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Ebb Tide



VOLUME TWO

DECEMBER - 1948

NUMBER THREE

Tidings of Great Joy



Let Us Go Over to Bethlehem

J. Shyrock '48

"And there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared exceedingly. And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying,

'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of good will.'

"And it came to pass, when the angels had departed from them into heaven, that the shepherds were saying to one another, 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us.'

"So they went with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. And when they had seen, they understood what had been told them concerning this Child. And all who heard marvelled at the things told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept in mind all these words, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen, even as it was spoken to them" (Luke ii, 8-20).

Ebb Tide

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"Punny" But Pertinent

Among the better known and more publicized anniversaries, we find the china, silver, golden, and diamond jubilee. Sometimes we forget that *every* year has its own special "symbol" and remember only the big, splashy, almost self-important ones.

When you're just beginning however, those little milestones seem terribly significant. One year is behind us, and our paper anniversary, as well as being suitable in a "punny" sort of way, seems to us deserving of celebration comparable to the most frenzied joy at the coming of the New Year. We've "grown up" in size—from four pages of S. R. C. news plus ideas, to sheets numbering possibly eight or twelve, and on new slick stock!

Besides, devotion to *Ebb Tide* is ever increasing. Students feel it's their "baby", and staff members, after spending months torn between "grinding" and a periodic feeling of accomplishment, have an almost motherly sense of pride in baby's development from the creeping stage into a steadily stronger walk.

Naturally there will be other anniversaries, just as a child has annual birthdays, but the first one, the first year with a new bit of life around is always the most fascinating. Whether human or literary, the stage that counts is "beginning", and the "gals" at Salve Regina are proud of ours!

Royal Emissary

In the solemn hush and stillness of the midnight, "in a cellar under the very ground of the world", was born a little Child. . . a Babe destined to change the current pat-

terns of all human life . . . a God was coming to His people, bringing all that the dejected earth needed, tidings of peace and good will. Christ was to give to man the only assured solution to the myriad problems which surrounded him, but unfortunately His plan was to be rejected by a great multitude. There was no room in their hearts, in their lives, and in their dealings with fellowmen, for the Prince of Peace . . .

Two thousand years have passed since that night, and the tired world faces another era, as it struggles in "blood, sweat, and tears" to throw off the yokes of tyrants, godless ones who have not yet accepted the emissary of heavenly royalty, the King, the Prince himself. Today, the most pressing and urgent need of the entire world is the conversion of Russia, a country of giant, frost silvered trees, its hills and plains blanketed with a quilt of sparkling snow, an oversize etching on the Christmas card of the world. However, these snows fall from a heaven that no longer holds any meaning, from a God whose name is no longer invoked, whose love has been cast aside along with the glorious season celebrating His birth.

To accomplish the ends of the Prince of Peace, there must be prayer and penance as well as "propoganda" of a better sort . . . three P's that will aid Russia in recognizing and accepting the light of true knowledge and sanctity, for only in this light will prejudices fall, and hearts open to Christ.

When this colossal task is accomplished, a great people will lend its strength and genius not for world destruction, but for global edification. Then will "the land of snows" truly become a crib of Christ on earth, and its people will rejoice in the realization of this Infant, the epitome of newly awakened love . . . a realization which will leave no room in their hearts for hatred, greed, or their former godlessness.

Let us all pray in this time of uncertainty as we pay homage to our King on His Nativity, that those words, "peace on earth to men of good will", uttered by choirs of angels scores of years ago will be echoed and reechoed throughout the world by all mankind. Let us pray particularly that this proud Russia, so suspicious of man, may at long last come to know the gentle majesty of the Christ of Bethlehem and His place among the kingdoms of the world.



The Prophecies of Isaias:

"For a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace."

Isaias IX, 6.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root."

Isaias XI, 1.





Birthday Present

Get a whiff of that? Paint, turpentine, varnish, just about everything that has the slightest significance in the field of "Interior decoration", for decorating an interior is exactly what we've been up to . . . the *Ebb Tide* press room.

Our need for a permanent home was voiced in June of the first College year, (classrooms, "dorms", even over-size, windowed closets had been "headquarters" for the paper on occasion), and this autumn, shortly after our return, Mother Provincial became "fairy god-mother".

Mother and Sister Mary James, Dean, explored all the nooks and crannies just before "lights out" one evening, and the store room off the cafeteria was presented to our editor next day.

Mother Hilda had the walls and floors all painted and prettied for us too, and after allotting a few days to the "drying out" process, we began to move in.

Furniture was the next problem, and a certain "nose for bargains," our Faculty Advisor, managed to sniff a few out for us at Army-Navy surplus. Writers and journalists were transformed in a storm of sand-paper dust into finishers and polishers of wood. Bulletin boards were nailed in place . . . files put in order . . . the lone window stenciled and be-curtained . . . designs for decorating the walls sketched out, (a job our art editors are preparing to begin after Christmas), and then we called in our photographers, so you, our readers, could see *Ebb Tide's* "birthday present", and have some idea of the place where your monthly copy will, in the future, be prepared for its trip downtown to the printers. When "Interior decoration" is completely finished, we're even having a sort of house-warming.

A wonderful feeling, being settled and having a home! ! !

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Portrait of a Lady

When I first met Miss Fitzpatrick I was reminded of the tales an Irish girl had told me of Leprichauns. I smile when I recall it, for if she had had the misfortune of making my acquaintance ten years before (or maybe less), she might have been eagerly and I fear savagely held captive to grant the wishes of an imaginative child. Miss Fitzpatrick is certainly lithe enough, amply alert, and she possesses the most essential qualification—Lilliputian size. She would definitely have met favorably with my scrutiny—and I would have judged with all the assuredness of the expert that she was authentic. Perhaps it is the added years' experience which would lead me to conclude that my friend is more than a fascinating creature from the legends of Irish woodland, or one of Gulliver's discoveries. She is to me, at present, a very human person with very lovable traits I am sure those born of my imagination could never claim.

"T. S. F." . . . perched on an office chair in the Dean's Study, clicking violently at a giant's typewriter . . . bowing in gracefully and with a flourish "a few seconds late" for class . . . poised before a rostrum (she'd be hidden behind one), imparting her knowledge of the "Social Amenities" . . . any of these might be indicative setting. Her hair has greyed beautifully and is waved tightly to her head; her eyes are wide and the soft blue that would suggest the unusual star sapphire she wears on her left hand. Perhaps she would be wearing the delicate grey dress that hugs closely at the throat with graceful sleeves that fasten at the wrists, and no doubt an antique chain would suspend an odd square watch about her neck. Her favorite hat is an electrifying blue velvet beret that tilts smartly to one side, and her sole complaint is that people never notice it the way they do her zany feathered ones. She owns a fabulous wardrobe of shoes, or at least always makes an appearance in a pair complimenting her outfit. This day, she would undoubtedly garb her feet in bright blue suedes or tiny grey doeskin pumps. She could be entertaining at a tea, mingling in the lounge during the ten minutes before classes, or putting the spur to her last minute work in the Dean's office . . . it makes no difference. She is always meticulously dressed and gives the appearance of one who is fastidious in personal care.

But there is something else about her . . . a refined expression of gracious living . . . genial and flexible personality . . . thoughtfulness . . . humility in her major achievements and minor lacks . . . oddly blended in a person, as perceptibly tintured with the confidence of one who has known success intimately within the scope of her career. One may conclude that her victorious bout with success has resulted from the dynamic compound her personal characteristics form, and it is conceivably this curious combination of characteristics that seized my ardent interest at one.

I love to call her "Fitzy". She is quite aware that this term of endearment is frequently bandied about, and when asked if she minded, she acquainted a group of inquirers with her passion for nicknames. I fear she prefers "T. S. F." ("all my real friends call me by my initials") . . . but "Fitzy", well, just—fits. And it's so much easier to say. . . .

Since my first encounter with the winsome "Fitzy", I have learned a great deal in the art of living fully and well. She is a firm believer in the beauty of life and makes this keenly felt in her sphere of influence. Her manner is one of culture and thoughtfulness of others, and I have never seen her leave a room without first turning, remembering to say something pleasant that affords "such a lift and costs nothing". Her philosophy of life is simple—learn to love people and the ordinary things of life that display singular beauty. It has served her well.

She is a genuine product of the time when young ladies bowed from the scene backing to the door with appropriate curtsies, shyly smiling, and not saying much. The first of this is true of Miss Fitzpatrick. But her smile—it's not shy at all. In fact, she has one of the most direct and winning grins I have ever had aimed my way. It's the honest type of smile that almost bursts out laughing—that is, if the time is right. Her propriety is perfection, and Miss Fitzpatrick is never without the right smile at the right moment. And as for not saying much . . . this is a case where she entirely belies her strict New England background. Her ability to set people at ease with her easily flowing chatter is remarkable. "Fitzy" is a person who could get along with *anybody* who can steer the conversation away from atrocities, "blood 'n' thunder", or just plain cruelty. I have yet to meet the individual who can resist her way of centering the entire discussion on himself. She seems to know just the lead that will pull you out of the shell of conservatism into the familiar realm of her natural good-humor and wit. You could be a babbling idiot (and I know this to be true from experience) and I swear Miss Fitzpatrick would listen for hours—if she thought you were sincere. And you'd probably get a straightforward opinion and honest answer to your qualms. She's like that. . . .

My "initialed" friend has drive and conscientiousness that I have seldom seen paralleled. This, coupled with a deep humility, has thrown her latest venture into gear, and were it not for this, I might never have known Miss Fitzpatrick. She has realized tremendous achievement as a staff member of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but the attainment of such has not satisfied her ambition. She has lately taken it upon herself to attend classes in her spare time. She professes to gain a great deal from her life here. I believe she is not aware of how much she gives us. She enjoys sharing her ideas with others, and her maturity has a stabilizing effect that I doubt she will ever recognize. Perhaps she sees the fruit of it. Her humility refuses to concede one point in favor of herself and she frequently tells us that she has learned much from her association with us. She usually prefaces her informal talks with this, and proceeds with the most stirring message of reasonable thinking. She does it simply, though, and undoubtedly this is why she has gained our love and confidence.

Fitzy is one of us . . . a friend who comes laughing from Logic class because she has followed the entire confusing period with her Theology book . . . a comrade in heinous crime who sheepishly admits she has recently dis-

(continued on page 6)

A Christmas Chronicle

A Christmas Canticle



St. Romanus the Melodist, who has been called the greatest of the Greek hymn writers, belongs to the last part of the fifth century and the first part of the sixth. Eighty of his hymns survive today. He was a Syrian Jew, who was converted to the Christian faith.

It was in Constantinople on Christmas Eve, that Our Lady appeared to him while he was sleeping. Our Lady gave him a roll of paper saying "Take this paper and eat it." The Saint did what he had been directed to do. When he awoke he felt a strange exaltation. Then he went to the Church of the All-Holy Mother of God to assist at the Christmas Liturgy. Going up to the deacon's pulpit, he spontaneously recited this new Christmas hymn which reads:

"On this day the Virgin gives birth to Him who is of a higher nature, and the earth offers shelter to the unattainable. Angels join with the shepherds to glorify Him, and the Magi begin to follow the star. For a new Child is born to us, Who was God before all ages".

This hymn, the first of its kind, is still sung in the Christmas Offices of the Byzantine Rite. Until the twelfth century it was sung at the Christmas banquet in the imperial palace by the combined choirs of the two greatest churches in Constantinople, Santa Sophia and the Holy Apostles.

BARBARA STOREY, '52

The Legend of the Christmas Tree



We trace the origin of the Christmas tree back to the year 724. Winifred, Apostle of the Germans, who had been named "Boniface" by Pope Gregory II, was preaching Christianity to the people of Germany. One Christmas Eve he found these German people gathered round a huge oak tree to offer a human sacrifice according to the

Druid rites of the pagans. In anger St. Boniface bravely hewed down the oak tree, and as it fell there appeared in its place a tall young fir tree. Seeing this, Boniface said to the people: "Not a drop of blood shall fall tonight, for this is the Birth-night of the white Christ, Son of the All Father, and Saviour of the world." Then pointing to the pine tree behind him he continued, "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of fir. It is the sign of endless life, for its branches are ever green. See how it points towards heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ-Child; gather about it, not in the wild woods but in your homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts and rites of kindness". Thus, the custom of the Christmas tree has found its place in the remotest corners of the earth since the passing of St. Boniface.

ANN P. HEANEY, '52

A King Is Crowned



On Christmas in the year 1101, we see Baldwin, Count of Flanders, crowned the first King of Palestine in the Cave of Bethlehem. Since the Moslem rule in the Holy Land had ceased for that time at least, the Crusaders' banners floated over all Jerusalem on that Christmas Day. Because Christ had deigned to be born in the cave, Baldwin desired to be crowned the first Christian king of Palestine in the place of Christ's birth. So it was that this King of Palestine was crowned by the Archbishop of Pisa in the Church of the Nativity over the holy Cave. You and I can well imagine the Crusaders' sentiments as they emerged from the Church after the regal ceremony on Christmas day in the year one thousand one hundred one when they knelt on the spot where Christ had been born, there mingling their thoughts of home with the more solemn contemplation of the event which had taken place so many centuries before.

LORETTA ROSS, '52

Christmas Legend of Bayeux



"The Feast of the Child Bishop", celebrated three days after Christmas in Bayeux, France, has a legendary background. In the year 1230 A. D. Christmas mass was being celebrated in Bayeux by Bishop d'Horcourt. A young choir boy was sent to fetch something and in his haste he fell into a well just outside the sacristy door. Rescue was attempted in vain and the city mourned. On the feast of St. John the Evangelist, a dim light supported by two wings was seen floating on the sea. Near by fishermen heard a sweet voice calling:

"Noël, Noël."

Then suddenly the choir boy alighted from the sea bearing a lighted candle. Joyfully the fishermen took the child to Bayeux where the Bishop awaited news of the wonderful experience. In reply to his questions the child said:

"I invoked Jesus. I promised Him that if He would give me back safely to my mother I would become a priest when I was old enough. I was then carried through the waters to a beautiful chapel where I saw Jesus surrounded by the Holy Innocents, after which Little Jesus restored me safe and sound to earth."

Upon hearing this the Bishop proclaimed the feast of the Holy Innocents and appointed the child "Child Bishop" thus establishing the feast.

JANET WATSON, '52



"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled
out a plum
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

In order to find the origin of this nursery rhyme we must travel back to the year 1536. At that time the Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of the Benedictine monks of Glas-

tonbury, England, had staunchly refused to sign the Oath of Royal Supremacy. During this period King Henry VIII had maintained a vigilant watch over his people, biding the time when they would infringe upon his new laws. Only thus would he be able to seize the Abbey. But the Abbot decided to transfer the deeds of the abbey to the manor owned by Edward Seymour, brother of the queen. Although this business was legitimate, the methods usually used to transfer these papers were unsure. At last a plan was hit upon. Christmas was approaching, so a pie was made ready and delivered to Edward Seymour as a present. John Horner (known as Jack in the rhyme) presented the gift. But unknown to Horner the priceless documents were concealed under the crust. Before arriving at his destination, Horner accidentally "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum"—that is he drew forth one of the deeds to the manor, where his heirs live to this day. This manor is now called the manor of Mellis.

MARY DONOVAN, '52



'Twas the night before Christmas in Fushun, but everything was in darkness in the convent of the Maryknoll Sisters. There was a dim light shining two hundred yards away in the rectory where Bishop Lane and the other captive priests were making preparations to celebrate Midnight Mass.

Communication was next to impossible. However, the bamboo wireless proved its efficiency. A house boy conveyed to the Sisters that they could watch the Bishop's three Masses which were to be said in the rectory dining-room facing the convent.

Just before midnight, all the Sisters were at their stations near the windows and there, through double windows, they saw the Christmas Host raised aloft three times. The Sisters realized they had not actually assisted at Mass, but they had done all they could. Christ had returned to sweeten these days of sorrow to strengthen and encourage those who were trying to spread faith in a pagan world. There was uncertainty but no fear or uneasiness for it was Christmas in Manchu and in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Maryknoll; it was the birthday of the Little Prince of Peace and despite war and the turbulence of war, Bethlehem was very near with its power, its joy, and its sweetness.

CLAIRE O'CONNOR, '52

Seek and Ye Shall Find



It was Christmas in the year 1886 when Paul Claudel, a poor, struggling writer attended a solemn high mass in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris. He was seeking inspiration. Ill at ease, crowded between the worshipers, he told himself he had no interest in religion. But Christmas afternoon found Claudel back at the church for Vespers. With

the final note of the joyous Magnificat, the heart of this writer underwent a sudden change; Claudel was praying. The congregation departed, the last candle was extinguished, the smoke of the incense drifted away and Claudel remained with bowed head. There was but one thing for him to do, study religion. Thus it was on Christmas in 1890 that Claudel made his First Holy Communion in this same Cathedral.

The Christmas Babe blessed Claudel's efforts as one may see by his long, imposing list of literary works. This famous writer, who served as French ambassador to the United States from 1927 to 1933, found at the cradle of the Son of God the true meaning of Christmas and the full significance of the Catholic way of life.

D. PATRICIA FOX, '52

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

(continued)

covered the value of day-by-day study instead of cramming for history.

She will beg you to write to people—any and all—mostly because it makes them feel important, and then because you receive such interesting answers. There was the time of her visit to London with her sister, when a messenger brought a note from the Queen inviting them to tea . . . a threatening crescendo, "T. S. F., did you . ." an admission that well, yes, she did dash off a note telling the Queen what polite "Bobbies" there are in London.

These are the little things that have made her life such a triumph . . . her undying faith in the importance of a career woman . . . her respect and enthusiasm for people . . . her wry smile when Father Dillon comes out with his subtle wit or a dry pun and the rest of us lose the joke for the laughing . . . the way she met my mother.

Miss Fitzpatrick is a woman of remarkable prestige . . . and unpredictable hilarity. She is a person whose infinite knowledge and ability has set a standard for me . . . the wonderful, incomparable Fitzy.

CATHERINE HOGAN '51



The Glee Clubs of Providence College and Salve Regina were an unqualified success at their joint concert for the benefit of the European Student Relief Fund of the New England branch of our National Federation of Catholic College Students, Sunday, December five. S. R. C.'s Great Hall was put to use as a "glamourized" auditorium, while the marble staircase became the afternoon's stage.

Both Choral groups, attired in the traditional black college gown, offered renditions, each chorus alone, both clubs in combination, mixed with a pleasing number of solos and duets. The program was as follows:

"Land of Our Hearts" *Chadwick*
 Combined Clubs

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

"Ave Maria" *Sister Cecilia Claire, S.P.*
 "The Rosary" *Nevin*
 "Salvation Belongeth" *Tschnekov*
 "When You're Away" *Herbert*
 Miss Geraldine Walsh
 "I Hear You Calling Me" *Marshall*
 Mr. Everett Morrison

Duet: "Thine Alone" *Herbert*
 "Lover Come Back to Me" *Romberg*
 Miss Geraldine Walsh and Mr. Everett Morrison

SALVE REGINA GLEE CLUB

"Snow White Fantasy" *Morey and Churchill*
 "Ma Little Banjo" *Dichmont*
 "Serenade" *Romberg*
 "Road to Mandalay" *Speaks*

Combined Clubs

INTERMISSION

"Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee" *Bach*
 Combined Clubs

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB

"When the Foeman" *Gilbert and Sullivan*
 "I Got Shoes"—Spiritual *Cain*
 "O Susanna" *Foster-Cain*
 "Joshua Fit de Battle" *Spiritual*

Combined Clubs

SALVE REGINA GLEE CLUB

"Ti Prego" *Curshmann*
 "Kentucky Babe" *Giebel*
 "Sweethearts" *Herbert*

Ebb Tide wishes to congratulate the recently elected Freshman class officers. Our second class has already shown a willing spirit. We feel sure that under the able direction of Patricia Fox, former chairman pro tem, now president, and her fellow executives, the "Frosh" will continue to stride ahead both scholastically and also in extra-curricular fields.

Day student Mary Ann Bolton is vice-president, Mary Beth Coleman, secretary, and Mary Donovan, treasurer. Good luck to the four of you! !

"Riff Song" *Romberg*
 Combined Clubs
 SCHOOL SONGS

Sister Mary Rosina, R.S.M., and Mr. Michael Healey accompanied the groups. Reverend Leo Cannon, O.P., acted as director.

Much credit should be given to club officers of both colleges, Gerard Thibert, Vincent Messler, and John Carr of P. C.; Theresa Walsh, Frances Bridgeman, and Norma Haronian here at S. R. C. Their boundless enthusiasm most certainly spurred "the musicians" on the heights far from dreamed of.

The concert was followed by a social evening for the entertainment of all students who had participated in the afternoon's event.

In charge of the social hour were Camille Henault, Florence McLaughlin, Grace Woods, Marianne Thorpe, Geraldine Walsh, Agnes McCarthy, Anne Hoffman, Mary Murphy, Mary Quinn, Ann Herbert, Frances Bridgeman, Eileen Schwenk, Lucy Roberts, Sarah Conaty, Catherine Mahoney, Ann McSherry, Teresa Faria, Mary Beth Coleman, Mary Donovan, Margaret Feye, Barbara Barry, Ellen Lally, Harriet Atamian and Martha O'Rourke.

Assisting committees were also appointed. Those taking care of tickets and programs included Patricia Whalan, Rita Belanger, Joan Danis, Patricia Byrne, Clare O'Donnell, Patricia Fox, Janet Watson, Ann McSweeney, Susan Price, and Mary Cahill. Jean Judge, Ann Crowley, Mary Reidy, Jacqueline Clark, Patricia Thorpe, and Barbara Story were in charge of coat checking. All other students, wearing black suits or dresses and white gloves, acted as ushers.

Committees for the concert included the following: Tickets—Nancy Smith, chairman, Frances McGuinness, Loretta Ross, Germaine Cote, Mary Sullivan; Chairs—Catherine Hogan, chairman, Patricia Monahan, Jacqueline Beaupre, Mary Frances O'Hare, Patricia Dooley, Mary Ann Bolton, Jane Murphy; Programs—Norma Haronian, chairman, Anne Foran, Joan Shugrue, Anne Pensera, Frances Alcaez; Patrons—Jane Mycroft, chairman, Barbara Block, Joan Butler, Eleanor Testa, Jane Sullivan, Elizabeth O'Connell, Teresa Sullivan, Janet Lee, Barbara O'Rourke, Rose Jalette, Kathleen Leonard, Noel Corcoran, Anne Logan, Frances Mourninghan; Publicity, Teresa Walsh, Frances Bridgeman, Eleanor Testa, Jacqueline Beaupre, Mary Quinn, Eileen Schwenk, Ann Herbert, Patricia Monahan, Frances Alcaez, and Martha O'Rourke.

There She Goes

Of course we all know Lily Dache designs world famous hats and that she has lately turned her incomparable hand to the creation of stunning evening gowns, afternoon dresses and suits—all in the new off-the-shoulder fashion. But do you know of Balenciaga, Piquet, Molyneux, Lanvin, and Schiaparelli? They are designers of those, simple versatile, and basic suits, those subtly dramatic afternoon dresses, and those out-of-this-world evening gowns, which we would all love to own.

After thoroughly pursuing fashion columns, magazines, and articles, I have suddenly become alerted to the fact that we have among us, here at Salve Regina College, some paragons of fashion.

I may not be able to identify materials correctly (alas, I am not a member of the textile class), but I do know that at the recent Sophomore formal my roving eye was attracted to two ultra-smart young ladies . . . Rita Belanger in her enchanting ballerina dress looking like a model out of *Vogue*, and Lucy Roberts in her "Southern-Belle" gown; I thought she would make a charming heroine for some novel whose setting was far away in Dixie.

From the Tea Dance, I particularly recall one little Freshman—Ann Logan in her lovely orchid dress.

As for Ann Crowley's suit, which I espied the day she was leaving for Notre Dame, any number of adjectives could be used to describe it—suave, collegiate, chic. . .

And have you noticed . . .

Joan Butler's bright and cheerful looking raincoat? Perks you up on a rainy day just to see it; or the sleek, sophisticated black coat with the white fur collar which Nancy Smith wears so beautifully?

And last but not least, the current rage at S. R. C.—knee socks.

Sorry that I wasn't able to mention all those stunning outfits which you girls wear so smartly; but time, tide, and our editor wait for no woman.

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If you're a particular gourmet, you'll enjoy our epicurean dinners, the result of our entire, devoted energy! Choose from a menu embracing fish, fowl, and succulent meats of every variety, prepared in many enticing ways. You'll find on your table sufficient to satisfy the most capable trencherman and, later, a moderate check.

THE EMBASSY

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Recess Beginning

When is a rally not a rally? Possibly when held in a drawing room, for Louis XV furniture and Baby Grand pianos seem rather incongruous in connection with such an affair.

All the truly essential factors were present though—a laughing, spirited crowd—community singing—"talent night" entertainment—pep talks in connection with subscribers and subscriptions—Jane Mycroft and Margaret Feye, our circulation managers saw to that. It was really a wonderful send-off for the vacation starting on Friday, and a "smooth" method of placing a subscription drive before our student body just in time for two whole weeks in which to solicit new readers. January will prove our success or failure.

In the meantime, you might like to have an idea of the talent unearthed by *Ebb Tide*. The program was as follows:

Musical Plea for Subscriptions	Barbara Brothers and company
Pep Talk	Patricia Byrne
<i>White Christmas</i>	Norma Haronian
<i>My Hero</i>	Patricia Dooley
Imitations	Theresa Faria
Skit	Barbara Brothers and company
<i>You're Just A Little Too Short, Young Man</i>	Mary Beth Coleman
<i>Without a Song</i>	Frances Bridgeman
<i>Paris Angelicus</i>	Catherine Mahoney
Old Time Medley	Jane Mycroft, Cappi Hogan, Pat Whalan, Margie Feye
<i>That Christmas Feeling</i>	Geraldine Walsh
Community Singing	
Accompanist	Teresa Walsh

From the Ohio State Lantern: "Just broke with my girl friend. Want someone to finish Argyle socks."



From the Shelbyville, Ill., Democrat-News: "Notice: I have a rooster that crows at four o'clock. Want to trade him for one that crows at five o'clock."



Women are never satisfied. They are trying either to put on weight, take it off or rearrange it.

—Franklin P. Jones in *The Saturday Evening Post*



The only perfect climate is bed.

—Frank Crowninshield

On Stage

Ashes of Roses, the dramatic production presented by four members of the Regina Players on Thursday, December sixteenth, conveyed a thought-provoking question to the audience. Are not fame, fortune, and success a basis for the attainment of happiness? According to Kitty Clive, the toast of London theatre goers, portrayed by Frances Bridgeman, something is lacking—the simple elements of home, husband, and family.

Kitty is desirous of returning to the Devon countryside and of settling down with a faithful, honest, childhood sweetheart. She is tired of the "fawning and flattery" of her insincere acquaintances and contemplates leaving the fabulous lights of London for a tiny rose-covered cottage. However, her wishful thinking is brought to an abrupt and sad finale when she discovers that her former suitor is to be married. Heartbroken though she may be, Kitty follows the troupers ageless adage, "the show must go on", and responds automatically to the call "on stage".

Other members of the cast included: Jane Mycroft, as Horace Walpole—the London beau; Eleanor McGrath, as Phyllis—the young girl from Devon; and Grace Woods as Roxanne, the maid.

The actresses gave evidence of their dramatic improvement under the tutelage of Mrs. Gardner Dunton, and the student audience awaits with anticipation the next production of the Regina Players.

Jesuit Lectures

Father Carol L. Bernhardt, S.J., noted professor and lecturer, made his appearance at Salve Regina on December sixteenth at eight o'clock. The title of Father's lecture Thursday night was *The Madonna and Child in the Art of All Countries*. Father Bernhardt is a professor of Aesthetics, and Greek Philosophy and Literature at Weston College in Weston, Massachusetts; he is as well professor of English Literature at the Boston College Graduate School.

Father's life-long hobby has been the collecting of traditional and unusual representations of the Madonna and Child, particularly those of the Nativity Scene. Through the medium of a slide projector and screen, accompanied by Father Bernhardt's lecture, the faculty and students of Salve Regina were enlightened as to the diverse racial and national characteristics found in the art of nations, and significant in various interpretations of the Christ Child and His Mother.

We Wish You All

A Happy, Merry Christmas

Under Her Sea Blue Mantle

Reception into the Sodality of Our Lady for all students not formerly members, was the main Sodality activity for the month. Wednesday, December eight, a high Mass in honor of the feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated in the college chapel.

Following the Holy Sacrifice, all students adjourned for breakfast, assembling again at nine-forty-five in the Drawing Room, where they formed in procession and entered the chapel to receive their medals and be solemnly consecrated to the Queen of Heaven, patroness and guardian of Salve Regina College.

A solemn Act of Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Reverend Gerald F. Dillon, College chaplain, concluded the ceremony with an exhortation built around the feast of the day. He congratulated the girls on their entrance into the sodality, stressing Mary as a model for Catholic young women in this our twentieth century. *Salve Regina*, our official hymn, was sung by the glee club during recessional.

Second Visit

On the last day of November, Mr. Alfredo Rego, Consul of Spain and the Dominican Republic, paid a second visit to the Pan American History class of Salve Regina College.

Since his first talk here, approximately a month ago, the class had been looking forward to the return visit, which proved equally as, if not more, successful and interesting than the first. Mr. Rego centered his talk around conditions and customs in the Dominican Republic. Open discussion on these issues brought out new and compelling features of Mr. Rego's people, their principles, and mode of life. Perhaps the point which shall be remembered most, is the consul's brief comparison of the North American and Pan-American woman.

Mr. Rego's charm, broad intelligence, fund of information, and gracious manner, have combined to establish him as a welcome part of our college life.

"Santa 'N Stuff. . ."

A spangled, sparkly Christmas tree . . . chubby, sticky little fingers intertwined with yours . . . soft burbly laughter . . . enthusiastic squeals of delight . . . ribbons . . . presents . . . cake and ice cream . . . S. R. C's. Christmas party for a few lucky first-graders in local grammar schools.

Mary Sullivan, Sodality prefect, and Frances Bridgeman, her social chairman, did the planning. The remainder of the Sodality board directed other students in helping in every way.

Some people may feel our December sixteen party is a sweet "gesture" toward the "young ones" . . . we look at it differently . . . children's happiness for *the* Child's birthday . . . true pleasure . . . more than anyone could ask!

While we're all busy wondering from whence shall come the money for our Christmas shopping, the Yuletide issue of *Ebb Tide* comes rolling off the press, and with it, tiny scraps of information resembling so much sparkling tinsel adorning the towering Christmas tree which is our student body. Before we get too metaphorical, let us turn to the business at hand.

By this time the memory of Neptune's Folly may have been replaced by thoughts of the coming Christmas vacation, but as long as that picture of the Awesome Foursome remains on Pat Dooley's dresser, my chances of forgetting are mighty slim.

On that eventful evening, three couples from New Bedford seemed to have been held up by a political campaign, forcing a belated but fashionable arrival.

Paul Rico met a little man in a blue uniform on the road to Newport.

Jimmy Clark used his thumb all the way from Colgate University. What some men will do for a woman!

However all ended up favorably and the outcome was an enjoyable evening.

Ask Bidy Faria who "Bella" is. Bidy had quite a time the night of the play, trying to clear the lines in order to call a cab. But that character kept cutting in.

Joan Butler was seen learning to do the samba during Thanksgiving vacation.

During that same vacation, Catherine Roach was surprised with a visit from "Road" Island. (He's a young scholar who had a great deal of trouble with spelling.)

Claire O'Donnell and Ellie McGrath seemed to be slightly confused at the Holy Cross - Boston College football game. They were crushed by the Cross' defeat.

Did you know that Pat Whalan gathers inspiration by walking out along isolated strips of beach? Well, she does.

And Sister Mary Martina has developed an attitude of hemispheric defence toward Canada in all due respect for one of her history pupils.

Flo McLaughlin (the dear sweet soul) makes a habit of sending cheery greetings to convalescents.

Mary Sullivan requests that Ellie McGrath kindly remove her knee-socks before venturing into the city. One little girl on a Newport Avenue asked her daddy for a pair "just like that girl has on."

"The recent presidential election has brought more clearly into focus the overwhelming power of the press. Due to numerous publications, "public opinion" practically conceded a Republican victory. The power of the press cannot be underestimated. With this view in mind, do you realize the opportunity, we, as Catholic college students, have with our college papers or magazines?" So spoke Patricia Byrne, *Ebb Tide* editor at a recent meeting of the International Relations Club which had as its major topic, *The Recent Presidential Election*. Catherine Hogan, club president opened the meeting, and other reports built up from this first speaker's talk were given by Camille Henault, Catherine Hogan, and Patricia Whalan.

The China Question, now a major problem of the United States, was discussed at the December three meeting, by Freshman members, Anne Logan, Patricia Fox, Catherine Mahoney, and Mary Ann Bolton. Discussion by all members brought forth a solid agreement that, regardless of any existing gamble or risk on the part of our country, China *must* receive aid. The threat of Communism is too great to be overlooked; don't sell the Eurasians short. A firm, deep foothold in China would be but another step on the road toward Russian world supremacy.

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Franny McGuinness requests that there be a monthly publication of that old but handy column, "Advice to the Lovelorn". Miss McGuinness has generously offered her services and will be in charge.

I hope that your Christmas stocking will be filled with all the things you want (including the answers to the next history exam) and that the next issue be spilling over with tales from the holidays.

One or Two

Soft, silent flakes fell on a town
Asleep beneath the milk-white down.
No strings of sparkling tinsel glistened;
No eager children peered or listened.
Just deep, dead silence all around.

And yet not quite a dream away
Another town looked up to pray,
Offering a million gleaming lights
And sweet, scrubbed faces shining bright
As welcome Santa rode their way.

Now Christmas Eve can be to you
The town called One, or the town called Two.
It's just a choice; despair or faith,
Sadness or happiness; love or hate.

It's not the presents 'neath the tree,
The songs you sing, the friends you see.
No—not half as much as the leading part
In this play of love and warmth—your heart.

RITA BELANGER '51

ANNOUNCING

Intellectual and Spiritual Relief
for destitute foreign students! Watch
bulletin boards for further notice. . .