not be worth it, but why not another, more modern Rorum?"

Charles Jones, Grade X(a): "How about a volley-ball and basket-ball

court? We certainly could use them."

Donald Fultz, Grade IX: "I think that if the Rorum can't be repaired we should build a new one. It's a necessity."

Edward Fagan, Grade X(b): "Use the space for a new handball court; the old one is pretty well shot. Or perhaps a place to play basketball would be good."

Peter Mingo, Grade X(a): "Oh, I don't know. Put up a gym or a new rink or a gambling hall or something, but make it good."



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Feature

A. CHARBONEAU H. WALLACE
T. ORR C. JONES

"WHAT DOTHT IT PROFIT . . . ?"

Some of us fail to realize why we are here at Saint Mary's College. Ask a student his purpose in coming to school at all and he may reply vaguely "Oh, to get an education so I can be a doctor", Or perhaps it's a lawyer or an engineer. But rarely does he give the fundamental reason. We are not here to study English for the sake of English or Latin for the sake of Latin. Our weary hours in the classroom must have some higher motive: otherwise life will pall on us. We are here to use the subjects of our curriculum as a means to mould our Christian character, so that, having left Saint Mary's we shall be able to conduct ourselves first as exemplary Catholics and secondly as good doctors, lawyers, business men or what not.

What gain is it to excel in sports if we pay little or no heed to the perfection of our character? Even the animals of the field can excel us in these things. What gain is it for an engineer to erect a great bridge if he is not also constructing a span to God? What gain is it for a business man to garner capital if he does not possess the coin of merit for heaven?

It is worth considering in our Religion classes. We are not being taught merely to pass the finals: we are being taught in order to pass God's Final at Judgment. We are being given the chance to grasp that which will mean the difference between Success and Failure. Religion is THE subject in our curriculum. It is to be learned 'for keeps': it is not to be crammed the night before! Religion is the subject which will most help us to fulfil our purpose in life: "To know, love and serve God in this world and to be happy with Him forever in the next".

DELISLE INGLIS

"Happy" would surely be the just word to describe the death of DeLisle Inglis. To my mind the simplest and truest account of his death can be given in that one word.

Only a few weeks ago the news began to circulate. "Did you hear about Inky?" . . . Yes, isn't it awful . . . Imagine, so young!"

And then the news came that Inky had died.

To many that news came as a distinct shock. But when the complete story became known the tragedy in the word death was softened by an accent on the word "happy". On his deathbed, Inky was surrounded by his family; he had the memory of a life, brief, but well spent; he died in the strength of the last sacraments.

We should not feel sorry for DeLisle Inglis. He left behind an enviable record. A first-rate student, a prize winner in High School and a Gold Medallist at Saint Mary's last spring when he received his diploma in Engineering, DeLisle has pointed out the way for many of us. He was a good athlete and keenly interested in all College activities but he never gave second place to his studies. A little incident that came to my attention last year bears this point out. When the Intercollegiate debating season was under way DeLisle was asked to take part. I heard him admit that he was keen to enter the competition, but after carefully considering the matter he declined the offer because he did not feel he could do justice to the Debating Society and to his studies at the same time.

His many friends will miss him, and above all his parents and relatives will miss him. To them goes our heartfelt sympathy and promise of a remembrance in our prayers.

O. T. McCARTHY.

MISSING



FLT./SGT. GERALD A. SMITH

Flight-Sergt. Gerald A. Smith has been reported missing following air operations over Germany. He was a member of Saint Mary's Canadian Football Team.

Saint Mary's students join his family in prayers for his safety.

BOOK REVIEW

The whole world echoed tribute to a simple peasant who had died for his God. His name was Damien.

What great thing did he do?

John Farrow tells you in his biography, "Damien, the Leper," a true and beautiful story. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

These words were engraved on a monument, erected at Molokai in memory of this humble worker. They are only too appropriate in view of the heroic life and death of this great, this victorious priest.

Damien was a Flemish peasant who joined the priesthood and volunteered to go to Molokai, the leper colony that was worse than hell.

Variations - -

(Continued from page 3)

His shoes clicked on the wet stones as he slowly, uncertainly, descended the steps leading into the house of the dead. It smelled like the dead, felt like the dead, and sounded like the dead. Clutching for his knife with one hand, he searched for a box with the other. He reached both at the same time and turning quickly he stabbed the box. At the same time he started to . . . He couldn't move; a dozen thoughts flashed quickly through his head, of spirits holding him down; he gasped, tried to yell but could not speak; something was holding him there.

Back at the tavern it was getting late and Capt. Munroe noticed that their brave friend had not returned. He presumed that he had gotten cold feet and gone back to the ship.

Next morning they found that Sawyer's bunk had not been slept in. They were worried as their ship was sailing today. Three men, out of pure curiosity, went to the church. They found the candle in front of the vault door, which was open. Venturing down the steps by the light of their torch, they saw a ghastly sight. Sawyer hung halfway between the floor and the coffin. He was cold and ashen, dead as the person in the coffin next to him. The look on his face was a picture of terrible horror. When Sawyer went to stab the box he also stabbed the back of his coat, pinning it to the coffin. And when he tried to get away he could not move. He had died of fright. Death was his reward.

He stayed there faithfully until he contracted the disease and died a martyr.

"Damien, the Leper" is well worth reading.

Sodality "No Mere Pious Union"

VATICAN CITY, Jan. 26.—(NC) Present times call for resolute, well grounded men not afraid of meeting hardships, His Holiness Pope Pius XII told 4,000 members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary whom he received in audience on Sunday. The occasion marked the fiftieth anniversary of the Holy Father's enrollment in Our Lady's Sodality while a student at the Collegio Caprancio.

Personal Holiness

"Consecration to the Mother of God in the Marian congregation," said Pope Pius, "is a total gift of oneself for his whole life and eternity. It is not a gift of pure formality or sentiment, but an effective gift, made in the intensity of Christian life. This is the purpose of the first rule of the Sodality; that is, to apply oneself seriously to personal sanctification, each one in his own state of life—to apply oneself in a way compatible with his own social position to the salvation and sanctification of others, and to work without ceasing for the defense of the Church."

No Mere Pious Union

Referring to the foundation of Sodalities by the Jesuits and the repeated approval of them by the Holy See, the Holy Father underlined the necessity of the Sodality being not merely a simple, pious, union for purely exterior action, but a union of Sodalists living the Catholic Faith, serving and defending the Church under Mary's command.

"And what does the civil order of today ask of you?" the Holy Father continued. "That you be real men, not like those who are bent only on enjoying and amusing themselves like children, but solidly prepared men ready for action, to whom it is sacred not to neglect anything that might help promote progress to perfection."

"Present times need Catholics soundly grounded from early youth in the Faith, so that they will not be shaken even if they are no longer sustained by the fervour of those surrounding them. Catholics with their eyes set on the ideal of Christ, on the virtues of purity and sanctity, aware of the sacrifices required."

Around The Campi

Tom Orr

Here's one for Ripley: In Jesuit High School, Tampa, Florida, two boys have the same name, John Franklyn, are the same age, 17, and made the same exam. average (90.4) and therefore have the same place in class.

The "Web", paper of Webster College, Missouri, envys Saint Mary's skit which went off well. Their's didn't. Perhaps not, but we must congratulate them on their fine photography. Their picture of the student putting on her hat before a mirror was superb.

Two months ago Holy Cross College Sodality, Worcester, Mass., had its hundredth birthday. We offer them our hearty congratulations.

And getting back to Halifax, we liked this one from the Tech Flash: "Little Willie, returning from his first visit to Brooklyn, looked out of the window of the speeding train and exclaimed: "Look Mommy, a boid." His Mommy, trying to put on the "dog" felt a bit dismayed at Willie's English and in trying to correct him, she said, "It's not a boid, Willie, it's a bird"; to which Willie replied, "Well, it choips like a boid."

The Flyer, paper-voice, Saint John's Military High School, Louisiana, described a novel contest which occurred there: A clock was wound and locked in a safe where it was allowed to run down. Tickets were sold at a nickel a guess and the person guessing closest to the time at which it stopped garnered \$100.00 P.S.—It stopped at 8:47:15 o'clock.

Profiles

SYL U. WETT

The little hamlet of Reserve is revered by all as the birth place, not of a famous statesman, but of Samuel Campbell. Reserve, as you all know, is in the wilds of Cape Breton (and when we say wild we mean WILD!)

Sam started his quest for knowledge at a very early age; when he was in the sixth grade his classmates voted him the one most likely to remain there. But our hero struggled dauntlessly on; he studied his books and learned his tables and finally found out what L.S./M.F.T. meant. (I wish he'd tell me.)

Realizing that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," Samuel wisely decided that faraway St. Mary's would be the school for him. So a little bit of Cape Breton journeyed to the metropolis.

Here he saw strange things—huge buildings, darting autos and big yellow street-cars crawling along real paved streets. Nevertheless, Sam took to city life like a duck takes to water and soon he became regarded as an up-and-coming young man. No one can dispute the fact that he is "up" but many doubt if he will continue his skyward stretch much longer. The reason?—Sam's remarkable proportions. At the age of fourteen, when most children (?) are sporting their first longs, friend Campbell has reached the height of heights—six feet plus three inches.

Those who know the representative from Reserve also know that he has great ambitions and wish him every success in his new field of labor. It is a colorful profession that he has chosen and one which is likely to take silent Sam to still greater heights.

Can ANYBODY use a good STEEPLE PAINTER?

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Now from one extreme to another . . .

Joe Johnson has what is commonly called the Gift of Gab. He didn't, however, acquire this by practice; he was born with it. In fact, I have been informed that Joe broke his first tooth by "accentuating the positive" a little too much.

At a very tender age he nearly wore out his lungs trying to convince a deaf nurse that the saying "A change is as good as a rest" was still to be observed.

Now that he is grown up (?) his voice no longer resembles the noise made by a cat scratching on a rusty screen door. No, indeed! It's more like the snarling of an angry dog suffering from hiccups.

But Joe is in his glory when he is perched atop a fence overlooking a baseball diamond. He heckles the players with his new V2 weapon (voice X2) 'till they give up in exasperation but he ALWAYS has the last word (even if that word happens to be "OUCH!")

No doubt if Joe's vocal chords were cut (hint, hint) and he were deprived of that noisy pastime of his, he would appear wearing bright socks and ties that fairly scream.

"Oh, well, "out of the mouths of babes . . ."

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