

ments, emblems and coats of arms. Evidently, a knowledge of Latin is useful to all and an invaluable asset to the student of English.

Latin was the language of learning and diplomacy in the Middle Ages, and even until recent times. A few hundred years ago an educated European knew Latin almost as well as his native tongue, and could write and speak it with ease. Latin was certainly the language of the scholar. This explains why Bacon and Newton wrote their philosophical and scientific works in Latin. It was for this same reason that Milton, when Cromwell's secretary, carried on his controversies in Latin.

Latin, because of its sounds and forms, is one of the most euphonious and expressive of languages. Well has it been called "the language of the gods." Its syntax gives to it an exactness that no modern language possesses and makes it an important means of training in precision of thought and expression. Much of this has been passed on to our own mother tongue, whose growth and character have been so greatly influenced by Latin.

As a literature, Latin is in a class by itself. Perhaps we may be permitted to make our own the famous tribute paid to it by the greatest of Roman orators: "These studies are the food of youth, the charm of old age, in prosperity an ornament, in adversity a refuge and consolation: a delight at home and no hindrance in public life: they are our comrades of the night, in foreign lands, in country retreats. (Cicero, *Pro A. Licinio Archia Poeta*, VII. 16).

Only after years of faithful and serious study may one hope to realize fully the genuine value of Latin studies. Let us hope that students will appreciate to the full the importance of this branch of learning and that they will not discontinue it after a few years of study here.

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#### MY WOODEN BOX

Harold Hennessy, '41

It is just a little box; a common, ordinary, everyday wooden one, standing in an obscure corner of my desk. There is nothing unusual about the make up of this particular box. It has a cover, a bottom, two sides, and two ends. It is made of cedar wood, somewhat light colored on top and reddish brown on the sides. Its varnished surface gives it a glossy finish. The lock is broken; but



what difference ? It is safe from prying hands because it is just an ordinary box.

Sometimes when I wish to enjoy a few moments of dragging time, I peep into my little box. What do I find ? Nothing more than a few old trinkets, some newspaper clippings, a forgotten arm band, some lottery tickets, a discarded light-plug, some old keys, pictures, letters, and various odds and ends.

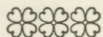
Now the noticeable thing about any box is the care taken in building and finishing it. But who made this box of mine ? An expert carpenter ? No sir, not this box ! I made it myself, and I am no expert. But that is why I am so proud of my box. It is not a particularly good job, but I, like everybody else, am pleased that my first attempt at a hobby has not been unsuccessful. It makes me feel like one who has a well filled album or some such interesting article to show. He points with pride and pleasure, to this treasure of his, wishes that you inspect it, and pass your opinion on it.

This is the story of my wooden box, just a little description of it. Did you like it ? If you did, why not come up and see the box for yourself ? I would be proud to show it to you.

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The following are to be commended for their well-written contributions to the Soph Frosh Corner:

Pius Murnaghan...The Value of Latin Studies (*Essay*)  
Joseph Chisolm...A Real Thanksgiving (*Short Story*)  
Joseph Mahar...A Crystal Radio Set (*Essay*)  
Leo Poirier...Those Teeth of Yours (*Essay*)  
Felix Connolly...The Preparatory Designing of Boats  
(*Essay*)  
Ray MacKinnon...The Omen (*Short Story*).



“Chain down some passion; do some generous deed;  
Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile;  
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;  
With warm heart and confidence divine,  
Spring up and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.  
— Young.