1949-12-20

Edgecliff Student Newspaper

Edgecliff College - Cincinnati

Follow this and additional works at: http://www.exhibit.xavier.edu/edgecliff_newspaper

Recommended Citation
http://www.exhibit.xavier.edu/edgecliff_newspaper/71

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals, Publications, Conferences, and Proceedings at Exhibit. It has been accepted for inclusion in Edgecliff College Newspaper by an authorized administrator of Exhibit. For more information, please contact exhibit@xavier.edu.
Ball To Revive Emery's Glory

Emery Hall, once the scene of some of the most brilliant social events in the past, will again gain some of its pristine splendor when the Cardinal Stageman troupe will take place there on Monday evening, Dec. 26.

Students and their escorts in formal attire will dance to the music of Jimmy Barbara and his players from the University Orchestra from 9 to 1 o'clock.

The four classes are cooperating in arranging the dance. The freshmen are in charge of decorations; the sophomores, refreshments; the juniors, programs and invitations; and the seniors, the orchestra. Classes presidents Virginia McDonald, Joan Stuebbers, Joan Bamberger, and Suzanne Schmianksi are in charge of the committees, under the chairmanship of Mary Feldman.

Student council president chaperons for the evening will include Doctor and Mrs. Daniel J. Stibley, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Mendel, Miss Frances Loftus, C. O'Connell, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duwell, and Mr. and Mrs. Al M. Hoez.

Irish Invading Edgecliff

The next opponent of the Edgecliff Dabblers will be Paname University, South Bend, Indiana. An affirmative test of the "Fighting Irish" is planning to visit Eckerd on the evening of Jan. 20. The topic for the debate will be the national intercollegiate topic of the year, Nationalization of Industry.

Opposing the Notre Dame affirmative are the Edgecliff's negative team composed of Alice Mitchell, Dorothy Beattie, Dorothy Beck.

Three judges will render the decision. Tentatively, they will be Dr. George D. Spencer, assistant instructor of St. Gregory's Seminary; Robert L. Otto, WCPO newscaster; and Betty Donovan, Cincinnati newspaperwoman.

The debate is scheduled for 8 p.m., and the entire student body is invited. A return debate to be held at South Bend is being planned for late February.

Edgecliff was declared the winner of this year's first Edgecliff debate on Dec. 10, and the entire student body is invited.

Origin Of Christmas Tree

By Marilyn Walker

Most Americans at this time of year are engaged in many preparations. One of the most important of all is the Christmas tree. It must be selected very carefully to be just the right size and shape to put in front of the living room window. Of all the many Christmas customs existing throughout the world, this one is the most common in the United States.

There are many legends concerning the origin of the Christmas tree. According to an ancient and beautiful one, when Christ was born, three trees stood about the manger—an olive tree, a date palm, and a pine tree. In honor of the newborn King, the olive and the palm tree gave their fruit as an offering, but the pine tree had nothing that it could give. Loking down from the heavens, some of the stars noticed this and went themselves on the branches of the pine tree as an offering, as the pine tree had nothing that it could give. Loking down from the heavens, some of the stars noticed this and went themselves on the branches of the pine tree as an offering, as the pine tree had nothing that it could give.
**Curtain Calls**

Members of the cast of Allie St.-By-The-Fire are still taking bows; (Continued on Page 4)

**The Soap Box**

F. Grannen  
F. Smith  
F. Janz  
E. McDonough

**Question:** Do You Believe There Is No Santa Claus?  
**Patricia Grannen, junior**  
"No, I don't. I believe that there is a real Santa Claus. Quite a few years ago when the Redemptorist boys were playing in Santa Claus with their fairy-tales and other wonders that make childhood such a happy time.

With even the youngest child being aware of the real story of Christmas should be given equal attention. The birth of the Christ Child is, after all, a child's story. Its beauty and simplicity appeal to the child because, if we consider it, it given the chance to realize that Christmas is not just the receiving of gifts from Santa Claus."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Nor! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination.

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist."

**Patricia Grannen, junior**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a tradi­tional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Nor! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a tradi­tional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"Yes, I do. I believe that there is no Santa Claus. Perhaps in our youth we are too credulous and not able to think clearly of our own accord."

**P. Smith, freshmen**  
"No, no! Through the centuries Santa Claus has become a traditional character by the appearance of his jovial little man with the snow-white beard who has been robed in cheerful benevolence and enchan­tion in the child's imagination."

Santas are real, history shows; later, he becomes a symbol of real things, good and valuable things. He is the person in the ranks of a child's mythological friends, who, if they are true to life, have the true sense of the word, are nothing worse than harmless imaginary creations.

Time has proved that the an­tipedic and distasteful character of Christmas moon is lessened once a child knows Santa doesn't really exist.
Twice a week before Christmas and round OLC
The girls here are as busy as ever they'll be, witharies for Alphonse, one coin in the window, and book orders. As the holiday approaches, the number of knit-addicts on campus increases. People come to knit, industries know Trilly Krumald who boasts a total of 20 pairs of argyle socks. Trilly says it's a safe investment, the socks are for sale.

We don't have a suggestion Box at Edgcliff but if we did Barbara Pokok would have suggested the most offered original plan for solving the swimming pool fund crisis. "If all the flying horses are red," she will observe them and offer complete ineffective proof. Good luck, Elsie.

Reviewing the results of a recent exam, the professor remarked that one paper was exceptionally good. A whitehanded minute fol­lowed in which the hopeful students waited for the name of the author. The paper was broken as Nancy Mecklenborg simply acknowledged, "Thank you.

With Shirley Beesly's dramatic critique, we wish to re­turn to the fluency and poise with which Shirley Beesly recently read an article called "Col­lectors of the Year." The subject was briefly stated, the author was described, the collection was analyzed, the value was discussed, the window was opened, the paper was passed on, the noise was observed, the glass case was opened, the dust was disturbed, the word "common" was spoken, the word "special" was spoken, the word "difference" was spoken, the word "class" was spoken.

Mary's story caroused around his mind. The man had smiled and make a decision as the new. He took up his rush for a sudden slight moment and then he pushed the open door to his room.

In a littleiggins, the misused bootblack charged his case of polishes to an obscure corner and then opened his coat. The curious contents he placed on the floor under a jar in the front of the room. The lights flickered in from the streets below where Steve gazed and thought. A cigarette was stuck in a cigar box and put it straight in the past pocket, then the paper strips in the box, then the tiny doll—now, all was ready. He lit a match and stood it in the window. His eyes danced with the flame. Shadows played across Edgcliff negative team composed of Alice Mitchell and Jane Beck.

Resolved: That the Marshall plan must be kept. To date, Steve and Edgcliff have each won a debate in their inter-school competition.

Steve approached the door of his room and kept the door closed. The pictures had been so vivid and all in my notes. Anxiously, Steve seemed to be conscious as he wrote, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

As I struggle on under these exasperating conditions, strange thoughts keep invading my weary mind. Facts are duly recorded on the papers. In fact, despite all, the papers emerge as rather important documents. It's all there in my notes. Anything the professor could ask is there. But it is not the papers that will be examined. At the very hour of my torture they will save me.

Mind Grows Weary

As I struggle under these exasperating conditions, strange thoughts keep invading my weary mind. Facts are duly recorded on the papers. In fact, despite all, the papers emerge as rather important documents. It's all there in my notes. Anything the professor could ask is there. But it is not the papers that will be examined. At the very hour of my torture they will save me.

The Religious Sisters of Mercy celebrated their 118th anniversary on Dec. 12, the order having been established by Catherine Elizabeth McAuley in Ireland in 1831. There are approximately 23,000 sisters of Mercy in the footsteps of Mother McAuley today.

118th Anniversary

The lights of a Christmas tree reflected in the beams of his smile—

All the joys of a child are seized

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?

Mary was busy with her truck and the rest on the box tomorrow. But the next time I'll be prepared. Never again will I submit myself to a similar hazardous evening. Always I will keep conscious as I write, letting at least some of the river of classroom knowledge turn.

It's the night before the fateful morn. Oh, what price education?

I comfort myself in the knowledge that I am among the many.

Our grave sorrow is shared by college students everywhere. Santa in the center and the shepherds of earth, honey and wine. But the carrots and crackers are a little too much for the baby. Who is the baby? Is he a little Santa or a little Jesus?
The familiar sight of the Mercy bus on the Parkway next arrests our attention. Mother, in her usual Westwood ladies literally make the "jeans jump" on this red vehicle in the midst of the stormy, passionate, avaricious scene, still her characterization of Anne was a suitable foil for Rex Harrison who lost himself completely—his mannerisms, make-up, voice and expression, every thing combining to make the very embodiment of Henry VIII.

Greatly enhanced by excellent staging and luxurious period costumes, the many-scened drama took advantage of all the dramatic possibilities of the lighting effects of spots, flats and shadows.

"DON'T FORGET"

... to wear your prepaid tax stamps. A box in the office of the dean is ready to receive them.

"Surrey" Travels To Xavier

"The Parkway" how many philosophical discussions have taken place on that busy thoroughfare of speeding cars! How many lessons have been studied and dates reviewed while the girls make their way down the windy street to the campus on the hilltop! We wonder what takes this avenue. It it could open its stony mouth to our queries. Perhaps we can get an idea, if we spend a typical morning on it, say, about ten minutes to nine.

Here are Kathleen Groneman and Pat Smith waiting to cross the street. Judging by the attention they are giving to their conversation, they must be discussing the splitting of the atom, or the hyalomorphic theory, at the very least. "What are you wearing to the Christmas Carol program tonight, Kathleen?" comes Pat's voice across the clear air. Hmm, not very profound, but it sounds interesting. Let's listen.

"I'm wearing my black and red check dress. You know the one," Kathleen answers Pat's pointed look, "High rolled collar, double roll, frills down the front, frilled skirt, black patent belt..."


"You mean the one with the grey fur trim on the collar and cuffs? That's beautiful. I especially could relate if it could open my heart. Sue, do you think we'll be there on time?"

Leaving Kathleen and Pat to their speculations of the evening's gaiety, we catch sight of a merry group of sophomores alighting from the streetcar. Despite their laughing voices and carefree manner, one can distinguishly perceive a serious note in their voices. And no wonder—they are discussing the Yuletide Ball. Such an important affair requires much thoughtfulness. With what formal are you wearing to the Ball, Jo Ann?"

"I think I'll wear the light green dress with sheer sleeves and the gold line," Jo Ann answers. "The skirt is made of three layers of green net over one of white taffeta, and I love to walk in it--it's so noisy!"

"Theology" is Realized In Theology, Dominican Theologian Emphasizes

By Juliane Sagmuller

"Our world is definitely a world that is not self-sufficient," Father Walter Farrell, Domin­ian theologian, in his recent address here on "Theology for Maturity." He expressed his conviction that the world is immature in that it has lost sight of ultimates and is content with only a partial view and limited perspective.

He pointed out that "Theology is Queen of Sciences—wisdom itself—the only full wisdom that is open to us by the gift of our knowledge from becoming distorted."

Father Farrell is now located at the Dominican House of Studies in Chicago, where he instructs newly-ordained priests. He served as a Navy chaplain in World War II and before that, spent 30 years teaching young priests philosophy and theology. He is the present editor of The Cross and Crown and was the first editor of the Dominican magazine The Thomist.

In his talk he emphasized that theology is something contained in what it is, and went on to prove his contention, using many humorous and appropriate comparisons to illustrate his point.

Edgcliff seniors are shown eagerly proffering their Summas for autographing by Father Walter Farrell, with Father BiIliam Ablam an interested on-looker. Standing, left to right, are Celi Dwerry, Patty Barning, Sue Muslin, Rita Mueller, JoAnn Vom, Eleanor Flips, Eleanor McDonough, Marie Brown, Martha Parks, Beulah Verde, and Helen Cannon.

"Maturity means proportion and completeness—a full view"

The formal dinner was held at Emery Hall from 8:00 to 12:00 p.m.

The Christmas dinner dance given annually for the boarders was held on Monday, Dec. 18, at Emery Hall from 8:00 to 12:00 p.m.

The Dorm Celebrates

The Christmas dinner dance given annually for the boarders was held on Monday, Dec. 18, at Emery Hall from 8:00 to 12:00 p.m.

The formal dinner was held first, followed by a dance in the ballroom. The dean of the dorm the junior and senior boarders served as a committee.

CSMC Entertain

A group of poor children from downtown public schools were entertained at the C.S.M.C.'s Christmas party, Sunday, Dec. 18. Schimanski as Santa Claus presented each knick know by art. A meal and games for the chil­dren completed the program.