

pilgrims are obliged to fulfill certain spiritual and material conditions; these conditions have been given by the Pope in the following manner: first, unequivocal and total repentance; second, confession and Holy Communion; third, devout visits to, and recital of certain special prayers in the four major basilicas of the Eternal City. The pilgrims, in fulfilling these conditions, must have the intention of meriting the reward; they must fulfill these conditions with all sincerity and truthfulness. The millions of others who are unable to make the pilgrimage to the Holy City have only limited opportunities of gaining the Indulgence. The Indulgence can be gained by the recitation of the Rosary, making the Stations of the Cross, and by frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament; the Indulgence granted in this case is applicable only to the souls in Purgatory. The Jubilee Indulgence may be gained by those who find it practically impossible to make the pilgrimage to Rome. In general, the Holy Year Indulgence is suspended for the living people who do not visit Rome during 1950.

Not departing from tradition during this Jubilee year, a Papal Medal has been designed by a special sculptor and medalist to the Holy See and will be made available to thousands around the globe. A tradition such as this is very rich and refined; the medal recalls the great role of the Papacy in the numismatical arts when certain Popes began experimenting with a press for Papal leaden seals. The face of this medal carries a dominant profile of Pope Pius XII; on the reverse, the scene, in particular artistic perfection, of the opening of the Holy Door, is imbedded. The medal is claimed to be a very suitable souvenir as well as a unique memento of the great event of the Jubilee Year.

The Holy Year has traversed one-quarter of its path; we hope and pray that this great spiritual movement gains momentum as it grows older. With the records of our efforts for the past three months already filed, a regeneration is imminent if we continue to do our share and, if possible, more than our share, in the remaining months that lie ahead.

—RUPERT MacLELLAN '50.

SONGS OF WINTER

Whence gush the songs of snow-wrapped winter,
When summer-singer's nests are barren and bare,
When sleeps the once chant-churning river,
When lifeless, the frost-kissed meadow and vale air?

For I hear the songs of winter ringing, ringing,
From deserted limb and ice-capped stream;
And feel the lilt of tree-top singing, singing,
In valleys drift-ridden and frost-agleam.
But where, where,
Abides the unseen singer?

What are these chants, these soothing songs of winter
That melt heart-coldness and freeze tears of care?
They, bred in Winter's bosom, children of her?
North Wind, the clarion of notes so fair?
No, (now I perceive) these songs of winter
Are but memories of flaming-fall's finale;
Echoes of fleeing swallows twitter, twitter,
Resounding
In the happy heart till Spring
Returning
Renews its mellow melody.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

My dear Sir:

Much as I hold in high esteem and friendship my dear neighbors along the corridor, still I should like to sharpen my sword to condemn those of them that are unfortunately addicted to the unpleasant practice of larceny, towards which practice I bear the greatest hatred. And so for no other reason, or should I say, hope, am I bringing this unpleasant fact to light, than that of presenting to those scoundrels the horrible results which accrue from such incidents of thievery, in the hope that these same scoundrels might take this letter to heart and reform their criminal lives to that of blessed virtue.

I shall omit all names concerning those in the wrong, but shall come forward with the names of those unfortunates who have suffered persecution.

We shall start in the Chemistry Lab.