

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

See:
"Between
Men of
Good Will"
(Page 6)

"The Voice
of
the
Students"

Vol. 21

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, DECEMBER 10, 1955

No. 4

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

"The imprint of our right hand has never had and never will have a counterpart in the whole history of humanity."

This is a startling thought: my complete individuality, unique identity as a person. The mark of my personality in my sphere of influence is identifiable both in temporal and eternal records because its imprint is mine alone.

This is a challenging thought: I give to that imprint the stamp of my character which will stand as testimony of me before the impartial judgment of God and the candid assessment of my fellow men. I, and I alone, can determine that stamp because I am not only unique as a person but also master of my own destiny.

In 1939, at the time of what seemed England's darkest hour but which events have proved to be one of her greatest hours of glory, King George VI said in his first broadcast of the war (December 25): "I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That should be to you better than light and safer than the known way.'"

Christmas, the Nativity, means one thing and one thing only, God's incarnate love for me; the love of a tiny hand raised in the groping gesture of helpless infancy in a manger in Bethlehem; the love of that same hand pierced with a nail and bearing the burden of a dying Christ on Calvary; the love of a hand-pierced hand extended to grasp mine in the clasp of companionship of a living Christ in order that I may go out into the darkness, along my personal, unique, way which, at my choice, can bear an imprint that is Christlike.

My dear students, may the Christ-child, through the kindly intercession of His Blessed Mother, our University's patron, grant each one of you peace, joy and happiness at Christmas and throughout the New Year. God bless you.

Commerce Protest Debate Decision

During a recent meeting of the Senior Debating Society, which featured a contest between Commerce and the Boarders, the usually dignified atmosphere of the class was disrupted when Father O'Donnell, who claimed he had come to listen to a debate, interrupted one. Breaking into the speech of a member of the Commerce team, he criticized the speaker's method of delivery before the judges.

Following this unexpected breach of customary procedure, the president of the society, Bernard Murphy, pointed out to the judges, two of the bases on which the quality of the debates are determined. This interjection came while the teams were preparing their rebuttals.

Subsequent to the decision of the judges in favor of the Boarders, the Commerce society's representative submitted a letter protesting the decision on the grounds that the debating rules had not been promulgated before the debate.

Engineers' Ball Slated for January 26th

It has been announced that the Engineers Annual Banquet and Ball will be held on Thursday, January 26, at the Lord Nelson Hotel. This promises to be one of the most outstanding social events of the college year. The evening will get under way with a reception for members of the Engineering Society and their guests, at 6:30 p.m. and the Banquet will start at 7 p.m. Dancing will be from 9 to 1 a.m. to the music of Don Warner and his orchestra. The dance committee is under the chairmanship of Don Warner, and Charlie Sweet is looking after the decorations. Tickets for the dance will be \$3.00.

Tom Chaisson In Recital

Tom Chaisson, Fourth Year Arts student at SMU was heard in a recital at Truro, November 24.

Given the opening spot on the program, Tom chose a work of Beethoven, the 1st Movement of the Appassionata Sonata. Later on in the program he was heard playing works of Debussy and Liszt.

Four other talented musicians appeared, and the program contained a one-act opera, The Telephone, by Minotti.

This was Tom's first recital since graduating from the Halifax Conservatory of Music last year . . . the first in a long list of recitals, we're sure.

Writers' Club at Saint Mary's

The fast approaching new year will witness the birth of a new student organization on the campus. A group of interested students are forming a writers' club, the purpose of which is to develop the potential creative writing ability of the members.

These clubs, which are an extra curricular activity in many of the Canadian universities, (including Mount Saint Vincent, accomplish their purpose by reading and criticizing the works of an assortment of well-known authors. The members themselves by the study, learn to distinguish between the many types of prose and write short thesis which are read and criticized by the other members.

These functions may or may not be held under the direction of a moderator and the acceptable work will be used in the Journal or the Collegian.

Those interested to date are Bernie Murphy, Jim Whelly, John Whelly and Bob O'Connell, who is a former graduate.

Anyone who wishes further information concerning the organization is asked to contact Bernard Murphy or John Whelly.

Vice-President Speaks on Vandalism

In a recent Student Rally held in the Debating Theatre Father Belair spoke to the assembly about the acts of vandalism in the university.

Brought on by the breaking of scenery on the stage and destroying of furniture in the new Students' Common Room, the "lecture" was well deserved by a number of students in the college.

Father Belair stated that the Students' Council is fully responsible for the actions of the students and that they have promised their support in putting a stop to these acts. In expressing the feelings of the Faculty Father said: "We can expect conduct befitting your age." "Such acts are not done here."

The University has been paying for the damage done to the college property and if the offenders are found out they will be subject to immediate expulsion.

Annual Alumni Meeting - Dec. 8

The annual meeting of the alumni will be held on December 8, commencing with Evening Mass at 7 p.m. with Most Rev. J. Gerald Berry as celebrant. After the Mass, Very Rev. F. J. Lynch, the president of the University will welcome the Alumni.

The meeting will begin at 8:00, followed by a social gathering at 9:00.

Mr. Ronald Wallace will be chairman of the evening.

Footlight and Backstage "Professionalism"

Kevin Cleary, the stage manager, parted the curtains just enough so that he could take a look at the Saturday night audience. He closed the curtain, turned to Father Stewart and said "Wow!" "Wow" is probably the best word that could be used to describe the Saint Mary's University Playshop production of "My Three Angels," the Broadway comedy by Sam and Bella Spewack. And Mr. Cleary had good reason to make his comment, for out in the house, thanks to Vic Cleyle, ticket manager, were no less than 415 paying patrons of the Playshop. Not did this break a record for the most at any one performance, but boosted the total attendance for any one play, to a new high.

The set for the production was exceptionally well executed by Kevin Cleary along with his hard-working stage crew and the touch of genius in Fr. Stewart. The designing of the scenery—colors and effects—done by Carl Hunt was "just right" and produced the correct atmosphere of a not-well-to-do shopkeeper's home—yet wasn't too drab and received a round of applause from the appreciative last night audience. A better lighting system was also in evidence and "blind spots," which took away from former shows, were almost eliminated.

The acting in "My Three Angels" was of a calibre not often seen in Halifax. It is the best amateur production ever witnessed by this writer and indicated that the Saint Mary's University Playshop is now well established as one of the top theatre groups in the city.

As the three extremely funny and absurd convicts were Murray Napier as Joseph, the Wheel, the main comedy role in the play; Dan MacDonald, as Jules, the calming element for the trio; and Bob Hanrahan, as Alfred, wishing he had met Marie Louise before he was caught with a poker, over the corpse of his uncle. These three actors set the pace for the rest of the cast with their easy manner before the footlights.

Murray Napier, comical on or off the stage, displayed an understanding of his character which would be a credit to many professional actors. There were a few odd times when Mr. Napier's reactions were just the least bit slow, for Joseph, but his performance gave the audience many laughs and he is to be congratulated on a fine job.

Dan MacDonald, type-cast as the sidekick of Joseph, added another hit to his long acting career and gave the patrons a solid portrayal of the "lovable" Jules. We felt that Mr. MacDonald's changing attitude towards his dead wife was not as distinct as it could have been, but the thought was there and we were treated to

numerous chuckles by Mr. MacDonald's fine interpretation.

The third member of this group was Bob Hanrahan, a newcomer to the stage of Saint Mary's. Playing the youngest of the convicts, he created the necessary balance of the comedy, with his short, sarcastically witty com-

(Continued on page 4)



Above, a scene from "My 3 Angels". "CHARMING", roars Tom Muise (Uncle Henri) as he finds his nephew Paul Doucette (Paul) embracing Janet Pottie (Marie Louise).

	Page
The Old Christmas	7
Bring Santa Claus Back to Christmas	2
C. O. T. C.	5
Miss Ashley Advises	4
Sporting News	8
An Idea for Universities.	7

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

Official undergraduate newspaper of Saint Mary's University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Published monthly during the school year by the students of Saint Mary's University. Second class mailing privileges pending. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Advertising rates on request.

Editor-in-Chief
JIM SAWLER

Associate Editors Murray Napier, Carl Hunt
 Feature Editor Jim Whelley
 Feature Staff Skip Kane, G. McNeill,
 K. Kaluteitz, Carl Dujay Graham Walker,
 Dan MacCarron, John Dean.
 News Editor Dan MacDonald
 News Staff Tom Osborne, John Whelley,
 Albert Roari, Les Walker,
 Mike Fortier
 Sports Editors Gerry Conrad,
 Harry Chapman, Ken Forran, Dave Murphy,
 Ed Mason, Chuck McQuire, Hugh Randell,
 Don Clarke
 Business & Advertising Manager John Reyno
 Staff Len Helpart, Frank Romo,
 Joe Power, John Collins
 Cartoonists Les Walker,
 Byrne Melanson, Napier
 Photography John Garceau, Art McNeil
 Circulation Ed Burke, Alison Toner, Mike Carter
 Phone 2-4594

School Spirit - Uality

What is school spirit? When do we know we have it? We have it when all the members of our university — therefore students and faculty — are co-operating to attain the aim of our university. What is the aim of a Catholic university? Is it not to develop all the capabilities — natural and supernatural — of the students? That the students grow in wisdom, knowledge and grace before God and man? Therefore in likeness to Christ? Therefore in love of God and their fellowmen? That they become successes — in this world and the next — but success according to God's rating of success?

The Catholic atmosphere of a university is one of the biggest aids in forming good Catholics by their contact with that atmosphere. The faculty members help to create that Catholic atmosphere, but the student even more so.

A Catholic atmosphere is something you can feel when you come into it. You know its in the university when you can feel that the only way of thinking, speaking, and acting that is acceptable to the students as a group is the Catholic, Christ-like way. Any other way goes against the grain of those who want to live Christ's way. And who of us at Saint Mary's do not want to do so?

Therefore irreverence in regard to the Holy Name, the Chapel, sex (which was created by God), and neglect and forgetfulness of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, are all out of place in the sacred atmosphere of a Catholic University.

Thank God the atmosphere of our university is Catholic. It is up to every student to keep it that way. You show your school spirit when you put yourself out to help your university have an even better Journal, Playshop, Debating team, Athletic teams and an ever better spirit of study. You show your school spirit by putting yourself out by helping to create an ever more Catholic atmosphere, making your heart and mind and will ever more Catholic and, therefore, more Christlike.

How do you do this? By getting all you can (which means putting everything you have into them) out of your daily theology and philosophy classes, by making the Tabernacle a place of daily pilgrimage, by using the opportunity of a daily confessor (Father Keenan; 11:50 to 12:15 daily), by doing what you can to make your Sodality of the Blessed Virgin an even better Sodality, by signing up for your half-hour of Adoration on First Fridays, and by giving more of your pennies to the mission collections every week. There are a thousand ways of living your Catholicism every day.

What is school spirit at Saint Mary's? It boils down to a sense of responsibility to God, to yourself, your neighbor, your university, your family, your parish, your community, and your country. This responsibility came to us with Baptism. No one can carry out such a responsibility without denying himself often, and sometimes very often. For love is giving — giving of self — for a cause bigger than yourself — and so is school spirit. The characteristic of a real adult is to carry responsibility — the characteristic of a child to shirk it.

Quid Dicis?



"Bring Santa Claus Back to Christmas"

Four years ago at Mount Saint Vincent, an idea was born, an idea with a Christian theme. The idea: bring spirituality back to the Feast of our Nativity; The slogan: "Bring Back Christ to Christmas."

What some people seem to think, however, is that this slogan could very easily be reworded to say: "Kick Santa Claus Out of Christmas." They're wrong. What they don't seem to realize is that old Santa has already been kicked out.

We are all vaguely aware of the story that goes 'way back to the 12th (?) century—the story of generosity and unselfishness—the story of a man named Nicholas. Because he had an extraordinary devotion to children and because he so perfectly typified the spirit that belongs to the anniversary of the Birth in Bethlehem, his story went hand-in-hand with the Gospel story itself. In the eyes of the Church, he, of course, became Saint Nicholas; in the eyes of little children the world over he became the Father of Christmas—Santa Claus.

But, let's take a look at our modern-day Santa Claus. Today's concept of "old St. Nick" is that of a big, fat man, with a long, white beard and a jolly belly, rosy cheeks, and twinkling eyes. He has a limited taste in clothing and an affinity for "howling red" bordered with snow-white fur. He lives at the North Pole, is married to (strangely enough) one "Mrs. Santa," has a mass-production toy shop, manned by thousands of little elves (at union wages, no doubt), rides a sleigh drawn by 12 super-sonic reindeer (guided by Rudolph—of "Red Nose" fame), and can be heard every night, laughing over your local radio network. He can be seen on billboards, sitting in an easy-chair smoking Player's Cigarettes. He is incurably addicted to Coco-Cola. The generosity of Santa Claus, nowadays, consists of grabbing all the toys manufactured by his elves, and—by his magic power—shooting them to little children all over the earth. His generosity has nothing of self-sacrifice in it, nothing of real love; it's just his job, once a year. He does it. That's it.

Let's be frank. Our Santa Claus is nothing but an overweight and glorified "sugar daddy."

But this isn't the man called Nicholas. This isn't the real Santa Claus. Now, don't get us wrong. We're not going to say that old Father Christmas should actually be regarded as that Saint of the Church and that we should celebrate his feast day when it comes around—amen. The man in the red suit with white whiskers is the personification of the spirit of giving in that holy man—which is, of course, the Spirit of Christmas. Mrs. Santa's husband is not the personification of that Spirit.

And what has happened to the real Santa? He is perhaps the only saint to die a martyr's death, after canonization. He has been mercifully burned at the stake by today's businessmen and the advertising experts. He now has about as much true significance as Snap, Crackle and Pop.

To the "little ones," he's the guy who's going to bring them their electric train or Wet-ums Doll. And to the "big ones," he's somewhat of a headache. To them, he's the buying of an avalanche of Christmas Cards to send to "friends"—people they haven't seen for years, have never done anything for, and feel so "charitable" towards that they have never included them in a prayer. He's the sending of a ridiculous amount of presents to a ridiculous number of relatives. He's the worry of keeping up with the generous Joneses. He's the Christmas Rush. He's not Santa Claus.

So, when we say "Bring Santa Claus Back to Christmas," we mean bring back the "old Saint Nick" who would join the kneeling angels at The Crib, and declare to the Babe in Mary's arms: "I want to 'give'—not just for the sake of giving, not just because it gives me and the world an inner glow—but because here on this countryside, in this manger and among the cattle and the sheep, You came to give Yourself, that the world might live again. I want to live because I want the world to know."

Sure, let's "Bring Back Christ to Christmas." And let's start off by bringing back the real Spirit of Christmas and of Christ. Let's start off by bringing back the real Father of Christmas. Let's bring back Santa Claus.

On and Off the Campus



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS . . . YA GET THE PICTURE?

Regardless of whether Christmas comes but once a year, here I come again with another col-jum full of Christmas goodies.

There's a student in the college wondering who put the crow-bar up against the side entrance of the Chapel last Saturday night after the Playshop party . . . 'Wow' . . . I wouldn't Dare mention Any Names.

Harry, why am I still sitting around on the ping-pong table. Your promised me that if I paid a dollar, I'd get a place to relax between classes . . . soft music, magazines . . . even curtains on the windows. "No wonder I set fire to your old clubroom."

I learned why Don Flinn never made an application to Shell Oil. He hopes to become the thirteenth partner in the H. R. Doane Co. After he graduates his title will be Donald Flinn, B.C., C.A.? R.N.

Since the Freshmen came to S.M.U., Father O'Donnell has been really kept busy. They don't bother with suitcoats or ties, they are scaly, destructive and crashing bones. In fact, we sophomores, juniors and seniors think they should try to be more like us.

Ken (Pudgy) Mantin is slowly fading away to a ton. His reason . . . getting in shape for the hockey team (Take note, Kelly).

For Leonard Salah we are pleased to make this announcement . . . Your favorite TV programme, Howdy Doody, can now be seen as a two-hour show (how about it Salah Babah?)

Did you ever see such a big fellow under such a small thumb? Bob Cashen says he's been dragging the ball and chain for nigh onto seven years. Surely, Bob, you've heard the western song, "Seven Years With The Wrong Woman."

By the way, would any of you care to join the "Ball And Chain Club". The executive consists of:

- President—Vic Cleyle (we expect his resignation in July).
- Vice-President—Don Reardon
- Secretary—Jim Butler
- Treasurer—Carl Hunt
- Honorary Members: Tom Muise, J. MacGillivray, Dave (once in a while) Pelham.

OH yes. There is an application pending from Jack Buckley. Recently ejected from the club were Gerry McNeil, Bill Conrod and several others, for conduct unbecoming members. Bill, it is said, threw his girl over for a jack-knife (at Sam Mosher's hock-shop, Fred Vaughan may lose his button also if he continues Saturday nights'actions.

Since John Collins has gone into partnership with the W. B. Moriarty bottle exchange, I can see him rapidly closing in on Harley Froud's record. In 1957, John hopes to be able to pay his tuition with 9,000 Bottles.

Gina Lollabrigida isn't Italy's only gift to the North American Continent. We have that foible-studded personality . . . Albertina Rorai. Like most people in demand, he's a very temperamental fellow. Among other things he wears army boots on the football field, slip-pers bowling, and scares little kids.

Contrary to all the beautiful melodies which issued forth from the North side of the field last Sunday, The Saints went marching out . . . to the tune of Anchors Aweigh — .R.I.P.

HALIFAX FORUM SPORTS Center of the East

COSSOR

MANUFACTURERS OF
ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENTS AND
NAVIGATIONAL APPARATUS

Servicing facilities for all types of
Electronic Equipment

First in

Radar: Cathode Ray Tubes and Television

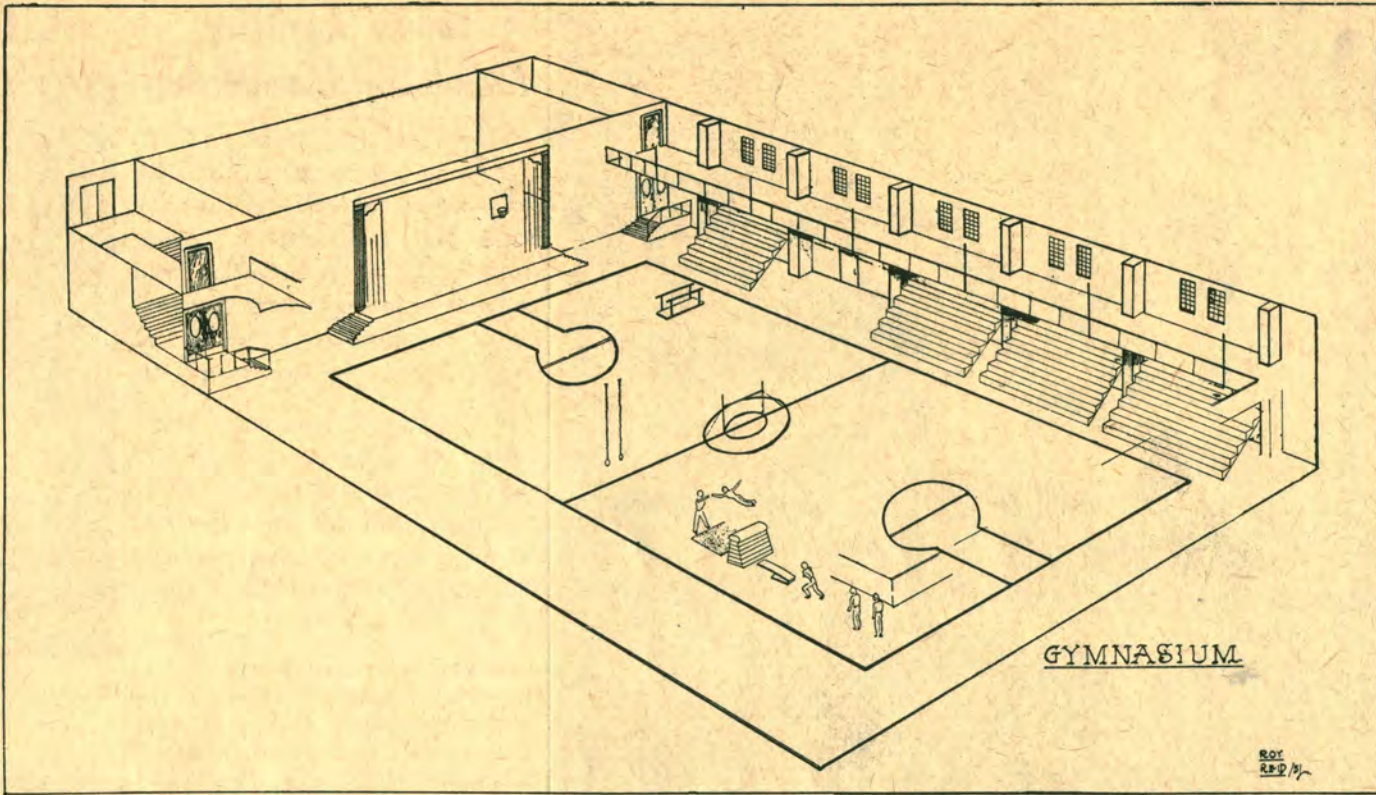
COSSOR (Canada) Limited

HALIFAX - MONTREAL - TORONTO

**McCURDY
PRINT**
54 ARGYLE ST. HALIFAX
B-7606

DAY
24 HOUR SERVICE
NIGHT

REMEMBER?



PLAN AND REALITY

Above is the artist's conception of the Saint Mary's University Gymnasium reprinted from the 1951 issue of the *Collegian*. This is the gym that we were going to have in the new Saint Mary's. It was to be a gym complete with a balcony, folding bleachers, a finished stage and hardwood floors. It was to be the finest in Halifax. But this is 1955 and it is still far from being the room that was planned on the architect's drawing board.

The Gym, in its present state, is almost repulsive to walk into. During the final Playshop performance of *My Three Angels* an elderly lady was overheard as saying, "what a dirty place." This sort of thing can hardly add to the prestige of the University. At the Acadia-Saint Mary's basketball game last Saturday night, a large number of paying fans had to stand against the cement wall due to a scarcity of folding chairs. Many of these fans will not come to the next game. We think that something can and should be done.

In the last issue of the *Journal*, in the Sports Review column under the title of "A Sad State of

Affairs" we made mention of the present condition of the Gymnasium. There has been some misunderstanding of this article. We said: "Could not the University go a little more in debt to finance the completion of our gymnasium, a debt that would cancel itself within a reasonably short period of time by means of the Playshop, the basketball team, dances and what have you." We were not advocating that the Diocese should put more money into something that would not pay dividends. This was strictly a business proposition.

It has been said that we were adolescent and immature to make such a suggestion. Quite the contrary. The proponents of such arguments must certainly lack a basic knowledge of business and finance. The gymnasium, if completed, could be turned into a real money-maker. We say again "How many people have stayed away from our basketball games or from a Playshop performance because of our 'spacing'?" We are losing money when we could be making a profit. This is indeed a "sad state of affairs."

A Sportsman's Prayer

On the desk of that well-known sportsman Frank Leahy, is this little prayer. We think you will like the thoughts which inspire this great man and are contained in the following lines:

"Dear God, help me to be a sport in this game of life. I don't ask for any easy place in the lineup . . . play me anywhere You need me. I only ask for the staff to give you one hundred percent of what I've got; and if all the tough breaks seem to come my way, I thank You for the compliment. Help me to remember that You won't let anything come my way that You and I together can't manage, and help me to take bad breaks as part of the game. Help me to understand that the game is full of knocks and trouble, and make me thankful for them; and help me to get so that the harder they come the better I like it. And, Oh, God, help me to play always on the square no matter what the other players do. Help me to study and think about the Greatest Player that ever lived, and other great players that are told about in the Book, and if they found out that the best part of the game is helping other guys who are out of luck, help me to find it out too. Help me to be a regular fellow with the other players. Finally, Oh, God, if Fate seems to uppercute me with both hands and I am laid on the shelf in sickness or old age or something, help me to take that as part of the game too. And help me not to whimper, or squeal that the game was a frame-up or that I had a raw deal. And when in the falling dusk, I get the final bell, I ask for no lying complimentary stones. I'd only like to know that You feel that I've been a good game guy."

"LETTERS"

The Editor:

I was quite pleased to receive the second copy of your *Journal* and wish to congratulate you on your efforts.

I was quite pleased to see that the CFCCS is still headline news. The editorial entitled "Engineering—A Disease," said many things that should have been said long before this.

May I take this opportunity to wish the Playshop every success in their latest endeavor.

It's been good talking to all the members of the "staff" once again. Bye for now.

Yours sincerely,
Lieut. Max Beaton
127 MAA Bty., RCA
Picton, Ontario.

An Idea for Universities

by S. O'F.

Our present-day universities are the descendants of such great Medieval institutions as the universities of Padua, Paris and Bologna. A review of the progress which universities have made since their inception unearths more than a little rot.

Much of the "progress" made, as so often happens to those institutions which have an almost unlimited potential, has been mere apparent progress.

The student of the Medieval University, having paid for the services of the professors, considered it his right to prescribe the matter taught and the manner of its presentation. He also set up his own schedule and the length of lectures he wished to receive.

These things were accomplished for the student by a Guild, or union, which presented the unanimous will of the students to the teachers.

Because of the undeniable ability of the professorial class, and the eventful widespread fame of the universities as centres of learning and methodology of teaching, systems became set, and set systems became irrefutable regulations.

The relative permanency of the professors (as opposed to the transient student, who spent five years at most in the university, and might even travel from one school to another in the course of his education), ultimately defeated the student's claim to any voice in method, manner or matter of teaching.

Today's university is controlled by the professorial class. The universities themselves are more and more closely united by the modern bias toward standardization.

Such standardization and control are potential threats to the student body. The product of today's university depends more than ever before, upon the will of his professors.

The threat of standardization is the disregard of personalities. The

Alumnates

BIRTHS:

- Mr. and Mrs. Austin Hayes, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Doug Casey, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Doug Flinn, a daughter
- Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Villela, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. John Koehan, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Ken Fellows, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Art Miller, a daughter
- Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fultz, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Ken Butler, a son
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shearman, a daughter
- Mr. and Mrs. Jim Stanbury, a son

MARRIAGES:

- Carol Manson and Kevin Penny, at Sydney River
- Elizabeth Cave and Ernie Theriault of Halifax
- Rose Cleary and Lt. Jim Fitzgerald at Ottawa
- Bernadette Beazley and Paul Temple, at Dartmouth

DEATHS:

T. J. HANRAHAN, well respected Catholic layman, at Halifax. He was, at the time of his death, a member of the Senate of Saint Mary's University.

NEWS:

JOE FITZGERALD is the new Grand Knight, Knights of Columbus, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

KEVIN MILLER is with the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

threat of control is mass indoctrination in a chosen ideology. America can show you, again and again the sorry results of either threat become a weapon: the failure who should have been a success; the success of an ideological error.

Students are failures because they are not wise. Some point in their evaluation of reality is out of balance. Their evaluations and set regulations are at odds by definition, and the more inflexible the rules, the more likely they are to fail.

Communism is succeeding in at least the vegetative function of growth right here in America. While universities remain capable of complete and easy control, they threaten the student with indoctrination. Most non-sectarian universities are but one shale less dangerous, for they pave a wide road for indoctrination by fostering the necessary attitudes.

The solution to both these problems is a medium between the universities of the middle ages and today. The framework already exists in the form of the Student Council.

As it now exists and functions the student council is actually powerless. Give it a voice on the Senate, make it the real workshop of understanding between professors and students, invest it with real reigns of control, and it will work for the student and the professors.

In the ideal university, the students know the "why" of regulations and methods and the professors realize that rules are not unbending gods.

*The Editors and Staff
of the Journal wish to
extend to all the students
a Holy and Happy Christmas
and a New Year which
will bring prosperity
and success in examinations*



LORD NELSON HOTEL

FOR A LITTLE MORE YOU GET
A LOT MORE AT A
HOTEL

THE WILL TO SERVE



JOSEPH (Murray Napier): "What did he say? "JULES (Dan MacDonald): "He said he's just been bitten by a snake." ALFRED (Bob Hanrahan): "How? Where?" In the above scene from the successful "My 3 Angels", the discomfort of Paul (Paul Doucette) causes no great dismay for the three angelic convicts.

Ladies' Auxiliary Award Life Membership

Shown at right is Mrs. J. W. Dyer who will be presented with the first Life Membership of the Saint Mary's University Ladies' Auxiliary. The presentation will be made at the next monthly meeting of the Auxiliary to be held at the University on December 11th.

Mother of four sons, one a Jesuit Father, Mrs. Dyer was organizer and first president of the Ladies' Auxiliary. She remained in office for four terms and has continued through the years to be a faithful and active member.

It was by a unanimous vote of the executive and members of the Ladies' Auxiliary that Mr. Dyer will be awarded her Life Membership.

The Auxiliary was formed at Saint Mary's in 1941, at the request of the late Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., first Jesuit rector of this University.

Life Member



MRS. J. W. DYER

FOR *Satisfaction*
BUY FROM
BLIGH RADIO
200 QUINPOOL RD.
HALIFAX, N.S.

Footlight and Backstage "Professionalism"

(Continued from page 1)

ments on the progress of Marie Louise's love life. He displayed a good sense of comedy and his methodical stage movements conveyed Alfred's character very distinctly. We felt that the movements of his hands were slightly stiff but maybe this can be accounted for by the fact that Alfred's emotions were not visible and all of his movements were slowed by the interpretation which was given to Alfred and which we felt was very well done.

Standing out for the female members of the cast was Janet Pottie, in the role of Marie Louise, her first role for Saint Mary's Playshop. She gave us a fresh, young girl, very much in love with the no-good, Paul. An excellent characterization by Miss Pottie who shared the spotlights with Bob O'Connell, as her mother and Bernie Murphy as the father, Felix. All three worked together as a true family, showing proper reactions to the comical situations as they arose.

Tom Muise, the villain of the play, proved to be another find for the Playshop in his first acting part with the group. He was ably supported in his meanness by Paul Doucette, playing Henri's nephew, Paul. These two gentlemen gave a solid showing, leaving the audience with a numerous "dislike" for them and playing their scenes to the hilt. The

audience would have enjoyed seeing more of Mr. Muise's nastiness. Holding only small, but, nevertheless, important parts in the play were Barb Delvallet and Don Alecci as the scheming "absent-minded" Madame Parole, and the Lieutenant, respectively. These actors realized the importance of their roles and they remained with the audience which thoroughly enjoyed their acting.

The play itself lagged in some parts, but on the whole was tightly knit and most enjoyable. Entrance ques were slow, but this was caused by the fast pace of the play and the Director is to be congratulated for his remarkably good casting and positioning of the actors.

The Saint Mary's University Playshop has come into its own with this production and we feel that this organization will continue in the ways outlined by the active executive. "My Three Angels" was a credit to the Playshop and to Saint Mary's University. The theatre audience of Halifax can expect the ultimate in live theatre entertainment whenever a play is planned by this group. At the moment it looks like the next production will be produced next spring.

♥♥ Miss Ashley Advises ♥♥

Dear Miss Ashley:

I was one of the Junior Football players who didn't show up at practices. I feel that people are persecuting me. What can I do to make up for it, Miss Ashley? Hmhmhmhm?

—Bib Barnsmell.

Dear B.B.:

The only way you can rationalize your guilt is to join the navy. When you don't turn up for football practice there, you won't feel you are being persecuted—you'll know it.

—N. Ashley.

Dear Miss Ashley:

I am a student at SMU. I did not go to see "My Three Angels." No one will speak to me. This is very discouraging. What do you suggest

—Discouraged.

Dear Discouraged:

Don't be discouraged. If you want to be different and stand on your own two feet that's the price you have to pay. Actually I don't blame you. The play was wonderful but the popcorn was too salty.

—N. Ashley.

Pembroke, Ontario
30 November, 1955.

Dear Miss Ashley:

We have a terrific problem—we are student nurses! Can this situation be remedied?

—Aureo & Terra Mycin.

Dear Misses Mycin:

Neither the space nor the censor permits me to give 60 possible solutions to your problem. Also, before I can answer, Journal policy requires that your address and phone number be on file (for office use only). Do this in your next letter, and I may be able to "doctor" your situation.

N. Ashley.

Dear Miss Ashley:

At the WUSC sale last year I bought one of those Ivory elephant seeds that are supposed to bring 1000 years good luck. In case I don't live that long, are they transferable?

—Angus.

Dear Angus:

I have done a bit of research on the matter and find that lucky elephant seeds may be turned in for a dancing girl. Her seven veils are guaranteed sanforized.

—N. Ashley.

For Every Gift Occasion

KELLY'S LTD.
HALIFAX
3-6962

2 pieces only \$58.00

Quick Tripper, \$25.00
Two-Suiter, \$33.00

• 6 amazing better-than-leather finishes (wipes clean with a damp cloth, defies wear and tear!)

• Pack more clothes—wrinkle-free—in less space.

SAMPSONITE LUGGAGE

To a Reindeer

Fuzzy little Reindeer
Pullin' Santa's sleigh,
Tell me how tae fein, dear,
What am I tae sae?

I don't believe in Santa Claus
An' those exams are comin'.
How I dread the New Year
'Cause the Dean will me be
summin'.

Funny lookin' creatures
Ye've broken all speed laws.
Change ol' Peter's features,
Say, "There is a Santa Claus!"
—Peter Pain.

**HALL'S
COLONIAL GRILL**
197 QUINPOOL ROAD
3 - 6 5 6 2

CONN & MARTEL'S

Bowling Academy

"Bowl where the BETTER
Bowlers Bowl!"

Snooker and Billiards
Upstairs

BUCKINGHAM AT ARGYLE

Be Well Dressed for All
College Functions

SEE

**MORRIS GOLDBERG
CLOTHIERS**
275 BARRINGTON STREET

For the Best in Men's
Furnishings

10% Discount to Students

HAVE A *Player's* "MILD"

THE MILDST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE

C. O. T. C. PAGE

From Here to Camp Borden

by GRAHAM WALKER

It all started the day I met the R.S.O. in the hallway. I asked him what He could tell me about the C.O.T.C. He asked me to come into his office and talk the situation over.

First, he told me what the C.O.T.C. is. The letters stand for The Canadian Officer's Training Corps. Under its plan I was eligible for a Queen's Commission in the Canadian Army after two summer's training as an Officer Cadet. This appeared to be a profitable "deal". Food, board, and clothing would be provided for me free while in training, and I was guaranteed \$185.00 spending money per month during the summer. I signed up.

During the winter and spring months I attended lectures as a familiarization course on the army way of life. Exams over, it was time to leave for summer training. I packed my bags and said goodbye to my family. The train sped away toward Ontario, an entirely new land to me.

I arrived at Camp Borden at noon on the 17th of May. I went directly to the Orderly Officer as I had been advised before leaving home.

The Orderly Officer was nowhere to be found. Every office was deserted and everyone was at lunch. Finally I met one of fellow cadets and he took me into the mess (dining hall). To my surprise, I was handed a menu and served as though I were in a high-class restaurant. After I had eaten I was shown to my quarters, which were modern and comfortable.

The next day, I was formally introduced to Army life. First came the visit to the Q.C. stores, then the linen stores and finally the weapons stores. I came back to my quarters laden with enough equipment to outfit a regiment, (I thought). For three days I polished and shone, shone and polished, polished and shone. I felt like the Chatanooga shoe-shine boy trying to service a centipede.

Then into the first week of training. "Wakee wakee", every morning at 0600 hours. This is going to be horrible, I thought. I had never heard of anyone getting up at six o'clock every morning before. I washed, dressed and went to breakfast. I came back, made my bed, dusted by room and thought what a well-dressed soldier I was.

Something happened between then and 7:30 when I was inspected on the parade square. Surely, I couldn't have been as poorly turned out as that nasty Sergeant said I was! I cherished that thought until I saw the turnout of a new group a month later.

No soldier likes the part of the day which came next, (except the instructors). It was drill time. It was drill time for one and one-half hours.

Afterwards we were given a lecture. At coffee-break we lined up for milk, tea or coffee, cinnamon toast, cookies, and doughnuts. Then we had training lectures until noon.

Dinner break lasts from 12-1:30. We had more lectures and training until five. After five, our time was our own.

Maybe you're wondering what these lectures were about. There was map reading, military law, care and cleaning of weapons, tactics, and fieldcraft. Lecture topics varied as we progressed in our course.

There were many days spent on the firing range. We qualified on the rifle and the bren-gun. There were days when we ate our dinner from a mess tin, training with a rocket launcher, firing mortar bombs and throwing grenades.

All of these things were preparation for tactics. Tactics was our little tin god.

We had often sat in the classroom to take notes, but we knew that a time of reckoning was at hand. One day they marched us out to the famous fields of Camp Borden. The day of reckoning lasted for six weeks. We ran around and hit the dirt, got up and hit the dirt again. We advanced, assaulted, camouflaged ourselves and advanced again. We marched cross-country through the woods, across a river, through a swamp, across another river and made a long trek over Salisbury Plains with nothing in sight for miles but sand and poison ivy, poison ivy and sand.

But there was another side to Army life; a brighter side. There was a mess dinner, a platoon party, and a great deal of horseplay every day. East met West and North met South as fellows from universities all over the country came together, lived together, ate together and slept together. Among us all there was a common bond of interest. Off the parade square, even the instructors were human beings.

It's strictly up to yourself how many weekends you spend in the big cities, and what you do there, or whether you spend your free time swimming, boating or fishing. None of the summer training centres are far from entertainment centres of any variety.

The COTC is a grand way to spend your summer. Personally I can think of no better way. Why not give it some thought? If you want an opinion about opportunities in the COTC, ask someone who has trained in it. Complete information is available at the COTC room. Not just pamphlets, or an officer waiting, pen in hand, for your signature, but a group of students who once wondered like yourself. They have the answer now, and they will share it with you congenially in an atmosphere of informality and good fellowship.



The above picture will give the reader some indication of what life in the C.O.T.C. is like. From left to right, top to bottom: 1) Graham Walker in one of the comfortable rooms. 2) Setting up targets at the range, 3) the parade square, 4) waiting to go on parade, 5) take five, 6) just a bit of fun at the end of a hard days work.

36 in Training

Saint Mary's University Contingent of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps is at present 36 strong. This is not a final figure for the year, since recruiting will continue until the middle of January next.

These men are posted to Corps Schools for first and second year summer training. The Infantry School is at Camp Borden, Ontario; the Ordnance School at Montreal; the School of Artillery at Picton, Ontario; the Engineering School at Chilliwack, British Columbia.

Those who continue their summer training in a third year are posted to a unit of the regular army.

The Officer Commanding,
Officers and Cadets
of
Saint Mary's University
Contingent of the
C.O.T.C.
wish
Faculty, Students and
Alumni
A VERY HAPPY
CHRISTMAS

ONE OF THESE IS FOR YOU

The Canadian Officers' Training Corps

OR

The Regular Officers' Training Program

C. O. T. C.

GOOD PAY
TRAVEL
A COMMISSION

R. O. T. P.

PAYS YOUR TUITION
BUYS YOUR BOOKS
PAYS YOU WELL

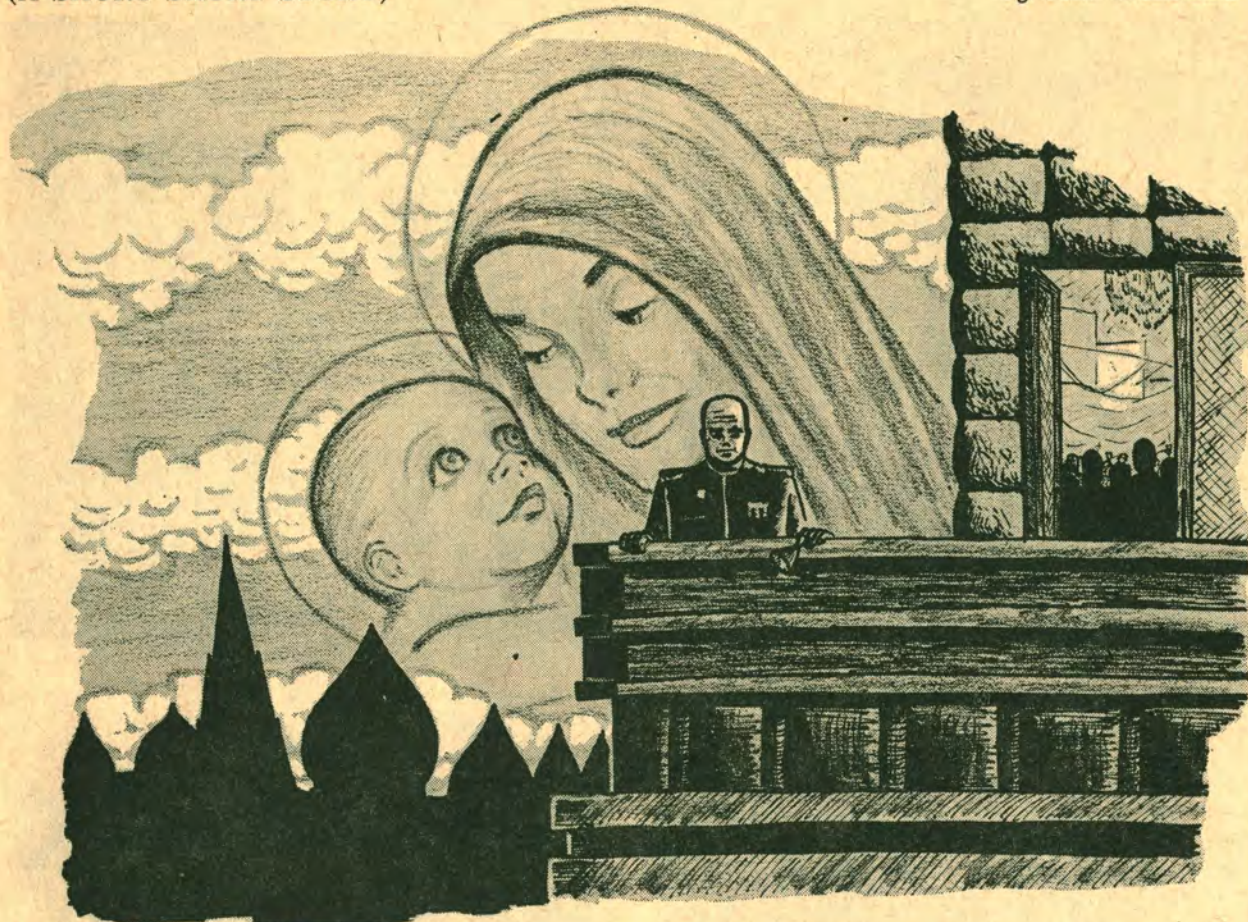
FULL TIME SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

SEE YOUR CONTINGENT OFFICER AT ROOM 101

Between Men Of Good Will

(A SHORT SHORT STORY)

by JIM WHELLY



It was the second of December in the year of Our Lord 1960.

Nikita Khrushchev had freed himself from his bodyguards and worshipers and leaned on the top floor balcony railing on the Administration Building in Kostroma.

The moonlight glistened on his bald head as he emptied a tumbler of vodka. He threw it, watched it catch drops of light, only to smash and spill them on the street below.

Not a quarter of a mile away he saw the slow, monotonous Volga flowing. Around it cluster the songs and legends of the Great Russians. The true History of Russia, in contrast to the intrigue and turbulence surrounding the Muscovite Court, is as slow and monotonous and uneventful as the course of this river.

Khrushchev's thoughts were carried by the river back to his first sight of it. He was a rough and ruddy shepherd-boy again, guiding his grandfather's flock to the river's edge. While their charges grazed and drank, grandfather sat on the hoof-chew pasture and told him that he would not grow up to be a shepherd.

"You are too full of life, my grandson, to lead a quiet shepherd's life. Your mind is active as well as your body. I am an old man and a serf, but you are young and healthy. Work hard at school, let no man better you. One day you may have a more important flock than these stinking sheep."

A lifetime sped by. Khrushchev, the plumber, the miner cursing the darkness and the coal dust, the soldier of the Revolution, the student at the Party School. Khrushchev, the butcher, sick in his stomach and his heart from massacring kulaks*, the heartless, deporting peasants like dogs; the medallist, decorated for cruelty beyond the call of duty. Khrushchev, construction boss, guerilla leader of the Second World War, Politburo member, executioner. Khrushchev, Order of Lenin.

He looked himself full in the face. Seventy, ugly and drunk.

"Every year I do more and accomplish less. In a week the New York Conference will begin and it will accomplish less than nothing."

The balcony door swung open and strains of "Snow White" waltzed on the wind. Khrushchev heard heavy footsteps drag to a halt beside him. He turned to look at the red face and bulging eyes. The brutal mouth said:

"What brings the Dictator of all Russia, the busiest man in the world, to hang over a balcony and stare at the Volga when he should be boarding a plane for Moscow?"

"Ah, Bulganin, you are like a father to me. Did you know you were to be executed tomorrow?"

The red face went white and the brutal mouth bit a slanderous tongue.

"Oh, compose yourself comrade, I said 'were.' The whole thing has been postponed because of the Conference next week."

The bodyguard in the doorway started to grin, caught himself in time, and pretended to yawn instead.

"Come, comrade Bulganin, we have a plane to catch."

On December 2, 1960 it was snowing in Springfield, Illinois. Father Flinn was enjoying it. He turned to look at the footprints he had left in the inch-deep white. He walked pigeon-toed for a while and looked back again. Then he walked three times in a circle so that it would appear as if someone had been carrying a large hoop and dropped it in the snow. The third time 'round he bumped into a young couple who stared at him so hard that he forgot to say, "Excuse me," but hurried officiously down the street in a straight line.

Mr. Stevenson heard Father Flinn's deep voice at the front door and rushed out to shake one of his big, friendly hands.

"What in heaven's name brings you here?"

"No need to swear, Adlai, I just heard you were in town and decided to drop in unannounced. It's not often we see you in these parts any more."

They laughed together while Stevenson, one long arm around Father Flinn's big shoulders, guided him down the hall and into his office-sitting room.

Stevenson sat silently for a minute, while Father Flinn helped himself from a can of "Edgeworth" on the desk, then said:

"Father, there's a gleam in your eye. This isn't a mere social call!"

Father Flinn filled his pipe and tamped it down, neither smiling nor answering until it was burning steadily.

"No, Adlai, I'm here to ask you a political favor. Now that you're our President, there's something very important you must do for me—and for all of us."

"Who's 'us'?" Adlai smiled.

"We who want peace on Earth this Christmas."

Stevenson looked fondly at the husky bullet-headed pastor of Saint Mary's, who had been his closest friend through 20 of the toughest years of his life. He didn't

even try to guess what his unpredictable guest might want but asked immediately.

"Adlai," was the reply, "I want you to publicly dedicate the New York Conference next week to the Infant Christ. Further, I want you to pray at the beginning and end of every day of the meeting for the intention of 'Peace on Earth this Christmas.'"

"Father, you've come to ask a miracle!"

"No, Adlai, I want you to do the asking."

Stevenson looked from Father Flinn to the bust of Lincoln beside him. "There is a resemblance," he thought, "but I'll never understand either of them completely."

President Adlai Stevenson sank into his red leather chair in the Big Five Conference Room, opened his briefcase and arranged three sheets of paper on the mahogany desk before him. A civil servant passed him a set of earphones. He said, "Thank you," then checked his watch with the large black dial on the wall. He nodded to Khrushchev. Then he noticed that Khrushchev was staring intently through him. He nodded to another member, and looked at Khrushchev again. The Russian was very interested in something behind him. Stevenson looked over his shoulder.

The President blinked hard a few times and kept staring. An angel stood there, hand outstretched toward him. He was about to say that he didn't believe it, but he didn't know to whom he should say it.

Khrushchev walked by and took the angel's hand. No Russian Dictator was going to have more nerve than Stevenson. He ran up and took hold of the angel's free hand.

As they walked together it became dark and the palm trees along the roadside faded from view. The angel led them off the dusty road and they climbed to the summit of a hill.

The angel said, "Kneel here," and when they had knelt without question, the angel disappeared.

A million stars were twinkling overhead and as their eyes be-

(Continued on page 7)

The Ghost of Christmas Past

Christmas 1940

His Excellency John T. McNally, D.D., addresses the students:

"When you ask me for a Christmas message — I can hardly be wrong in assuming that you look for a Christian message. Soviet Russia is at present engaged in . . . trying to suppress the celebration of Christmas. Adolph Hitler's Neo-pagans are working to the same end.

"The spirit of Christ is ever a contradiction and a reproof to the spirit of the unthinking world.

"May He, this Christmas Season, make us all happy by granting us the wisdom to 'do His Will with a great heart and a willing mind.' 'Learn of Me and you shall find rest for your souls.'"

1941:

The College Centennial Year draws to a close.

Mount Saint Vincent - Saint Mary's hold pre-Christmas Debate. Saint Mary's filled with the Christmas Spirit — Mount Saint Vincent wins debate.

1942:

"There is no crash from bomb or shell,

Nor dust from the battle near,
Nor whining of the siren,
Nor shout of unseen fear.

There are no crying children,
Nor hollow, sleepless eyes,
Nor dying people everywhere
Nor mother's fearful cry.

But peace lies on the hillside,
And all the angels sing,
As the stars shine down upon the crib,

At the birth of Christ the King.
S. Hagarty, H.S. '44.

1943:

Journal presents Christmas Contest Winner, Edmond Boyd, Winning thesis: Do You Know Joe Blow?

On the serious side—the same gentleman copped the best actor award in "Arsenic and Old Lace."

1944:

We received a Christmas card, last week, from Captain Bill Dalton who is in Holland with the 3rd Infantry Division.

1945:

My Ideal Christmas—Colin Boyd (Engineer):

"My ideal Christmas starts with Midnite Mass. I like to divide my

time after this between sleep, turkey, conversation and fun."

1945:

Debate—Resolved that Canada's Faith in Russia Should be Equal to Her Faith in Other Allies. Negative unanimously victorious.

The war was over, and Santamarians, hoping that there might soon be real and lasting peace on earth, turned their thoughts to more homely things.

1951:

"At last the question of M's has been solved. The Students' Council last week passed that crests will be awarded for activities other than athletics, much as debating and dramatics."

December issue . . . "A Dal sportswriter asks:

". . . we wonder who is going to beat our hockey team?"

March issue . . . "Saints take inter-collegiate hockey championship . . . Whip Dal in final game . . . to the tune of 6-2 and Father Drakes' band."

1953:

"Letter from some interested Mount Girls:"

". . . How about debating between the two schools? Discussion groups could be formed. And we could combine our talents on the 'Bring Christ Back to Christmas' campaign.

"It would be a source of mutual benefit and enjoyment if we could try blending the male and female voices.

"Well, boys, these are our ideas on how to promote progress and friendlier relations. The next move is yours."

1954:

"FLASH! The possibility of a faculty debate sometime after Christmas was brought on step closer to reality this week when the Dean of Studies announced that he would be willing to take part."

1955:

"FLASH! The possibility of a faculty debate was brought one year closer to reality by the lapse of 365 days since the last step was taken."

But Christmas, 1955, is not history yet. That is may be a happy memory, let us prepare it by praying with Tiny Tim: "God bless us, every one."



Only at EATON'S! . . .

Birkdale Sport Shirts

For Quality and Value

Smart shirts for relaxation and comfort! EATON'S own "Birkdale" sport shirts feature careful attention to detail, trim, good looks and fine fabrics. Sizes: small, medium and large. Make your next shirt a Birkdale! Each 4.95.

EATON'S Main Floor

T. EATON CO.
MARITIMES LIMITED

"BETWEEN MEN OF GOOD WILL"

(Continued from Page 6)

came accustomed to the darkness, they saw a flock of sheep on the hillside. Khrushchev shed a nostalgic tear.

"I wish I had some Vodka," he said.

"You may have my entire liquor cabinet if we ever get back," whispered Stevenson.

"And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them and the Glory of God shone 'round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them:

"Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly Host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace to men of good will."

The hills reflected the light of the host so that the countryside seemed to be covered with the purest snow. To the East, a brilliant star poured a waterfall of light on an adjacent hill.

"Let us go and see this wonder," said Khrushchev.

They went quickly, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And they knelt down and adored Him.

The angel said: "You have been shown these things so that you may bring about His Peace in your time."

When they had seen and heard they understood.

* * *

A buzzer sounded in the Conference Room. Stevenson looked sharply at Khrushchev. He smiled and nodded back. Stevenson stood slowly and bowed his head.

"We now publicly dedicate this Conference to the Infant Christ whose Birthday we shall soon celebrate . . ."

Bulganan bit his tongue and turned purple.

"You'll live," said Khrushchev, slapping him on the back.

Bulganan gave a sigh of relief and smiled. Everyone was smiling . . . especially a tired old priest beside his radio in Springfield, Illinois.

The Old Christmas



by GERRY McNEIL

Peter, having passed his seventh birthday, had also passed the age of dependence. He took great care to let the household know of the new epoch. A squat, demanding monarch was he—so much so that it was hard to know when to bow before the tyrant or when to laugh at him.

As Pieter, Sr. told his wife one day, "It is no longer a laughing matter. He is beginning to take himself seriously."

Jan nodded thoughtfully and smiled the smile wives reserve for husbands. The couple had long since worked out an agreement: Pieter was to look at the family problems seriously, while Jan would consider the brighter side. They had not regretted many decisions made in this manner.

The decision to come to Canada had worked out well but it was partly the cause of the problem child that bothered them now. Little Peter had quickly caught the spirit of independence so alive in the children of the young country. His parents, both of whom had vivid, best-forgotten memories of the war, found it easy to be over-indulgent to the child. But now they were worried. He was becoming loud and unmanageable . . . not at all the child who had crossed the Atlantic with them.

Jan smiled again. "Christmas is coming," she said, her eyes twinkling. She and Pieter, Sr. talked a long while that night.

Gradually the days of the autumn walked past and with every day Peter thought of something new he wanted for Christmas. He remembered, with grasping excitement, the wonderful day of the previous year with its great, brilliant tree, and the rich food, and the presents from Santa. The Christmases in Holland faded in his mind and were replaced by visions so wonderful he could not contain them. He would craftily ask his playmates what they expected of the great Santa. Then he would tell them what he expected (an understatement: what he demanded) in terms so glowing, confident, and excessive as to make their hoots of disbelief obviously false.

At home he was no less elegant, but he found his mothers attitude slightly disconcerting. She seemed to him to favor the idea that Santa might be a little short this year. And not infrequently, when he was voicing his dreams, did she shatter his mood with the thought that all boys and girls were not so fortunate. At these times, the "give me, give me, give me," voice inside him rang a hollow

note and he felt the twinges of a guilt he did not understand.

But the snowballing excitement of the season overwhelmed these inconsequences and the thought of gifts and the wonderous Dec. 25 left no room for anything else in his mind. It was not hard for his mother to shift Christmas to a Saturday, Dec. 24.

Friday evening Pieter and Jan put their child to bed early, and with little trouble He was eager to let sleep carry him quickly through the night to the long-awaited Christmas morning. Only when he was asleep did his parents make their preparations for the next day.

They decorated the house in all the fine, old colors of Christmas, but instead of a tree there was a crib, and the nativity scene in miniature. There were other exceptions in the frigidaire also: the food of the Old World. And the gifts Jan laid out were mostly fashioned by her own hand.

When Peter woke up the next morning, he barreled down stairs at once, right into the arms of his father, who swung him into the air with a cheerful "Merry Christmas." His mother also greeted him, with a reminder to get ready for Mass as soon as he looked at his gifts.

Jan and her husband exchanged smiles across the breakfast table at the ominous silence that was coming from the living room. Peter, on the other hand, was engaged in reading his second shock of the morning. First, there had been no tree, and now this . . .

"Dear Peter:

"Since you come from Holland yourself I know you will understand this note. You have a warm home and kind parents to provide for you, but many of the children of the Old Country do not, so I am sending the gifts you asked for to them. The children of Canada did the same thing for your parents many times when they were young. Think of them and you will not be angry or disappointed. Santa."

Peter was exceedingly quiet at breakfast and at Mass. Afterwards his father read him the story of Christmas while his mother prepared the dinner. The morning passed slowly and thoughtfully. His father and mother sympathized with him when they read the note but they resumed their cheerfulness quickly, each taking a turn at keeping the boy occupied.

When in the afternoon, a Dutch family that lived nearby came to

visit them, Peter was a bit grateful to find that the same thing had happened to their son. The afternoon was more cheerful after that. The fathers took their sons outside and they went tobogganing and pretty soon the sober mood of the morning left Peter completely. He found that he was enjoying himself, even without the gifts.

That evening the family sang and played games and the children listened while their parents talked of hungry but happy Christmases of their childhood. The Peter who went to bed that night was not the Peter who had arisen in the morning.

"I hope you had a good Christmas, Peter," said Jan, when he was tucked in. The answer was the one she and her husband had hoped for.

"Fine. I hope you and Dad enjoyed yourselves, too."

Needless to say, there was a tree the next morning, with many gifts and another note explaining that Santa had had some gifts left over and stopped in at Peter's home on his way to the Pole.

But it was a long time before Peter forgot the Old Christmas. Jan and Pieter, Sr. had solved their problem well.



by THE WATCHDOG

This is the second writing of this issue's column. I think one of you must have hooked the original from my room. Just for that, I'm really going to be nasty this time.

I took inventory in 216 the other night after lights out. There they were: Louis Cook, Earl White, Omer Fagan, Ed Bonn, Vince McCoy and all the other night hawks. They must get tired of looking at each other EVERY night . . . Say, Earl: who's that passionate friend you have in Newfy? Lipstick all over the envelope, and . . . Why didn't "Skip" ever tell us that she is the Frat Party type? Looks are deceiving, aren't they? . . . So Doug Haney's really in love, eh? . . . Don Alecci must have grown considerably since he bought that ring he wears on his little finger. Or did some one give it to him? Which one of the ladies is going to see you off when you go home to the other HER at Christmas, Don? "Boy, don't I bowl those women over!" . . . Tom Chaisson is a pest when he sees you with a girl, isn't he? Why doesn't he ever bring his own? . . . So Byrne Melanson's a wheel, now, too. Such a square, though — for a wheel, I mean . . . Room 403 is a wonderfully hospitable room, as far as the Day Hops are concerned. Fully equipped guest bed and all that sort of thing. Perhaps the Playshop pays rent for that third bed . . . Carlos Ruiz seems to have lost something since we saw him last — something besides her, I mean. Did it hurt, Carlos? . . . Question: Why didn't Neil Harvey and Derek Conway bother to dance with the girls they brought to the Playshop Party? Shy, maybe, but that's no excuse, because I happen to know that the girls weren't at all shy . . . Louis Dion and Frank Vallerand both like to brag about the heart they break. That's right: "heart," singular. It's the same heart in both cases . . . Will some one clear up the mystery? How can these Spaniards get names like "McCoy" and "Rene"? . . . Tell me, has anyone ever known John Garceau to do something for nothing? . . . I'm glad to see that Paul Doucette came out on top of the three-way stretch. I'd say she was worth the battle, Paul . . . Claude LaFlamme seems to lead a dull, dull life. I've been trying to get a juicy tid-bit or two on him for weeks. I never can . . . Not so his roommate, Don Fortier. Do you think it's quite decent, this business of going into her place for a lunch at 3:30 a.m.? But we forget, she's a "Mount girl." . . . A nasty—no—a Merry Christmas (but in a nasty sort of way!)

Dartmouth Flower Shop
Flowers for all Occasions
Phone 6-7619
38 COMMERCIAL STREET

Jubilee Boat Club
DANCING
Monday - Friday - Saturday
—at Jubilee—
Wednesday - Friday
and Saturday
—at Olympic—

For Christmas
No finer gift than an Arrow white shirt in a wide range of collar styles with plain or double cuffs
at
Clyde Isnor Ltd.
The Friendly Store
283 BARRINGTON STREET

John J. Mulrooney
Optometrist
20 Quinpool Road
Phone 2-5858

G. B. MURPHY
Jewellers
DARTMOUTH
NOVA SCOTIA

Maurice's Snack Bar
FRUITS & GROCERIES
264 QUINPOOL ROAD
HALIFAX

ACADIA ELECTRICS LTD.
The Finest in Appliances and Furniture
186 PORTLAND STREET DARTMOUTH, N. S.
PHONE 6-2720 or 6-2793

Christmas Gifts
Choose your Christmas gifts at BIRKS. Whether you plan on spending \$1.00 or \$100.00 you will get the same service at BIRKS.
Every gift purchased at BIRKS is wrapped in BIRKS exclusive blue box at no extra cost.
Henry Birks & Sons Limited
HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

SPORTS REVIEW

by Harry Chapman

SAINTS LOSE JUNIOR TITLE

After a hard fought battle on the Gridiron last Sunday, the student body saw the "Big Red Team" walk dejectedly from the field. This year, the title of "Junior Champs" was not theirs. How a team, who showed such superior form in the regular season, could lose by the score of 20-6 seemed almost impossible to explain. Nevertheless, it did happen. The students who thronged to the campus to watch the Saints win the title twice in a row were sadly disappointed.

The team fought hard all afternoon and gave the Cape Breton sailors anything but an easy victory. In the final quarter, the Saints started a drive when Knute Burke plunged over from about 20 yards out, and Doherty split the uprights for the only Saint Mary's score of the game. This of course was much too late in the ball game for the Saints to wake up to the fact that they were trailing. However, the team kept their spirit high during the whole game and never showed a defeated attitude once during the game. But a repeat performance of the miracle that took place last year was not to happen.

The reason for such a sudden upheaval was not known. The team that played last Sunday was not the team we were used to seeing in the earlier games. Nevertheless, the student body should be congratulated for the loyal support they showed the Maroon and White during the season.

Whether this defeat will change their plans of going into the senior loop next year is not known. Whatever their plans are for the future, I am sure that it will be a team that the college will be proud of, and I wish them the best of luck.

ENGINEERS WIN INTER-FAC TITLE

With the cheers and shouts finally dying out, and after the debris of mangled bodies was removed from the Gridiron, the Engineers had won their second straight championship in the InterFaculty Football League. After going winless in the regular season, the Labmen charged back as they smothered the Artsmen in a sudden death semi-final by the score of 17-0. Then, they went on to defeat the Commencemen, in the first game of the finals by the overwhelming score of 18-0. In the second and final game of the playoff their win didn't come as easy as the previous games. The Commencemen with their backs up against the wall gave the Labmen a stiff battle. However the Engineers managed to defeat the stubborn Debitmen by the narrow margin of 6-5. The twelve Commencemen who showed in the final game should be congratulated, since it seems that only these few showed enough interest in their Society to represent it in the Inter-face Sports.

HOOPSTERS DROP OPENER

The opening game of the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate Basketball League saw the Acadia Axemen down the Santamarians by the score of 62-55. It was a hard fought contest which could have gone either way. The Saints opened the scoring, but by halftime they were trailing by 23 points. In the last half they roared back to within 10 points of the Axemen lead. Lawrence was high scorer for the game with a total of 22 points. Clark and Faulkner were runners up with 10 and 7 points respectively. If the opening game was any indication of the Saints talents as basketball players, the squad should have a good season in the Hoop Loop.

INTER-FAC HOCKEY

The Inter-fac Hockey League got under way last Saturday as the Engineers and the Commencemen, two bitter rivals, lined up for the opening face-off. From the appearance of the game, the league should be as exciting this year as in previous years. The Engineers who iced a 16-man team were opposed by a 6-man team representing the Commerce Society. This again could only depict poor society spirit on the part of the Commencemen.

The Engineers who lead the attack were held at bay by the spectacular performance of rookie Doug Haney on the commerce net, who staved off the Labmen for three periods and held them to a 3-3 tie. Dick McAulay and Fred Gallagher were the goal getters for the Engineers while Frank Hanlon and George Chaisson were the marksmen for the Bookkeepers.

SEEING STARS

TOM MUISE recently set the new all-time record for the BOWLING LEAGUE with his 253 high double and as a result of this has been awarded the "STAR OF THE WEEK" award.

The following week ROBIN FALCONER received the same for his outstanding performances in basketball games against Acadia and Dal.

SMU Takes Dal

In the second game of the young basketball season Saint Mary's started on their winning way by edging Dalhousie 49-44.

The game was played at Dal before a near capacity crowd which saw the lead exchange hands several times in the last few minutes, during which the Saints played without Clarke, Duns-worth and Lawrence, who they had lost via the "foul route." When the final buzzer sounded, however, the Saints were on top by five points.

SMU Downs Acadia 36-33

In Saint Mary's last basketball outing before Christmas they defeated the Acadia Axemen in a low scoring, hard fought thriller to the tune of 36-33 here in our gym.

Acadia, by far the most unsport-man-like team in the league, were snowed under in the opening minutes of play and at one time were trailing 17-4. They rallied, however, and in the closing minutes took the lead, only to have Jack Lawrence and Don Clarke sink two big ones and give SMU the win.



by Ed Mason

Since our last column was posted the Inter-Faculty Bowling League has lost one of its entries. The Combines have been dropped out, thus making it a seven team loop. As the members of this team were not showing up regularly it was felt in the best interest of the league that such a measure should be taken. Consequently all points won or lost from the Combines have been wiped out.

By far the outstanding feat since the league commenced operations has been the sensational bowling of Tom Muise. Tom fashioned strings of 122 and 131 for a remarkable two-string total of 253. This established a new single and double mark for the league. Other good scores during this same period came from the following: R. Cashen 237; M. McManus 217, E. Berrigan 204 and 185, E. Hines 196 and 188, G. Latter 193 and 188, J. Hennan 193, G. Marr 185, R. Chaisson 184, R. Swindles 182 and C. Williams 180.

BIG TEN

T. Muise, Debits	108.4
R. Cashen Debits	96.1
G. Latter, Slide Rules	94.4
E. Berrigan T-Squares	93.5
G. Marr, Credits	91.2
T. Fry, Slide Rules	89.8
J. Hennan, T-Squares	88.8
R. Chaisson, Debits	88.1
E. Mason, Angels	87.3
E. Hines, Devils	86.6

TEAM STANDINGS (As of Nov. 26)

	W	L
Debits	13	2
Slide Rules	11	4
Bunsen Burners	9	3
Credits	6	6
Devils	4	8
T-Squares	3	12
Angels	2	13

High Single:

T. Muise, Debits	131
------------------	-----

High Double:

T. Muise, Debits	253
------------------	-----

Edge St. Dunstan's in Home and Home Series

Taking full advantage of their height, the maroon and white team of Saint Mary's edged Saint home and home basketball series by a score of 104-103. The Frank Baldwin coached crew won the first game 51-44 but lost later the same week on the Island 59-53. It was a bitterly contested series with both teams giving everything they had, and as a result kept the officials on their toes at all times. Santamarians with 25 points.

Hockey Team Drops Opener

Our hockey entry in the MIHL was stopped cold by the St. F.X. team in Antigonish in their first league appearance by a score of 11-2. Conrod and O'Regan, two of our rookies were the goal-getters for Saint Mary's and have definitely established themselves as regulars. Bill Bailly the "old veteran," played a standout game for the Saints and at the same time kept the team morale in tact with his continuous chatter and spirit.



Pictured above is the Saint Mary's entry in the 1955-56 Intercollegiate Basketball League. They are left to right: H. Pheeny, G. Sheppard, B. Carew, J. Lawrence, G. Leach and T. Burns. Second row: F. Baldwin (coach), B. Ross, C. MacDonald, G. Conrad, D. Clark, R. Falconer, K. Dunsworth and D. Haney (manager).

Cape Breton Down Saint Mary's 20-6

by KEN FORAN

A highly under-rated Cape Breton squad walked away with the championship of the Nova Scotia Junior Canadian Football League by squashing Saint Mary's 20-6 in a sudden death series played Sunday on the University campus.

Entering as underdogs in a game that was considered a sure win for Saint Mary's the Cape Breton team took an early lead and held it by a safe margin until the final whistle blew.

Sunday's loss was the first the Santamarians suffered in the past two years of regular league play but it proved a very costly loss.

The sailors were led by backs, Black, Fell and McCormick. All three backfielders had proved to be handymen for the Cape Breton team during the regular schedule and turned in stellar performances for the team Sunday.

Black opened the scoring early in the first quarter when he crossed the maroon and white line for a major. The convert attempt failed. In the third quarter Fell and Black majored for the sailors and in the fourth quarter McCormick raced to paydirt.

Burke picked up the lone Saint Mary's touchdown when he bucked his way over the navy line early in the fourth quarter. Kicking specialist Terry Doherty made the convert attempt good.

Fleet-footed George Leach and Glen Jollymore were closely guarded by the Cape Breton squad and were unable to break away from the navy men.

Besides Burke, Mansour and safetyman Ronnie Barnes turned in fine games for the losers.

For the most part the occasional Santamarians rally was broken up either by penalties or the fast charging navy linemen.

It had been previously reported that the Santamarians may join the senior ranks next year, one of the reasons being—no competition in the junior league. Cape Breton gave the Saints all the competition they could handle and more Sunday afternoon.

Engineers and Commerce Tie in Opener

If the first game of the 1955-56 inter-faculty hockey league is any indication of what is to follow, the league should be very successful this year. This remark is prompted by the results of the first game of the league that was played Saturday at the Forum between Commerce and Engineers. The Commerce men although dressing only six men managed to hold the engineers to three goals as well as tallying three times for themselves.

Frank Hanlon, scoring twice, and George Chaisson who scored once were the marksmen for the Commerce squad while Dick McAulay who also picked up two goals, and Fred Gallagher getting the other were the big men for the engineers.

The play on the whole was a bit scambelish due to the fact that the teams were playing their first game together and many of the boys were on the ice for the first time this year. One of the more interesting points of the game was the performance turned in by the rookie goalie Doug Haney who, playing his first game between the posts nevertheless held the Engineers for the two periods through which the game extended. Only one penalty was handed out in the game when Mike (the masher) Kelly was given two minutes for elbowing one of the Commencemen.

The next league game will be played at the Forum between Arts and Commerce.

SCORING

First Period:
Eng.—McAulay—Babineau
Com.—Hanlon
Com.—Chaisson—Fortier
Second Period:
Eng.—McAulay—Cooke
Eng.—Gallagher—Swindles
Com.—Hanlon
Penalties:
Kelly

Commerce 3 - English 3

"LOOK NEW THE NU-WAY"

Quality and Service

NU-WAY DRY CLEANERS LTD.

Corner Cunard and Agricola Streets

Phone 4-3773

FIT-RITE SHOE STORE

♦ ♦ ♦

170 QUINPOOL ROAD
HALIFAX
NOVA SCOTIA