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ACTIVE SEASON FOR SENIOR DEBATERS DOWN DALHOUSIE

To Address Kiwanians



Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J.

Rev. Father Rector will address the Kiwanis Club in Halifax on Dec. 22, on: "Christmas customs in Christian lands."

The past month has been a busy one for the Senior Debaters.

On November 28th, President Bill Dalton and Phil Vaughan united to defeat a clever Dalhousie team—James Stevens and Bob Gordon—in the first debate of the current M. I. D. L. schedule. The subject was: "Resolved, that Canada should conscript wealth in the present crisis." Saint Mary's upheld the negative.

The affirmative based their arguments on the fact that Britain had already taken measures which in reality amounted to the conscription of wealth; and they also laid great emphasis on the fact that in the present conflict nothing short of this measure would ensure a total war effort.



Continued on page two

The Archbishop's Christmas Message



"Beneath the Father is the daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest is hatched therein,
The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life to live doth now begin,
The word is dumb, the mirth of Heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep."

This summing up of the mystery of the Incarnation by the sainted hand of the Jesuit martyr, Robert Southwell, gives us theme for manifold meditation.

You, who are students in a college named after that favored "daughter"—"Vergine madre, figlia del tuo Figlio" (Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son) as Dante makes St. Bernard address her,—are in a position to understand the meaning, and to reap the fruits, of that supreme expression of benevolence towards mankind from the forgiving breast of an *offended Creator*.

As He was Mary's "first born son" He willed that by grace, in the spirit, many more might inherit that sonship. "Mother", He said, "Behold thy son." As "Children of Mary", pledged to that noble title in the beautiful ceremony held on the recent feast of her immaculate conception, you are still more akin to Him than the ordinary nature of man can make you—and therefore you are nearer to the God who forms the person of His human nature. Through her, whose association with Him has earned for her the title "seat of wisdom" you may find ready access to the source of Wisdom, the Holy Spirit, by whose celestial operation she became the mother of the eternal Son.

To you, then, it is easy to find the way to Bethlehem, and to all that Bethlehem entails. This truth and law of the newborn teacher and lawgiver are accessible to you at all times, and the foolish proclamation of a nebulous world, that they have no need of dogma or definite teaching, or that they can make all they need for themselves without a teacher, can provoke nothing but pity in your hearts.

May the infinite Creator fill your souls with joy this Christmas, my beloved Santamarians; and may that holy joy cause to germinate anew, and fructify, in your hearts, where nestle dreams of great accomplishments, the longing to be ever and always apostles of the things worth while, holding high the light that illuminates this world's groping darkness. And may your glad and understanding gratitude atone in some degree for the world's neglect of that saving light, and help to rescue it, by God's forgiving mercy, from the cruel storms that sad neglect has brought upon it.

† JOHN T. McNALLY, D.D.

FRESHMEN HOLD MIXED DEBATE ARGUE COALITION AT MOUNT

Mission Drive For February

C.C.S.M.C. Forms Plans

At the last meeting of the Mission Crusade, held in the Assembly Hall on December 2, a program of activities was outlined by the President, Mr. P. Vaughan. His main topic was the list of functions to be carried out the following day, but he spoke as well of receiving letters from India asking for aid and he asserted that help would reach them as soon as possible. He also announced to the students that a drawing will be held by the Saint Mary's Unit in February, the proceeds to go towards the work of the Foreign Missions. Mr. Vaughan also reminded the crusaders of the canteen on the third floor which they are expected to patronize as often as possible. Father Director then spoke on mission work, especially that of Saint Francis Xavier.

Fourteen Members Received

into the Saint John Berchman's Society on November 26th, the feast of that Saint. An inspiring talk was given by Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., Rector of the College, in which he stressed the advantages to be gained through membership in the Society. It was the duty of members, he said, not only to serve Mass and Benediction devoutly, but also to be an example to the other students by their general conduct and deportment.

On Thursday, December 10th, at Mount St. Vincent, a mixed debate between the Freshman classes of that College and Saint Mary's took place. All students gave an excellent account of themselves, and Fr. O'Donnell may be justly proud of his beginners. For, as he himself mentioned in his brief speech of congratulation, it would be difficult for any person who had not

Debate Judge



Leonard W. Fraser, B.A., LL.B.

previously been informed, to distinguish between the Freshmen and a group of Seniors debating on the same subject.

After introducing the participants Miss Marian Dysart, acting in the capacity of chairman, briefly out-

READ: Hanlon, Lynch, Penny Short-Story Prizewinners

— Pages 3, 4

Eight college and six high school students were then received into the organization and to each given a special Saint John Berchman's Medal.

The newly inducted members then went to the college refectory where refreshments were served. Short talks were given by Rev. C. C. Ryan, S.J., the Moderator, and the officers of the Society, Fr. McCarthy's presence added considerably to the general enjoyment of proceedings.

On Campus Pre-View

- Dec. 25—Engineers' Prom.
- Jan. 7—Classes resume.
- Jan. 7—Repetitions begin.
- Jan. 9—Meeting of Collegian Staff, Room 1.
- Jan. 12—Meeting Tau Gamma Sigma
- Jan. 16—Meeting Journal Staff, 4.00 p.m., Room 2.
- Feb. 15—Next issue of Journal.

lined the subject under discussion, "Should Canada Have A Coalition Cabinet?"

The first speaker for the affirmative was Mr. Bernard Burke, who, in the time allotted him, presented his arguments with marked skill, and paved the way for his colleagues, Miss Mary Kelly and Don Winchester, to support their views in the excellent manner in which they did.

On the opposing team, Miss Helen Skubik displayed promising talents both in the marshalling of material and in her orderly method of presenting it. She summed up, in eight brief divisions, all the arguments for her side, explaining each carefully. The two remaining debaters on her team, Delisle Inglis and Miss Gertrude Delaney, could not possibly have brought out their arguments more clearly and forcibly than they did.

Their combined talents brought a close decision in their favor from the Judges, Mr. Leonard W. Fraser, Conservative Leader, Mrs. M. T. Scanlon, Magistrate Flynn, Mr. Parker Hickey, LL.B.

Classes Resume
for
College Department
January 7th
★
For High
School Department
January 8th

READ: Ed Cosgrove's "I Met Montgomery"

— Page Five

Auxiliary Meets

Members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of St. Mary's College held a meeting yesterday and discussed plans for a bridge which will be held Jan. 20 in the college auditorium. Mrs. J. M. Wall was appointed general convener and Mrs. J. R. Murphy was made convener of the prize committee. The tickets will be distributed by the councillors of the various parishes.

Mrs. J. W. Dyer presided at the meeting.

Gammas Plan Prom

A formal banquet and prom, is promised by Tau Gamma Sigma President Laurie Smith for the post-examination social season. While throwing well deserved orchids in the direction of the Engineering Society for its November achievement Artsmen none the less are hinting to the effect that "Yo' aint seen nuthin' yet!" Wait till February, is the watchword.

and the pictures of their glamorous selves are now safely on file and ready for the engraver.

Biography Co-Editors, Gordie Morrissey and Laurie Smith have prepared, distributed, and are at present occupied in tabulating a special questionnaire for prospective graduates which, it is felt, will make possible more intelligent and interesting write-ups than is usually characteristic of year-books.

Feature Editor Bob Walsh will this year author the College Diary.

On Campus Re-View

- Nov. 16—S. M. C. 7; Social Club, 6.
- Nov. 28—Engineers' Banquet.
- Dec. 3—Crusaders' Broadcast.
- Dec. 8—Sodality Day.
- Dec. 18—Classes end.
- Nov. 20—1st Intercollegiate hockey meeting.
- Dec. 2—Mixed Debate at Mount.

A Joyous Christmas to All!

DISTINGUISHED ALUMNUS PASSES COLLEGE MEN AID HIGH SCHOOL SODALITY

Lt.-Col. Gerald R. Burns, M.D. Mourned by Friends in All Walks of Life



Pictured above is the funeral procession of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald R. Burns, M.D., as it arrived at Saint Mary's Cathedral in time for 10 o'clock Mass, November 19. The Mass, a solemn Pontifical High Mass of Requiem, was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop. Present were large numbers of the clergy, laity, military, naval and air forces.

Reprinted with special permission from the November Nova Scotia Medical Bulletin.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gerald Ross Burns, M.D., officer in charge of medicine, No. 7 Canadian General Hospital, A. F., died in the early morning of November 16, 1941. Death followed the perforation of a duodenal ulcer eight days before, and broncho pneumonia. November

son of Mrs. Burns and the late John D. Burns of Halifax. He attended St. Mary's College where he received his degree in Arts. In 1925 he graduated in medicine from Dalhousie. For a time after graduation he served as assistant superintendent of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium and later carried out postgraduate studies in internal medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1929 Dr. Burns returned to Halifax where he opened an office. His appointment as assistant attending physician at the Victoria General Hospital followed. For a term he acted as chairman of the medical staff there. He was a president of the Halifax Infirmary Medical Staff and assistant professor of Medicine at Dalhousie. He was a fellow of the American College of Physicians.

In World War I

At the outbreak of war Lieut.-Col. Burns went on active service with his unit, the 22nd Field Ambulance. For a time he was Acting Officer Commanding at Cogswell Street Military Hospital, in Halifax, where, through his efforts the Burns Annex was built and named in his honour. From there he transferred to No. 7 General Hospital, on its formation, as officer in charge of medicine.

Surviving are his wife, his son, Gerald Ross, jr., aged three, his two year old daughter, Mary Judith, his mother, two brothers, Rev. Dr. John

E. Burns, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Dartmouth, and Right Rev. W. J. Burns, V.G., rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, and two sisters, Miss Eileen and Miss Eveleen.

Gerald Burns was a good physician and a good Christian. His long, loping strides and his ranging mind bore him over varied fields in the four decades that were given him. Four decades are few, as we measure lifetimes. Many of us would find in them scant opportunity to prepare worthily our mortal cycle. To Gerald Burns they have been enough.

Skilled Physician

Medicine he loved with all the fullness of a great heart and it made a place for him. This place was unique, acknowledged by the hoary heads of his conferees, as by his contemporaries. His stethoscope, with the big diaphragm which he liked because it told him so much, brought truth to his ears, and only truth, unburdened with imaginative whisperings. His clinical opinions, nurtured in observation and thought, were plain, deliberate, unflinching. His therapy was simple. A new drug he was happy with, as in earlier years a new toy. But in the struggle against mortal disease he moved steadily on the fundamentals of proven medicine.

Lover of Mankind

No little part of his clinical un-

derstanding grew from his love of mankind. His patients gave him their confidences and their trust because they saw understanding and tolerance in his brown eyes; because they were put at ease by his booming, hearty laughter. With all his conferees he moved as a dependable friend. The faith they placed in him was in return for his belief in them. To very few men are given the wholesome love of their fellows possessed by Gerald Burns. Perhaps the most unkind remark he ever made of another was that he knew no better. He was able to see the virtues of those about him, and they outweighed always the faults.

To appraise a man's faith is a poor task for mortals. Through all the fields he passed, green, barren, rocky, Gerald Burns saw clearly a way of life. He could dress his faith with logic and clear fact; for himself he left it unreasoned, because it had no need of reason. It was in itself complete, the means, and the end. As he lived, so he died, bravely, peacefully, in perfect faith, and with a calm hope.

On Saturday, Nov. 29th, the students assisted in the College Chapel, at a Mass for the repose of the soul of Lt.-Colonel Gerald R. Burns, M.D. The Mass was offered by his brother, the Right Rev. W. J. Burns V.G.

Contribute to Christmas Fund for Poor Families

The students of Saint Mary's, despite the rush of pre-Christmas activities, have not neglected the true spirit of the season. As is seen in "Journal Jr." the High School Sodality have undertaken a very worthwhile project, that of providing Christmas cheer for poor families. At a recent meeting of the College students, the suggestion was eagerly adopted by the body that the College men should each contribute something in the way of financial support, to enable the High School to enlarge their work. The Engineering Society pledged itself to five dollars, to start the ball rolling, and both the Tau Gamma and the Commerce Society pledged for like amounts. A substantial sum was also raised through individual subscription and much good work has thus been accomplished.

Honorary Head



REV. M. J. O'DONNELL, whom Tau Gamma Sigma, Artsmen's fraternity have selected to the honorary presidency.

COMMERCE MEN HOLD INITIATION

On Nov. 24th the men of Commerce held their annual initiation at Billy Bishop's camp on the St. Margaret's Bay Road. Six new members were received: Don Campbell, Emmett Campbell, Buddy Graves, Ralph Dompierre, Ed Godwin and Tom MacDonald. The liveliest of the postulants was Buddy Graves. He delighted the whole society with his resistance and spirit, in spite of Joe Hill's careful administration of Ju Jitsu.

The initiation committee was Joe Hill, Terry Martin and President Jim McNeil.

SENIOR DEBATORS—

Continued from page one

They also brought out the fact that if Hitler wins, all our possessions will be lost.

For their part the negative attempted to prove that such a policy is, at the present time, impossible for Canada. The lack of competent men, not already engaged in vital work, to carry out this plan; the sufficiency of the present plan, and the evils which would be attendant on such a conscription of wealth were also brought out clearly.

Comic Debate

On December 2nd, the Society staged a comic debate in Saint Joseph's Parish, at the invitation of the local C. Y. O. unit. Doug Mason, Dick Murphy, Don Fogarty, and Ed Cosgrove were the principals in what proved an uproarious evening. Bill Dalton occupied the chair.

Despite the stress of these outside activities, the regular Society meetings have continued with that of November 18th made enduringly illustrious by the second in the present series of inter-faculty debates. Arguing the same subject as that of the Dalhousie debate, Engineers (represented by Herbert Ernst and John Wylie) locked in verbal combat with B. S. U. (in the persons of Gerald Roardon and James Pineo) and came off narrowly victorious.

To Broadcast?

Strong rumors are afloat at the moment that the Society plans for the near future a radio presentation of an undisclosed nature.



THE LATE DR. BURNS

19 would have been his fortieth birthday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Burns was the

NEW SODALISTS RECEIVED DECEMBER 8

Archbishop Guest at Second Annual Banquet

Perhaps the most important event in the scholastic year at Saint Mary's is the annual celebration of Sodality Day, December 8th. This year, carefully laid plans made the day a most successful one.



O'Neil

was the celebration on this occasion.

Reception by His Grace

At 5.00 p. m. the official reception of new members into the Sodality was held in the Seminary Chapel. The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rt. Rev. W. J. Burns, V. G. Then, the candidates were officially received by His Grace, Archbishop McNally. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed.

Immediately after the reception, the Sodality Banquet was held in the College Assembly Hall under the distinguished patronage of His

Grace the Archbishop. The hall was filled to capacity and the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The gathering was first addressed by James O'Neill, prefect of the Senior Sodality who expressed the thanks of the sodalists for the keen interest His Grace has shown in the Sodality since its inception one year ago. He also gave a brief summary of the growth of the organization during that time.

Address to Sodalists

His Grace then addressed the Sodalists in an interesting and witty manner and concluded by requesting a holiday which will be enjoyed in the near future.

Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., Rector of Saint Mary's, also gave a brief talk.

The proceedings were made very lively by a general singsong under the direction of Mr. William Dalton accompanied at the piano by Mr. Kevin Griffin.

Following the banquet, the members of the Play-Shop presented Chaucer's "The Tale of the Three Who Sought Death." For the final number on the program, moving pictures were shown by Rev. P. W. McCarthy, S.J.



Prominent members of the local clergy and members of the alumni attended the celebration of the Sodality Banquet at Saint Mary's College. Seated at the head table during the banquet were, left to right, John Dickie, Alumni president; Rev. Francis Carroll, Very Rev. J. Deville, C.J.M., superior of Holy Heart Seminary; Very Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., president of the College; Most Rev. J. T. McNally, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax; Right Rev. W. J. Burns, V.G., and Rev. Eugene LaChance, C.J.M., in the foreground.

Upon the first sweet Christmas eve
It came to pass,
As men believe,
That in the stable ox and ass
Kneelt in the straw, while echoing rang
The hymn of praise the angels sang.

Mary looked softly down and smiled.
Fondly she saw
The Holy Child
Held in His Infant hand a straw—
A lowly sceptre for the King
Of harvest, rain, and blossoming.

The robin on the wintry bough
Sad was his chant,
For he did not know
The grief that bent that bough
aslant:
For that same tree the Cross should
make.
God save us all for Jesus' sake.

Then every straw in rick and fold
Took warmth and shone
A glistening gold.
And homeless men on hillsides lone
Couched warm and soft in hallowed
sleep.
Praise God, who wandering souls
doth keep.

O pitying men, remember now
The manger, and the wintry bough.
Praise Him, who by His Infant
Hand
Sent warmth to the uncomforted—
Blessing the straw which bears our
bread.

—Dorothea Bussell.



There fare a mother driven forth,
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand
With shaking timber and shifting
sand,
Grew a stranger thing to abide and
stand
Than the square stone of Rome.

—G. K. Chesterton.



Some say, that ever since that
season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is cele-
brated,
The bird of dawning singeth all
night long,
And then they say, no spirit can
walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no
planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath
power to charm.
So hallowed and so gracious is the
time.

Shakespeare.



"If I could work my will," said
Scrooge to his nephew, "every fel-
low 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."—Dickens.



There is a silence
On the listening earth
Royal folk and humble
Wait the King's birth
Snow in the meadow—
Snow in the mart—
But all the song of Christmas
Sing through the heart!

There is a darkness
Across the world tonight
But oh, the still glory
Of one star's light!
Dear star of Christmas
Shine softly when
In the blessed manger
He is born again!

So may the holy
Angel voices sing! . . .
So may the star shine
For the little King! . . .
So may we, as pilgrims
Seek where He lies
All the love of Christmas
Is in His eyes!

—Catherine Parmenter.

Noël



(15th Century "Nativity" by Francesco di Pietra Santa, Rome)

"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.



First Prize Winner

A London Christmas

by James Hanlon, '43

Alone in London!

It seemed as though Jimmie had never known what loneliness really was until now. Against the chill grey of the evening sky there loomed the large, black bulk of the ruins that had been London — tortured, inarticulate giants, they seemed, their broken hands frozen in gestures of a wild despair before the mute heavens, gaunt, crazy symbols of the passing of all Christian things.

Jimmy's heels in melancholy rhythm clicked on the sidewalks of the deserted street as he walked pensively along. London this year was to spend Christmas huddled underground. Christmas Eve! His mind began to wander back over the road that was his life . . .

"It's Christmas Eve at last, Johnny! Tomorrow I'll get all kinds of presents. I can hardly wait. Let's set the alarm for six o'clock."

"Now, Jimmy," his brother had answered, "take it easy. When you're as old as I am you won't be so enthused about Christmas—except for the turkey dinner."

"I'm always going to like Christmas," he had protested, "no matter where I am." He eyed his brother's form, already curled beneath the blankets. "No matter where in all the world I am," he said. But Brother was already asleep.

. . . Jimmy's mind was momentarily warm with the presence of these childish memories.

Again it was Christmas Eve. But he was older now. Still the proximity of the great day set him strangely tingling.

"Say, Mum, what do you think Dad will give me for Christmas? Do you think it'll be a camera? Don't you like Christmas, Mum?"

Mum had smiled.

"Yes, Jimmy, I do. It's a wonderful celebration. And why shouldn't it be? We're celebrating God's coming among us so that He could win Heaven for us. And He has given the biggest Christmas present of all. At the thought of it all Christians since then, it seems to me, are so happy that they

want to give things to everybody else just to—well, just to let off some of the steam, I guess, that's filling their hearts."

— And he had said, "Gee!" He never thought of it that way before, but he never thought of it in any other way again.

Now the recollections of other Christmases came flooding back to him—of the lighted Trees,—the happy hub-hub of Main St. during the shopping period—the strange ecstasy of Christmas Eve—Midnight Mass—. Jimmy wondered what his family were doing now, this Christmas Eve, at home far across the ocean. Just one year ago he had been with them, helping to decorate the tree. He had assisted at Midnight Mass, had received and exchanged gifts. He remembered the fun they had at dinner . . .

But that was a year ago.

Now everything was changed. The face of the earth was changed, and everything was in ruin. War raged everywhere. It was easy enough to enjoy Christmas when you were at home with family and friends, when there was gaiety and lights, when there was no fear of bombs coming out of the sky upon you. But even tonight you could expect Jerry to be on hand dropping death and destruction as he goes. He looked up. The sky seemed unusually bright tonight. A good night for Jerry. Those stars—that one in particular. Was it his imagination? Perhaps, his brooding melancholy was making him see things. But no! It was! It had to be!

"My God", he said aloud.

He looked at his watch. Midnight. The sound of chimes came from a neighboring church. He started to walk, briskly, lightly—as on air. His heart beat so strongly that it hurt him—with that strange exultant, peaceful throb.

He entered the church. Midnight Mass was just beginning. And as he knelt there he understood it all. Christmas still IS Christmas no matter what the circumstances;—ever a time of hope . . . In the season of His Birth the Prince of Peace pours into the hearts of Christians that best of all gifts, His peace, and they are therefore happy, trustful, no matter how torn may be the world with war and strife.

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.

Second Prize was won by John Thomas ("Pop"). Honourable Mention goes to James McDonnell ("Christmas Reflexions"); Richard Murphy ("A Christmas Prayer") Patrick O'Neil ("A Surprise"); Thomas Purcell ("Christmas Comes to Bill and Jake").

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

—Milton.

"It's queer," she said, "I see the light
As plain as I beheld it then,
All silver-like and calm and bright—
We've not had stars like that again!

"And she was such a gentle thing
To birth a baby in the cold.
The barn was dark and frighten-
ing—
This new one's better than the old.

"I mind my eyes were full of tears,
For I was young and quick dis-
tressed,
But she was less than me in years
That held a son against her breast.

"I never saw a sweeter child—
The little one, the darling one!—
I mind I told her, when he smiled
You'd know he was his mother's son.

"It's queer that I should see them
so—
The time they came to Bethlehem
Was more than thirty years ago;
I've prayed that all is well with
them."

—Dorothy Parker.



Lo! the Eastern Kings a-climbing,
O'er Judea's hill at night,
Hearts angelic, voices chiming,
Saw the kindly star alight
On the Babe of Bethlehem.

Joy within their hearts o'erflowing,
They adored that happy morn;
Speaking low in accents glowing
Near the ever-blessed horn,
Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem.

Yet another star is shining,
Christians must be on their way;
Let us cast aside repining,
Follow 'neath its guiding ray,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

M. B., Dec. 1941



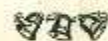
This is the month, and this the hap-
py morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eter-
nal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother
born,
Our great redemption from above
did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should
release
And with His Father work us a per-
petual peace.

—Milton.



Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
Thou dost not bight so nigh
As benefitts forgot:
Thought thou the waters warpe,
Thy sting is not so sharpe,
As frend remembered not,
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the
green holly,
Most friendship is fayning; most
loving, meere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

—W. Shakespeare.



When the firelight flickers upon the
wall
And I'm awake, and Dick and
Steve,
And Mother's smiling and tells us
all
"Now don't forget it is Christmas
Eve,"
And shuts the door, and safe we are
In three white cots in the nursery
there,
I lie and think of the night when
the Star
Hung o'er a Manger cold and bare.

And I forget I'm an English boy
As I think of those camels and
those Wise Men,
And the Baby King, and all the joy
And all the wonder that shone out
then.

I forget our Christmas, and Dick
and Steve,
And pretend that I'm kneeling
among the straw
On that very first magic Christmas
Eve . . .
(And, oh, the beautiful faces I
saw!)

C. M.

SPEAKS ON ANTI-CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHIES

The Rector recently addressed nine hundred air-force men in the "Y" depot at Halifax. The subject of his talk was "The World in Which We Find Ourselves", in which he traced the origin and growth of those false, anti-Christian philosophies which have led to ruin and destruction in a large part of the world today. He stressed the need of preparing for the new world order which will follow after victory.

THE MUSIC GOES Round & Round

CHRISTMAS MUSIC
The trouble with buying seasonable records, such as "Christmas" records is that there is always the danger of getting something that is worthless except as a remnant of the season, something that will be played once during the festive period and then left to gather dust for the rest of the year. Records of this type of course are controlled by slender purses. Of such a kind is Jessica Dragonette's victrol record, "Is There a Santa Claus?" (36327), a sufficiently pretty offering, but definitely of and for the season. The same is true, I fear, of the Trinity Choir's "Christmas Hymns and Carols" (Vic. 35788 and 35946), and Webster Booth's "The Star of Bethlehem" (Vic. 130563). This last is a new recording as is also Gracie Field's attempt at "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "The Holy City" (Vic. 120987). We have already Bing Crosby's "Silent Night" (Decca). Perhaps next Columbia will complete the cycle by issuing "Hark, the Angels Sing" by George Formby.
Now, lest I be too drastic in judging this Christmas music let me hasten to recommend two albums, which, although "Christmasy," are nevertheless so good that they will be played over and over again throughout the whole year. The first, was issued a few years ago, but attention should be brought to it often. It is the "Christmas Carols of Many Lands", an album (Vic. album C-32) by the Vienna Boys' Choir, under the direction of Victor Gamba. Both the selections and the rendition are excellent. Only a few of the carols are familiar, and even the familiar ones, such as "Adeste Fideles", "Holy Night", etc., sound fresh and new.
Another album well worth buying is the dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" (Vic. G-29) produced by Ernest Chappell, with the part of "Scrooge" played by Eustace Wyatt. Some cutting down of the story was necessary, but essentially it is all there—Cratchitt's dinner and Tiny Tim and all, and the words and phrases are Dickens' own. The parts are all well played, the background music (by Lew White) excellent, and all in all, the production is splendid.
STANDARD CLASSICS
A very fine record indeed is "Those Evening Bells," with "The Snow Has Blown Over Russia" on the other side, magnificently sung by the Don Cossack Chorus, well known to Halifax musical circles. The former selection was sung by them here last month. It is an elegy, slow and mournful, typically Russian, and masterfully rendered. "Snow" is more cheerful and lively, and is sung with incredible power.
POPULAR
This last month has been a poor one for Tin Pan Alley. Nothing of any merit appeared and the most plugged tunes are the most lrite. Two of these are "A Sinner Kissed An Angel" (Col. 420 by Harry James and Col. 493 by Dick Jurgens) and "The Shrine of St. Cecilia" (Col. 469 by Al Donahue). The first has slovenly lyrics with a stock, humdrum melody; the second is about an air raid or something which destroyed everything but the shrine of St. Cecilia, where the lov-

First Prize -- H. S. Contest

"KEEP THEM SHINING"

by Cyril Lynch

"Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright"; slowly these words reached out to the heart and left within a feeling of home-sickness. It's surprising, now, with a group of young fellows, drawn together by the ravages of war can do justice to so beautiful a hymn. The spirit and feeling of the song were present, but the surroundings in which it was being sung were in ghastly comparison.

The time was 11.55 p.m. December 24, 1941, the place, an outpost on the Russian front. As for the singers, we were a group of American volunteers who had come thousands of miles, seeking adventure; and our search had led us here, waiting for the order "Over the top, boys". The singing had started at first to keep up our spirits and calm our nerves, but it had finally drifted into a series of memories each song recalled.

The "Three Musketeers" as we called ourselves, Jim, George and I, had fought our way up in the same neighborhood back in Brooklyn, and we thought we had ourselves really hardened to the softer, sentimental side of life, but yet it was Jim who started the reminiscence when silence fell once more.

"Say Dan", he said to me, "remember Christmas Eve last year?"

"We sure painted the town red, eh kid?"

"Red, white and blue is more like it", quipped George. "Whatever color it was it was a darn sight better than this". A new voice had broken into our conversation. The three of us turned to see Harry Noiles, another of our Company, standing watching us. He came closer.

"What I wouldn't give to be in Times Square right now", he said. "Just picture it, fellows, the lights, the crowds, the excitement. Everyone wishing you Happy Christmas; people you never saw before smiling at you, and all because it's Christmas Eve. All that going on over there, and here we are, stuck in a mud-hole, going over that parapet any minute to be cannon-fodder. And what for? What are we getting out of it? Nothing but a machine-gun bullet!"

Jim cut in before he could go any further.

"Say, listen here, Harry. You knew what it was all about when you volunteered. Nobody forced you to join. What are you kicking about? Did you expect a picnic?"

Then George, who is usually the "silent partner" in our trio, suddenly spoke up, "Don't you see, guys? It's just to keep those lights on in Times Square that we are over here in this fight. How long do you think those Santa Clauses would last on the corners with the Nazis in power. Santa Clauses, huh! If Hitler ever got over there we'd have Gestapo agents on the corners, and, believe me, they wouldn't be ringing bells. Quit your crabbing, Harry. It's worth while putting up with all this just to know that we're helping to keep those lights shining and those bells ringing."

His last words were interrupted by a hushed question, passed along from man to man: "Ready, boys?" The zero hour had arrived! Jim, George and I quickly made sure of our equipment, then, before we had time to wish each other luck, the order came, "Over you go!"

Our objective was a machine-gun nest directly to our left, which had been hampering our advances for days. It was well fortified and all of us knew that to take it would mean immense loss of life; however, that was our task.

As our advance gained momentum, so the distaste for this killing and destroying increased inside me and I'm sure inside the minds and bodies of every one of my comrades. We were but half way to the pill-box when we were discovered, and from then on Dante's Inferno was brought to earth.

Slowly, crawling, then leaping from one shell hole to another, we managed to reach the machine-gun whose bullets had been responsible for so many lives. Looking around me I saw that Jim had miraculously survived that rain of steel. Of George there was no sign, nor was there time to wonder if he too was lying on the field behind us. Down in the trench we jumped, using our bayonets freely. These Nazis weren't so invincible when faced with cold steel. After a brief struggle the nest was ours, but at what a price! Lieutenant Fraser came up to us and said, "Good work, boys, this will be a fine Christmas present for the Captain".

When the mopping up had been completed we started back over that hazardous journey to our own lines. Prisoners and captors alike were menaced by shells and bullets, but somehow we managed to reach the comparative safety of our trenches. There we started to take count. Many of those boys who had gone "over" with us had sung their last Hymn. Christmas, to many others, would be only a horrible memory for years to come.

I stood for a few minutes in deep thanks to the Almighty for my life; and in silent petition for those who had answered His call. Jim interrupted my meditation with an anxious question "Dan, where's George?" No sooner were the words said than Harry Noiles came out of the First-Aid Station to our right, and walking directly toward us said quietly, "There's someone in there who wants to see you boys".

Without being told we knew who it was. Hurriedly we entered the Station, only to see what we had

Third Prize, in High School Competition, went to James Hanrahan, ("A Christmas Present").
Honourable Mention: Christopher Matthews ("A Pair of Socks"); Gerard Parsons ("Gloria in Excelsis Deo"); William Bourke ("Christmas Day"); Donald MacLeod ("Lest We Forget"); Vincent Allen ("Together for Christmas").

feared. George was lying on a stretcher in the middle of the hut. As we came towards him the doctor silently cautioned us with a glance. It was easily seen that for George this war would soon be over. Jim and I knelt on the floor beside his stretcher and as we did so George's eyes flickered, then opened. A feeble smile touched his lips as he whispered "How's fellows! What's the idea of running off and grabbing all the glory and leaving me behind". Each word was a laborious task for him. "But I guess I did my part to keep those lights on in Times Square, even tho' I wasn't in on the finish."

For a moment there was silence broken only by George's heavy breathing. Then after a struggle he managed to speak again. "Be sure you guys keep on punching, don't let 'em down back home; just remember that no matter what it costs it's worth it to know that the kids can still hang their stockings up by the chimneys tonight."

We could see that he was going fast now, and believe me it was a hard job to keep from breaking down right there in front of him. But we couldn't let him see us going soft, even now. We had to bend very near him to hear his request "How's about you two singing a bit of Holy Night for me?" I looked over at Jim, and he nodded, so, in broken tones we managed to repeat that age-old hymn of peace; "Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm, all is bright."

When we finished we saw that all was calm now with George, all was peace. He had given his life as a supreme Christmas present to God.

Second Prize: H. S. Contest

MR. MORGAN SPENDS A MILLION

by JOE PENNY

It was a cold night in New York but the mind of Giovanni Paludini, hypnotist par excellence, was warm with thought. He was an insignificant figure in a black coat as he passed the gaily decorated shop windows with quickened gait, but his idea was startling to say the least. His mind's eye at that moment was roving with increasing zest over a plan whereby he hoped to bring joy to many and not a little satisfaction to himself. The hypnotist glanced at his ancient time-piece, wheeled and hurriedly strode towards his east-side boarding house.

The next morning (on the twenty-second of December, to be exact,) Mr. Paludini, having procured a dime breakfast, was on one of New York's subways, speeding west. After a journey of perhaps ten minutes' duration, Mr. Paludini snatched up his stick and tattered brief case, rushed out of the car, and walked up a long flight of stairs to a bustling Manhattan business street. He glanced around him, tried to straighten out his distinguished looking beard, and started hopefully towards an employment agency a block and a half down the street.

"Give your name at the wicket", bellowed a large, red-faced man in a grey suit. Mr. Paludini did so, but spent all of five minutes in endeavoring to tell a none-too-bright clerk how to spell his name. At last the clerk scribbled down "Smith", filled out the space marked "job wanted" with "butler" and handed the slip to the man in the grey suit. A gleam of mad delight flashed into Mr. Paludini's eyes as he was told "Henry G. Morgan's—by noon". Yes, without a doubt, his plan was working admirably.

The great clock in the majestic hall was sounding the last strokes of noon as Mr. Paludini was led by the butler into the large, well appointed kitchen of the Morgan mansion. Throughout the day he went about his work in eager anticipation of the evening. When he overheard Mrs. Morgan discussing plans for a party she was holding that night, he wrung his hands in delight. Christmas, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-One, was to hold a great deal of satisfaction for Mr. Giovanni Paludini.

At seven o'clock Mrs. Morgan had the five butlers assembled in the hall. In a high soprano she began: "My guests will begin to arrive at nine. Clemens, you and James will take the front door. You, Ralph, and you Robert, shall attend to the refreshments." Then in a voice spiced with contempt she added, "The man from the agency will care of Mr. Morgan". It was easily seen that greed and a hot temper were not the only faults of Henry G. Morgan. Smith, alias Mr. Paludini, bowed.

Amid the ever-increasing din of social patter Mr. Paludini flitted to and fro. He listened as Mr. Morgan swore in half drunken tones about the foolish spirit of Christmas. "If any persons in my house or any other damn house so much as wastes a dime on any no good beggar I'll kill him . . . all this giving is sentimental foolishness". "You're absolutely right", Mr. Travers, his friend and genial manager shouted in agreement. "Let's have another drink on it".

"I will help you to bed", Mr. Paludini said soothingly as he placed the liquor-soakedened form of his master in an easy chair. Then the magician's face grew hard. "Tomorrow you will never know. I feel it is up to me to force you into good", he went on in frozen tones, "to give you and others some joy". So saying Mr. Paludini leaned over the prostrate form of the millionaire, his lean, claw-like fingers gripping the arms of the chair. His eyes flashing black under protruding bushy brows became fixed into an awe-compelling stare.

FEATURED IN PROGRAM



Very Rev. J. Deville, C.J.M.



Rev. J. Milway Filion, S.J.

Crusaders Celebrate Patron's Feast

The Feast of St. Francis Xavier began with the celebration of Mass in the college chapel by Rev. P. J. McCarthy, S.J. In the afternoon the annual program on behalf of the foreign missions was broadcast over radio station CHNS. Very Rev. J. Deville, C.J.M., Rector of Holy Heart Seminary, preached an inspiring sermon on "Pope Pius XI and the Missions". Appropriate selections

were beautifully rendered by the combined choirs of Mount Saint Vincent College and Saint Mary's College and High School.

In the evening Rev. Fr. J. M. Filion, S.J. gave an interesting talk on the life and martyrdom of the Jesuit Martyrs of Canada at Mount Saint Vincent. It was attended by a large number of the crusaders from Saint Mary's. A social gathering was held immediately after the play.

"Listen", he spoke, "listen, listen, Morgan, do you?—speak up man." Mr. Paludini fidgeted with his beard, "You will see when I see Mr. Morgan". Mr. Travers, in one last effort for the financial preservation of them all, showed him into an adjoining office. "Arumph, ah, this is Mr. Smith", he announced.

The eyes fell back, the rigid fingers became less tense. With a short laugh of self-satisfaction Paludini stole stealthily from the room.

The morning of the twenty-fourth dawned cold and cheerless. At 8 o'clock Mr. Morgan shouted in surprisingly sober tones that he was going to the directors' meeting, "Christmas Eve, you know" he exulted to his astonished secretary. "I'm the Spirit of Christmas Cheer. Damned if I don't feel generous enough to give you a fifty dollar raise. Call the office and tell them to expect big doings. Money's not the only thing in life, you know".

"But Mr. Morgan . . ."

"And don't call me 'Mr. Morgan.' That skinfint isn't fit to be called a man. Goodbye, Mr. Jones".

Mr. Paludini's subject was soon walking briskly towards the directors' meeting.

By ten o'clock Mr. Morgan had the board meeting in an uproar. On the twenty-third of December Morgan Industries Inc. had something over two million dollars on hand in the local New York bank. Now, at ten o'clock on the twenty-fourth, the corporation could boast little over a million. Mr. Henry Morgan, always insisting that he was a spirit had decreed a half million dollar Christmas bonus to be shared by all of the company's employees. At nine-thirty he signed over \$250,000 to the New York Christmas Relief Fund. Following this unprecedented stroke the company officials were for having him declared insane. But before the doctors could arrive Mr. Morgan, alias the "Spirit of Christmas Cheer", had departed for the east side, his pockets bulging with money. Ten dollars to every householder on the other side of the tracks was his joyful decree. The afternoon papers featured headlines such as "Henry G. Morgan, Spendthrift Maniac". The New York Exchange handling Morgan stock, reported a virtual washout on the company's holdings. Mr. Paludini felt the glow of success.

Accordingly at six o'clock he donned his best, that is, his least moth-eaten suit, and prepared to undo his deed. He strode unconcernedly into the directors' offices and with all the poise he could muster announced "I wish to speak with Mr. Henry Morgan".

"You fool". Mr. Travers snapped at him, "Mr. Morgan is ill, we're all ill, we're ruined". Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Wait a minute, aren't you one of H. G's butlers—hmm, the party last night. You

don't know anything about Mr. Morgan, do you?—speak up man." Mr. Paludini fidgeted with his beard, "You will see when I see Mr. Morgan". Mr. Travers, in one last effort for the financial preservation of them all, showed him into an adjoining office. "Arumph, ah, this is Mr. Smith", he announced. The hypnotist lost no time. Travers' mouth dropped. Paludini bent over Mr. Morgan and within twenty seconds the spell was broken. Mr. Travers' countenance was turning a deep purple. Sensing the wrath of the directors Paludini turned and made a dive for the elevator. Five minutes later he was walking gayly towards his east-side boarding house.

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ATTEND FACULTY TEA



On Sunday, November 23, a very successful Faculty Tea was held. Members of the newly formed Auxiliary were in charge of the arrangements. Rev. C. J. Keating, S.J., President of the College, received the guests, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Dyer, President of the Auxiliary.

Shown in the picture above are members of the committee and helpers. Pouring tea are Mrs. F. M. O'Neill at the LEFT and Mrs. J. M. Lyons on the RIGHT. Standing from LEFT to RIGHT are Mrs. P. S. Campbell, Mrs. T. J. Wallace, Mrs. J. B. Kemp, Mrs. H. H. McManus, Mrs. W. P. MacNeill, Mrs. C. J. Reardon, Mrs. C. C. Hanrahan, Mrs. C. J. Selig, Mrs. J. W. Dyer (President), Mrs. D. W. Lynch, Mrs. E. T. Glenister, Mrs. C. H. Fahie.

GONE WITH THE WIND

A familiar landmark on the campus was rendered temporarily unrecognizable when a severe gale blew down the upper structure of the handball alleys during a storm Sunday, November 14th.



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ADDRESSES R. C. A. F.

Fr. McCarthy Speaks On Mother Love



REV. WILLIAM MCCARTHY Squadron Leader Rev. Wm. McCarthy addressed the air force at "Y" depot on December 12th.

Fr. McCarthy lectures on Natural History at the College.

In his address to the troops he spoke on mothers—the love and reverence they had for their mothers which they should carry with them always. The greatness of man could be attributed to faithfulness to mothers' counsels. Mothers had always been a source of inspiration. Like the pilots they guided their footsteps through life; like the gunners they fought off the dangers, physical and moral, that threatened them, and like the observers they planned and plotted always for their welfare.

ALUMNOTES

by LAURIE SMITH, '43

1946—Gerald Moffatt. Gerry is pacing Canada's war effort at the Halifax Shipyards.

Vincent Vaughan. Vinnie, dynamic ice and football star is now working at Debert, N. S. He will return, however, to Tech and to the hockey wars after Christmas.

1939—Robert K. Gibson is employed with the Canadian Industries Ltd. at their Paint and Varnish division here.

Edward Devine. "Pop" as he was known to his classmates is employed with the Dominion government at Military Headquarters. "Pop" is the proud possessor of two degrees from Saint Mary's. He received his B.A. in 1936 and returned in 1938 to study for his B.Comm. which he received in the following year.

1938—J. Edward Bulley. "Buss," former hockey and rugby star, both at Saint Mary's and Tech is consulting engineer with the Halifax Fire Insurance Co.

Edward McGrath, older brother of diminutive "Moose" is at present working with Defence Industries Limited at Montreal.

James MacDonald is connected with the Intelligence Service at H.M.C. Dockyard.

1937—Austin Hayes. Austin is manager with the Halifax Fire Insurance Company.

Charles Hayes, last year graduate of N. S. Technical College is now an aircraft inspector at Montreal.

John Dickey, newly re-elected Alumni president is now practicing law. After leaving these hallowed halls, John studied at Dalhousie where he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

1936—Tom Walsh, later a graduate of N. S. Tech, is employed here with Fowls-Bennett Engineering Sales.

1935—Philip Walsh, later an M.Sc. from Dalhousie, is chemist with Canadian Industries Limited at Nobel, Ontario.

1934—Ed Christian, winner of the Governor-General's medal while at Tech is still at Tulara, Peru, where he is resident engineer with the Imperial Oil Co.

Jim Thompson is resident engineer at Debert, N. S., where he is employed by the Federal government in connection with different RCAF projects there.

1933—Lawrence O'Brien. Laurie, an LL.B. from Dalhousie, is Assistant-Crown Prosecutor.

1932—Father Don Murphy is still in Africa where he had gone after

joining the White Fathers on finishing college.

Father Frank Nealey, a member of the Dominican order is stationed at Chicago.

Frank Granville, Bachelor of Civil Engineering, has accepted a position with Defence Industries Limited at Nobel, Ont.

Frank Hanrahan joined the naval branch of the civil service at Ottawa, Ont.

Joe Connolly, who incidentally was married last month, is engineer with the Aluminum Company of Canada in British Guiana.

George Burlton, is employed with the Canadian Vickers Company.

1923—G. A. Smith is resident engineer on the new Pier 9 extension job.

B. S. U. Plans for Holiday Season

according to a "sidewalk interview" with President Bernard Mulcahy. Although, in numbers, the smallest faculty in the College, the Business Students' Union is playing an important role in College activity. They are the recent winners of the American Sixes League. Latest word from Mr. Mulcahy is to the effect that the Business Training boys will hold some kind of a social event during the Christmas vacation. Secretary-Treasurer Gerald Reardon is to get in touch with the B.S.U. members immediately after Christmas.

Queried concerning the B.S.U., President Mulcahy said: "We are small in numbers compared to the other College fraternities, but in this case our strength lies not in our great number of members, but in the quality of our members. We shall continue our domination in sport and shall forge ahead in other activities as well."

RECENT VISITORS AT SAINT MARY'S

- Major the Rev. John Knox, S.J., O.B.E.
- Captain the Rev. R. Henshaw of Kingston, Ont.
- Rev. Basil Martin, Senior Naval Chaplain.
- Major the Rev. Fr. Gillis, Senior Military Chaplain.
- Lieut. Clifford LeBlanc, R.C.A.
- Lieut. Gordon Phelan, R.C.N.V.R.
- Lieut. Clarence Coolen, R.C.A.

COLLEGE BOARDERS ACTIVE

Campbell Secretary

The College Boarders' Society is now an active body in the life of Saint Mary's. Many matters pertaining to the life of a resident student have been discussed at the regular meetings. A valuable game has been purchased for the social room and Treasurer Griffin has announced that the finances of the Society are in good standing.

The Society has been successfully represented in debating and the boarders also entered a strong team into the American Sixes League. But to quote Art Leuby, "This is only a beginning", for the boarders intend to make their society one to be reckoned with in all forms of competition.

The last meeting was held on Tuesday, December 9th, with President James O'Neill in the chair. It was decided to elect a Secretary and John R. Campbell was chosen for the position. It was also agreed that a Christmas gift should be presented to Mr. Shute as a little acknowledgment of the kind services he has rendered the boarders in the past.

Personalities In The News



Rev. Leo J. Burns, S.J.

who, with his junior assistant Rev. M. O'Donnell, S.J., is to be congratulated upon the unqualified success of Sodality Day.

NEW COURSE OUTLINED

Evening Sessions For Service Men

Commerce Dept. In Charge

In collaboration with the War Department the Saint Mary's Commerce Department has drawn up a special syllabus of studies for men in the various services. Classes will be in the evening sessions and are expected to begin with the new year.

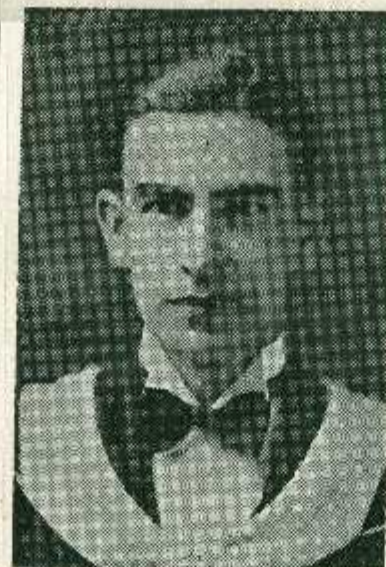
Courses, to help men of officer material, are being given twice weekly in the College.



William Bishop, B.Comm. '41

still a loyal Lambda at heart, at whose camp the Commerce Society again held their initiation.

ADMITTED TO BAR



FRANK CORCORAN, B.A., LL.B.

Arts '38, who received his law degree from Dalhousie University early this year, was admitted to the Bar of New Brunswick last month and will practice his profession in Moncton.

Frank was a medallist in his senior year at Saint Mary's, winning the Philosophy Medal and also the Birks Medal for Leadership.

BERCHMAN'S TO MEET FIRST SUNDAYS

Next Reception in Feb.

At the meeting of the Saint John Berchman's Society, December 9th, it was decided that all future gatherings be held on the first Sunday of each month.

The next reception of candidates will be held in February; the exact date will be determined later.



Rev. James Granville, C.A.S.F.

has been stationed somewhere in England for the past year.



John Lynch, B.A.

who for the past few weeks has been engaged in heavy dramatic work over C.H.N.S.

From where I SIT

By "GABBY" GRIFFIN

This season, in my opinion, the American Sixes League was much better than it has been for some time, both from the point of view of the type of football played, and the amount of active interest taken by the students in general.



"Gabby" Griffin

To Mr. Ryan and his champion B.S.U.'s this columnist hands out orchids. They did some pretty smart work coming through a hectic and tough four-game schedule untied and unbeaten. On one occasion only their playing was outshone: by the Engineers in their win over Commerce. The H.S. men (2 parts Harmon to 1 of Saggeau) put on the classiest exhibition of gridiron lab technique when they ran, passed, and booted their way over the strong accountants' sextette.

Don't think for a moment I'm trying to detract from B.S.U.'s victory, paced as it was by sleek, slim and slippery Bun Mulcahey who made some of the most spectacular solo runs even seen on this campus, and by "Weighty Wally" Foley (a cruiser of the 2 ton class) who, time and again literally took his mates out of the mud to save them from defeat.

The All-Stars eleven-man team rates a mede of praise for turning back the strong, hard-fighting team from St. Mary's Social Club. Judging by the interest taken in that match I believe it would be quite the proper thing to have a regular schedule of such games next season. But let's take it up next season—eh?

To change our scenery from one of falling leaves to one in Jack Frost's own back yard we notice that according to our sports authorities there is a busy time ahead for the intermediate hockey loop with Dal Cubs and the Navy, and, probably a team from the Khaki branch of the forces involved. Coach Beazley's great team from the unforgettable '40-'41 season is pretty much intact except for Mickey Ryan and Jake Munro who leave at S.M.C. an enviable hockey record. But there are plenty of applicants for their vacated berths if one can judge by the turnout so far at the various practices. Some potent material is being garnered from those practices and Saint Mary's should be able to ice a more experienced and consequently an even stronger team than the "1941 Unforgettables."

From where I sit it looks as if Intercollegiate Hockey is off the Sports Curriculum, but this is far from being definite. Maybe, however, when classes resume after the mid-year exams a different Sports program will be set. Let's hope so, anyway. For with a group of hockeyists such as Coach Beazley has on hand the Maritime Title Cup could be placed on our Trophy Shelf with the greatest of ease.

Interfaculty Hockey is also planned for College men much after the fashion of the highly successful American Sixes series. The rejuvenated "Rorum" provides ideal facilities for the proposed League. This interfaculty league may take the form of a C.O.T.C. which was in operation the year previous to our Centennial. The latter league would mean that more balanced set of teams could be lined up. As regards which of the above will be chosen we'll wait 'till the New Year.

Generally High School sports are found in the Journal Jr., but for this time I don't think we can ignore the Senior High Hockey Team which embraces many a Freshman who in a year or so will be the high lights in College Hockey. If any one is particularly fond of previews, let's see him follow Saint Mary's Senior High team and get a gratifying glimpse of what College Hockey is going to be like in the near future. Keep your eyes on Frawley, Kehoe, Moriarty and Hanrahan. There's a youthful quartette of smart iceologists.

Basketball shortly will get another push along the road to becoming one of the big winter Sports attractions at S.M.C. The initial force which started it on the way was applied by the previous Sports Scribe, Mike Green, who last year was playing manager, coach, etc. Laurie Smith succeeds him. At the first meeting a couple of weeks ago many new faces were observed—a good indication that the attraction of the game is growing apace. Big things seem to be ahead.

Now—A Merry Christmas to you all.

Tom Sullivan's All Stars

Since last issue's Fearless Forecast was such a great success, another statement seemed to be a natural. Although there was a SLIM possibility that it would be wrong, the Forecast turned out 80% right, as expected. Again, as some people will say, "we will go out on a limb" and pick the All-Star "American-Sixes" teams. So after careful deliberation, here are the two snappiest sextettes.

1st Team:
Centre—G. Somers
Ends—G. Reardon, R. Duffy
Quarterback—B. Mulcahey
Backs—Morrissey, Bishop

2nd Team:
Centre—J. Pineo
Ends—Dempsey, D. Murphy
Quarterback—H. Kline
Backs—H. MacDonald, A. Leaby
All-Star Manager—J. Hallissey
All-Star Coach—C. Reyno
All-Star Referee—T. Martin

P.S.—Anybody who is not on the above teams and thinks he should be, please send their protest in to the editor and it will be duly considered.

"Be careful what you say, Bunker!"

LEAGUE FORMED FOR BASKETBALL

Practices Set For Thursday P. M.'s

B. S. U. CHAMPS

The powerful B. S. U. team with "Bun" Mulcahey in the driver's seat, captured the "American Sixes" Football League championship by defeating Commerce in the last game 24-0. With Wally "small-tank" Foley plunging and their running plays fast and tricky, they took advantage of the breaks and ended up top men. Not as good as they were cracked up to be, the B.S.U., nevertheless, were strong enough to take the four necessary wins.

Commerce, with their "quarter-back twins" Hill and Morrissey, calling the plays secured second place. The business men counted a lot on Morrissey's passes, but they just didn't click.

In third place rested the Engineers. They lost to B.S.U. but conquered Commerce. The "experts" couldn't see this victory when the "Fearless Forecast" predicted it, having considered all the angles.

Tied for fourth place were Arts and Boarders. After showing up well against B.S.U., the "Sky-Pilots" were "flying-blind-and-were-shot-down", as it were, by Commerce.

The Boarders weren't given much chance anyway, but in their two games they gave their opponents lots to worry about.

Thanks to Rev. V. Hayden and his assistants, the refereeing was good and no favoritism was evident (?). Altogether the league created a lot of interest and congrats to all who participated.

Plans for Saint Mary's College basketball team are rapidly being formulated. Laurie Smith, Arts '43, has been appointed manager and practices have been scheduled.

"We have secured Tech gym each Thursday, said Laurie," and practices are to start soon." A large turnout is expected since a lot of fellows are anxious to start bouncing the ball around.

T. Martin, President of the A.A. informed us that several inquiries have been received from outside teams, Debert, Catholic Boys' Club and Saint Mary's Club. "A series of exhibition games probably will be arranged but it is quite definite that Tech, Agricultural College and Saint Mary's will be the only teams in the league."

Back from last year's team are G. Reardon, B. Mulcahey, Ron O'Keefe and Ed. Miller.

The team will possibly be built around these four and great things are expected. Tommy Sweet, well-known on the basketball court has consented to coach Saint Mary's quintette.

Tommy is a veteran and with his experience he should be able to teach the boys the fine points of the game.

Final Standing:

	P	W	L	Pts.
B. S. U.	4	4	0	8
Commerce	4	2	2	4
Engineers	2	1	1	2
Arts	2	0	2	0
Boarders	2	0	2	0

Hot Stove League

by Ron Duffy, '43

Well folks Intercollegiate Hockey is just around the proverbial corner. But before the league gets under way the St. Mary's Hot Stove League makes its humble debut with predictions and previews. When we recall the wonderful record hung up by last year's team, hopes are naturally high for a repeat performance. With most of the team back and with Coach Beazley at the helm these hopes are more than justified.

Pineo Back

Perhaps a preview of the vets and the newcomers would answer the big question of the day. Starting at goal will be Jim (Rupe) Pineo. Few will forget his stellar, three-star performance against St. F. X. and right

hand. Foremost among these is centre Bunny Mulcahey. Brainy, fast and a good playmaker he would be an asset to any team.

Next in line is Hugh (Golden Boy) McDonald. Lightning fast and knows how to pick the corners. He would be missed.

Great things are expected from reliable Chick Kline, who should turn in many three star games this season.

Tom (Sharpshooter) Skerry is just rarin' to go. If he is as deadly around the goal as he was last year he'll come in handy.

No stranger to hockey fans of St. Mary's is blonde Herb Ernst. A winger of no mean ability, he is always in there fightin'. After a years absence Buddy Graves has returned to the hockey wars. Fast and aggressive, he was a star in high school hockey and we hope he will be one in the college game.

Gummer Joins Up

From Bloomfield High we put out the welcome mat for diminutive "Butchie" Gummer. He starred for his Alma Mater for three seasons in the Senior High loop. This will be his first appearance on a St. Mary's hockey team and we hope to see him in more years to come. Ed. Godwin of the Bedford Barons and former S. M. C. high school star will provide plenty of competition for a forward berth.

Not to be forgotten is big Doug Moriarity. Heavy and fast, he would be a valuable addition to any team. Although he is not able to play college hockey he will be on hand for the C. O. T. C. team.

Beazley Again Mentor

As of last year the team will be under the capable direction of Coach Beazley. Last season was his first as a coach at S. M. C. and to him goes no small share of the credit for the team's success.

So far there is no news about how the intercollegiate league will line up. It is not even definite as to when the league will begin, but it will probably open after the Christmas holidays. As yet no arrangements have been made but the Hot Stove League unhesitatingly predict S. M. C. as the league champs.



COACH BEAZLEY

now he is in mid-season trim. Cool and collected, he is a bulwark of strength.

Of last year's defence only half is available. That half is "Bunker" Hill, a dependable rearguard who hands out a nasty bump and is a swell team player. A welcome newcomer and speedy defenceman is Alex (Axle) Allen who combines a fast breakaway with good stick-handling to produce real hockey. The third man on the defence is Wally Foley. Big and a good man to have around the nets, he should prove to be a formidable defenceman.

Mulcahey

Moving up to the forwards we find many of last year's squad on

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CAPTAIN HARRIS MILLER

Engineering '41, who has recently been promoted to the rank of Captain, making him one of the youngest captains in the Canadian army.

SPEAKS IN BRIDGEWATER

Rev. M. J. O'Donnell, S.J. will be the guest speaker at the Kiwanis Club in Bridgewater on Dec. 22. His subject will be "A Christmas Message."

A JOURNAL EXCLUSIVE

"I Met Montgomery"

By ED COSGROVE, '42

One afternoon the Engineering executive were sitting quietly in the Nova Scotian Hotel, attending to pertinent details regarding the annual Society Prom, when, via the grapevine, word was received that a certain celebrity had arrived in the city, about ten minutes before, and had just registered at the Hotel. After much dickering with the hotel clerk, which at one time almost approached violence, we obtained the room number, found the

We arrived back at the hotel, about one hour later. He invited us to come and smoke a few pipes with him that night. Needless to say we accepted.

When we put in our appearance about eighty-three that night, three press men, who had also just arrived, were immediately, very graciously, ushered out. Then, draping ourselves unceremoniously over the beds and chairs, and lighting our pipes, the conversation started.

talked. We listened. "In view of all I've seen and all I've read, I've come to the conclusion, that there are two and only two types of government, totalitarianism, and anti-totalitarianism. One votes its opposition down, and the other shoots its opposition down."

He spoke of many humorous incidents, in which he himself was involved in regard to this question. One of these apparently ended with himself and another man leaving a banquet, to settle the particular matter out on the front lawn. (We didn't ask who won).

He went on: "As far as I'm concerned Nazism, Fascism, and Communism are different aspects of the same thing. When the Nazi and Communist Parties took over their respective countries, all the opposition was immediately killed or shot in the various blood purges. Consequently we find little opposition to the Government Parties in these countries. However, this was not the case in Italy. The change from Nationalism to Fascism there, was accomplished by Mussolini and the Fascist Party with little or no shooting. Therefore, as the opposition was not killed, we find it existing in Italy today. Italy, therefore, is not as solidly behind the Government as Germany or Russia, which probably has some effect in respect to the weakness of Italy in the present war. The Italian people on the whole are not war-minded."

He told of many incidents, both humorous and serious which had occurred during his stay in England all of which were ringing with great praise for the English people and the allied troops.

At this time, I noticed that Jim Reardon had fallen asleep, Doug Mason was holding his eyes open, like a true gentleman, and Terry



—"autograph all the paper we could find"—

room, were admitted cordially, introduced ourselves, talked, tendered an invitation, were accepted, and then, with him, we left the Hotel. Total time required, ten minutes. And while every press man in the city was standing on his proverbial head, we calmly took Robert Montgomery on tour.

Leaving the hotel, we drove around taking in what sights one can take in at Halifax, — notably among these, the various Universities, the residential districts, and the new Wartime Housing Project, with which he was particularly impressed. (The 14 buildings of S.M.C. also had the expected effect.)

After spending the last six months in England the lights on Barrington St. provoked the remark, "Holy smoke! look at Coney Island". His greatest immediate desire was to have a glass of orange juice.

During the night, some very heavy topics came up, such as Nazism, Communism, the immigration and negro questions in the U.S.A., and as usual, the present war. However, these mercurious topics became almost hydrogenetic.

Stealing a march on our good friends of the metropolitan papers the JOURNAL scooped another exclusive when Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R. and screen luminary passed through Halifax enroute to California and Christmas with his family.

as Mr. Montgomery carried on with sparkling wit and brilliant innuendoes.

After incessant interruptions, as literally hundreds (male and female) stormed his room and endeavouring to get autographs, the conversation really got interesting, when we began to delve into the Communistic tendencies in the U.S.A., at which time Montgomery

Corbin was yawning politely, but with all his might. Looking at my watch I found to my amazement that it two-thirty A.M. (Almost time to go).

After taking all the pictures that could be crammed into a camera, and having him autograph all the paper we could find, we reluctantly took our leave, and Mr. Montgomery (happily no doubt) retired.

Journal Jr.

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JAMES MORIARTY, Sports**

**Reporters:
JOSEPH PENNY, JAMES HANRAHAN, VINCENT ALLEN**

THE "TOY PLAN"
BY JOE PENNY

Saint Mary's is far, far away from the North Pole, traditional dwelling place of old Santa Claus, but there's a committee in the High School Sodality busy at this very moment filling "Santa's" bag with toys. And when I say toys, I mean toys, —toys big and small, toys battered and shining. There are aeroplanes coming from the dark reaches of cold attics to the reconditioning lines of the Sodality's repair squad. Battered trucks, minus wheels and axles suddenly find themselves dumped into large boxes to undergo similar repairs. Taxis, ambulances and numerous other modern day "scale models" are arriving in increasing numbers. No, it's not a lease-lend plan. It's the generosity of High School Socialists. It's a generosity that's going to bring happiness to scores of Halifax poor.

This "toy plan" is under the direction of one of the students of the High School, Terry Hanrahan of Grade XI. Of course Terry Hanrahan has a committee to help him; an eager group formed from the ranks of the three High School classes. The committee's collection system is a simple one. They have urged every member of the High School to bring in as many toys as possible. Representatives in each of the grades have suitable containers to receive the articles.

And the results. Well, to date they are very gratifying. No exact statistics have been issued, but one glance into the reception depot is enough to testify to the success of the drive. Grade Ten may feel justly proud of the part it is playing in the plan. So far 75% of the toys have been collected by this grade. The whole High School shouts "hats off to Grade Ten."

MATRIC DEBATERS MUSTER FORCES

Reports from Grade Ten indicate that active measures are being taken to insure the defeat of Matriculation in eagerly awaited interclass debating forays scheduled for after Christmas. Debates held in class thus far have shown that the Tenners have a fast, hard-hitting squad, and probably will be paced, in interclass competition, by facile-tongued Ed Delaney, Bill Mingo, and Larry Murphy.

Competition is Keen

In the monthly race for top-marks in class reports, November saw Paul Cormie leading Matric (90%), his position to the last closely contested by James Hanrahan. In Ten, William Mingo, with 95%, severely outdistanced runner-up Francis Murphy who nonetheless had an excellent 87% to his credit. Grade Nine leader was Stephen Hagarty (93%).

SODALITY ...

—The executive of the Sodality meets—Tom Courtney of Grade X and hustling Hugh MacKinnon are appointed councillors.

—Grade X's William Mingo has a plan. It is this: old stamps brought in to the Sodality will be sold to the students for a profit. The result? The missions benefit.

—Orchids to Larry Murphy for his original cartoon on the pamphlet "I Saw the Soviet." Murphy is one of the most promising member of the publicity committee.

—At press time Sodality Directors announce a new scheme... food for the poor. Eatables of all kinds are to be collected from the students on December 22nd. . . . Hanrahan's slogan: "Toys for the children, food for the grown-ups!"

To The Halifax Herald and The Halifax Mail the JOURNAL Staff offers its sincerest thanks for their generous co-operation.

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S.M.C. In SERVICES

By JOSEPH HALLISEY, '42

F.O. Leo Murphy—Engineering '36, now overseas with the R.C.A.F. Leo is now a member of the benedicts, having married while in Western Canada.

Bdr. Wilfred ("Mickey") Flemming—Attended high school at Saint Mary's during scholastic terms 1937-38-39. Enlisted in 1st. A.A. Bty. R.C.A. (A.F.) on outbreak of war. Mickey is now enjoying sick leave having recently undergone an operation.

Sgt. Charles Dwyer—Business Training '40 is now overseas with a field battery, R.C.A. (A.F.) Charlie was a member of the 52nd Heavy Battery, 1st Halifax Coast Brigade, R.C.A. (A.F.) in which he held the rank of Bombardier and then Sergeant on the outbreak of war, but sometime last year was transferred to a field battery.

Sgt. Gregory Purcell—Arts '34 is at present with R.C.O.C. (A.F.) stationed here in Halifax. Greg enlisted in the R.C.O.C. shortly before the outbreak of war.

Lieut. Peter Lowe—Engineering '33 has been a member of the permanent force of the R.A. and has had an active part in the present conflict having been wounded during the course of the campaign in France in 1940.

Lieut. John Burke—Arts '40 former Sergeant in the College C.O.T.C. enlisted in the Halifax Rifles (A. F.) on the outbreak of World War II and is at present stationed in Mulgrave.

Sgt. Gerald ("Jerry") Mulcahy—Business Training '40 enlisted in C.M.S.C. (A.F.) in 1939, was later

transferred to R.C.A.F. where he is now employed as a clerk.

Sgt. Terence Power—Business Training '40 is at present with the 51st Battery, 1st. Halifax Coast Brigade, R.C.A. (A.F.). Terry holds the rank of Orderly Room Sergeant with that unit.

Lieut. Frank Dempster—Engineering '39, was a member of the P. L. Fusiliers (N.P.A.M.) and was called into active service on the outbreak of the present conflict, he is now serving in the local district.

Howard Corbin—Attended Saint Mary's Collegiate from 1933-35 is now in the Canadian Navy as a V.A.

Clyde Duggan—Arts '40 joined the Canadian Navy shortly after graduating and is now a V.A. serving somewhere in Canada.

John McNeil—Matriculated from Saint Mary's in 1932 and shortly afterwards joined the permanent force of the R.C.A. he is now overseas with the 5th Field Regiment, R.C.A. (A.F.) and when last heard from held the rank of R.S.M.

Leo Deveau—Business Training '40, former member of the College unit of the C.O.T.C. enlisted in the Canadian Navy shortly after graduating. Leo is a Writer.

Sgt. Pilot Harry Inder—Attended Saint Mary's Collegiate from 1935 to 1938 has arrived safely in England with a unit of the R.C.A.F. He has been at St. F. X. since 1933 but enlisted in the Air Force last summer. He received his wings at Summerside, P. E. I.

HOCKEY COACHES



REV. FRANCIS CARROLL

Reorganized this year is the famous Halifax Senior High Hockey League so popular a few years back. Four strong teams are entered, Halifax County Academy, St. Patrick's High, Bloomfield High, and Saint Mary's.

Opening game, between Saint Mary's and Bloomfield is tentatively scheduled for Saturday afternoon at the Arena. On the same day, Halifax Academy will meet St. Pat's to complete the double-header.

Coached by former Santamarian star, Father Frank Carroll, Saint Mary's will ice a strong, fast, tricky aggregation. In the forward line are the two Moriarty's, Jim and Doug, stars of last season's championship team. New to Saint Mary's but destined to make a name for himself, is forward Bernard Boivin, formerly of St. Anne's College. Dee Frawley and Kenzie Kishoe, of last year's Junior High champs, will line up with Jimmie McManus. Contending for defense positions are



REV. C. C. RYAN

Bob Ross, Jack Kennedy, Cliff Jeffrey, and John McKinnon. Terry Hanrahan, in the goals is expected to turn in his usual stellar performance. Still fighting for berths are Mulrooney, McClellan, Godwin. The team is capably managed by Arts Senior, Joe Hallisey, and mascoted by Tom Murphy and Chris Lyons.

Begin After Christmas

Saint Mary's Grade Nine will defend its Junior High Championship Cup in a series of games scheduled to begin after Christmas. Mr. C. C. Ryan, S.J., head coach, expects to mould a well-balanced team, sparked by "Cowboy" Mills and "Pat" Brackett.

Tickets will be on sale in the school for these Saturday morning games when classes resume.

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

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Christmas

Christmas is the season of charitable wastefulness. Economy is no longer a virtue; with our hearts contradicting our heads we spend and spend. But out of this unreasoning prodigality what an atmosphere of true, warm humanity is fashioned!

See the youngsters, their eyes growing wider and wider as the great day draws near—the grown-ups, youngsters again, milling about the crowded stores in laughing, eager thousands,—the street-corner Santas, their cups clinking happily with coins from unknown and toil-caloused hands—the business district, softened now, and somehow humanized, its spirit pouring out of gayly-lighted windows,—the homes, east-side, west-side, showing bright glimpses of holly and tinsel and the tree beneath undrawn blinds,—the Christmas cards crowding the postman's bag,—not only to close friends, but to long-forgotten acquaintances, recalled now and acknowledged in simple, Decemberish verse. All this humanity takes deeply to its heart and becomes just a bit more human thereby.

We would not have it different. Nor would the postman nor the shop-girl, severe though their task is. For a brief space we revel luxuriantly in the boundless pleasure of loving others better than ourselves. The universe, so prosaic, so crabbedly parsimonious, suddenly becomes overwhelmingly beneficent, kindly. Beneath our windows strangers sing macaronic carols, and merrily we turn to the pages of Dickens.

So general is the benign intoxication of the time that during World War I the German soldiers on Christmas Day sang carols with their English enemies, gifts were exchanged, an unofficial truce was declared as both German and Englishman realized, under the warm, sharp impact of Christmas Day, the deep, eternal brotherhood of man.

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the sheep together; and a Little Child shall lead them."—(Isaiah X: xi)

We find that for a few hours we are able to ignore headlines, disturbing news broadcasts. The harsh, mechanical world is forgotten as we turn our minds to the miracle of Bethlehem. For beneath holly and mistletoe, beneath the happy flurry of Christmas giving, there lies the eternal answer to this fresh, seemingly unaccountable child-like joy—and, too, its deep justification. *Puer natus est.* A Child is born. God has come among men, his awful glory hidden from our simple eyes by the homely garb of baby's flesh—has come to be crucified for us, to win for us Heaven. Why should we not be happy?

He at Bethlehem was born,
Salem gave Him crown of thorn,
Life of want and death of scorn—
All for love of man forlorn.

—Ergo Benedicite.

The faculty and students of Saint Mary's College offer their sincerest condolences to Eric Mullaley, '36, upon his recent sad bereavement.

Campus Jottings

"Coming events cast their shadows before them"—here are a few of the shadows: Gerald Reardon has acquired a somewhat dazed expression (or is this just a coincidence?) Reyno has become a regular fixture at class (a change is good now and then). Terry Corbin is beginning to worry about cuts (along with about a hundred others). By the look of things everything is under control and no drastic changes can be expected before January 15th or so. Possibly then we may hear a few laments and groans.

* * * *

Shh! Did you hear that there are stripes in the offing? YOU DIDN'T! Boy! you're that one in a million. If you don't believe me why do you think Gordie Merrisey has such a worried look on his face? (You're right—he's afraid he might get a couple). How do you account for the fact that Mick Merrigan has abandoned his "down with everythingism?" Why is Paul ("Bulus," "Bull" to some) Laba so concerned with the way the ranks are dressed? He's keyed up to such a pitch that he even reprimanded poor, gentle Ray Beck. And what did Cadet Beck shout back? "Why, 'tis a mere, sweet disorder in the dressing"—or did he? Anyway, we can say the quotation "has suffered from the error in transmission." Well, that's the way things stand. Now maybe if you are a good boy you won't get any stripes, so be sure to keep out of step.

* * * *

What can ail thee, Jimmy dear,
Alone and palely loitering?
Your friends have drifted from your side
And no one speaks.

What can ail thee, Jimmy dear,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
Christmastide has now arrived,
But your gloom's still on.

* * * *

This is the time of year Ed Miller begins to relate how he gave the pass, how he missed (?) tying the score, how he checked and counter-checked, etc., etc.

* * * *

Well, I am happy to inform you that "Gabby" Griffin need never, never more fear whom his next listener will be. "Gabby" has torn his way into Sergeant Boomer's heart, where he has cemented himself with a few choice compliments. Somehow as I write these lines a phrase comes to mind—"Birds of a feather flock together." Never mind, "Gabby"; you're no soldier, but you're a first-class sergeant.

* * * *

Another notable friendship which has sprung up in the past few weeks is that between "Sarge" Duffy and his recruits. I imagine it's Duffy's sense of humour—it's so well developed that Ron inserts one choice rib after each command. They tell me it breaks the monotony and adds colour.

* * * *

Bob Dempsey, another one of our beloved sergeants, has reached the point where he wants to "fly away from it all".

* * * *

Well, well, that only leaves Sergeant Jimmy. I couldn't for the world slight him; besides, he's so easy to sum up—tough, but Oh! so gentle.

* * * *

I hear that Tom "Fearless" Sullivan is giving much thought to the idea of issuing another forecast. All that's holding him up is what to forecast.

* * * *

I have finally come to a serious conclusion about "Deacon" Hallisey. He's a man with a hidden fanatical nature. Have you ever noticed with what glee and delight he pushes those thumb-tacks into the bulletin board? Now, not satisfied with pinning up C.O.T.C. orders, the Deacon has become manager of the Senior High School team just so he can get in a little extra pinning.

(Don't blame Scotty Deac, 'cause it isn't so. As "Stooge" Dalton put it, "Scotty, you couldn't fool your own grandmother." Maybe you're right, Bill, but you're certainly being taken for a ride and boy I don't mean maybe!)

* * * *

They tell me that Ron O'Keefe is on the verge of a nervous breakdown with his attempts to get his name in the paper (even in this column). Ron claims that if the name O'Keefe doesn't appear at least once in each issue, they aren't doing right by an immense number of friends (this is one occasion where we could spell immense O-N-E and be 100% correct). Griffin is the man to hold this O'Keefe plague in check. Every time "Sniffy" opens his mouth "Gabby", gently and painlessly, places his foot in it.

I went out of my way to write this. First, to make Ron happy at Christmastide, and also to give him a new lease on life.

* * * *

Fair engineers, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the just beginning year
Has not begun to swoon.
Stay here
Until the hasting year
Has run,
But to the Maytime song;
And having work'd together we
Will go with you along.

* * * *

Jack Layden is rapidly filling the place left vacant by George Haliburton. In fact, Layden (by what I hear from the drafting room) is a better plane expert (?) than his predecessor.

* * * *

Well, if I survive the Christmas holidays and the exams, AND if I do not get caught in any drafts—I'll be seeing you February 15, 1942, at the same old stand.
THE JOTTER.

MAIL BAG

Rideau Military,
Ottawa, Ont.

Editor:
Never had I realized just how much a newspaper could be appreciated until the "JOURNAL" happened to find its way into my home at Brockville. Little did I know at the graduation exercises of '41 that within six months the class would be so widely separated—but on reading the "Journal" we once again became reunited and through your paper I have started corres-



Therault

pondence linking up the class again. Little did I know at the graduation exercises of '41 that within six months the class would be so widely separated—but on reading the JOURNAL we once again became reunited and through your paper I have started correspondence linking up the class again. Your current issue of the JOURNAL (Nov. 15) is to my mind the finest issue in recent years (in fact I even read your editorial!). Some of your exclusive stories were just as well done as can be found in our much more publicized Colleges editions.

One thing though that was missed was last year's Jotter. At the beginning of his first column our new Jotter said "Well, the old Jotter is still jotting" or words to that effect. He is not the "old Jotter" but in time should develop into something real interesting. His feature "Things I would like to see" was really swell. Still I had to leave the College before making his column. However, the honor is a dubious one since he compared me to "Torchy" Hoganson.

If "Discus" would only realize that Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms, are now replaced by Bing, Boswell, and Boogie Woogie his column would be more appealing to College boys. But then again what's a College without culture?

Seriously, I really want to congratulate you on your fine job and also your staff. I certainly enjoyed every article and am looking forward to your next issue.

Best wishes for a series of even better Journals,
Respectfully yours,
John C. Therault, '41.

Editor:
The Engineers have held their annual banquet and prom; the Arts are making at least an attempt at activity; even the B.S.U. is alive (well, at least making a great deal of noise), but the Commerce Society, if we may dignify it by such a name, has to date initiated the grand total of one postulant into its exclusive fold. Surely there are some Commerce men not completely dead. Or has their schedule for the year been started and concluded with their humorous initiation? If it's from a lack of ideas why don't the Commerce heads consult the intelligentsia of the College. At least show a little interest in College life.

Yours truly,
Engineering Student, '43.

Editor:
What has happened to our cultural College students? The main worry throughout the College is not the mid-term exams, nor is it even the C.O.T.C. pay, but rather how to pass one line through a series of other lines without touching a line more than once. What a pastime! And this is not confined to the Engineers or Commerce men (of whom such stuff is expected) but even the mighty Artsmen, particularly one Gus McCarthy, ("Nora" to his intimates), are indulging in the ignoble practice. Where's it all going to end?
Yours truly,
CATO.

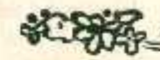
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