

12-1951

University of Dayton Exponent, December 1951

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University of Dayton, "University of Dayton Exponent, December 1951" (1951). *The Exponent*. 297.
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EXPONENT



DECEMBER, 1951

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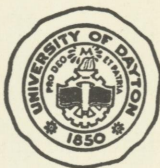
117 South Ludlow
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The Beringer Printing Co.

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Published Monthly

from

October to May, both inclusive in the interest of the students of The University of Dayton.

Entered May 14, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio, as second-class matter under act of Congress, March 3, 1797. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 17, 1920.

Address all communications to

THE EXPONENT

UNIVERSITY OF DAYTON

Dayton 9, Ohio

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CHRISTMAS IN SONG!

By Robert Hochwalt

• What is it that makes us aware of the fact that Christmas is almost here? Perhaps it is the Christmas decorations displayed in the homes and stores in both country and city, or perhaps the selling of Christmas cards. Maybe it is the ever-increasing snowfall that has become associated with it, at least for us of the northern hemisphere, with the Yuletide season. Today in our modern age the answer might be the warning: "Five more shopping days till Christmas." Though all these factors play an important part, it seems (to me) that the Christmas carols have to be given the major place as the real vivifying harbinger of that indefinable but well-known Christmas spirit. Music, the least concrete of the fine arts, is especially well suited to the task of expressing the feelings of all nations and ages toward this joyous and holy season. Today all Christmas is such a great feast because of the heritage of the ages which is vitally reproduced for us in the traditional carols. In classical music there is a type of music called "program" music because it gives specific mood and atmosphere of the particular event; carols fulfil this office for Christmas. There is almost an obligation for us to contribute something of ours for posterity; "White Christmas" would be an example of this.

But you may observe — has music really played such a part in past Noels? It seems that song has always played a part in any great religious feast. Two thousand years ago the Jews had special antiphons that they used to evoke the spirit of their feasts. The pagans, especially the Greeks and Romans, celebrated their religious holidays with song. It is said that the reason for many of the British traditional carols dealing predominantly with the material side of the feast is that they derived much inspiration from the pagans' ceremonial songs. Examples

would be "The boars head in hand I bring" and "the Holly and the Ivy."

The name carol itself comes from the carole of the French and the carola of the Italian. They were songs of a joyous nature accompan-



ied by dancing. It is because of this quality that the name became attached to the songs we sing at Merry Christmas.

The earliest manuscript of a carol dates from the fourteenth century. It originated in Normandy and tells of the peasants' joy at Our Lord's birth.

The present-day significance of carols and caroling begins with Martin Luther at the Reformation. He it was who made the custom to sing carols from house to house.

Transferring our attention to America we find that carols were met with opposition from the Puritans who passed two laws banning them, one in 1652 and one in 1659. Songs to St. Nicholas were the usual thing in the Dutch colonies. The Spanish had their mystery plays of the Nativity which they accompanied with fitting music. The first carol we can claim for America is one composed by a French missionary for his Canadian Indian charges "Jesou Ahatonne." It is written in the Huron dialect.

After a time carols were permitted to be sung in New England and many of our favorite American carols were composed. "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" dates from 1849 and is the work of Reverend Sears, a Unitarian minister. "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was written by Rev. Phillip Brooks in Philadelphia. Today America celebrates Christmas in a fashion possible only in a country which is the "melting pot of all nations." All the heritage of the past is ours and much we have utilized in our own celebration. Yet there are still some beautiful and unusual customs which Europe has kept for herself:

In Italy the bagpipers come down from the mountains and entering Naples play before the shrines and cribs "The Carol of the Bagpipers."

In the south of France there is a procession to Midnight Mass in which the shepherds sing their own rustic carols to the accompaniment of bagpipes and drums.

"The Carol of the Nuns" is one of several used in old England and in a few communities today in which a group of girls carry the figure of the Christ Child to the crib and then rock him to sleep. "Who's Knocking" is used in the Austrian Alps when they commemorate the unsuccessful attempt of Mary and Joseph to find an inn in which to spend the night. These are a few of the many examples of beautiful carols still in the Old World.

Now it becomes clearer that it is music that most directly evokes the spirit of Christmas. All ages and peoples have used it. And when the angels wished to tell the shepherds of the coming of the Lord they did not speak; they sang the tidings of great joy. This is why we too, sing and why all songs are many times feeble but sincere attempts to paraphrase for ourselves the power and spirit of the first Gloria.

University of Dayton

EXPONENT

VOL. XLIX—No. 8

DECEMBER, 1951

A STRANGER CAME TO THE DOOR

By Charles E. Brant

• Mama Marta retraced her steps from the cupboard to the window and back to the little bronze box by her bed for the seventh time. Again she counted the few silver coins in the bottom of the box, shivering all the while from the cold that pervaded the small hut, snowbound in the bleak, wintry Tyrolean Alps.

Her son, Netto, wrapped in several blankets and sitting cross-legged upon a rude sort of bed, watched her carefully as she repeated this process, almost mechanically. He was a young lad, not quite eighteen, small, but fairly broad with pleasing, if not striking, features.

He wondered how long his mother was going to keep on pacing to and fro between the two rooms of their cabin, and continue to pine for more food and fuel, as if by this alone their fortunes would improve. It was turning out to be an unusually severe winter with snow, wind, and ice making life in the mountains very hard; especially life for Mama Marta and her son this year since Netto's father had fallen victim of the fever last spring while in Venice, and never returned alive to San Giorgio, their little village in the Alps. Without Papa's able hand, the summer's crops did not fare too well, and the wool from their small flock of sheep did not bring the usual good price in the markets. Mama Marta realized this only too often during the last few months as she tried to live frugally on the limited means available, but the

early advent of winter had by now made a bad situation even worse.

Finally Netto took one of the blankets from the bed and went over to his mother and placed it around her shoulders.

"Mama, I know it is bad that we have so little to eat and no wood for the fire, but I have looked all morning and there is none, or what there is has been long buried in the snow. Sit down and rest. It is worth nothing just to walk and sigh. Besides, it is very close to Christmas and the little Bambino will not forget those who love Him and need Him."

"I have prayed, Netto; I have said many an ardent Ave to our Lady since the angels called Papa home. Long after you have slept, each night I beg heaven for help. But now we are near to starving; we are so alone up here and so very cold. All the while the weather was fine I went every day to the church, and each time going and coming did light a candle and say a prayer before the Signore's holy cross by the wayside. Certainly He will bring us aid, I thought. My mother took me to pray before it when I was but a babe; every spring we have faithfully decked it with garlands of mountain flowers at Easter-tide with all the other villagers. Yet, here has come death, failure, and now this bitter cold. But I must not complain against Il Signore. He knows we are here, He knows our sins and our sorrows; let His will be done."

Netto stood erect and walked towards the window.

"I should look again for wood."

"Perche? You will only find snow and cold, and return frozen and tired once more. Ah, but for your father —"

"Mama, I must now take care of us as father did. I was proud of Tonio Caselli and I am proud to be his son —"

At these words, his mother slowly turned her eyes downward, and Netto stopped. It was useless. There was nothing left to do except pray, and Netto did not have his mother's patience to do that for hours.

* * *

Evening came on quickly, but the snow piled up in ever-increasing billows while the wind whined through the cracks of the walls, sounding like a tune played on a broken instrument. Netto whittled aimlessly on a piece of ram's horn to pass the time. Suddenly he stopped and raised his head as if to listen.

"Mama, listen. Do you hear something?"

"Only the wind," was her listless reply.

"No! Someone is outside!"

There followed several knocks on the door.

"Uncle Pepe from the village with food!" cried Netto.

"God grant it!" And with that, both mother and son opened the door.

If the sharp gust of wind and snow which entered the room through the open door sent new chills into that pair, they did not give sign of it, for the person on the other side was not Uncle Pepe, nor one of the villagers, nor indeed was anyone either had seen before. The frigid air soon brought Mama Marta to her senses, however, and she beckoned the stranger in with a motion of her arm and Netto secured the door once more.

When she beheld the snow-covered visitor more closely, Mama Marta narrowed her gaze and asked:

"Che siete, signor?"

Yes, who was he indeed, wondered Netto. What stranger would be on the road at a time like this, when every living thing had sought some shelter from the cruel elements. He looked closely at the man, who had begun to shake the snow from his clothing. He was a young man in about the prime of life, tall, erect, with a well-kept beard that graced his handsome face. He carried a small knapsack over his shoulder and a lantern in one hand. It was his dress, however, that caused Netto to wonder most about him. It was not the conventional peasant dress of northern Italy, nor anything that Netto had ever seen when he went to Venice with his father. It looked possibly like the type of garment that was worn in the south, although Netto was not sure.

Then the stranger spoke.

"I am a student; I have come from a great distance and I am headed for the school at Ratisbon. I am cold and nearly spent, and beg hospitality in the name of the Holy Virgin."

"Alas, signor," said Mama Marta, "you have made a poor choice for a stop. We are only two here, I and my son, and we have scarcely three scudi to rub together, very little food, and not even one fagot for a fire."

She then turned to her son and

spoke in low tones: "Netto mio, what shall we do? We have nothing ourselves and instead of help, heaven sends us another burden. Gran Dio! He must not stay; the little bread and wine and the parched dates left are scarcely enough for two meals for you and me, and to share them with a hungry traveler will leave us with nothing. Netto, beg him not to stay."

Netto looked seriously at his mother.

"But mother, hospitality in the name of la Santa Madre, on Christmas Eve and in such weather. Father would never forgive us; we must not put him out."

Mama Marta's voice rose above a whisper: "Netto! Your father would have you obey me."

"No, Mama, now I am father. Signor studente, siete benvenuto. Welcome to the house of Tonio Caselli. What we have is yours."

"Grazie," said the stranger, "God will bless you. Had you refused me hospitality I could not have continued farther. I would probably have had to seek shelter in some barn or stable."

Mama Marta ventured: "There is a stable —"

"Mama!" Netto's voice rang out with a new, almost commanding tone. "We shall be honored to have a scholar at our table this night."

"I have," said the stranger, "with me some food in this knapsack. In return for lodging, I should be happy to share it with you. Only make a fire so it can be cooked and we shall eat; and there is no need to use any of your own provisions, for there is enough here for all."

Mother and son looked at each other. Here was food sent them when they had not expected it. Il Bambino *did* look after his loved ones!

But their elation was only momentary. Both remembered that there was no fire-wood.

Mama Marta spoke to the young student:

"There can be no fire, signor; we have no fuel. All day my son has searched in vain for the slightest twig, but the snow has covered all, making this place as barren as the dessert. We would have to burn these few chairs —"

"No, Mama," answered Netto quickly, "that we must never do. Papa fashioned each one with his own hand. No, I will go out once more and look for wood. Perhaps the God that sent us food will send us fire also."

"I will help you," said the stranger. "My lantern will enable us to see clearly, for it is quite dark by now."

"Signor," said Netto, "if you will, stay here with my mother, for it is not well that she be alone on a night such as this. I will use your lantern myself. Besides, you must certainly be tired and worn from your journey. How far did you travel today?"

"I left Tirano this morning and have been going ever since," replied the student. "As the day began to wear on, I became anxious for a resting place as the snow fell in ever-increasing intensity. I ascended the mountains through the East Pass and soon found myself lost among the ice-covered slopes. It was then that I saw your cabin."

"That was a hard journey, signor," said Mama Marta. "But mio figlio, take care and do not go too far from the cabin. May God protect you!"

"So He shall!" added the stranger, and Netto, bundled from head to toe, took the student's lantern and, with a smile, went out into the howling blizzard.

It was even colder than he had imagined, and the wind was blowing with renewed fury. Such a welcome for the little Bambino! thought Netto. He followed what he believed to be the general course of the narrow Alpine road that ran along the front of the hut, but he soon realized that he had departed considerably from its route in the heavy snow. He struggled on for what seemed like hours, several times fighting to re-

gain his balance on the rough terrain. His hands and feet became numb with cold and his face seemed frozen stiff from the wind. He began to despair of finding anything in such a storm, and he resolved to head back towards the cabin so as not to lose himself in the darkness.

Suddenly the light from his lantern fell upon a dark, long object, half-visible, lying in a huge snow bank about thirty feet away. He started suddenly towards his discovery and lost his footing. This time Netto went sprawling in the snow, and, to his dismay, the lantern fell from his icy hands and extinguished itself in the darkness. He made his way to the object, stumbling in haste, and proceeded to examine it. He ran his hands up and down over the surface, straining his eyes to determine what it was he had found. He started back and gave a shout. It was a long, black log!

Eagerly now, Netto began to pull and push, trying to free the precious wood from its icy tomb. Part way up he noticed a cross limb stuck fast in the snow which he loosened. Gradually he secured the log and started dragging it away. Albeit the load was heavy and the path perilous, Netto exerted every ounce of energy in his task. He imagined how pleased his mother would be, for now they could be warm again. He thought of the approval of the student he would certainly get, and then he imagined how proud his father would be of him, for he might somewhere, somehow know that his son had done something that would make him worthy of the family name. He felt a thrill of satisfaction shoot through his frozen frame.

Soon he saw the feeble light of the cabin ahead and he pulled harder. The log seemed to fight for every inch it was dragged. Netto reached the door and pounded loudly with his fist. The stranger opened the door, and with a mighty heave, Netto dragged the huge log through the opening and let his prize fall to the floor with a resounding thud.

A smile wreathed his face and he turned to give his mother a kiss.

But he was not to do so, for

Mama Marta stopped suddenly as if rooted to the floor. Her eyes were fixed upon the log. A stifled cry escaped her lips before she raised her hand in front of her mouth. Then in a hoarse, strained voice, she spoke to her son:

"Netto! Figlio! Nel nome del cielo, what have you done?"

"What?" Netto could only stammer a reply.

"Look at it! Holy Saints, it is the Cross of Our Lord! The holy cross of San Giorgio! A sacrilege, my son, a sacrilege, and on Christmas Eve! Do you expect that I shall ever burn the shrine of God for heat? What have you done, foolish creature? I have spent countless hours on my knees in fervent prayer before that cross, and you, on the birthday of Christ bring such a curse on our heads! Have you no room for fear of God in your heart, Netto?" She crossed herself — "May God forgive us!"

Netto gazed first at his mother and then at the large piece of wood on the floor. The snow had melted off of it. There was no doubt; he had

seen that cross many times before. Every day he passed it with flowers. But why had he not recognized it before? Of course — the wind had blown it down and it was half-hidden in the snow.

With his mother wailing and imprecations ringing in his ears, he began to realize what he had done.

"Santa Maria, perdonatemi!" he whispered under his breath.

But what was to be done now? Mama Marta continued her remonstrations until the young student interrupted her.

"Wait a moment, my good signora, Netto did not steal the cross on purpose. He mistook it for a fallen log or limb, and thought only of bringing fuel back to this cold little hut; he has committed no great crime. Indeed he has done no harm to anyone, but has braved cold and danger to bring warmth and comfort to his mother. That is the spirit of sacrifice and charity which this day means to us all. He has not profaned something holy. Evil exists in the mind of those who love not the Lord, nor their fellow men, and Netto is neither of these. There are many trees in God's forest, and when the grasp of winter is released from their branches, a new and even more beautiful cross may be fashioned from them to stand where this one fell. Do not quarrel with your son on this night; come, rather and let us make use of the blessings which heaven has sent us and be thankful and not reproachful for them."

And with this the stranger took hold of a sharp axe which was resting by the empty hearth.

"Come, Netto," he said, "hold the log while I cut it up for the fire."

"Signor, stop — is it not enough that my son has done this thing but a guest under our roof shall not add to such an insult to the Lord?"

"Gentle lady," said the stranger, "misfortune has already visited this household; this night of perfect love should not find heart to harbor sorrow or bitterness. Out of the desola-

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Illustration by Betty Osweiler

CHRISTMAS IN WINONA

By Martin Rauscher

• Jim pulled the big collar of his shabby winter coat up over his ears. He slipped on his cap, and started out into the cold December morning to bring the small village of Winona to life. It was only a week or so until Christmas, and the ground was covered with deep fluffy snow that encased every tree. Making a path through the deep snow, Jim got to the bell tower to ring the morning Angelus. His big fists grabbed the ropes as he had done for almost thirty years, and let the bells peel out their message.

Taking a short cut through the basement of the school, the old Italian started up the fire. He had to plow through the decorations the "keeds," as he would call them, were getting ready for their Christmas program. He chuckled to himself as he remembered that Sister Colette had asked weeks ago if he would be the Santa Claus this year. "Well, I won'ta needa mooch stuff-in' here," he told Sister as he pounded his large pot belly.

The fire blazing, Jim once again flung his coat over his shoulders, and started back to the sacristy. Ever since he had come to St. Agnes, he had not missed serving Father Paul's Mass. When he knelt there at the foot of the Altar in his thread-bare clothing, he somehow took on a deep, serene religious spirit. Jim prayed fervently at Mass. Father Paul alone knew why the old Italian became so fervent when, in his gruff voice, he would answer the prayers so carefully and so distinctly.

The priest had been with him for the whole time he was the janitor of the parish. Anyone seeing Jim playing with the school children would think he had once been a professional clown. When the old man mixed his Italian dialect with the English, it made the young children stare up into his face, and while he was sputtering and trying to explain something they would make similar contortions with their

own little faces. Sometimes he did it purposely to get a laugh. At other times the "keeds" would start laughing at him when he was in all sincerity. He would simply drown out their tiny treble voices with his thundering, lumber-jack voice. That's how Jim was when the villagers of Winona saw him. That's how the children spoke of him.

Father Paul saw a different man. He knew that Jim had a brother that he was continually praying for—he was not sure just why. Often Father had hoped that Jim would tell the whole story. He wanted to console his friend. Instead, the janitor admitted that he prayed often for his brother, Frank, but said that he never really worried about him. "Frankie needa da prayers, so all I cana do fer heem is pray. I praya fer Frankie."

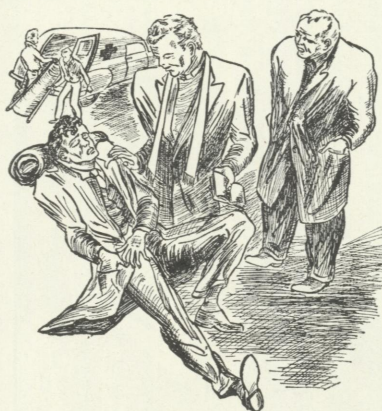


Illustration by Dan Zamorski

Between Father and Jim even this slight bit was considered to be a strict secret. No one in the parish would ever know about it as far as they were concerned. As Father entered the sacristy after Mass he watched his server lumber out to extinguish the candles. There was something peculiarly glum about Jim today. Before he could leave the sacristy to begin his daily chores Father called his friend over. "Jim," he began, "There's something wrong."

Somewhat between amazement and disgust, Jim looked into Father's kindly face. Tears slowly gathered as he slowly produced from his inside pocket the evening paper. Without a word he turned to one of the back pages. He pointed, and Father caught the headline and began reading:

THREE HOODLUMS KILL FELLOW RACKETEER

Chicago police announced yesterday that three men shot and killed another gangster after an argument about the recent robbery they had performed. The gangsters are believed to be Joe Monanco, Frank Caesaro and Anthony . . .

Father looked up at the emotional Jim. "Yea, Frankie needa lots a da prayers." And carefully he folded the paper and slid it into its place.

Father caught the heart-broken man as he was about to leave. "Jim, if you tell me about your brother I may still be able to . . ."

"I praya fer thurty 'ears. Eet deed no good. You wanta geeve heem a talk to makea da gooda man outa heem?"

"Jim," Father tried again, "no matter what he had done up till now, he has stayed out of the hands of the police. Now he is wanted for murder. He may not be the one who did the shooting. He will receive the same sentence as the one who did the killing."

Jim settled into the large chair behind one of the prie-dieus and began. "Frankie and I come here from da olda contry thurty 'ears ago. We geta some friends in Checago ta geet us started een da wholesale-retail fruita beesiness. When we geet a gooda beesiness — we hada three teams a harses and lots a money — Frankie geets disgusted wid da beesiness. He says he comea ta dis contry to geet a good time. He no listen ta me, but geets drunk and goes ta all kinds of places wid bad men. Dey tella heem ta sell hees half so they have a gooda time. He deed it. I no could keep da beesiness going. One work'r quit, then another. When everything gone, I claim

bank-rup-reppsy. That'sa when I com here. I ask fer a job, and ya givea me it."

Now Father understood a little clearer. Jim loved his brother very much. He had a deep respect for that older brother. When it came time to part, Jim, in his uncanny way, had found a job in the hiddenness of a small Wisconsin farm village.

In his patented jovial manner, the janitor went about his work that day. No, never would the world know the bleakness of his life. People thought he was galvanized against fear and sadness and discouragement — and worry, too. He enjoyed nothing more than to be with the "keeds." In fact, as Christmas was approaching, he urged them to work faster and to spend more time on their Christmas program. It meant more work for him to clean up the bits of paper cuttings, to polish the desks after dirty little feet had used them for step-ladders, to clean up the stage after the program was over — but he loved it all. And he was loved for the way he did it all.

It was now just two days before Christmas. The cold bit deeper as the sky became more overcast. The wind cut sharply across the barren farm fields carrying bits of snow into one's face and blowing it into giant mounds along the road. All sorts of crude Christmas trees had been painted on the school's windows before the youngsters wrapped themselves snugly and started home. Some classes stayed longer to finish the crib or to put the finishing touches on the stage. They were determined that everything would be in readiness for Santa Claus' coming.

A little after dinner on Christmas Eve, Jim went over to the rectory to have Father dress him for the program. The old Italian could not have been found in higher spirits. He was careful not to let any of the children see him with the boxes of wigs, boots, red coat and red pants tucked under his arm. In a gleeful mood, Father applied the finishing touches — a little stuffing here and there and straightened out the beard. He

Continued on Page 20)

MOTHERS AND CHRISTMAS

By Joseph Paolozzi

• Around the beginning of the month of November Mother Nature began her extensive task of house-cleaning. Stately trees were sheared of their brightly-colored leaves, heavy rains washed the face of the earth, the damp, humid wind of autumn was replaced by the fresh biting wind of winter; dull, stagnant pools and lakes were frozen into sparkling beauties, and then to add the finishing touches she covered the dark dinginess of earth with coverlets of soft white snow. Everything was in readiness. Nature arrayed in all her splendor has prepared well for the celebration of the birth of her Creator.

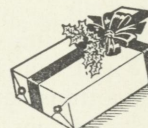
Comes the month of December and another mother, Mother Church, begins her preparations for the glorious feast of Christmas. Advent, a miniature reproduction of the holy season of Lent, begins. The high marble altars are stripped of all ornamentations save the six high candles. Morbid violet-colored vestments replace the majestic gold, red and green. The huge organs are silenced, and days of fast and abstinence are observed. All of this she does to prepare her many children for a worthy observance of Christmas.

And still another mother finds herself engaged in the great labor of preparation, which proceeds the holiday season. Beginning at a somewhat later date than the other two are the mothers of our families. The countless household chores are given her undivided attention. Floors are washed and waxed so that they shine like glass; immaculate curtains adorn the frosted windows, boughs of evergreens, candles, and poinsettias add the Christmas touch to her decorations. Meticulously she wraps the gifts for her children, friends and relatives. However, with all these material cares to employ her time she still finds the time to take time out as it were to prepare herself and the members of her family in a

spiritual manner for a true celebration of the feast of Christmas.

Finally the day of days arrives. The pale moon and silver stars shed their light on the pure white snow. Nature is at her finest. From the steeples of the many churches melodious bells break the silence of the night to invite the faithful to Midnight Mass. The once bare altars are now aglow with candles. Vases filled with evergreen boughs interspersed with red poinsettias adorn the table of sacrifice. Mother Church is dressed in the regal splendour of her liturgy. Golden vestments are exchanged for the violet, the silenced organ now accompanies the choir boys as their treble voices billow forth, "Silent Night, Holy Night." Amid the spirited faithful the mothers of our families kneel with their loved ones in silent prayer. Each mother's heart is overjoyed. Her untiring efforts to bring joy to others is repaid in a thousand different ways. There is the joy she experienced as the children stood in awe and gazed at the glowing Christmas tree, the excitement with which the children unwrapped their gifts, the cheery "Merry Christmas" sung by her friends and neighbors, the gifts that she has received from father and the children, imperfect tokens by which they manifest their affection for her. All these things bring joy to her heart and make the labors involved in preparing for this day labors of love. Yes, she has reason to be both proud and happy.

As we assist at Midnight Mass let us offer our prayers in thanksgiving to God for all these wonderful mothers He has bestowed upon us. And as we thank Him let us especially thank Him for our heavenly Mother whose prayerful preparation gave to us the best Christmas gift — Christ.



MITCHELL'S CHRISTMAS

By Joe Hamer

• Sgt. Vince Mitchell was wandering aimlessly through the streets of Bordeaux without the faintest notion as to what to do. Here he was with a two-weeks pass in his pocket just rambling about the southern part of France in order to soak in some of the beauty of the country—which he had. But tonight was different — tonight was Christmas Eve and he was lonely. The windows of the shops were barred and the only places open were the cafes from which he could hear the gruff voices of French rivermen in discussion of either politics or women.

Vince couldn't figure out why he was lonely. He didn't miss anything in America because he didn't have anything. His years of childhood and adolescence had been spent either in St. Augustine's orphanage or at the homes of some of his schoolmates. After graduation from high school he enlisted in the Air Force and had been sent to France for his tour of duty.

Shoving his hands deeper in his pockets he turned the corner and made his way back to his quarters on the Rue Canahac.

"Funny," he thought, "Christmas sure is a heck of a lot different over here — no trees, commercial display or things like that — more of a calmness about it. There's nothing like this stateside."

Stopping before the door of the Brasserie de Epinal he decided that he would have a cup of coffee before hitting the sack.

He entered, sat down, drew out a cigarette, lit it and began to drum his fingers on the table in a meditative manner.

A trim little waitress withdrew herself from the table at which she was sitting and approached him.

"Qu'est-ce que vous desirez, monsieur," she asked smilingly.

"Un filtre, s'il vous plait," responded Vince in his abortive French.

"Quoi, monsieur, dans un moment," she replied.

She left to get the coffee leaving him gazing after her.

"She's cute," Vince thought. "Darn, I wish she could speak English."

A minute later the girl returned bearing a tray with two filtres. She placed one in front of him and one opposite him and sat down.

"Do you mind, monsieur?" she asked.

Vince dropped his spoon and glanced up. "You speak English?"

"Qui monsieur, in Bordeaux, especially in place like cafe, one acquires bits of many languages."



Illustration by the writer

"Well, this is fine," he replied. "No, I don't mind at all. In fact, I'm glad to have someone to talk to. There doesn't seem to be anyone around the town tonight. But don't you have to look after the other customers?"

"Tonight, we will not have many for they are at home making preparation."

"Preparation for what?" he inquired.

"Preparation for the fete. You see, they stay home and play cards or make le petite delecacies before la messe de minuit."

"That so? Well, we have midnight Mass in the States but Christmas is more of a joyous occasion."

"Ici aussi, Sergeant — er — I do not know your name," she said blushing.

"Vince, Vince Mitchell," replied he, "and yours?"

"Monique Thenot. Now, Mr. Mitchell, our Christmas is joyous too, but the joy is in the celebration of the coming of the Christ. It is that which we celebrate."

Their conversation led to a discussion of the way Christmas was celebrated in their respective countries and about the personal background of each other.

At eleven o'clock Vince glanced at his watch.

"Well, Monique, I must be getting back to the hotel."

"Wait, perhaps you would like to see how we do things on Noel. Would you not like to attend Mass at the cathedral?"

"Well, if you would go along with me."

"Certainement, if you wait ten minutes plus I shall be ready."

* * *

Eleven forty-five found a handsome American airman and his pert little companion mounting the steps of the Cathedral St. Andre. They entered, deposited the money for seats in a box and made their way towards the front of the church.

At twelve the organ boomed forth with an exuberance which seemed to have welled up inside it for years and mingled with the voices of the

choir. At the consecration the old walls of the church did not resound; there was not the faintest noise except for the rustling of the cures' vestments.

After Mass when they were standing on the steps of the Cathedral, Vince felt a pang in his heart at the thought of leaving his wonderful companion. But Monique had no such intention of letting their acquaintance terminate at this time.

She grasped his hand. "Now we will go to the house of my father where you will see how we act after the mass."

* * *

They rounded the corner of the Rue de Marechal Foch and came upon the house of Thenot. Inside, Vince could see, were people eating, drinking, dancing and just having a wonderful time.

He put his hand to Moniques' shoulder.

"Maybe I'd be intruding, Monique. After all I —"

"Mais non. We are glad to have you and my parents speak a little Anglais and my uncle August has been to America and claims to speak English better than the Englishmen."

She knocked twice.

"Entre," came the grizzled voice of her father.

They stepped through the portal and were greeted heartily.

"Papa, c'est Sergeant Mitchell, un Aviateur Americain."

"Fine, come, eat, drink du vin and join in our fete. Mamma! Bring the bottle over here for the sergeant," roared the old man.

Again the confusion began and it seemed that there was an endless amount of Thenots ranging from two to twenty-three, the eldest being a member of the French maritime resplendent in blue uniform with pom-pommed cap.

For the first time in his life, Christmas meant something to Vince. He was just like another son

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ONE MORE JOB!

By Robert Locke

• Christmas is here again and the proverbial problem of decorating will arise. Some solve it; others will force it to a conclusion. The more inspired will spend weeks in seeking inspiration; the less inspired will spend weeks in reverie. Be that as it may, men will be human and the results will be praised not on the basis of artistic principles, but from that ever faithful spirit prevalent at Christmas time, the spirit of good cheer. Don't misunderstand me. I do not condemn this spirit, but the artist whose praise comes from this principle only is no artist at all. Of course this spirit in its praise does not create so difficult a problem as first appears for the simple reason that the agents responsible for some of the gaudy or grave excesses of home, church, or store would not have even made the attempt had not the Christmas spirit moved them.

However, that principles of art are not always respected is too evident during the weeks before Christmas. General principles take quite a beating, whether through malice of forethought, or inescapable ignorance or excessive traditionalism, I can't say. Symmetry generally holds its own; but excess and fitness of decoration are the most prominent sins. So much stringy tinsel, ten-cent artificial snow, lights that burn out at the least provocation, and ornaments bereft of decent design are used. A crib scene, sheep chipped in the course of time, because of excessive plaster, and cattle discolored by age approximate a miniature ranch, while some crib scenes give the impression that the Nativity took place in the barren Rockies or in the forests of Alaska. In stores, decoration definitely reaches the excess, but this does not seem to disturb commercial interests.

Though Joyce Kilmer never eulogized the pine for special qualities, it does have the ability to lend itself to the whim and desire of any ama-

teur and still retain some semblance of beauty. Then there is the question of the Bethlehem scene. It, too, has inherent qualities which allow it to retain its dignity and simplicity in almost any surroundings. The commercial question seems to solve itself. They seek only attention.

No one will deny that human relations are strained during Christmas preparations. Even though the general norms may be followed, each individual has a temperament all his own. Always arise differences of opinion which can be dangerous, but never have serious consequences in Christmas preparations. Human beings acquire a greater capacity for charity during this period. Just what little bit of the new and of the old is required for beauty is the cause of contention; a family quarrel in front of a half-decorated and half-undecorated Christmas tree; a minor inquisition in front of a half-constructed Bethlehem stable with an irate pastor calling down a would-be Michaelangelo in the form of a progressive janitor; a labor dispute in the shadow of a large Macy window. But all these are solved by Christmas Eve.

Along with these undesirable events, and happenings, come some desirable consequences. It seems the generosity of persons towards the Christmas-decoration cause is heroic. You can find almost everybody helping. They may need coaxing, but they do help. This is something we all too seldom notice in all the Christmas rush; but it is there.

But with all this, all the family will only praise the Christmas tree as a beautiful work of art; the pastor will be pleased with the masterpiece of Joe, the janitor, as he comes to make a final check before the midnight Mass; and the Macy floor-manager will rejoice at the crowds admiring the work of his window decorator, and even may add a bonus

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THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Jerry Moore

• Chroniclers of Camelot, home of King Arthur, have told and re-told many thrilling events of the times. There is one though, which is seldom related.

Christmas was but two days away in the Year of Our Lord, 587. Within the Castle laughter and song filled the air. About the round table knights swapped tales concerning maidens in distress, vile ogres and such feats of derring-do. Prodigious quantities of mead were quaffed by knights-errant, keeping numerous lackeys busy as bees filling the quickly drained flagons. It was truly a festive day except for two things:

On the throne, head bowed and forehead furrowed with thought sat the incomparable Arthur, King of Camelot. At his side stood the great charalatan, Merlin, imparting sagacious advice.

Alone in a dimly lit corner of the great hall sat Lionel of Warwick, a picture of absolute dejection. He was not a knight in the true sense of the word. Lionel of Warwick was a large, strong man of forty years, possessed of a keen blade. However, the size and keenness of his mental capacity was sadly outmatched by the former. A provisional member of the round table, Lionel was given a small square table at which he sat, alone. No tales of valor had he to tell for eager ears; to be frank, he had none.

Finally, with a sufficient amount of courage amassed, Lionel of Warwick respectful and humble approached the royal throne. Arthur, his attention diverted, looked up, peering at Lionel with a fatherly gaze.

"What boon dost thou crave, my son," he asked, smiling gently.

Merlin, always apprehensive of people whose only strength lay in the field of physical endeavor, studied the bumbling warrior intently.

With lowered eyes Lionel asked, "Your liege, I should like to go forth and ascertain the safety and health of thy people — mayhap some unfortunate prays for assistance."

"My people are both happy and safe, for knoweth ye that peace reigneth in my kingdom. However, satisfy the pangs of thy heart and sally forth, Lionel of Warwick," said Arthur ending the audience.

The drawbridge clattered down and Lionel, seated on a said equine specimen rode over the moat. Immediately behind him followed his faithful squire. Over the meadows and through fens they galloped. Late in the afternoon the pair dismount-

ed for the day in a large woods. Low in spirit and saddle-sore Lionel found a soft bit of turf on the edge of a clearing and sat down. With chin on chest he ordered his squire to tend to the horses by watering them at a nearby stream. When he had left, Lionel reached for the goat-skin bag at his side and raised it to his lips. A refreshing draught of mead was followed by another — and another.

Suddenly he jumped, grabbing for his trusty sword. For standing before him was the largest green monster ever beheld by mortal eyes.

"Ho varlet, if it be battle ye want, I'll grant ye the favor by my troth," he roared, advancing on the foe.

With grunts and groans the fight waxed furious. Lionel was superb, feinting magnificently, hacking at the monster with herculean blows.

"Ye've met your mettle I'll warrant," shouted Lionel with triumph.

The realization of his accomplishment raced through his addled and almost non-thinking mind. Lionel, captured alternately by fear and pride, began to run.

Breathlessly he arrived at Camelot, giving feeble shouts to the porter at the gate. Once admitted, he raced through the corridors to King Arthur's apartments to convey the news.

"Mine squire will no doubt bring the cadaver to me at dawn, Milord," he ended, flushed and groggy.

At dawn Lionel was rudely yanked from his meager bed of straw by several brawny hardies of the King's men. Upon reaching the hall he was brought before the stern visage of the King, surrounded by all of his knights.

"Stride to yon portal my son, and gaze at thy monster," commanded Arthur, a trace of a smile playing on his majestic face.

(Continued on Page 21)



Illustration by the writer

To Me

By Marilyn Catron

• When glancing at the title of this article there is no doubt to Whom we are referring. At this time of the year all thoughts are on the Christ Child. The Babe of Bethlehem is about to be born anew. We are all joyously awaiting His coming and what He brings with Him — gay parties, tokens from loved ones, bright lights, holly, mistletoe, and Santa Claus for the little ones. He is behind all those lights, gifts, etc. That's why we especially enjoy this season.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Let us remember this when we give our canned food to the needy, who really are other Christs. "What you do to the least of these, my brethren, you do to Me." Can we disregard the previous quotation? Time and "cans" will tell. Remember Frosh, Sophs and Seniors, the Juniors are ready to roll (the cans).

Last year when we delivered the boxes of food at the doors of various needy persons, our eyes saw poverty in the nth degree. To tell you how much good your contribution does, I shall cite a few incidents we encountered.

Our first stop was at a very large home (if you can call it that) in a rooming house area. We knocked on the front door and asked for the person whose name was given to us by the Christmas Care Bureau. We were told they lived in the basement. Expecting to find at least a small basement apartment, how horrified we were when we finally discovered a little cubby hole behind the furnace. It was barely big enough for one person much less for the elderly couple we found there. The place was damp and dirty, to say the least. At our departure, their grateful watery eyes smiled "thank you." As we walked outside I thought that these dear old souls must be someone's "forgotten" Grandma and Grandpa.

Our next person we found in another basement after first climbing

three floors and knocking from door to door. No one seemed to know them. Finally one man came to the door of his one-room apartment (which housed his wife and three little ones) and said he thought they lived in the basement. Sure enough they did. We had literally to pick up the door to get in. We were ill with the musty smell and scampering rats. This could not detain us so we proceeded with our basket of groceries into the little room which was behind a tightly closed door to prevent the rats from getting in and hurting the babies. One was two years of age and the other about six months old. Their parents seemed grateful and wanted us to stay a while. This we did but had to be quite tactful lest we get too involved.

The rest of our delivering followed the aforementioned pattern a great deal. However, each sight had its own particular difference as one would expect. Every family has its troubles!

After this experience the individuals whom I feel most sorry for are the grandmothers and grandfathers and the little ones who, like the Christmas Rose, are refused room at the Inn.

* * * *

CANNED FOOD DRIVE

When—December 10 to 15

Where—Arcade

Drop your contribution in the barrel marked for your class!



The Franciscans Came First

By Barbara Payne

• Their beloved founder St. Francis had prohibited the luxury of traveling by horseback so the Franciscans came first on foot. Thousands upon thousands of miles over mountains, through uncharted jungles, and across rivers, they walked to their widely scattered missions all over Central America. Most of them barefooted, they came bringing Christianity and civilization to the Indian tribes conquered by Herman Cortes.

In her book *The Franciscans Came First*, Franchon Royer has captured the heartwarming simplicity and humility of these saintly men. The first schoolteacher, Pedro de Gante; the fighting Bishop, Juan de Zumarrage; the Saintly road builder, Blessed Sebastian de Aparicio and the others are portrayed with a sincere knowledge and understanding of their hardships.

The book relates the story of nine of the most outstanding Spanish Franciscan priests and brothers and their work in New Spain in the years after the discovery and exploration of the New World. The author devotes a chapter to each of the men, relating his sufferings and rewards in accomplishing the task she set about to do.

The variety of portraits contained in the book makes it appealing to all who read it. The author has added the spice of a great deal of outside material, with which she effectively accents her own points. The quality and extent of this outside work make it valuable research for any student, historian or teacher. It is very apparent that Franchon Royer has made an extensive study of the Indian missionaries of the Sixteenth Century. Her style is flowing and smooth and with the deep background and wealth of material she weaves a tale intriguing enough to capture the interest of any reader. It has all that is demanded of a truly Catholic book.

Characterization is so skillfully presented that the human and loveable men seem to be right beside you. Heroes like Hermano Pedro, who made a living ambulance of himself; Blessed Sebastian, through whom one thousand, two hundred miracles were performed; and Fray Magil, who covered thousands of miles of tropical jungle and rugged mountain country to reach the poorest Indians, are so real that they overwhelm the reader with their piety and sanctity.

When the first of the Franciscans arrived in New Spain they discovered the Spanish soldiers of Herman Cortes had begun to plunder the villages and rob the Indians. So their task was doubly hard because the Indians knew only that these strangers were Spanish like those who had been their conquerors. The missionaries knew only the Spanish language. They found the Indians hiding in the hills, worshipping their pagan idols, practicing polygamy and committing all kinds of barbarian crimes. At first they resented the ragged friars, but soon the humility and the holiness of the "frailes" made them see the difference. By repairing the damages of the soldiers and ministering to their bodily ills, the missionaries soon gained the spiritual confidence of the natives. Hundreds of thousands of Indians were converted to Christianity and the seeds of the Faith were so strongly impressed upon these savages that today their descendants are just as strong in their Faith.

The Franciscans Came First (St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.) will interest adults and young people, religious and laymen as well, for its religious and patriotic fervor, fascinating historical narration, accuracy in detail, colorful background and satisfying depth.

Franchon Royer describes these men in fast flowing style. She touches up her story with Spanish and Indian expressions which give color to her biographies. The value of the book is great for the pure enjoyment that these men can bring into your life.



A STRANGER CAME

(Continued from Page 5)

tion visited upon the land, Providence has drawn an opportunity to manifest the eternal, divine care. Evil has cost me much for many, many years. Wherefore should I condone it here, then? Heaven is pleased and much more moved to help the man who tries with heaven's aid to help himself."

"Mother, do not worry," said Netto drawing near Mama Marta, "the stranger is a scholar and knows much more of these things than you or I. Let us follow his counsel."

Mama Marta looked for a long time at the cross and then at the bare fire-place. "It is well that we should do as the stranger says and may the little Bambino forgive us."

With deft, sure strokes, the student began to cut the logs up into small pieces for burning. Netto watched him intently and asked: "You handle the ax well. That is strange for a student. Have you ever been a wood-worker?"

The stranger smiled, "No, but my father was."

Soon the logs were piled in the hearth and set aflame. The cold atmosphere in the hut began to fade and the ruddy glow of the fire danced upon the walls of the room like happy spirits. The heavy frost on the window panes melted into crystal droplets, each reflecting the sparkle of the hearth. Soon Mama

Marta was cooking meat, and the delicious aroma of the food made Netto's stomach ache with hunger. The warmth of the fire seemed to revive the spirits of those three persons, and food soon dispelled the famished gloom.

"It is good, mama, so good," said Netto.

"Yes, figlio," replied his mother, "we must thank our kind visitor for this."

After all had satisfied their hunger, Netto began to feel drowsy. The cold of the day, the food and the gentle warmth of the fire combined to cast the spell of sleep upon the group. Mama Marta's brow had already relaxed; her eyes were closed. Netto turned his gaze towards the stranger. How strange, he thought, that all should turn out so well; that from the mouth of starvation they had been saved by one who come to beg a favor of them. He marvelled how the stranger's calm demeanor had quieted his mother's fears; he tried to remember what the Padre had said about the wisdom and mercy of God and he wondered if this were not in a small way, a sign of it. But these were questions too vague for Netto's mind, and he willingly succumbed to the soothing sensations of sleep. The last thing he recalled was the light of the fire, reflected in the soft, dark eyes of the stranger as he alone seemed fresh and awake, as if he were watching over the little family. Netto half-fancied that he saw a light within those gentle eyes which seemed to outshine even the yellow flames of the fire . . .

* * *

Netto awoke with a start. His mother was shaking his arm.

"Netto! quick! Su presto! There is some one at the door. Still in a kind of half-sleep, Netto walked mechanically towards the door. He heard voices outside and then a rapid booming knock.

"Aha! Zio Pepe; entrate, Buon Natale!"

It was Uncle Pepe whom Mama (Continued on Page 20)

• December always brings Christmas with sleigh bells and Santa Claus and happy shopping crowds and the giving of gifts and the joy of the children around the tree when they discover all the good things Old Santa has brought them. No matter what our age Christmas brings to us that intangible and unique something called the spirit of Christmas. Yes, there is no other time of the year like the Christmas season. It gripped us in our early years with a hold that carries on down the decades.

Every year we hear the slogan "Keep Christ in Christmas". Perhaps we resent having it repeated to us. If so, let us recall that we all need reminders, and if the reminder is given graciously we will cherish it all the more. Christmas is Our Lord's birthday, and He came down to earth to straighten out the mess man had made of things. Let us thank Him and love Him and offer ourselves to Him, the Divine Babe of Bethlehem Who asks us for our hearts. If we give him our hearts then Christmas will indeed be a very Merry Christmas. Our wish for all our readers is that it will be most holy and merry.

* * *

The National Education Association published through its Education Policies Committee a report on the Moral and Spiritual Values in the Public Schools. The chapter on Sanctions reflects a secularistic philosophy and a spirit of unbelief. What may confuse some readers is the meaning attached to the words "moral" and "spiritual" in the report.

With Catholics the word spiritual is almost the same as the word religious and the reason, no doubt, is that with us the first spiritual realities are God, the human soul and the relations between God and that soul. Every act of the intellect or will is spiritual, no matter whether religious or not, because it is the operation of a spiritual faculty. The report ignores religion as a body of spiritual truths about God and the soul; it considers it as one of the many cultural values that the teacher ought to respect, just as she would

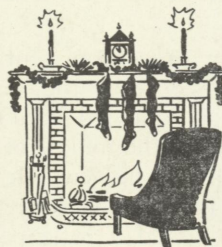
Gleanings

By The Rover

respect the cultural background of any national body.

In the report "moral is that which brings life into conformity with the accepted standards of our democratic culture." From this we can see that morality is not based on any fixed principles that we may know by reason or from Revelation. Rather morality is based on standards determined by public opinion, or might we say by majority vote. Most of the chapter in the report on Moral Sanctions is devoted to telling the sanctions that a teacher in the Public Schools may use in teaching a moral lesson. In the last analysis none of these standards are of any value unless they are backed by the Ten Commandments; they are not part of the moral law without God as the ultimate sanction; they are just changeable rules which have behind them public opinion or the forces of the civil law.

We are told in the report that the teacher may not invoke explicitly the sanction of religion in the classroom of the Public Schools. This is very strange, because down through the ages the moral law is the sanction that has been acknowledged as



valid. It is a sanction with a scientific basis because it is founded on reason. And yet in this enlightened twentieth century it is one standard that the report says the public-school teacher may not use.

Why this situation. We quote from the report: "Many Americans find their ultimate sanction for their system of values in religious conviction. Within this large group there are wide and vigorous differences.

All denominations insist that the ultimate sanction of moral and spiritual values is a religious one; each denomination asserts that its beliefs and practices provide the best foundation for moral conduct; many denominations insist that their faith is the only valid one." From this we conclude that religious differences are a reason for getting rid of religious sanctions in public-school education. What the report fails to note is that there is an agreement about the fundamentals in this religious sanction, namely, that God exists, that He is the Supreme Ruler and that His law is the ultimate rule of human conduct.

Another reason might be the doctrine of the so-called Wall of Separation between the Church and State. But probably the real reason for the elimination of religious sanctions is deeper than religious differences or the idea of Separation. Might it not be found in the fact that many of our people, and we are not omitting the intellectuals, no longer believe in God and the moral law? Are we going to allow these tainted with this unbelief and separated from the traditions of the past to determine the policies of public education?

The public school faces a dilemma in dealing with morality and religion. Religious indifference among people offers an obstacle towards including religious instruction in the curriculum, and the teaching of morality without appealing to the basic religious truths is unconvincing and empty. Then the decision of the Supreme Court about the separation of Church and State plus the increasing secularism of our civilization serve as drawbacks to the efforts of those who would give the religious training to children that the school finds itself unable to give. What a tragedy if the public at large would believe that the present program of complete religious exclusion is a necessary part of the public-school education.

We must remember that all lasting spiritual values depend on fundamental religious truths; that all moral values depend on unchanging

(Continued on Page 20)

Brevities . . .

THE PLUMBER COMES . . .

• You got a faucet that leaks. It doesn't take much to fix it. All you got to do is unscrew a screw, loosen a sliding collar on a valve, unscrew a washer. You stick in another washer, batten the whole business back down again and you're back in business.

You don't do this. Maybe you don't know better. Maybe you're lazy. You call a plumber. You live on the south side of town, the plumber lives on the north side of town. Don't ask me why. You live on the south side of town, call a plumber on the south side of town. He calls his buddy, also a plumber, lives in the north end of the state somewhere, maybe Canada, just to get even with you.

The plumber comes. The job calls for a screwdriver. The plumber has a Stillson wrench, a hacksaw, a blowtorch, a pair of pliers, and a medicine dropper. The screwdriver? He forgot.

So the plumber takes the Stillson wrench, the hacksaw, the blowtorch, the pair of pliers, and the medicine dropper home to Canada. He comes back, he's got a screwdriver. He unscrews the screw. Now he needs a wrench. The wrench? At home.

So he takes the screwdriver home and brings back to wrench. He loosens the collar with the wrench. Now he needs a screwdriver. Ah, yes, the screwdriver.

While all this is going on, the dripping faucet floods the sink and ruins your linoleum. You buy new linoleum. This makes your kitchen appliances look shabby. You buy all modern kitchen furniture. You have to redecorate the rest of the house to match your gleaming new kitchen. The inside's brand new, the outside of the house looks like the day after a fire sale. You redecorate inside and out.

You have just spent a cool fifty thousand. Now there's only one thing wrong with your dream home. The faucet leaks. —JACK RICE.

OUR BABIES

• During the nineteen years that I spent at home, I remember no period in which there wasn't at least one tiny toddler about the house. My Mom and Dad are people of faith and fortitude. They believe in children, and their eleven offspring are proof that they practiced their faith.

I always loved our babies. I would sit and play with them by the hour, until they would grow tired and cranky. Then I would haul them off to Mom or abandon them to their baby-beds.

My oldest brother and I slept in the small upstairs bedroom. Mom thought it was only proper to have all the "boys" sleep together, so the last three abbies (all of the male sex) moved into the "men's ward". Things were a little crowded, but we managed well enough.

Of course, there were occasional disturbances. Once I came home rather early in the morning. The house was sleeping soundly. But as luck would have it, I noisily knocked over a chair. The youngest tot woke with a wail, and I paced the floor for an hour with a slightly damp bundle of life tucked under my arm.

Another time Mom sent me upstairs to see what the baby was crying about. The red-faced little tot was sitting in the middle of his bed howling to the heavens. He wanted someone to "come and see." When I saw, I turned a little pale. The baby had torn off all the wall-paper within reach of his over-inquisitive hands.

Regularly Dad would come home from work with small gifts for the kids. Around 4:30 in the afternoon a row of small heads would line up before the front windows. As soon as Dad poked his head in the door the kids smothered him. Even after he would wearily fall asleep on the living-room couch, the youngsters crawled over him, but he slept on through it all.

We older members of the family lavished attention on the babies. This helped to hold us tightly together in a family unity. I will always hold dear the many memories of our babies. —DONALD COWIE.

• • •

THE COLD WIND BLEW

• The cold wind blew and he was ragged. The leaves fell and he had no home. It was football season and he was old.

Joe Tompkins played professional ball when he was young. But his years and his scars caught up with him one day, and he was through.

He had no home, no family, no real friends. There he was, deserted, homeless, and desolate. The cheap fire of whiskey kept him warm for a while, but now even that was gone.

Joe sniffed the autumn air. He flexed his still powerful shoulders and wished for one more season, just one more. And when he moved the many layers of fat moved as if with a will of their own.

Joe had taken to bumming money for a living. It was all he was fit for any more. But today he bummed no money. Today the Browns played an exhibition game in town. Today, no one was on the streets that could watch, listen to, or attend the game.

Joe huddled outside the stadium gates, listening to the roar of the crowd. He remembered Bailey, and Brown from the old Browns. He leaned against the wall. He remembered Johnson and Horbaker from the Yanks, Jennings and Mueller from the Colts.

Suddenly Joe remembered himself as he had been, young and strong in a gleaming silk jersey. And remembering, Joe died.

The cold wind blew and he was warm. The leaves fell and covered him. It was football season and he was good. —JOHN REIS.

the poetry page

Christmas Vigil

I get so sleepy watching, Christmas Eve.
The tree lights glow, and fill the room with light
Of red and green, yellow, blue,
While here beside me, warmer,
The candles' sparkling slivers as they burn
Fill an arc with shadows.

The wind blows icy snowflakes on the panes,
And a tiny gust caught somewhere finds a bell
To tinkle, softly, as it passes on its way.
From some carollers, too far to have them clear,
Carols ring, and are lost in muffling snow.
So still! My heart joins them and finishes each line.

I get so sleepy—wary, as the candles gutter down
Their tears of red, hot waxen green, and white.
Low on the tree a golden ball turns slowly:
Quick lights flick from its surface as if sparks—
And sleep is lost in stars and burning light,
Sparked down the centuries to First Christmas.

—Peg Kunka

The Mistletoe

(Repeated by request)

I found a crumpled sprig of mistletoe
And felt the roughness of its shriveled leaves.
I stared at it. And then I thought
Of you . . .
Remembered too, a night so long ago:

A hazy group of people swayed again
Beneath a cloud of white, pearl blooms;
The ripping mass of dancers
Whirled about
Until I was in view
A soulful, handsome face . . .
The laughing face of you.
Tears seared my eyes as I recalled that night,
A song swelled in my breast
And, as before,
Love held me in her fickle grasp
As I relived a kiss . . .
A warm-lipped, dulcet kiss
Beneath warm mistletoe.
My loneliness was gone and for a while
The fantasy seemed real.
Then quick as it began, the music ceased,
Reality returned;
(The laughing figures fled,
The longed-for vision died)
And mem'ries of that perfect Christmas passed.
Devoid of dreams
I clutched the faded stem
Which symbolized enchantment I had known;
With taut, dry lips
I kissed the brittle twig . . .
And sobbed, in vain,
To callous, winter stars.

—Shirley McNeil.

Christmas Eve

If Christmas morn has not the might
To give the folks a thorough whacking,
Then Christmas Eve has all that's lacking.

Surreptitious stairway glances
From should-be-sleeping tiny toddlers
Scrutinize the harried swaddlers.

"Mom, those kids are on the prowl."
"Naughty, naughty, now don't you hex us,
Or Santa will go by way of Texas."

Mama naively ascends anew
The palsied ladder with ornament sack
When giggles inform of a new attack.

Papa bolts to the nursery door,
Holds a cursory blanket check:
"The little dears are asleep, by heck."

The forays continue through hours minute.
Papa's threadbare patience scats.
"The reindeer'll eat ya, ya little brats."

At six a.m. the kiddies furnish
Ample reward for parental boons
Astutely devised on toy bassoons.

The lessons intended in elemental
Christmas for lads and little maids,
And Christmas for those of mien parental,
Are rocking horses of different shades.

—Tom Eshelman.

The Staircase

Time-tempered like a diamond,
Worn smooth with its rough care,
Are the marbled stairs
That lead up to my chair.

Each time I tread this marbled case
A thought runs through my mind:
How many others like myself
Have made this marbled climb?

How many saints and sinners,
How many sage and fool
Have trudged this golden stair
To climb their way to school.

My steps in life are like these,
Worn, but firm they hold my foot,
As onward I climb to higher
When the ending steps are put.

—Ronald W. McReynolds.

Brief Visit

A snowflake falls on barren ground:
One more: and then they fade away,
Warmed by Mother Earth,
Gone; and yet a sign of bleak winter's entrance.

—W. A. Enouen.

edited by peg kunka

Editorial Comment....

CHRISTMAS STORY

• The Christmas season is upon us once more, and with it, familiar scenes of joy, noise-making, gifts for loved ones, and a happiness displayed by all. We form images of the snow-covered, path-beaten hills, the sled-tracked streets, and the dazzling white lawns which reflect the gay light and spirit of yuletide decorations.

Yes, men of the world capitalize on the spirit of this season, due to the fact that its meaning seems to be universally adopted. Its meaning is joy and happiness, but not due to gay commercial exemplification of that spirit which resides in the heart and soul. That spirit is one of love. Truly, it is love of those dear to us, but essentially, it is the supreme and highest love—love of God. This is our Christmas joy, to be loved by Jesus, the Son of God and Mary, and to love Him in return.

This seems like high doctrine to simple people as we are. But it was not too high for the lowly shepherds, who were taught by the angels, and who went in all haste to the birthplace of the Babe of Bethlehem. "And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child" (Luke 11:17). What Mary and Joseph did in their loving care of the Divine Infant, we can do for His brothers and sisters with whom we live — we can love them for His sake, and we can make them happy.

The lessons of Bethlehem are many, all of them marvelously well taught; but love is the best taught—love for God and man. And the love of God for us is the supreme lesson of Christmas. The goodness and the loving kindness of God are manifest in the great gift He gave us, the Christmas Babe, Whom we worship and love. We thank the Babe for coming down to us. He has become one of us. He has shared in our sorrows and infirmities. He has become the Son of Man, that we might be made sons of God. He is our Friend, our Brother, our Counselor. The whole Christian world loves Him. We wish all our brothers well, for they are all members of the fold of Christ. Therefore, we should participate in all the frolic and sentiment of Christmas. These activities serve as the means of love.

We do not do these things because we are compelled to, or because tradition says we ought to. We do them simply because the spirit of Christmas is upon us. Peace and good will, familiar words of the Christmas story, suddenly become positive and meaningful.

The Christmas season is a good time to remember that we live in a nation that was founded on Christian ethics as well as on political justice. It is built upon the Christian belief in the worth and dignity of the individual.

Let us look about and within us, and count our very palpable blessings. Let us remember that, for all our shortcomings, we embody for the rest of the world the charity and generosity and good will that are the essence of the Christian and the Christmas spirit. Christmas is neither an American institution nor an American holiday. But we have patterned our best aspirations after its meaning, until it has become not only one day in our year, but in a sense, our way of life.

—WILLIAM HUTH.

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THE TRUE LIGHT

The joyous season of Christmas immediately brings to mind thoughts of merrily-dancing snowflakes . . . gaily-decorated fir trees . . . and the festive songs of gay children caroling . . . the strains of which echo from afar through the cold, crisp, clear air.

And then there's jolly, old St. Nick with shiny, red nose and pot-belly front, who is to make his yearly visit to the Jackies and Susies, Billies and Janies throughout the world. How happy he is with his work. Reward enough, indeed, are the twinkling faces of the tiny tykes as on Christmas morn they spy their filled stockings, and brightly-wrapped presents.

With all this, of course, comes the greatest story of all . . . the beautiful, eternal tale of Bethlehem . . . the narrative of the Babe born in a manger over two thousand years ago . . . the birth of One Who was to change the world by His bloody death upon a cross some thirty-three years later. We should well know, indeed, that the real joy of Christmas does not come out of a shop window, but out of the lowly stable of Bethlehem.

Truly, the joy of giving gifts culminates in our reception of the Real Gift of them all on Christmas. Alas, in these perilous days there is an urgent need for a reaffirmation of our faith in Christmas and its true message.

During these times of turmoil and international distrust, man finds himself faced with complex problems

which no other age has encountered. Seemingly he is on the verge of doom itself. This is a great Hour of Decision. In this Age of Mary he has but to return to the God he has abandoned. During this season, he would do well to find in Christmas its true meaning and true peace.

The world will not be saved by pushing aside the supernatural; the Christmas of today becomes worthless and mere tinsel when shorn of its real message and meaning. The visit of the Day Star from on high can really do something for this erring world if we can but bring back the real meaning of Christmas and unite ourselves with the Infant Jesus. The state of the world today is proof that those not around the manger with an open, loving mind are not for Jesus and all for which He stands.

If there is one great thing a person in this country can do, it is to re-Christianize Christmas. Truly, Christmas has a great promise: "Peace to men of good will." Christmas offers the True Light Which enlightens every man who comes into this world.

—JAMES HUTH.



THE UNIVERSAL PEACE

"But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace . . .
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through sea and land."

On The Morning of Christ's Nativity,
—Milton.

• A tiny lad of five wends his lonely way through the bleak, snowy darkness. Tears blur his squinted eyes; the sound of barking guns sends fear and trembling through his whole being; sub-zero cold bites at his scantily clad, under-nourished frame. It is Christmas Eve, 1951, and he is all alone.

What, you may ask, brings about this unhappy circumstance? Well, you see, there is a terrible war being waged in his native land — he knows not why. And he is but one of the many thousands of destitute, ill-fated children, who have lost everything that this world has to offer for his happiness and security — his home, his parents, his family and his friends.

Pitiful? Yes, for this innocent waif is probably paying for the mistakes and sins of men and women who have ignored God's will and, in some cases, His very existence. No, this isn't a very pretty picture to paint for the Christmas season. We would much rather think of something more cheerful and pleasant. But shall we vainly try to ignore the awful fact that in this year 1951 at Christmas tide this world is actually engaged in a terrible state of turmoil, a veritable seething cauldron of hate and suspicion?

What has all this to do with the approaching holy-day? Now Christmas for the Christian is essentially the commemoration of the birthday of Him Who is the Prince of Peace and the Salvation of all mankind. What wouldn't we do to have realized that angelic greeting, "Peace on earth to men of good will?" To the secular mind it means that we need only continue such things as conferences, talks and meetings and "man will work it out."

Will they? Liaison officers, negotiators, committees and sub-committees have wrangled for months in trying to realize a Korean armistice. The hope of success and lasting peace rests not so much with these negotiators (for even should they affect some kind of an armistice, what guarantee have we against future "aggression?" How long will man-made agreements last? There are too many sore spots in the world to trust Godless men) but rather with the sincere prayers, and good works of those men "of good will" who know full well that peace is from God.

Now this might sound to some skeptics like so much sentimental piety. But just ask those who will have an empty place or two in their family circle on Christmas Eve; just ask this hungry waif. They will tell you in very definite terms that it is not.

So while we plan and prepare for a very happy and pleasant Christmas season, it is only fit that we forget not those who are paying the supreme sacrifice for the world's mistakes, for our freedom. Above all, though, we should approach it in the positive, Christian spirit of hope, joy and charity. Hope and a prayer for future Christmases where peace and true brotherhood will reign supreme. Joy at the thought that God so loved the world that He sent His Son to be its Redeemer (yes, this even includes the "Commies"). Charity and selflessness in promoting harmony in our families and in society.

Here then we have somewhat of a master-plan whereby we can each play our part in bringing about that which is so desired by all men, namely, a "universal Peace through sea and land."

—JAMES V. TIEMAN.



Coeds' Corner

DARE TO BE DIFFERENT

• "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, with every Christmas card I write" . . . familiar words about an even more familiar custom, that of sending greetings by way of gaily decorated cards at Christmas time.

However, this practice, along with many others pertaining to the feast of Christ's birth, has undergone such severe secular changes, that it seems today most people don't actually know for what reason they're sending Christmas cards. If they did, perhaps instead of that cute little dog, or that flock of birds, or that bright red sleigh on the card, there would be the stable at Bethlehem with Mary and the Infant Jesus.

To prove to yourself just how far away Americans have gotten from the true meaning of Christmas, and of sending appropriate greetings, just examine a few of the many catalogues filled with hundreds and hundreds of various cards. How many of them are religious, or even faintly suggest the fact that this was the day on which Christ was born? Not many, you can be sure. But if you look long and hard enough you will find some beautiful religious cards. Did you know that boxes of eighteen different religious Christmas cards can be purchased in the U.D. Arcade or from any C.S.M.C. member?

However, no matter where you buy them, make certain that your card puts Christ and His Blessed Mother right on the front page, where they belong.

—ANNE FLYNN.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

• The tingling of "Jingle Bells" is the signal for the start of the indoor track meet and football scrimmage held in department stores around Christmas time.

The angels' words "Peace on earth, to men of good will" are shelved as the swarming throng of exuberant shoppers dive and dig into the once orderly stock. This is a great day for the store executives, but oh, those bruised elbows, black eyes, aching feet, and utterly empty billfolds.

Shoppers are not the only casualties in this friendly struggle; pity the poor sales clerk! She must have her crystal ball turned on high to judge the size shirt Sam will wear, since he has the most beautiful blue eyes . . . or try to stay sane while hearing a thousand times a day that unique expression, which probably dates back to ancient Romans, "I'm just looking!" She is also expected to be a baby-sitter, budget controller, marriage counselor, compliment tosser, information center, and model of *all* sizes.

As the doors of the stores finally close on Christmas Eve, many an educated person has literally knocked herself out either selling or purchasing knick-knacks that Mother simply regards as dust collectors, and ties that Dad would never be caught wearing.

In anticipating the arrival of Christmas we all should remember that the gay beribboned gifts are really examples of modern commercialism. The true heart of Christmas is the shining quality of warm friendliness and good will which makes us closer to Christ, whose birthday we are celebrating.

—M. E. N.



TOLD FOR BELLES

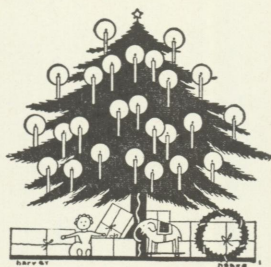
• The following are some New Year's Resolutions we could make for fifty-two. Read them and see if you will join me.

1. I will stay awake during my eight o'clock class. (If I do, I'll fall asleep during all the rest of them!)
2. I will stay awake during all my classes. (Now this represents a problem. Oh, well, bring on the No-doz.)
3. I will not come late for the basketball games anymore. (I will need a bulldozer to find a place if I do come late.)
4. I will study. (Only after I flunk.)
5. I will be more active in campus organizations. (I could join the Radio Club and be a Radio-Active. Catch?)

6. I will not linger in the arcade. (This all depends with whom I'm lingering!)
7. I will be more friendly to all . . . boys.
8. I will be on time for my eight o'clock class. (Now I'll have to get up at a quarter to eight.)
9. I will pay strict attention in class. (To my watch, that is.)
10. I will do more outside projects. (Speaking of outside projects, this may prove *really* interesting!)
11. I will answer more questions in class. (Where will I get the answers?)
12. I will spend more time in the library. (When I have nothing else to do.)
13. I will keep my locker neat and clean. (After I get my books out, that is.)
14. I will put school before my social affairs. (Well now that is asking a little too much.)
15. I will not complain about all the steps I have to climb to reach the lounge. (What? get heart trouble?)

Well . . . maybe we had better attempt to stick to the first part of the resolutions, but we know darn well no one will keep all of them anyway!

—MARY ANN ISENECKER.



A CHRISTMAS ODDITY

"Twas seven days before Christmas and all through the campus

Busy students are stirring and making a rumpus.
The books are not stacked in the lockers with care,
Let's hope the inspectors will not enter there.
The hoopsters are nestled all snug in the gym,
Though a loss to St. John seems rather dim.
Home-towners in saddles, out-of-towners in heels
Have visions of delectable Christmas meals.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my desk to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Adjusting binoculars in this hurried dash,

And to my surprise there looms in the snow,
When what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature coed (Marilyn) without the least fear.
She quieted the orator so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment she knew a few tricks.
Cosimati with soap box — anything for a show,
More rapid than Flyers, his cohorts they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
Now Donavan, now Horvath, now Kehl, and O'Brien,
On fledglings: Redmond, and Batsche, and Ryan.
From the Student Union to the Caf in the hall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!

Up to the fountain with gusto they flew,
With money in one hand and bicarbonate, too,
Just waiting and wondering . . . how long will it be,
'Till rewarded with doughnut and STANKA coffee?
And then in a twinkling I heard a voice like a sage,
As Bramlage toasts a farewell to this '51 age.
"Let's hope that the new year will bring us our due,
Such as hot meals and napkins, just naming a few."

The lounge was packed with the femmes in a hurry
To finish their argyles — oh, those needles did scurry.
Now Joanie, now Shirley, now Betty, and Carolyn;
On Rosie, on Wilda, on Peggy, and Marilyn!
From the top of the ribbing to the tip of the toe,
Now knit away, purl away, get it just so.

Down from the lounge came Mary Ruth with a bound
To bid a farewell to all friends standing 'round,
"Bye Jerry, Larry, Dee, Lee, Bill, and Tom,
Harry, Mary, Stan, Dan, Phil, and Dom."
They had gathered together the last time this year
To reminisce lightly, hill-topics held dear.

Bill Enouen approaches with a wink of his eye
Assuring us all that old friendships ne'er die
Then he dashed toward his car with suitcase in hand,
While strains of "Rudolph" drift from the band.
As I watched down the hill everyone faded away,
And echoes rebound — *Happy Holiday!*

—CHRIS ICICLE.

• • •

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

"Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee,
no ambition corrupt thee, to do anything which thou
knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily; for
a good conscience is a continual Christmas."

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

edited by mary ellen nagle

A STRANGER CAME

(Continued from Page 12)

Marta welcomed so heartily. He and two other villagers had made their way up the path in the early dawn with wine, bread and sweetmeats to the cabin.

"Good morning, Sister, e tu Netto; did you think we had forgotten you up here on Christmas? You were both asleep! See, we have not forgotten; here are some things that will make this seem like the feasts that we used to know. But it was hard to reach you, the snow on the road is so deep — and look, Luigi, it seems our sister has already had a Christmas dinner; see the pots and dishes on the table."

At this, Netto remembered what had happened last night and he looked around for the stranger. The chair by the fire was empty.

"Mama, lo straniero, where is he?" cried Netto.

Mama Marta looked towards the fire, and back over her shoulder. He was nowhere in sight.

"What is this about a stranger?" asked Pepe.

Mama Marta explained, "A visitor, last night, he came here, up through the East Pass and begged hospitality; he brought food and drink — but he is gone! and the fire! the cross!

Pepe looked at Luigi for a moment and began to laugh.

"A traveler? In *that* storm?"

"Si," volunteered Netto, "a student on his way to Ratisbon."

"But, Mama Marta," said Luigi, "in that snow, nobody could have travelled very far, and the East Pass has been filled with snow for a week. We shall not be able to use it till spring."

Netto stood in amazement at his mother. Was this some sort of a dream? He looked suddenly at the hearth. All that remained of the logs was a heap of gray ashes. The fire had gone out, but its warmth and heat still filled the room. It seemed to dwell in every corner of the little hut.

CHRISTMAS IN WINONA

(Continued from Page 7)

was continually telling the Santa that he had better learn how to speak clear English or risk the chance of being detected. "Oh, Seester take gooda care a dat last week. She tella da keeds dat Santa speaks no good English cause he got no one ta talk to up een da North Pole."

There was only one thing lacking before Santa was to go over to the school to meet the youngsters — his bags of toys and goodies. A car came to a skidding stop on the slippery street in front of the rectory. Father watched long enough to see a man jump from the car and run up the stairs to sense that something was wrong. He flung the door open to the man. "Father, a man has been hit by a truck. Just down the road a way. I don't know if he's still alive . . ." By this time Father was on his way to get the holy oils, while Jim, forgetting about the program for the time being, pulled off his wig and hat before he brought Father's car from the garage as was his custom in such emergencies. Jim followed the stranger who had brought the news of the accident. Several cars were gathered on the scene by now. Father pushed his way to the side of the injured man. He pushed up the lid of one eye before he uncovered the holy oils. "He is already dead," he muttered to Jim kneeling a few feet away. Nevertheless, he began the blessing: "Per istam sanctam Uctionem, et suam piissiman misericordiam indulgeat . . ."

"Father," Jim tried to whisper while tears flooded from his eyes, "t'aint mooch ta tell 'bout thees guy, but he's my Frankie." Not realizing what had just been said, the priest did not stop the last rites. He wanted to give the unfortunate victim all the chances possible for a happy eternity. Tears and short whisperings and sniffles brought to the conscious mind of the priest what had just been said. In a startled fashion, he completed the rites. The dead man's face was gnarled and twisted with pain. Jim was not surprised to smell liquor on him. But

a feeling of great joy came when he saw the two hands of his brother clutching his right pocket. Tears streamed down his face as he pried the hands loose and stuffed his big fist into the pocket. "Frankie die prayin' on da rosary mamma geeve heem when he leave Italia," he thought aloud. But his fist closed on a large wad of greenbacks — all of them twenty's. With a slight glance of disgust at them, he forced his hand in the pocket again still searching for the rosary. It was not there. The priest caught the burly Jim by the arm to walk him from the scene. "Jim, shall we go? I'll leave instructions with the police for taking care of the body." Uncontrollable in his grief he let himself be led away. "After all, it's Christmas Eve — Santa Claus."

The drive back to the rectory was short, but was enough time for Jim to put back on the mask of joviality he had been wearing for years. Now he had his own life to live. He was to make the "keeds" happy this afternoon.

Laughing and singing some minutes later, Santa Claus, with a true joy, entered the hall with the large bags of goodies slung over his shoulder. "A Merrie Chreestmus ta all a youse," and he patted each little "keed" on the head on his way to the stage.

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GLEANINGS

(Continued from Page 13)

moral principles which also derive their power from these same fundamental religious truths. Moral and spiritual values, if cut off from these religious truths, will wither and die. All Americans have the duty to help the millions of children in the Public Schools to get a fundamental knowledge of religious truth and to attain the spirit and practice of religion in their lives.

* * *

A certain Alexander Ranezay, a refugee from Communist-ruled Czechoslovakia, is the millionth displaced person resettled by the International Refugee Organization

since it began operations three years ago. He will have a job as handyman for a gentleman in Midland, Texas. At a celebration held in his honor because he was the millionth DP, he told his listeners that the free people are the hope of other refugees like him. "To be a refugee means two things," he said. "It means that your government is your enemy because you have risked everything to live in liberty. It also means that you are an unwanted foreigner in the country where you are living. The government there can take away your right to work if its own people want your job. To most of us IRO has been our only chance of becoming a citizen of a free country again. There are a million persons who owe their future in free countries to you, the IRO, and who are saying with all their hearts 'Thanks a Million'."

ONE MORE JOB!

(Continued from Page 9)

to his Christmas check. Though principles of art be violated, human relations strained, and generosity almost exhausted, the Christmas spirit will still be present to give witness to the deeper meaning of the Christmas season.

MITCHELL'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 9)

among these happy folk and though they didn't know it as yet, the bow of cupid had been released in the direction of him and Monique.

At four o'clock, the others went to bed feeling quite elated after the hours of celebrating.

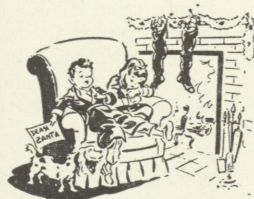
Vince had donned his coat and was standing by the door as Monique came from the kitchen.

"When will I see you again, Monique?" he asked.

"Anytime you wish, Vincent. Tomorrow, no one works so come around about midi for Frenchmen never arise before eleven on Noel as you might see by what they do the night before."

He took her hand and clasped it firmly and then let himself out of the door.

As he walked back to his quarters on the Rue Canahac he had a feeling of elation that he had never experienced before. To Vince Mitchell, this was the Christmas of all Christmases.



IN MEMORY OF "SPIDER"

• I have often wondered why dogs are called man's best friends. The answer becomes clearer every time I recall the life of Spider. I used to expect more from Spider than from people, but he never complained. He understood that I was rather narrow-minded toward dogs, and he was willing to put up with it all in order to be my friend.

Spider was only a month old when Uncle Herman gave him to me. Without sufficient deliberation I gave him a rather degrading name for a dog. Uncle Herman thought it was a good name, because Spider was ugly and clumsy. I paid a dollar for him just to convince myself that he was really worth something. I was unjust to him from the very beginning.

The reason I wanted Spider was that he was so unwanted at Uncle Herman's. I thought I could give him a better home. Spider trusted me to do so. He went along without a whimper. But I had deceived him, for I found that no one at home wanted any more dogs. Mother refused to do more cooking for the dogs than for her own family. Four dogs were enough. She would not be persuaded that Spider was now a member of the family. Spider drew Dad's malediction upon himself by an over-display of his affection in licking Dad's face. Even the other dogs resented Spider. They realized,

as I did not, that he would some day surpass them all.

I had to break down and cry for Spider before he was allowed to stay. But from there on he had to fight his battles alone. He especially got into trouble when he carried off Mother's shoes, or slept in the flower bed, or kept the mail man from coming in. He was punished for trying to show his affections, for keeping strangers out, or for putting things away. His good intentions were never understood.

I was glad when he outgrew his puppy pranks. He became so useful that everyone liked him. He did all his chores well, and many little favors besides. He would bring the cows home, help drive hogs, kill rats and snakes. We were always warned when anything was out of order. He worked so hard that he died of old age when he was only seven years old. For all his service I unceremoniously buried him two feet under the sod and went to Uncle Herman's for another ugly pup.

—QUENTIN HAKENWORTH.

THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 10)

In the center of the courtyard lay a monstrous and very green fir-tree.

Lionel returned to the throne, humbly receiving jibes and insults flung at him by the countless men-at-arms present. Humbly he knelt at the feet of Arthur.

"Dear Lionel," began Arthur, "When thou didst proffer help and succor for my subjects, thou didst forget one who needed ye. It was I who needed ye, for my Castle had need of a goodly tree for Christmas. Thou hast done admirably."

Looks of astonishment became rampant when Arthur, drawing the sacred Excalibur from its sheath, lightly tapped Lionel on both shoulders.

"Arise, Sir Lionel of Warwick, for ye have rendered faithful service to thy King."

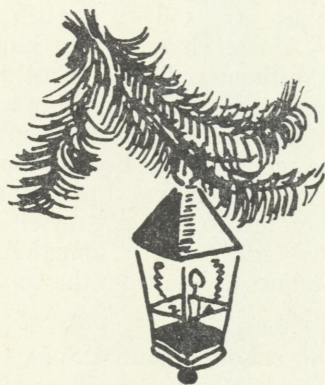
STROLLING THE CAMPUS

● Gee, but it feels swell to snuggle back into the good old *Ex.* again. It kinda gets into your blood — you know what we mean — wondering what fool thing is going to pop into your head as you sit staring at your typewriter, ducking “Hawk-eyes” Brother Tom around deadline time, and loudly wailing your woes with other frantic members of the staff two or three days after the deadline time. Oh, well, they say that you do your best work when you’re pressed for time. According to this adage each issue of the *Exponent* should be the work of genius, since several (meaning us) members of the staff are not only PRESSED for time but are two or three days behind as well. Now do you see how lucky you are to be able to get the *Exponent*, in fact, get two or three and save them. Who knows, someday they may be valuable to collectors of — of — well, anyways, we do use a high grade of paper.

Hope you don’t mind if we brag on ourselves just a little. (By “ourselves” we mean everybody *else* on the staff this time. We’re not the type that brags about our very own selves . . . Honestly, we stop every single time we catch ourselves doing it. That’s why we hardly ever finish a sentence. Now let’s see, while we’re still lost in this parenthesis we might as well explain just exactly why we use “we” instead of “I.” We read someplace at sometime or other that this is the proper way to do what we are doing—even though we don’t know exactly what we are doing. So that’s why we’re doing it. Get it? Before you answer that question (we’d like to get your mind off of it while you still have a mind) . . . Look at that! A parenthesis inside a parenthesis! We don’t know if we can do that but there it is. Take or leave it. *Anyways, before you answer that question,* which you’ve probably forgotten by now, we would like to tell you what Mark Twain, or somebody, once said. He said that the only time anyone person can use “we” properly in writing is when he has a tapeworm. We’re not gonna worry about that though because even if we, through our own fault, didn’t get anything else out of our college career we can always say that we got cured of worms of any size, shape, or form way back in Biology 202 at dear old U.D. And now that we’ve got the chance we’re gonna close this parenthesis.))))) Whew! !

(Oops, here we go again. We just want to explain to you that we have

to go back to the beginning of the second paragraph again just in case you might happen to be a little confused.) We want to marvel a little bit about our fellow slaves, the staff. We’ve just finished reading the last issue of the *Ex.* and we’re completely amazed. Gee, how do those kids write all that serious stuff. It always baffles us. We’ve tried it. No kidding. We’ve said to ourselves, now, why don’t you write something like that—a story, maybe, or a real serious editorial. So we started to write about something really exciting that happened to us, like that time that blond “floozy” threw a COKE bottle at us and we knocked her out with a quick left. But somehow, when it gets all written out it doesn’t look very serious; in fact, it looks kind of silly. So we drop the story telling. We start to write an editorial, but then we start to think to ourselves. “Say, who are we to start preaching to other people what to do and what not to do when we need someone to keep preaching to us all the time.” It isn’t that we can’t think of anything to preach about like throwing cigarette butts around the campus and things like that, but if we do, then we’ll have to go around setting examples and we certainly don’t want to do that!



So we’ve given up trying to be serious. Our trying to be serious is silly to begin with and that’s the reason we’re sticking to our normal style. It may not seem normal to you. But to us, it is!

One thing about this staff we’re ‘specially glad about, and that is that we have Bill Huth as editor-in-chief. Can he fill space! Wow! Did you see that first issue? Two whole pages, he filled. Heh, heh! That much less space for us to worry about. (By the way, Bill, sorry we didn’t get that article written, but we didn’t worry, we knew *you’d* think of something to write.)

Another charac—err, ah, personality on the staff is Peggy Kunka. Hmm, wonder how we’d do at writing poetry.

The moon is shining bright,
And the stars are out tonight.
We look at them and stare,
And hope that when we’re old
And die,
We go up there
Into the sky.
Instead of shoveling coal.

Peggy, we’re afraid that we can’t help you in the Poetry department.

Now let’s talk about M. E. N., Mary Ellen Nagle, natch. She is the typical U. D. coed. Just look at those initials and you’ll see what we mean. After all, what else do typical coeds have on their minds? (Note: This doesn’t include Regina Wack. Geology (rocks) instead of men is on her mind.) This is not meant in a sarcastic way. It’s really true. Besides she isn’t big enough to hurt us.

We just remembered that this is the December issue so we guess we have to wish you a Merry Christmas again. It gets kinda tiresome, year after year, ending this issue in the same old way, but here we go, “Merry Christmas, everybody. Eat lots of turkey ‘n stuff while you’re away because you know what you’ll get here — hot dogs, and ham sandwiches. And here’s hoping that Santa brings a lot of snow with him so we can stay home a little longer and maybe when we come back next year there won’t be enough time for final exams.”

P. S: “Happy New Year, too.”

—TULA VARDALIDES.

● ● ●

● November saw the U. D. Family engaged in a diverse number of activities, ranging from varsity football to coed teas.

School spirit was at its best, and can be largely attributed to the work of our hep Spirit Committee. Those peppy posters you saw lining the arcade before all grid games were the product of their Tuesday night poster parties. Some of the brains behind the art work were: Corda Sacksteder, Bev Whisler, Rosie Kramer, Beverly Nieman, Julie Horvath, Kathleen Jaradin, President Bill Enoeun, Art Huber, Rich and Bob Montgomery, and Leo Lonergan. Planned by MC Bill Little, the Spiriters’ Miami-game rally on November ninth featured a group of “braves” and “squaws” (a few of

whom were Jim McGraw, Bill Collins, Bill Hallerman, Shirley Bourgeois, Char Hilgeford, and Marilyn Catron) scared away by a Flyer plane, some of whose supporters were Bill Talbot, Jack Donovan, and Jim Cunningham. New cheerleader, Rita Kinsella, helped pep up the rooters, too.

The Flyer footballers weren't the only U. D. athletes playing host to out-of-towners that week-end. The coed hockey team met and defeated the girls from Mount Saint Joseph's November ninth, in a last minute thriller with Joanne Koehler knocking in the winning goal to make the score two to one.

That same evening, Hangar threw a party at the Canoe Club, and U. D. ers were there full-force celebrating the end of mid-terms. There were plenty of refreshments on hand, and, thanks to Katie Girard's record player, some music for dancing. A few of those attending were: Sally Payne, Linda Smith, Julie Raney, Rosie McAvoy, Pat Radican, Rosie Schmidt, Bill Bigelow, Tom Olberding, Larry Sorohan, Gene Hoying, Bob Vandevander, and Joe Mudd.

Highlighting half-time of the November tenth Miami game was the presentation of trophies to senior footballers Lou Cannarozzi, Bob Crawford, Russ Johnson, Dan O'Brien, Bill Cutcher, and Tony Kramer. Our Flyers played real ball and went into the last quarter leading the Redskins twenty to seven; coming out on the short end of a twenty-one to twenty count made the game a heartbreaker.

The C. S. M. C. dance that night at the Towers alleviated the low spirits. Due to the efforts of president Jack Redmond and general chairman Wilda Billet, the affair was highly successful. Posters and decorations were handled by Mary Jauch, Bette Osweiler, and Jean Shock. Donated by Pat Kastle's Dad, the turkey that had graced the arcade that week, was won by Jim Kendall. Said turkey was very much alive all the way home. Jim's date was Edwina Yuen, and some of the other couples there were: Joan Batsche and Bill Enoeun, Mary Jauch and Don Schweller, Pat Donisi with Charlie Zimmer, Pat Falke with Bill Hallerman, and Marilyn Thomas with Tom Fox.

Rounding out the big week-end was our Band's annual "On Parade" show, Sunday, November eleventh, in the Fieldhouse. Directed by Maurice Reichard, the musicians produced some fine marches, along with a resume of the football season, well-narrated by Jim Cosimati. Tribute was paid to senior band members Felix Andrews, James Bily, Don Crosley, Lee Like, Bernie Melvin, Clete Moorman, Tom

Reichard, Otis Rhoades, Tom Thoma, and Shirley Tucker; and senior marching coeds Joan Batsche, Rosemary Rauscher, Joan Crowe, and Mary Theodoras.

Along the feminine social line, U. D. coeds enjoyed a canape party the afternoon of November fifteenth in the lounge. Chairman Ginny Paullin and the rest of the Home Ecers on her committee really know how to entertain in style. Their buffet table looked like a page out of "Good Housekeeping."

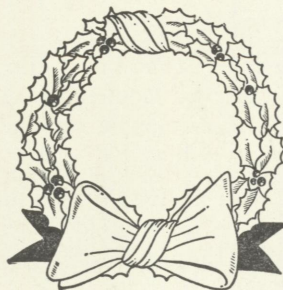
To prove that U. D. coeds are versatile, some of the girls went from the tea room to the hockey field, where the freshmen and sophomores edged the junior-senior players, three to two. The victory for the "youngsters" was attributed to their excellent playing, but the "oldsters" were partially hindered by an inexperienced goaly. Scorers were Toey Oldiges and Gloria Taylor for the upperclassmen, and Sue Hoskett, June Steck, and Maggie Stang for the frosh-sophs.

Turning in their final performance of the season, our football team downed the Thundering Herd of Marshall College thirty-four to thirteen, on an icy West Virginia field, closing their fine season with seven victories and only two defeats.

U. D. gals proclaimed Sunday, November nineteenth, "Sadie Hawkins Day," and the Hangar dance that night saw the women in the male role of dance-asking and coke-distributing. Pauline Kelly was general chairman, and the Dogpatch decorations were the work of Corda Sacksteder and her committee.

To produce some final entertainment before Thanksgiving vacation, Mary Heeber organized a Variety Show in the SUB Tuesday, November twentieth. It was very continental, featuring German numbers by Tom Reichard and his "Hungry Five and One" orchestra, Kitty Bowden's French rendition of "La Vie En Rose," and native songs by some of the Hawaiian boys. An interpretative dance by Iris Stamas completed the show.

—DEE CARCELLI.



★ ★ ★ ★

Song of the Silver Bells

I hear the song of the silver bells
So soft at first, but then it swells,
As light and gay
They swing and sway
And their melodies rise
To the very skies.
Ding-dong! Ding! Dong!
And my heart sings along
As I hear their song:
The song of the silver bells.

—John E. Koehler

• • •

A LETTER HOME

Dear Mom:

Three months have passed since last
I wrote
And these were busy months.
My classes and my study both
Have kept me going strong.

My buddies take a night or two
Of precious time each week.
They say I need that change of work
To ever keep my mind.

And Mom, I thought for long that
they
Were right in what they said.
But now, I've learned I need a change
But not the kind they gave.

You see we got in trouble once
With officers, and school.
We'd stayed away too late one night
And drank like crazy fools.

And, Mom, these months and friends
have let
Me slip away from things
Like God and Mass and you, and most
Of the best I loved and knew.

But yesterday when sad, yet angry
With a test I flunked again
(It's been my friends and drink once
more
That caused this downfall, too,)

I glimpsed a fella nod and smile
For a second as he passed —
At a pretty statue, plain and white
Before some snowy shrubs.

Three months I've passed it, just like
him.

But never really noticed
The Blessed Virgin carved in stone
Right before me day and night.

But now she's come to life for me
And I'm in love again.
No more with empty shadows, Mom,
This is the real thing.

—JAMES KUNES.

★ ★ ★ ★

KAMPUS KUT-UPS

*Reflections on receiving only one
goodnight kiss:*

*No sample
Is ample.*

• Ever hear Tintair's slogan — "Nature is not always right but Tintair is." Well, Pat Kastle is building up a fine law suit. What she took for Grecian blonde came out — well, let's face it — brunetish, to say the least. However, after just a little bit more surgery, golden locks are here again. — Hey, hey, what were those red blotches around the coeds' sparkling dewey eyes? Was it the draft, were they given the shaft, do tests make them sigh or grades make them cry? The boys aren't to blame (now ain't that a shame). So to solve this tale, you just go see "The Blue Veil."

Is it the fish or is it the "dish" that attracts Walt Cassidy to the Stadium Fish House? With Lefty Kilbane as an innocent bystander, somebody's robbing the cradle!

A member in good standing of the Thank-God-It's-Friday (because tomorrow is Saturday) club is Katie Maroglou because Saturday brings Demus from Ohio State. By the way, speaking of Katie, her daily riders are taking up a collection for glasses for the girl because she is constantly trying to pick up perfect strangers and take them to school. Always claims they're in her classes. This plus waving to people while she's driving is making neurotics of her passengers.

Four Roses to Willie Kehl who has just signed a ninety-five year contract with WONE. He's getting right up there in the Red Barber class with those sports broadcasts. — Doris Shields (the girl with the Ipana ad teeth) finally made it home to Greenville over the last holidays.

MEDAL OF HONOR FOR LONG AND LOYAL SERVICE: Last week Mary Frank Wagner worked her last day in the Athletic department. Besides the coaches, there will be lots of players who will miss Mary. But she must get domestic sooner or later. — You may not believe this but witnesses swear to it: Jack Donovan, conscientious junior class president, was so absorbed in painting posters for the Junior Party, he found himself sipping red poster paint instead of the coke sitting next to it! Better not start painting furniture, Jack, that enamel is murder on the esophagus!

Hey, janitor, turn down the thermostat! We don't need any heat in the second floor arcade. What with Shirley Dunham and Bill Boland warming up the premises in front of the locker. Mentioned before but just wanted you to know things were still going well. — He's a jack of all trades: Ken Tobias, who limbers up the muscles of the athletes in addition to appearing on TV shows. He's from "God's country" — Kentucky. Looks like Adonis, girls, but don't get any ideas — there's a Mrs. Tobias, and not his mother!

Orange blossoms in the snow fell upon Jim Horvath and his Mary Ann who just returned from their honeymoon in Florida — a wise choice. — Also rehearsing for the first-time saying "I Do" were Al Neff and Pat. Sincere congrats to both couples.

Question: Is Pat Luby still going with a gal back home or is he eligible? Care to make a statement to the female public, Pat?

FACULTY ROW. Professor John Hart is really a lady-killer. Ah, but not in the usual way. Hear the female mortality rate in his classes

is still rising and that the remaining coeds are forming a "Hart-breaker" club, with, of course, "Let's break Hart" as their slogan. — He of the sharp wit and equally sharp tongue, Brother Leibler, is the cause of that laughter heard at the south end of Chaminade hall around noon. The only thing he hasn't slammed is the door and his class loves it!

Dotting the scenery lately were faces belonging to John Kiely and Pat, Bill O'Neill and Frances Shay, Johnny Nolz and Pat, Bob Holy-cross and Mary Burke, Jim McCaffery and Alice Duffy (proving that good things still come in small packages) Pat Radican and Ed . . . or was it Tom . . . or the other Tim . . . well, anyway, who has a three-headed coin to toss?

You can have Milton Berle and Jerry Lewis — the campus has its own comics. Lindy Smith and Bill Bigelow. All they have to do is double with Joannie Brennan for a real circus. — Some people like the Gem City and others like the Queen City but Joe Nieman votes for the latter where he has his own queen.

What about Joe Brugge? Never writes letters, never dates — sounds like an engineer, but he isn't. — Always wondered until now why Jim Brookey just ate with U. D. girls — must be Jimmy's wacky over Jackie.

A sincere get-well wish to Jerry Von Moore, who is getting his bruised hip taken care of at Brown hospital at the VA center. Hurry back, Jerry.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a joyful and blessed New Year. — As a final note to freshman girls, don't be naive like the coed who, when her boyfriend said he'd give her some busses for Christmas, thought she was going to get the City Railway Company!"

"A thing of
beauty is a
joy forever..."



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a Man's Smoke!



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*Campus
Interviews on
Cigarette Tests!*

No. 12...THE SQUIRREL



This nimble-minded nutcracker almost tumbled for those tricky cigarette mildness tests. But he worked himself out of a tight spot when he suddenly realized that cigarette mildness just can't be judged by a mere puff or one single sniff. Smokers everywhere have reached this conclusion—there's just *one* real way to prove the flavor and mildness of a cigarette.

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