

HOLIDAYS
BEGIN
DEC. 21
Merry
Christmas

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

CLASSES
RESUME
JAN. 10
Happy
New Year

Vol. 15

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, DECEMBER 19, 1949

No. 3

Student Secularism Is Scored

Go to College My Lass

"College education for women is useless" was the subject of a debate between Journalism - Science and Arts held at the College several weeks ago. Oliver Blakeney and Alfred Freckleton upheld the negative side of the question to win the debate by a unanimous decision, for Journalism-Science. Representatives for Arts, Henry Nunn and Ray Slaunwhite defended the truth of the resolution as best they could.

Henry Nunn said that most girls only go to college because their parents wanted them to go and because they have nothing else to do with themselves. He said the money spent by parents on sending girls to college was wasted money which could be put to better use. When they do learn something, they get married and forget all they ever learned in their course.

Ray Slaunwhite supported Mr. Nunn's arguments and went on to say that women are not the leaders men are and pointed out the trouble that would develop if women became too educated.

Oly Blakeney in opening the negative side of the question, said that all the early education a person receives is in the home from the mother and that if she is to give a sound foundation to the children she must know something herself. Hence education for women is not useless.

The last speaker, Al Freckleton, said that women and men are constantly competing in the business world and therefore need equal education. The speaker said that if women were better educated they would take more and wider interest in affairs going on about them.



ABOVE: A group of Sodalists raise their voices in song.

Reception of Candidates, Banquet And Entertainment Mark Celebration

On December eighth, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, thirty-seven candidates were received into the Sodality at an impressive ceremony in the College Chapel presided over by His Grace Archbishop McNally. A sermon to mark the occasion was delivered by Father O'Driscoll of Saint Mary's Cathedral. A supper was served at the College Residence after the reception was over and a movie was enjoyed by all to close the activities.

Earlier in the day, a special Mass was offered by Father McCarthy in honor of Our Lady. No classes were held throughout the day, it being the patronal feast of the College.

Father O'Driscoll explained what is meant by the Immaculate Conception. He urged the members to pattern their lives after Mary and to go to her for help and aid in times of trouble and unrest.

The Archbishop was assisted in the reception by Very Rev. Father Rector and Rev. Father Labelle. Father Carroll was Master of Ceremonies with Father Daly as Moderator of the Sodality.

After the official reception was concluded, Benediction of the Bless-
(Continued on page Six)

True Success Is Personal Loyalty To Christ The King

Sure and we have had a retreat! Standing-room in the College Chapel, "holy" pamphlets, and words fully expressing the wonderful job being done by retreat-giver Father Hector Daly, S.J., the Sodality Director, all were at a premium during the annual three-day intermission from Auditing, Journalism II, Latin, Calculus, etcetera, during that intermission two weeks ago when the men of Saint Mary's paused to look inside, to see whether they could find Christ there, and if not, to re-enthroned their King.

TEA SUCCESSFUL

On Saturday afternoon, December 3, the annual tea and sale was held with great success by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the College. The sale was conducted in the Assembly Hall and tea was served in the dining room downstairs. Mrs. J. W. Belair was general convener for the undertaking.

There were tables featuring knitted articles, aprons, plain sewing, pantry goods, and a special table featuring articles for men only. Games, with Mrs. T. J. Moore and Mrs. J. J. Napier convening, were played in the evening and the grand drawing, managed by Mrs. J. L. Trainor, held.

Tea was served throughout the afternoon by Mrs. J. B. Sabeau, President; Mrs. M. H. McManus; Mrs. J. W. Dwyer and Mrs. J. Donohue.

Paper Is Published

The High School Boarders' publication, "Ball and Chain Bulletin" has again made its appearance around the College for the second year of operation. The paper is edited and printed solely by the students of the High School Boarders' Society this year, with Rev. J. K. MacKenna assisting them.

Immediately after Father Labelle had officiated at the Sacrifice of the Mass on Monday the fifth, Father Daly reminded the student body present that it was not he but they who were making the retreat, that it was wholly upon their souls that its success rested. So it began.

His introductory "intellectual-mood" building took first the form of a warning against secularism, or the attitude of "Sunday morning Catholics". "We must centre our lives in God, all our lives," he countered, "for we are the institutions of the world. So many are apathetic, are never thrilled by God in action, and by not furthering Christianity, they are ripping it down as surely as any men can." Father Daly called on mind training, coupled with strengthening of the will, as the only suitable tonics in the cupboard, stressed then the unspeakable majesty and power of the helping hand of communion, and concluded with a quote from actress Irene Dunne—"The inner grace of the Mystical Rose would have so blinded us that we would have overlooked the vase." The stage was set.

He told how Christ, to rescue man from his plight, had bridged the gap, bringing God to man, man to God. "We have Christ," the words went, "and our world is one not dreamed of by many of this world. Very deliberately was our Catholic faith gifted to us. Our duty (more
(Continued on page Six)

Saint Mary's Victorious in Debate

By successfully defending the affirmative of the resolution, "resolved that the present move of the Canadian Government to abolish appeals to the Privy Council is advisable", Cecil Robertson and Jeff Flinn defeated a two-man team from Acadia, Fred Fisher and Fred Grimmer, to win the first inter-collegiate debate for St. Mary's College. The Judges for the occasion were the Hon. J. H. MacQuarrie, Judge in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; J. E. Rutledge, K.C., M.L.A., and Mr. J. Brayley, manager of the Canadian Press in Halifax. Edward Murphy, President of Saint Mary's Debating Society, was the chairman. The debate was held on December 5 at Saint Mary's College.

After extending a welcome to the visiting debaters and judges, Jeff Flinn spoke for his team by declaring that since Canada has become a nation in the eyes of the world, then the Canadian Government should have full authority to decide all matters of legislation in her own Supreme Court once and for all.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Cecil Robertson, said that Canada is now a "young man" and is now ready to look after itself and its interests. He said the English Privy Council could not understand the involved laws of the French people in Quebec as well as our own

court in Canada is able to understand it.

Mr. Grimmer of Acadia agreed it advisable for Canada to abolish appeals, but not to do so until we work out our own constitution here in Canada. He said the judgment of the Privy Council would be more of a neutral judgment than that rendered by our Canadian Supreme Court.

To conclude Acadia's side of the argumentation, Fred Fisher stated that before we could even think of abolishing appeals we must work out a new and better division of the powers between the federal and provincial governments.

NOVENA HELD

A Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception was conducted in the chapel from November 29 to December 8 with a large group of students attending the opening talks. Short talks on the Immaculate Conception were delivered each day at 1.45 by Fr. Daly, S.J. When the retreat began the services were combined with no special time set aside for the Novena devotions.

Council Sponsors Second Dance

The Students' Council sponsored the second dance of the term on Saturday, November 19 at the College Residence on Barrington Street, as one of the informal activities provided for the students. A good attendance made the event a financial success but a poor orchestra lowered the social standing as compared with the Freshman Dance held earlier in the season.

Chaperons for this dance were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Conner and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Kline. It was stated that a few decorations around the hall would have made the atmosphere a little more appealing and would have cost little to purchase.

Cards Are Issued

All students in the College department were issued with registration cards during the last two weeks. The purpose of giving out the cards is to show that the bearer is a student of the College and it can be used as a means of identification for entrance to other libraries and various games in which the College participates.

"Resolved That . . ."



DEBATERS: Edwin Hourihan and Fred Toner of St. Thomas College and Edward McCormack and Ken Butler of St. Mary's are shown above. St. Mary's won by upholding that all institutions of higher learning should be subsidized by the Federal Government.

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

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Merry Christmas

At this time every December, our thoughts naturally turn towards the season of Christmas with its many customs and traditions filling our hearts with joy and happiness for God and our fellow men. For a few days at least, the trials and troubles of men and nations are turned aside and forgotten.

All around us is a fear stricken world trying desperately to gain some peace, some security, yet never once does it give a thought to God. It is our desire at this holy time, that as thoughts turn from the horrors of war, the thoughts of peace and love will rush in to fill the vacancy.

Fear, sin, crime and poverty fill the world to overflowing, yet the world still refuses to recognize and honor the Son of God made man, the one and only one, who can really help it to become better. How wonderful it would be to see this misery and suffering replaced by joy and happiness. It would truly be a Merry Christmas indeed.

Having already captured some of this spirit and joy, the Journal takes this opportunity of extending to the faculty, to students both present and past, and to all good friends of St. Mary's our best wishes for a Christmas filled with peace and happiness and our sincerest hope that the New Year will be happy and bring good fortune and joy to all.

Those Greeting Cards

I like poinsettias and candles aglow.
I'm thrilled with holly and mistletoe.
Jolly hearth scenes are sheer delight—
And snowclad hills on a starry night;
And I like the snowmen in the yards—
But I hate these things on Christmas cards.
Sometimes I think Christ would like to say:
"Whose birthday is this anyway?"

—Alice Anatrella

A few weeks ago there appeared in the local press a feature article describing the Christmas greeting cards circulating throughout the country this year. Many and varied were the designs described to us by the writer. There were kittens playing with a ball of yarn; scottie dogs sitting on snow-covered doorsteps; snowmen with their coal black eyes and colorful scarves and even cards that open up to be used as paper hats on New Year's Eve.

Underneath these pictures appear the words: "Merry Christmas", "Christmas Joy", or "Happiness at Yuletide". These are the sort of thing that are supposed to bring the spirit and wishes of Christmas. The real meaning of Christmas is lost. Christ and the Mass are forgotten and replaced by such expressions as: "This little doggie is wishing for you, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year too."

The whole reason behind the sending of the cards is reduced to a purely materialistic one—it's the custom at this time of year, it has always been done. It's a good time to write to, or to hear from, a friend who has not been heard from since last year.

True, some people, and perhaps the majority, deep down inside, do keep the real reason for extending their wishes and sending joy in mind. They know they are reminding themselves and others of the coming of God into the world; of Christ becoming as one of us and they send His wishes along with their own. The pagan world cannot see through these types of cards and cannot therefore, be expected to understand the meaning behind them. They judge by what they see, not knowing what is behind it all.

What a sprig of holly or mistletoe or a blazing fireplace with a big comfortable looking armchair before it has in common with a flowerless, cold and dirty manger is hard to understand.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nov. 30, 1949

The Managing Editor,
Saint Mary's Journal,
Saint Mary's College,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

(My Dear Mr. Kline) Dear Editor:
Your last issue of the "Journal" has just arrived, and I always read it through meticulously. Through someone's kindness, I have been receiving and reading it for the past two years. And I hope to receive it for many more years. However, this sort of thing cannot go on without remuneration, and feel that you have been very patient with me. Even if it is only to act as a sedative to my conscience, I am sending my small contribution, with my very best wishes for the continued success of the "Journal". I know of no other copy reaching Bermuda, however I always try to make good use of it, and even pass it around. You have some boys on your staff whom I remember well, and please wish them luck for me.

May the good Lord deign to bless your many good works, and your pursuits, literary, scientific, as well as religious! I recommend to your kind prayers and those of your co-strugglers in the scholastic field our humble missions in Bermuda.

Sincerely yours in the services of the Master,

Joseph Nil Theriault, D.P.

Self-Confident

A self-confident sophomore was taking his Christmas examination in a difficult subject. He came to a question the answer of which he had no conception. Knowing the professor intimately, he wrote on his paper the number of the question and, "Only God knows the answer to this; Merry Christmas".

After the recess was over the professor handed the marked papers back to the class. Under his writing at the difficult question the sophomore found these words, "God gets a hundred, you get zero; Happy New Year".

December 15, 1949

Saint Mary's Journal,
Halifax, N. S.
Dear Editor,

Rumor has it that the Students Council held a so-called meeting concerning the 'M'.

Did this "pseudo-Council" do the right thing when they automatically awarded each of the council members a letter? Meanwhile, the rest of the student body must do plenty of harder work than the members are doing before they can possibly qualify to receive an 'M'.

Secondly, St. Mary's College "Athletic-M" has been done away with by the Council as far as recognition for outstanding achievement in sports is concerned. This means that this letter which has been passed out for many years by this college now holds no honor or value.

The members want a big 'M' to splash on their sweaters, probably so the girls could swoon at it. They weren't satisfied with a 'Lapel-M'. It didn't show up when standing 50 yards off.

I truly believe most of these council members are on the lookout for their own welfare only.

Let this council stand up before the student body and explain why: First, they even discussed the matter of "M's"; second, why the Council Members themselves immediately were awarded "M's"; third, why the 'Lapel-M' is not good enough; and, fourth, why the "Athletic-M" is no longer distinguished from any other college awards.

The taste in my mouth is bad.

I challenge the Students' Council!
Dissatisfied.

Come bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's de-
siring.

—Robert Herrick

Campus OPINION

Interviewed by Henry Nunn

What would be your ideal way of spending Christmas?

Thomas McLaughlin, Commerce II: To be ideal with me the Christmas holiday would have to include plenty of hockey and skating. But Christmas would be incomplete if we didn't attend Midnight Mass, where we find the true meaning of Christmas. I don't think there is any harm in taking in a few movies or dances over the Christmas holiday. A little time might also be spent in studying for the exams.

Thomas Nickerson, Arts IV: There are many different theories concerning the ways of spending an ideal Christmas. Christmas day itself, would never be complete unless the family first of all attended Midnight Mass in order to thank God not only for what He has given us but also for the very fact that He has let us even see a Christmas. We need the true Christmas spirit. I think everyone's Christmas would be ideal if all realized what Christmas really means.

Walter Dowd, Arts III: That's a hard question to answer because

there are so many ways of spending Christmas. However, I think the best way to spend Christmas is the way I always do. After attending Mass I spend most of the day at home doing nothing but reading and listening to the radio. Then I usually go to Benediction. That is all I do. It is a simple Christmas but I think that it is the ideal way.

Arthur Canning, Comm. II: I can't think of any special way of spending Christmas outside of the way we always enjoy it at home. For me this is and always will be, I suppose, an ideal Christmas. Everyone will be home together for the Christmas week-end, Mom, Dad, my brother, my sisters, and probably my brother-in-law and niece. Everybody will be happy and we will all go to Midnight Mass together. Immediately after breakfast on Christmas day we rush impatiently to open our presents. My favorite pastime in the afternoon is a good game of hockey with the boys.



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On and Off the Campus

Greetings, Dim-bulbs!

Awright! Awright! so Arts did win the football championship. Now let me alone will ya? Anyway, they didn't win because they were good, just because Engineers were worse than's all. Which brings us the inevitable question, "How bad can you get?" Quick, you Commerced-men, an answer!

ERIC GUNN is having his troubles these days. Seems that Latin is ERIC'S ruination and "vice versa".

The cold eye of the Jotter is bent in a baleful glare upon the officials of the A.A. for their failure to get a basketball league organized. Anyone seen AL KALBHENN around?

The Artsmen have finally got around to electing a president. On a solid platform of increased social activity, FRED CABLE won a majority vote which he acknowledged in an inspiring address. Some say he had it memorized but the great man himself admits that when he said, "Thanks, fellas, I'll do m'best" the words just came to him then. Sheer oratorical genius, that.

Under constant goadings, the Student Council woke up long enough to hold one dance, and then, feeling completely exhausted and satisfied, rolled over and went back to sleep. We'll grant you the dance was all right but when will we get another? A pretty apathetic group to represent our student body, don't you think?

Was or was not that leaky fountain at the Residence, a booby trap set by the Boarders? Quite a few victims would gladly rend the participator of the little gag limb from limb if they could get their hands on him.

AL KALBHENN was mentioned earlier. Al has his authoritative troubles, believe me. He's certainly occupied between five-thirty and six-thirty on most nights keeping his feet off library tables. All Al needs is a cigar.

We all know how tough it gets this time of year to keep one's mind on what one is doing, but few of us go as far off as RAL SLAUN-WHITE. The way I heard it he was dressing himself and helping with a Christmas tree ornament. The result was enlightening to say the least.

Just who was it they buried in the back hallway? The all-too impressive cortege filed through Ethics sometime ago with hardly a word of explanation. Nobody took the trouble to say a word or even announce the wake. However, it's evident that the Interfaculty Hockey season has started on the usual note: mayhem.

The perennial odor is still smelling up the upper floor on Friday afternoons. Already even the Engineers themselves are working out a solution. I can practically see the new college now outfitted with Scott and Soy's Super Air-Sniffer, and blowing essence of lotus blossoms through the corridors.

Talking about those Engineers — At the second last Interfaculty, Interrivalry Debating Meeting, ALF FRECKLETON was prepared to turn a tennis ball inside out without breaking the skin. This phenomena might prove interesting at sports events—Even if one couldn't find a football, tennis ball, basketball, volley ball, cannonball or puck available to twist out of shape, at least it would be possible to inspect the insides of some of those hot-dogs. Maybe you have something there, Alf, which leads me to quote: at random,

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.
Of the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
Thus he put the fur side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,
Turned the mittens inside outside.

Au reservoir! And a Merry Christmas. I hope Sandy Klaws doesn't leave ashes in the stockings of you naughty boys.
Yours with a curled lip until 1950.
THE JOTTER.

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Literary Supplement

Speaking of Christmas

By DONALD MACINTYRE

To coin a well worn phrase—Christmas is coming. What are you going to do? Have you any ideas? Or are you going to do what you did last year or the year before? Some of you, probably, have been rushing around, worrying about Christmas cards, presents for Mom, Dad, the light of your life. The great rush has already started. You are probably saying—well now, let me see, I'll give Jim this tie and Bill that pair of socks, Fred this shirt and Ted that book—you say to yourself Tom might like a nice warm scarf; John would certainly appreciate a book of theatre tickets, and so it goes. You gather up presents and paper and ribbon and set to work, thinking what a great time of the year Christmas is, of how friendly, and how cheerful it is. You hope Mom will like her present. Dad will wear his new slippers; you suddenly remember that you have left George off your card list; you rush, you hurry and every day Christmas is drawing nearer.

But let's stop a minute and think. Haven't you left somebody off your list? Think hard!! Yes, it's coming to you now isn't it? You know whom you've forgotten. No. Not your Aunt Fanny, or your Uncle Mike; someone far more important. Who? Jesus Christ!! Christ, you say!! What can I do for Him, that I am not already doing? I am going to Midnight Mass and Holy Communion. What else is there to do?

You don't know? Well, Listen!! You're giving hours and days to buying and wrapping presents for parents and friends. You are worrying and rushing to get this and that done, or, perhaps you aren't, I don't know or particularly care, but don't you think out of all these and days you could spare ten or fifteen minutes to thank God for all his blessings, to thank Him, fervently, for sending His Son to redeem the world, to let Him come to give joy and peace to the world.

Don't you think you could do this? What has to be done to make you realize that it is to God we owe our very existence? Why is it that supposedly Christian gentlemen don't give a continental for Christ or his meaning. The would much rather worship Mammon.

Did you ever think that,

"No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
him still,
The dear Christ enters in".

Give Christ a chance to prove Himself! Unlock your heart to Him!! Let him come in, and then enter into the spirit of Christmas, joyous, happy and momentous a time as it is.

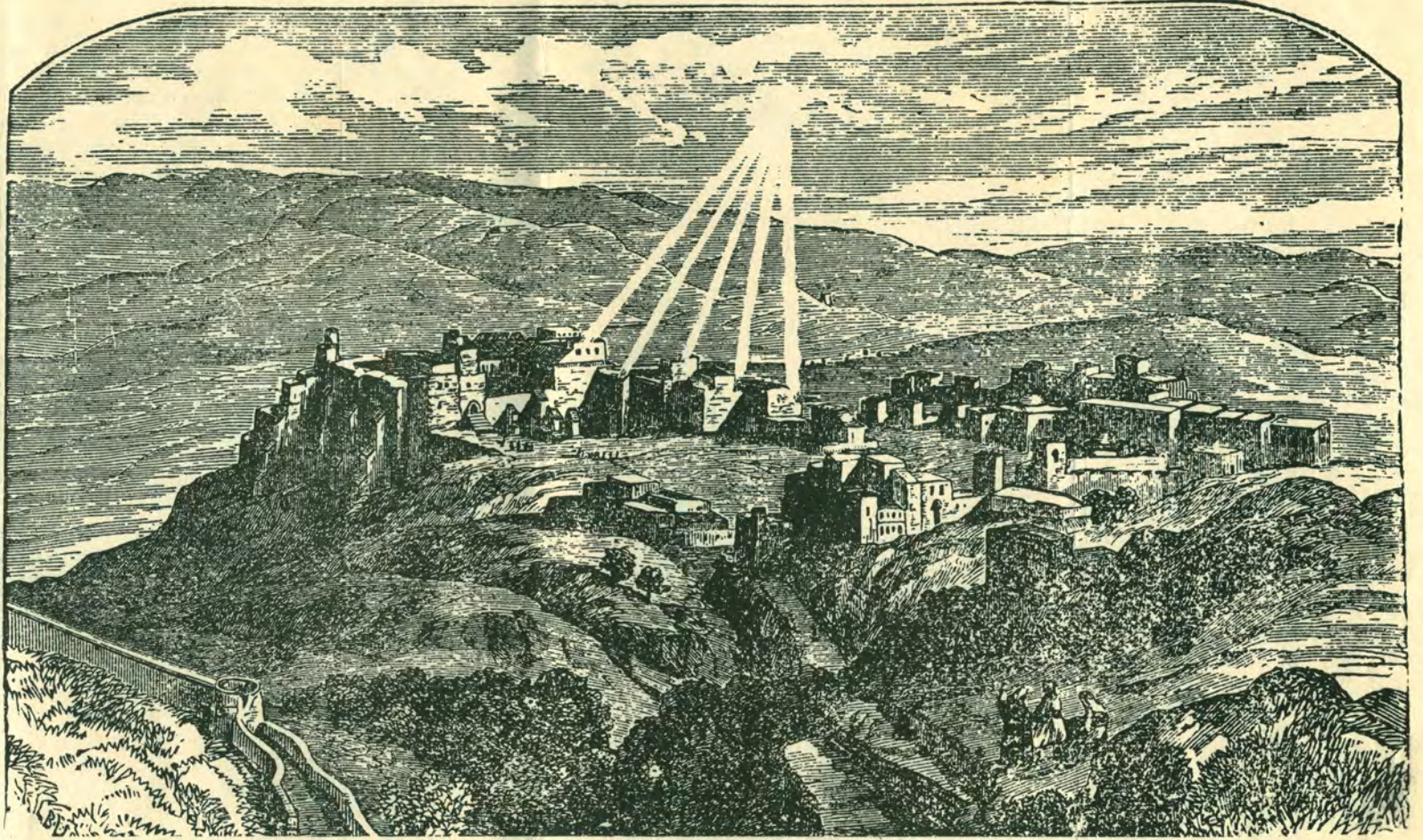
You have time yet to thank God for your blessings. COUNT THEM!! Then, in God's name, be thankful.

New Version

A none too prosperous London clergyman reluctantly accepted the offer of a commercial firm to supply his congregation with free books containing the standard Christmas hymns, with the stipulation that a little advertising might be injected here and there. When the books arrived, the minister was overjoyed to find the books contained no advertising matter at all. But on the following Sunday he was horrified to hear the following being sung by the choir:

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Murphy's pills are just the thing,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child".

"O Little Town of Bethlehem"



O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.

Comics in Reverse

By AL FRECKLETON

Oh saddened heart this dismal morn,
A larkened outlook so forlorn
Tears fell freely down my face
Comics lie all o'er the place.
Sad tho it be, I must relate
Those comics are in an awful state.
Like the thumping tail of a little pup,
My characters are down-side up'
For Silent Henry has finally spoke,
Superman went and lost his cloak
Jiggs and Maggie are up for divorce
Tonto stole his partner's horse
Ozark Ike, so they say,
Was recently wed to Daisy Mae.
Schmoos and Kigmies caused a riot
Humphrey is now on a cracker diet
Dagwood's sandwich, the one he eats in bed
Consists of half a slice of buttered bread.
Confusion, turmoil, woes galore,
Wimpy is running a spinach store.
It hurts me to go on some more.
So, I'll leave you now with one last plea,
Which I'm begging Santa to do for me;
I don't care what happens in the world of men,
Just right-side up my comics again,
For let men destroy the earth if they must,
And turn it upside down with greed and lust,
Let the world have its power and monies
But leave me alone with all my funnies.

"If I could work my will," said Scrooge to his nephew, "every fellow who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart".

—Charles Dickens Man. Apparently he doesn't give a— about anthropologists.

CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGY

By BILL HANRAHAN and TOM MOORE

Cro Magnon Man

Cro-Magnon Man (Scilicus Pleicanthropuss) lived very long ago or very, very, very long ago, we are not quite sure. In fact, we are not quite sure he even lived. Three cheers for Cro-Magnon Man! His habits were engaging. Stupider, juicier mammals. Phiffo! Obesity. No Ry-Krisp. (It should be noted that he is studied primarily because not even Man Mountain Dean could have squeezed a human brain into a skull as oval as his was without giving him cow's eyes. We don't know. Maybe he felt that cow's eyes made him distinctively different). Our current conception of this man comes from old fossils or anthropologists. These are of the opinion that he was taller than his grandmother and had chonrich-thyes, cladophlebis and red sunflowers, which is more than we can say for some gardeners we know.

Moreover, he was glad that his hairline started at his eyebrows, because as all good evolutionists know, he was an old worry-wart. In early apehood, he was rather rough on his womenfolk, possessing as he did large teeth and little or no maxillus inferiorus (chin). Cro-Magnon Man left large arsenals of flat stones, which he used for hurling at pterodactyls and his fellow-men and also just for skipping on the water. Which just goes to show you, all that glitters is not gold.

Russian Man

Those who should know tell us that Russian man (called the Petrograd Kid because he didn't care about speeding within city limits) should have known better way back there B.C. than to go around doodling on everybody's cliff that way he did. How about that? Granted that he was extremely agile from hard living in the great outdoors, nevertheless he never threw flat stones at small boys as Cro-Magnon Man did. He was a fraidy cat. However, we must remember that he was Lower Pleistocene and Middle Primary and amusingly cross-eyed. Russian man was also noted for his brachycephalic (reddened) complexion, as he always used to spill his sun-tan lotion in the earthquakes. Apart from the fact that he cultured an unparalleled femur by hunching down behind anthills when playing a jolly game of hide and go seek, he was just like any other full-grown, sensible ape. Prominent authorities state that The Kid couldn't help being that way, even if he was the missing link. How did he know that anthropologists would be able to speak Russian? Pood old Russian Man . . . He left only large economy size flints to his heirs in Lower Pleistocene, Upper Primary, which proves conclusively that Westinghouse stole the patent. The trouble was, he nullified their dastardly action by leaving his dishes in a sink, bink! Bink!

College Man

"College man," says Prof. Idu Dighh, "is no longer a rare specimen. This is too bad. College Man (cardus sharkus erectus) consists of the powers that be from foot-bone to neck-bone inclusive, charmingly assorted paste and genuine clippers, a panus angelicus (angelic countenance—the cad!) and bad nerves and extends 5'9" vertically when paid to. He leaves animal skins to the ladies and here we see the difference between him and Pekin Man. You see, College Man wears something of a thinner fabric, whereas Pekin Man never had a dress suit for formals. He never had any suit, and is now very extinct (he didn't belong to the union). But college man wants to stay around. Some people agree with him. Some people don't. Some people never agree with anybody. The second reason why College Man has beer with his oysters is because he doesn't care much about going to college. Pilt-down Man didn't, either. We don't blame him. Anthropologists have not yet fully classified College

Temptation

By BERNARD KLINE

A wealthy farmer who had been known far and near as the worst miser in the country was recently converted. It was Christmas eve and everything was in readiness for the feast on the morrow. Late that night a poor man who had been burned out and had no provisions came to the house for aid.

The farmer, who had given up his miserly ways, thought he would be particularly generous and liberal, this being the season of Christmas and giving and all, and decided to give the man one of his choicest hams from his smokehouse.

On his way to fetch the ham, the devil, mindful of the miserly ways of the farmer in past years, whispered to him: "Give him the smallest one you can find in the house."

There was a mental struggle. He took down a medium sized one and looked at it, but finally replaced it and moved along the floor to the end of the line of hams and took down the biggest one he could find.

"You fool", whispered the devil in a harsh, sneering voice.

"If you don't keep still", the farmer replied, "I'll give him all the hams in the smokehouse."

That was enough for the devil. He bothered the farmer no more. The poor man went on his way praising God and the good farmer who helped him while the farmer ate his Christmas dinner in peace.

SEASONAL

By PAUL BAXTER

The monster was coming closer and closer to me, its sharp claws glistening in the sunlight. It stopped, looked at me, snarling gleefully. There was no escape for me so I stood there motionless awaiting that first blow. The monster struck. Blow after blow cut my flesh. Finally it reeled back, then it lunged at me again, striking my body with all its force. I reeled and crashed heavily to the ground. It was all over. Now I had become a CHRISTMAS TREE!

MUTILATION

By HENRY NUNN

Mutilation, the end of a grand and glorious career. Here I am last in that dirty bag on the floor of the teller's cage. That dirty bag with the big letters "Mutilated" printed on it. Forty years ago I graduated magna cum laude from the Dominion mint. There I was, a brand spanking new penny out for his glimpse at life. I remember my first owner, a well-to-do business man who received me in exchange for his big check. It was then I realized the humiliation I was to know all my life. I was passed out at the tail-end of a stack of bills and change. I didn't last long with that owner though, for he immediately bought a magazine with me, aided of course, by my mercenary cousins. My travels thus set out upon took me all over the world even to the Far East. I think my longest stay in any one place was when a farmer out West kept me in his old tea pot for about ten years. I had a little fun in life as the times when I would hide down there in the farthest corner of my owner's pocket when all he needed was another cent. Labourers, bums, financial wizards, playboys, clergymen, these men were my owners or maybe I should say I was their owner because they always needed me and bought after me.

MEMORIES

By DONALD MACINTYRE

Memories!

To look back, ere half our days,
To see glad times, cherished loved ones,

To laugh, and perhaps to weep a little over
Gay parties, a lost friend.

Memories!

You whispered sweet nothings,
She giggled, you thought it was love,

Then it was someone else.

A picture of the gang, fond thoughts,
How vividly you see the old times,

Will you forget the parties, dances, fun?

Memories!

Came graduation, and gradual changes.
Fewer parties and dances,

Then came the realization! the Frivolity of youth was giving way
To the aspects of manhood.

Gaiety remained, however,

And yet a studied gaiety.

Memories!

And yet no longer memories,

The future dimmed the picture
Of our youth, so vivid in our remembrance,

How hard we were striving for a future

With nothing to mar that picture.

Memories!

To fondle in restful hours,
To dwell and revel in.

We shall have more,

And then we shall become
A memory.

SNOWCLAD



Summer Training at Camp Borden

By TOM NICKERSON

It's a long train ride from the Maritimes to the little town of Barrie, Ont. Many a college officer cadet found that out last summer. Two hundred and fifty young men from all sections of Canada arrived at the Arm'd School, Camp Borden, during the month of May to begin a sixteen weeks study of military science, both practically and theoretically. They ate army food, slept in barracks and were introduced to an eight weeks jaunt of G.M.T. During this period they learned to appreciate the wearing of the renowned, black beret. These were Canada's fighting arm officers in the making. Baked by the sun and chaffed by the blistering sands (ask anyone who's been there) they performed the feat which distinguishes a soldier from a civilian. Rigorous inspections by squadron C.O.'s and drill instructors were frequent occurrences. These college gentlemen started in the slit-trench like any other recruit. They marched and learned the ins and outs of all types of small arms, mines and booby-traps, gas warfare and first aid. Written examinations were held every week so these boys really had to be on the ball. A two weeks technique of instruction course was given by the cadets under supervision of competent instructors.

Next on the list was four weeks wireless training. Without communications where would an army be? We soon found out. If you want real experience just start learning wireless. Maintenance takes up a great deal of the time. Then comes R.T.P., codes and organization of nets. Operation was carried on, in tanks on eight hour schemes.

Gunnery occupied us for the next month. We were forever stripping and assembling the 75 and 76mm., 37mm., and .30 and .50 Browning machine guns. Turret mechanisms were thoroughly surveyed. In this department comes the actual firing of all tank weapons. This was carried on at Meaford Range, about

His Last Possession

By ROGER LeFRANK

I'm all alone now, sir, all alone. The fire took all I had. Seventy-four years I've lived there, sir, ever since I was born. It never was much, just, well, just a shack ye might say, but all I had and what I lived for was there. My wife, sir, she was bed-ridden for the past eleven years with her poor dead legs; she's gone now. Burned to death while I was at the village. I didn't like to leave her alone like that, but just this once I thought it would be all right. I didn't want no one else around when I came back today. 'Twas Christmas and the gift I bought her took all the money I had saved up ever since she got paralyzed until this day. And now that I got it, she'll never be able to use it, sir. So maybe you could take it and give to to someone else. Sure there must be some poor soul would be needing it. And the old man shuffled away with the home matron, leaving before my desk his last worldly possession, a second-hand wheelchair.

"And she brought forth her first born Son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn".

—Luke II: 7

ninety-two miles from camp. The instructors said that you must hit with the first round, if not the enemy may never give you chance to shove a second up the breech.

Like everything else, officer training takes time. With two more years of training these college men should make good officers for Canada's active, reserve, supplementary reserve fighting arm. Even in civilian life, added to a college education, military training of this nature can be a tremendous asset. A book could be written on this last summer but space does not permit it here. Friends are made, the country is seen. Valuable experience is gained free of charge. For he who acts wisely not foolishly this training can be of great benefit.

Joey's Christmas

By HENRY NUNN

The scene is typical. For this is the night on which Santa Claus always makes his great performance. The main snowfall has been cleaned off the streets which are alive with excitement. Heavily laden shoppers jostle each other as they rush to meet their individual deadlines. The air is aglow with the light given out from the frosted store windows. Down there in front of City Hall the huge tree shines with its multicolored lights. The finishing touches are now being added by the light snow furies.

Also typical is the little form pressed against the store window. The glaring sign above his head advertises the toy shop. Shivering, he stands there oblivious to the wet snow flakes which are falling on his face. Fascinated by the panorama laid out before him, he leans on a nose almost pressed through the window. Facing the rushing crowd he asks in a weak voice that is almost pleading, "Paper, mister?" With a miserable feeling he looks at the four papers under his arm. It is useless to continue but he can't go home and accept the reprimand which would be his because he did not sell all his papers. He can remember the blows he received when he brought some unsold papers home before. Grandpa was always hard on him, especially when Grandpa had spent the day in Nick's bar which was nearly every day. That was why Joey didn't stay around home very much. He liked to stay out of the old doffer's way.

Joey's story was a short one. He had never seen his mother. Six months ago there had been an accident down at the warehouse. Joey never really found out how it happened or how bad it was. All he knew was that his father had died the next day in the hospital. So Joey was left at fourteen with no means of support except his paper route and what he made after school working for the old Italian in his corner store. Grandpa had got a job after the death of his son-in-law and that is why he kept his hold on Joey. The job he got lasted for two weeks, then Grandpa all but set up residence in Nick's bar.

Now, with his old coat wrapped around him he stopped in the door of the clothes shop. He looks at the big sidewalk Santa Claus ringing his bell in front of his pot. Joey tugs at the arms of shoppers as they rush by trying to get them to buy his last papers.

"Can't sell your papers, kid?"

Startled, Joey turns around to see a big, well-dressed man standing in front of him. Joey had not noticed him coming through the crowd and he had never seen him before.

"Naw, mister, nobody wants a paper now," Joey says in a very disgusted tone.

"Here kid, it's Christmas," and with this he pushes a wadded bill into Joey's fist, taking the remaining papers and throwing them into the snowbank. "I was in your shoes once".

"Gee, thanks, mister".

Joey clears the big snowbank with one leap and starts off across the street. The big town clock strikes eleven as he walks up to the big doors of St. John's Church. Joey knows that although the man who gave him the five dollar bill is gone there is someone else he can thank for the gift. He slips in between the heavy doors and kneels in the last pew. The church is empty and dark in readiness for midnight Mass but Joey is very much at home for he can see the little red light burning away up in front. He thanks God for making him the happy newsboy that he is at the present moment. Then in true Christmas spirit he gives to his Dad and to the Mom he never knew the only gift that he is able to give them now. He does not exclude Grandpa on his prayerful route either. Joey does not notice the old priest who comes from behind and sits in beside Joey. He lays a hand on Joey's shoulder.

"Hi, Joey".

"Oh, Father O'Brien, you almost scared me. Do you know what Father? A man just gave me five dollars for my last four papers".

"That was fine, Joey. There should be more like that man whoever he is, in this world. He is a man with the true Christmas spirit and will surely be blessed by God. He is not like the mercenary men all along the street out there. You should thank God for the gift".

"I did, father. That is why I came right over to the church".

"Joey, I bet you can't guess the visitor I had today and what he had to say. He is a very close friend of yours . . . your Grandpa, Joey. It sounds strange to you but he came to me and he tells me he is going to turn over a new leaf. I was the first priest he had spoken to in over twenty years. I am going to give him a job around the church helping old Pat with his duties".

"Oh, Father, that is good. Now maybe I can have fun with Grandpa, for he will be home more".

Quirks of Life

By ROGER LeFRANK

Theophilous Solomon Eienstien VanTooke

Spent his childhood days with his nose in a book,
And his mind swelled in power while his body grew weak.
His dreams were of Scholarships, Latin and Greek.

He was always exalted as the school's bright star,
And the teacher said wisely: "That boy will go far.
On the highway of life, others halt with the load,
But VanTooke will assuredly speed down the road."

Now Walter Neanderthal Stonehenge McGluck
Was content to sit at the wheel of a truck.
His body was large as his knowledge was small,
And 'twas commonly said he knew nothing at all.

But time has wrought changes and as the years passed,
The last became first and the first now is last.
To confirm that the truth is much stranger than fiction,
Just witness the truth of those early predictions.

For a shortage of money was VanTooke's bad luck,
So he found a position—driving a truck.
And he thinks of the words of the teacher who crowed:
"VanTooke will assuredly speed down the road."

And the fate of McGluck will most surely amaze.
In a mad institution he's spending his days;
For they gave him a scholarship, odd though it seems,
'Cause they needed his weight on the Varsity teams.

Rich dark chocolate



with roasted almonds

TEAMS TIED IN TWO TILTS



WHO TOOK THE SHOT?—Commerce Goalie Nick Walsh is shown above, brushing to the side of the nets, an attempted goal by one of the mass of players apparently on a ganging attack. Colin Maloney of Arts seems to be the poor shot. Do you agree?

Arts Battle to Draw

A four way tie for first place was created in the Interfaculty Hockey League when Arts held Commerce to a 3-3 tie last Saturday at the Arena.

The "Latin Scholars" stifled Commerce attack with two goals during the first four minutes of play. The first came from a scramble in front of Goalie Nick Walsh, with Frank Mulrooney floating the disc over Walsh's prostrate form. The second came within two minutes later when Fred Cable stole the puck from Commerce defenceman Ted Riordan and raced in on the net unhampered. He beat Walsh on a low corner shot.

Commerce snapped back towards the end of the second period with two markers, both coming within one minute. The first was a two way passing play between "Puddy" Reardon and Don Cable, Reardon completing the play with a hard corner shot. Cable fired the equalizer 40 seconds later when he rapped Laurie Davies rebound past Art's goaltender Ronnie Cole.

The third period was a raging see-saw affair marked by three penalties. Reardon put the "Debitmen" ahead at the nine minute mark. On a solo dash from his own blue line, he scored with a low shot that caught the right corner. Artsmen came back three minutes later at Pete Mahoney took a pass from Henry Nunn and slid it past the surprised Walsh.

On the Loose Again



HIGH SCHOOL TRAMPLED 10-2

ENGINEERS HELD TO 4-4 TIE

Boarders had to come from behind twice to hold Engineers to a 4-4 tie in the opening game of Saint Mary's Interfaculty Hockey league last Saturday at the Arena.

Engineers put two pucks behind John Houghton in the Boarders nets early in the first period to take the lead. Art Flynn worked with Don Fultz and Dave Fenton to get the first at the five minute mark. Two minutes later, Flynn passed from the side of the nets to Fultz who was standing in the clear and he banged the disc through the open slot.

MacDonald came back with two quick goals nears the end of the period to put Boarders on even terms. Pat MacLean shoved a pass to MacDonald from inside the blue-line for the first goal. The second came after MacDonald picked up Stan MacPhee's rebound and caught the corner of the net behind Engineer goalie, Ken Scott.

A sustained drive by Boarders in the last period paid off with two goals. With a teammate in the cooler, MacDonald took a pass from Frank Mathews and slipped around Engineers' defense midway in the session and shot the puck between Scott's legs to put Boarders one away from the tie. One minute was left to play when Merzetti took a two-way pass from Stan MacKenzie and MacDonald and caught the short side of the Engineers nets to tie the game.

Lose First Fixture

Saint Mary's ran into too much scoring power in the form of Jack Cruikshanks and Queen Elizabeth High School pucksters and were humbled 10-2 in Santamarians first showing in the High School Hockey League at the Forum Friday night.

Pelham and Breen notched the two loser's goals, Pelham's coming early in the game to put Saint Mary's on even terms for six minutes in the first period. After Breen's marker, which was assisted by Barry who played an aggressive game all the way, the Elizabethans held Saint Mary's at bay while they themselves were scoring almost at will.

Summary: First Period—1-QEH, Cruikshanks 1.30; 2-SMC, Pelham (Craig, Hogan) 4.22; 3-QEH, Cruikshanks 10.11; 4-QEH, Wentzell (Hopkins) 11.02; 5-SMC, Breen (Barry) 14.15; 6-QEH, Hopkins (Cruikshanks) 17.28; 7-QEH, Hopkins, 18.00. Penalties—None.

Second Period—8-QEH, Walters 4.22; 9-QEH, Bailey 10.17; Penalty—G. Reardon.

Third Period—10-QEH, Walters (Lee) 7.35; 11-QEH, Cruikshanks 10.27; 12-QEH, Bailey (Cruikshanks) 11.09. Penalties—Cruikshanks, Craig, Warner, McLellan, Lovatt.

Saint Mary's—Piggott, McLellan, Cashen, G. Reardon, Warner, Hogan, Craig, Pelham, Barry, Chaisson, Hanrahan, D. Reardon, Breen, MacDonald.

Boarders Chop Down Arts 63-15

Saint Mary's College Boarders scored a lop-sided 63-15 win over Arts last week to run their undefeated string in exhibition basketball games to three straight. Dartmouth Errors bowed 15-11 and South End suffered a 28-8 lacing at the hands of the Boarders in previous contests.

'Ajax' Hallisey was top scorer for Boarders in the Arts tussle, putting 18 points through the hoops. Joe Streeter was next with 13 and Dick Pereira had 11 points for third position in the scoring. Jim Casey hooped 5 markers and Peter Ma-

loney and Ed Fitzpatrick each had 4 points for Arts.

"Spike" Mathews with 6 and Joe Streeter with 5 were high for Boarders as they edged Dartmouth in the closest contest of the season. Brendan Dempsey, an import on the Errors team, notched 6 points for the losers.

Don Merzetti and Brian Ahern with 12 and 7 points respectively led Boarders as they toppled South End Giants. 'Chuck' Jones, Joe McGinn, 'Cootie' McLellan and Doane Hallet shared the spotlight in the Giants scoring parade, each racking up a basket.

Strikes to Spare

Cardinals (1) vs Dodgers (3)			
MacDonald	249	L. Martell	245
Richards	202	B. Hernon	229
Therault	253	Jones	253
Mantin	171	Hanrahan	220
Streeter	291	Keating	224
1166		1171	

Giants (1) vs Red Sox (3)			
Dummy	218	Riordan	231
Sub X	179	Webb	218
R. Martell	186	J. Hernon	179
McGinn	279	Tobin	241
862		869	

Yankees (3) vs Braves (1)			
Hallet	258	Sullivan, D.	223
Duggan	243	Waller	234
Sampbell	236	Fitzpatrick	216
DeLouchery	208	Gunn	269
L. Davies	274	Sub Y	193
1219		1135	

Dodgers (4) vs Giants (0)			
Martell	279	McGinn	253
Hanrahan	236	Mahar	213
Hernon	246	MacIntyre	219
Keating	244	Mahoney	277
Jones	280	Sub Z	229
1285		1191	

Yankees (3) vs Cardinals (1)			
Duggan	234	MacDonald	246
Campbell	225	Mantin	170
Ahern	141	Richards	226
Hallisey	72	Streeter	271
Merzetti	279		
951		913	

Braves (4) vs Red Sox (0)			
J. Mathews	250	Tobin	257
C. Jones	332	Webb	223
Fitzpatrick	219	B. Hallet	220
F. Mathews	310	MacKenzie	274
1111		974	

Scoring Leaders	
High Single—C. Jones—145	
High Three—C. Jones—332	
High Averages—	
F. Mathews	103 1/3 (3)
C. Jones	96 1/9 (9)
Streeter	93 2/3 (6)
Merzetti	93 (3)
Mahoney	92 (3)
MacKenzie	91 1/3 (3)
Davies	91 (3)
Gunn	89 (3)
McGinn	88 1/2 (2)
L. Martell	87 1/2 (6)

From where I SIT

by Don Merzetti

Saint Mary's Athletic Association had a meeting the other day?

At this irregular meeting, questions were talked over by the Association's President Al Kalbhenn and Secretary Anse MacDonald, concerning sports activities for the rest of the term at S.M.C. Sure, the President and the Secretary are the 'Big Wheels' of Saint Mary's Athletic machine but even a watch won't run successfully without the little wheels entering the operation. Should you happen to become informed of the existence of right procedure before Christmas, Mr. President, let's have a regular meeting.

Intercollegiate and Interfaculty Hockey, Basketball and Bowling were discussed at the get-together. The subject of Intercollegiate Hockey was left open for future discussion when the Halifax League begins with Christmas. In Interfaculty, only those players not lining up with outside teams are allowed to participate. Bowling also came up for treatment. When the season's over, the winning aggregation may get pins from the college, but sanction has yet to be given.

The experts of the Interfac Hockey Loop were forced into a huddle over the situation created in the league when Boarders and Arts held Engineers and Commerce to tie games in the past week, making it a four-way draw for first place. The question stifling them all is "What Happened?" However, even though the league seems tight now, the experts are waiting until after the holidays to predict a winner.

The College Team will soak up the better players in the Loop, thus weakening the calibre of the teams. Up to fifteen players will be drawn for Intercollegiate Hockey. Commerce may lose Walsh, Crosby, Riordan, Cable D., Hallett, Reardon, Davies and Murphy. Artsmen moving to higher ranks could be Cole, F. Cable, Dishlin, Mulrooney and Nunn. The bulk of the Engineers squad will probably be chosen. They are, A. Flynn, B. Flynn, Napier and Kirk. MacDonald, MacKenzie and MacPhee may be lost by Boarders.

Obituaries — First and foremost, an obituary for the "Athletic-M" formally awarded by Saint Mary's. (Meanwhile, a 'Birth' for the Students' Council's "All-Activities" 'M') . . . Here's one for Joe Cashen. His 'game-knee' will keep Joe off skates for awhile . . . Preserved for posterity in Ray Slaunwhite's appendix of which he is no longer possessed . . . One for the nine pins 'Chuck' Jones couldn't knock over on his strike in his record 145 string . . . Also for every ball thrown down the gutter in the College Bowling League.

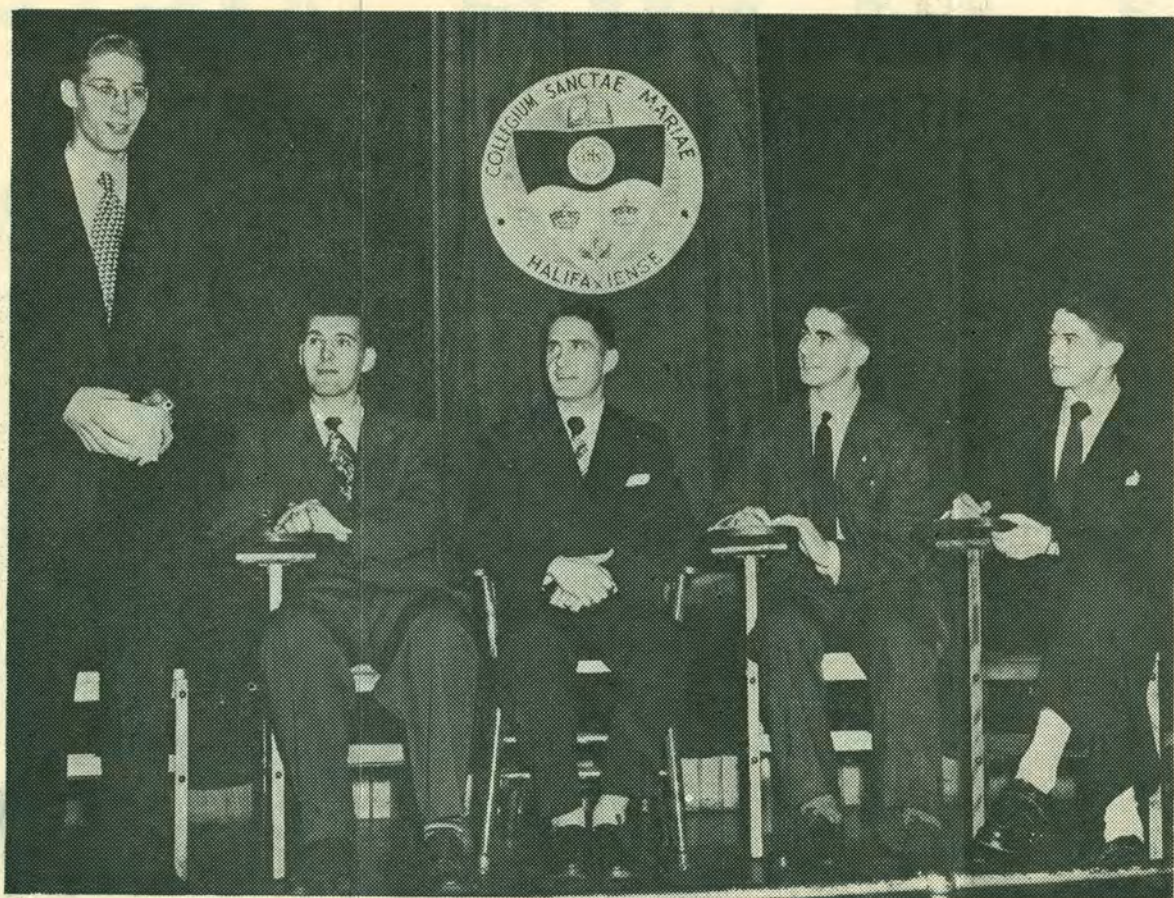
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"WORTHY OPPONENTS . . ."



TAKE PART IN DEBATE—The winning and losing teams in the Saint Mary's-Acadia debate held at the College on December 5 are shown above. They are, left to right: Fred Fisher (standing), from Middleton and Fred Grimmer from Amers, representing Acadia; Edward Murphy, (chairman), President of St. Mary's Debating Society, Cecil Robertson and Jeff Flynn from Halifax representing Saint Mary's.

Retreat

(Continued from Page One)
a privilege) is therefore so, so great—both to live Christ's life, personally loving Him (this is true success, this personal loyalty to Christ) and to show Him to friends and enemies alike. We belong to Him, Who has glorified our immersion in matter, the terrific wonders of which are all of Him."

Straining to impart a realization of the ecstasy of our being vaulted into existence to serve, love, and reverence God, that, while He preserves us in life, nevertheless we can do good, of ourselves, Father Daly spoke out strongly: "Religion is a hard fact!"

This last remark precluded, if it did not dampen, a satire on the worldly idealization of "pie in the sky." One and all were advised to be happy right here and now; to distinguish between happiness and pleasure; to imitate as best they could she who is earth's exemplar of supreme happiness, the Blessed Mother Mary. "Fiat mihi—Let it be done unto me"—simple words. Surely she did God's will! How she loved Him! She knew that the end of this life was not in this life, had faith unlimited, and was Charity, second only to Christ, in human flesh, in our flesh. Purity was her theme, and chastity her charm. Mary's secret (if it has to be a secret) was clear thinking and willing, and anyone who thinks as she did will know that the right message is not "Save our Ship!" but rather "Save our Souls!"; who wills as she did will love his faith, understand it, live it, then die it.

At this point, commenting on Christ's words: "Watch and Pray," Father Daly's main impression was "These words are so bursting with meaning, my dear young men, because this life of ours is the truest drama of them all. Consider the

tension there, made even more taut by death, the immutable death, coming as it does, on the wings of wind. Any day now . . . you or I . . ."

The next topic was confession, the focal point moving away from what we should do, toward what we must do to regain grace after sin." Many have thwarted, twisted consciences," said Father Daly, "and before a solution can be reached, they must believe in the divinity of this sacrament of forgiving sins, realizing its preeminence among healing-powers, both as an escape from damnation and an act of humiliation.

"There is a hell, too," he said, "a very real, red hell, where those who do not do their duty to God are deprived of His eternal glory, scourged for their sinful commissions and omissions. Don't be fooled by others, or by yourselves!"

Then came the fundamental talk of the retreat, that on Christ, in which all the innumerable facets of His Trinity—reflecting personality, which had shone into every corner of the retreat, were assembled into one beautiful thought, and our human minds took a good look at Him, in connection with His relation toward us, and ours toward Him. Father Daly: "We are hero-worshippers in need of a hero; we want a standout, one who will fearlessly set our standards, who is perfect, who comes from God, who alone is worthy of our entire self-oblation. That man is the living Christ. He has in perfection whatever we have or ever will have, in imperfection. Not only, do we have Him: we must have Him! Did not the humble Christ tell us "Without Me you can do nothing?" Most certainly He did tell us."

"The real reality of Catholicity", he continued, "is the Holy Eucharist. Only Infinite Love could have maintained Calvary as an ever-present sacrifice. And remember,

you do not go to church "to hear Mass", but to assist in offering it. The words of the priest are "Offere-mus . . . —We offer . . ."

On Careers:

"Choose one, work hard. A drifter, because he is not perfecting himself insofar as he is able, is not doing God's will.

Character:

Everybody's can stand, at the least, a little improvement. Ask your best friend what he thinks could be done about you. Then penalize yourself if you do not follow his advice.

Social Life:

It is not knowledge of life that matters. It is one's attitude toward this knowledge. Modern naturalists err in opposing this concept.

Vocations:

There is one great common-denominator in both "Dad" and the padre—sacrifice—since this life on earth is but a means to an end.

That was the closing note. The Papal Blessing was then bestowed on those making this retreat, by the retreat-master.

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Students' Council Merry-Go-Round

Shortly after the night of the freshman initiation last October, a meeting was held by the Saint Mary's Students' Council. It was a very efficient meeting, and the members were very serious. It seemed that one student—Hugh MacLellan had failed to give a sufficient explanation for the fact that he did not, as did most of the other students, share in the initiation.

After calm deliberation, the Council decided that a principle had been involved—the principle of fair play. The excuse was given that if some sort of suspending restriction was laid down, it would bar the guilty student from playing football or hockey and as a result the team would suffer, for Mr. MacLellan is a very handy man at both of these games.

A dogmatic group of "ayes" agreed that this would be of little value as an excuse. The members of the council sincerely stated that this excuse should have been considered by the uninitiated student and any others involved BEFORE the incident took place. The student council dogmatically, after due consideration, suspended Mr. MacLellan from all student activities for the rest of this term and laid down a possible suspension in the next term, all depending upon how well the student carried himself this term.

Last week Fr. Rourke approached the Students' Council on behalf of Hugh MacLellan—the latter being needed to play hockey. After Father Rourke was familiarized with details concerning the case, it was decided that a meeting would be held. The meeting, said Students' Council President Neville Conner, decided that Hugh MacLellan had been sufficiently punished, or at least now understood the power of the Council. He also said a few objections were raised but declined to name the objectors.

Why was Hugh MacLellan freed from his restriction and for what reason? Fr. Rourke had spoken to the Council. The reason given by Neville Conner as to why it was decided to lift the restrictions was strangely enough, the same reason previously turned down by the October meeting of the Council—"for the good of the team," Hugh MacLellan should be allowed to play. The restrictions were then officially lifted, and quite awhile before the first term of College had ended, the hockey team had a very valuable addition.

This action may signify that a negative can be very easily made into an affirmative or perhaps rules, regulations and principles are in reality pragmatic and vary from time to time depending upon circumstances and external influence.

Or then again, depending on how you look at it, it may signify absolutely nothing. In any case it makes for interesting conjecture and stimulates interest in the future actions of the Students' Council.

D. K. L. MEETS

At the first meeting of the season on Thursday, December 1, the Delta Lambda Kappa (Commerce Society) decided to hold a social function of some type, (not yet decided), before the Christmas holidays begin.

Denis Biggs and George Steele were appointed to represent the Society on the A.A.A.

SODALITY

(Continued from Page One)

ed Sacrament was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop.

The members then left the College and went down to the Residence on Barrington Street where the ladies Auxiliary had prepared a very tempting lunch of potato salad, sandwiches, cakes, ice cream and soda pop.

Leo Arab led the boys in some of the popular songs and carols with his fingers rippling over the piano keys. The movie was one of the most humorous ever shown at the Sodality gatherings and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who saw it.

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet.

—Milton

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