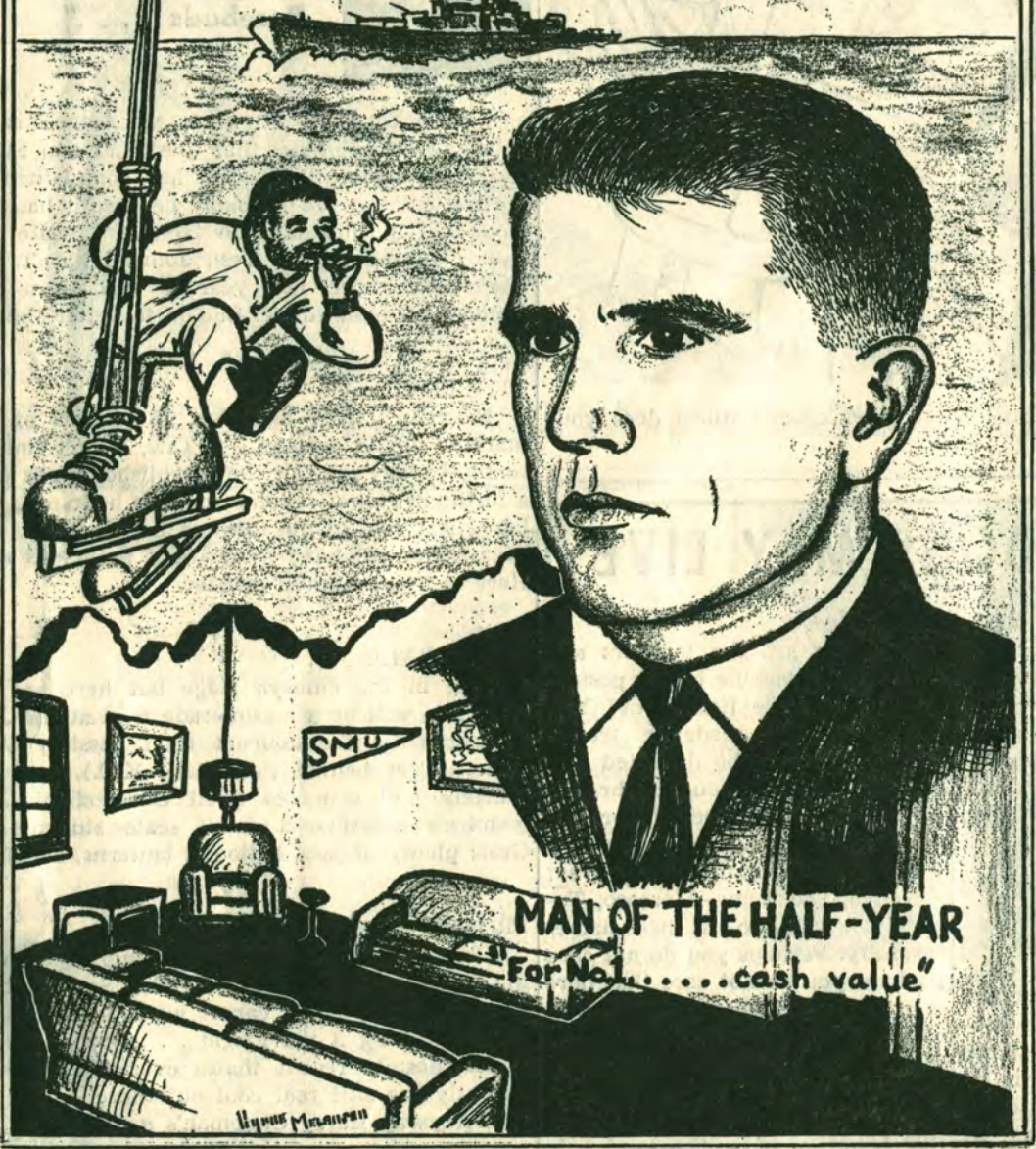


DIME

THE CHEAPLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Commerce Boy Given The Business . . . Dime's Choice

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editor gathered his associates about him and they gathered their associates, ad infinitum. A decision was to be made. The floor was open. They tossed their problem on it, scanning it from every angle. Four days of scanning, of pouring over student lists, of proposing and rejecting; a haggard editor, a bearded staff, but then, the decision—final, dogmatic, irrevocable: Bill Bailey—1955's choice as man of the half-year. Dime's choice, and your choice. Read about your choice below:

"Give me a dollar," he said. There was no denying him. Every dayhop paid up. They were given no choice. Bill Bailey had set his sights on an objective that required a dollar from every transient student.

That was how Bill furnished the dayhop's club - room, a dream which this very earthly senior goaded into a reality. The posteriors of posterity will remember Bill for those soft seats and luxurious arm-chairs. We heartily thank him for them. Not since Lorne Hemphill presented himself with a bowling trophy has a gift so generously been given in this university.

But the club-room and its success are typical of this dynamic Commerce man. More of a personality than a person, only a few of his closer friends have seen the real Bill behind the gruff, commanding voice and the accusing smile. Although he is in reality a very frank but quiet person, most of his acquaintances regard him as outspoken, over-confident, and ready to do anybody for a dollar. This is true to a degree.

Bill has built up a legend about himself and he uses this legend to attain ends which are seldom selfish. It is his psychology, he says. People have to be told, not asked. If you don't take advantage of them, they'll take advantage of you. These are the tenets of the executive, and they are Bill's tenets also.

He doesn't believe in "coddling" people. As chairman of the initiation committee in his sophomore year he terrorized the more timid freshmen, all the while vowing that it would do them good. When one freshman tried to make things easier for himself by soft-soaping Bill, he was brushed off with the words: "Your friendship has no cash value!"

Yet he is not hard-hearted. Bill loves to tell how he protected Jack Buckley and Carl Hunt out on the West Coast. He attributes Jack's success to himself and enjoys reminiscing on their careers in the UNTD. First he will tell how Jack once walked into a bar in Seattle and ordered "a glass of milk, and easy on the cream." Then, invariably, he'll narrate the story of his own command over 40 men.

But he made what was possibly his deepest impression on Santamarians when he joined the Playshop, taking a lead role in "Stalag 17." He played the "Animal" in that production with a vehemence that left audiences limp. Unconfirmed reports say that his adlibs outnumbered his actual lines.

As a hockey player, he is noted for his team spirit. Despite overwhelming odds he will drive his mates until the game is over. And no matter how discouraging the situation, he can always make light of it.

However, in his junior year, Bill proved that he can take defeat with a smile. Seldom had there

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Give To
The March
Of Dimes

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

"The Voice
of
the
Students"

Irish Hearts And Indecision

The Playshop is back in the news this week with the announcement of their annual "March 17 affair." This year it's to be that rollicking Irish comedy, "Peg O' my Heart" which will be bared to the audience on Saint Patrick's night.

Written by J. Hartley Manners, with a few touches from our own Jim Whelley, the play revolves around the good fortune of a poor Irish girl living in New York. As a good fortune element, she inherits the wealth of a very aristocratic English uncle, but, in order to collect the money, she must go to England and live with her very aristocratic aunt, to be very aristocratically reared. She does go to England, and here the fun begins. She is like a duck out of water in these strange surroundings but manages to win her own way and a young English lad named Jerry.

Although numerous plays have been read by the Playshop's Read-

ing Committee, no decision has, as yet, been reached as to the last major production of this semester.

For the perfect Saint Patrick's Day we suggest you take in the Playshop attempt at Saint Patrick's Auditorium; music under the direction of Father Mills, P.P., Producer, Byrne Melanson, and the Direction of Father LeBelle, S.J., seems to assure the play's success.

The Dime's The Thing

A short time ago, the students of Saint Mary's heard Father Malone appeal to them to give generously to the March of Dimes campaign. In previous years, this university as a body has not been contributing anything like the amount which might be expected of it.

Each of us, no matter how broke, is able to offer a dime or two toward the relief and cure of polio victims. Let's get behind this campaign and give it a big rush.

Cashen Handles Student Placement Program

Saint Mary's University graduates of 1956 are being afforded an excellent opportunity to secure permanent employment with many of the major business concerns of Canada through the efforts of the Commerce Society and in particular the efficient work of Bob Cashen.

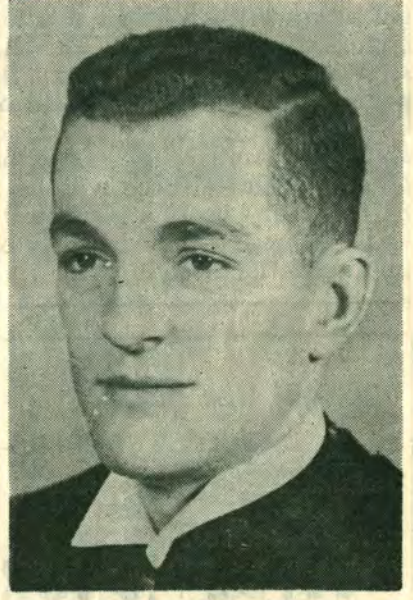
In the earlier weeks of the 1955-56 school year, Bob, as Secretary of the Commerce Society, sent out letters to twenty-five business firms, inviting them to speak to this year's graduating class. Their response has been most favorable and to date six companies and three different departments of the Government have sent representatives to Saint Mary's.

Personnel employees from Imperial Oil Co. Limited; Shell Oil Co. Limited; Canadian Industries Limited; Northern Electric Co.; DuPont; The Hudson Bay Co.;

Federal Income Tax Dept; Foreign Affairs Dept; and Civil Service Commission have conducted individual interviews with interested members of this year's graduating class. These representatives outline the functions and openings for actual employment in their respective companies. They emphasize the importance of a broad educational background and explain that the company will train the man for the job. Through personal interviews, seven members of this year's graduating class have secured employment in different parts of Canada and others have shown a definite interest in the positions available.

Representatives from the following companies will conduct interviews at St. Mary's in the near future; Imperial Oil Limited, for definite offers sometime in February; Imperial Tobacco Company, Feb. 22; and Nova Scotia Light and Power, in February.

Bob Cashen, who is doing an excellent job in his negotiations with the larger business firms in Canada, is a member of this year's Commerce graduating class. He has poured a great deal of energy



BOB CASHEN

into many phases of college life such as the Playshop and the Initiation Committee. He is the secretary of the Commerce Society this year and last year held the post of Vice-President. He is also the Commerce Society's representative on the staff of the "Collegian."

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

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Experiment In International Living

Judging from the response to the current World University Service appeal for funds it is painfully evident that the ideas conveyed by the cliché "the promotion of international understanding" are far too nebulous to hold any meaning for many members of the student body. In an age when London is only hours from New York and nations are finding increasingly difficult to resolve their difficulties around the conference table, the importance of mutual understanding among the people of the world cannot be exaggerated. Again this year WUSC is offering a Saint Mary's student a scholarship on its European Study tour. The purpose of this article is not to outline the benefits of the WUSC scholarship, but to inform you, the students of Saint Mary's, that you have at your disposal a means of not only broadening your own concepts of other nations, but also providing visitors to this country with the opportunity of seeing that aspects of Canadian life, which so many visitors to this country never see—the Canadian home.

At the present time at Saint Mary's there are 23 students from seven countries. They hail from far away places with such exotic names as Santa Lucia, Zakho, Nicuragua, Brooklyn, Hong Kong, St. John's (Nfld.) and Caracas.

Every day they are lectured by Canadians, they see them at work, they buy and use Canadian products and they eat Canadian food. They may be impressed with the great numbers of automobiles they see, the efficiency of our industry or our provincial attitude on matters of an international nature. But these things they have at home in varying degrees. It would be an experience in international living for them (as well as you) if you made an effort to get to know them better, invite them into your home, show them the Canada they haven't seen and only you can show them—Canada at home. This would give them a deeper insight into and respect for our way of life, and you and your family a keener appreciation of another's culture. These will be the impressions he will carry back to his own country. For you and your guest this will truly be an experience in international living.

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THAT THE DOGS MAY LIVE

I saw a man; and he was black; as black as ebony; and as beautiful. He sang a song, and they cut his throat; he smiled, and they knocked out his teeth; he delighted in the simple ways of a child, and they castrated him; he loved the life of all humanity, and they killed him.

They said he could not sing; yet I have heard the Spirituals. They said he would not work; yet we eat of the sweetness of the cane. They said he was beast and could not enjoy the life of man; yet boxing and baseball and those things which we enjoy are excelled in by him. They said he could not think; yet the psychologist proves he does. They said he was a war monger; yet his passive resistance to the Union caused him untold suffering. They said he lacked artistry; yet the cave walls glow with his untrained skill. They said he could not lead; yet Lincoln bombers, tanks and machine guns have failed to kill the spirit of the Kenyatta. They said he could not govern himself; yet the Ethiopian and Haitian proved them wrong. They said he would follow blindly the dictates of the imperialist; yet the British Guinan and the Kabaka proved they lied.

They lied.

You who are the teachers and leaders, will you lie to our posterity as you have lied to us? You who teach the academic truths, will your truths be distorted and perverted and wrought through with prejudice and ignorance, which makes your academic pretense the ridicule of seeing eyes?

Kenya, Sao Tome, Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria. Look at these names carefully. Perhaps you do not care. Perhaps you do not care that here men are slaughtered by those who call themselves Christians, by those who call themselves Englishmen, Frenchmen, Portuguese, . . . White. That here are destroyed the beauties of a thousand cultures; that here are destroyed the works of a billion years of man's evolution from an animal simplicity; that here are destroyed the tremendous unmarred beauties of a beautiful continent, unknown and uncares for, by us. The lives and potentialities of men are destroyed.

You are the future leaders of this world.

But perhaps you do not care—that the dogs may live.

—F. Ian Gilchrist
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On and Off the Campus



"Gather, Ye Rosebuds . . ."

I have returned (General MacArthur isn't the only one who can use that line) and you Filipino's should be grateful. Nobody has complained about my last column yet, probably because it hasn't been circulated at this date. In fact, as I write this, it dawns on me that a fresh Journal hasn't hit the newsstands since last year. I told them Sawler would be a bum editor. But on to better things . . .

* * *

NITE LIFE . . .

Between Jan. 1 and Feb. 15 parents of Santamarians should prepare . . . (aw, I can't finish that sentence) anyway, all the established signs portend a fortnight full of revelry and late hours . . . Waterloo will arrive in the form of Lent on Feb. 15, and everybody will have a six-week period to recover. Here is a pre-Lenten preview . . .

* * *

PRESS BALL . . .

Still in the embryo stage but here are a few hints . . . will be a masquerade held at the Jubilee, sponsored by the Journal (and possibly the Dal Gazette; get behind this, Gary K.C.), and Arthur Murphy will come as Lord Chesterfield. Journal members visualize a small scale students Mardi Gras: plenty of jazz, balloons, lanterns, and fun . . .

* * *

FROSTY FROLIC . . .

Charity benefit (scholarship fund) sponsored by the Mount, at the Mount . . . Glen Sarty's orch . . . Carole McNeil, senior career woman in charge, persists in calling it the Frigid . . . Oops, Frosty . . . Frolic, despite recent thaws everywhere else. Apparently it's still real cool out there, fellow Saints . . . Anyway Harry Chapman's goin' . . .

* * *

ARTS STAG . . .

Long talked of stag has finally come out of the dream stage and is being definitely held by the Arts Society at an undisclosed time, in an undisclosed place . . . However, if you should find out the where and the when, the password will be SH-Boom, with the accent on the SH . . . Fred Vaughan the Arts prexy, and the executive, will not be admitted even if they learn the password . . .

* * *

INFIRMARY DANCE . . .

To be held Feb. 12, in the gym, with the Glens, Dart. orch. par excellence . . . chaperones for every couple . . . all nurseries will have 11:30 late leaves (except those who have to be in at 9:30 because they've been bad) . . . but it should be worth the money just to watch Basil Martin jive . . . gone, man, real gone . . .

* * *

FROM THE DARK CORNERS . . .

Commerce Society will not have stag because of lack of funds (but Graham Marr, it is rumored, has been hitting the stockbrokers hard lately; Howcum, Graham, huh???) . . . "Hammer," resembling a reincarnation of James Dean, was seen at an Infirmary dance wearing a black leather packet while someone else limped around in the motorcycle boots . . . only four COTC novices this year . . . Carl Hunt and Jack Buckley are going to Havana (to organize a Cuban navy!) . . . Danny MacCarron, Rad. P.E.I., is back full of spirit and vitality after a long rest . . . Caught up by the spirit of the "Arms for Israel" campaign, he has embarked on an "Arms for Venus de Milo" quest . . . luck, Danny . . .

But we have run out of an ingredient without which this column could not survive: paper . . . you can thank the Quebec cartel for that . . . Anyway, we have time to leave you today's thought, immortal words by a poet who flourished in English 1, First Semester:

"Gather, ye rosebuds, while ye may, and rock . . ."

HALIFAX FORUM SPORTS

Center of the East



Pictured above is Mr. McConnell of the Maritime Chess Club playing six of the Saint Mary's experts in the recent Chess exhibition. The "experts" are (left to right) Gerry McNeil, John MacGillivray, Eric Hines, Mike Carter, Ed Bonn and Jack Lawrence.

My Father's Three Words

by ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING

Three words of my father's that changed my life I shall never forget. On a street car he spoke them, between two clangs of the motorman's bell, three words to help and hearten a teen-age boy. They help and hearten him still, that boy grown old and Archbishop of Boston.

Long ago this happened on a late winter night in 1912, when my Dad was a blacksmith in the South Boston carbarn; and myself at 16, confused and unhappy, a probationary junior at the Jesuit high school, whom only his father thought capable of college, and they but prayerfully and in spite of the letter I had brought home that day from the Prefect of Studies.

Dismayed by my mid-year exams, the good Jesuit father had sent in haste for my Dad. An evening appointment it had to be, for the street lights were on when my father left for work, and were burning again before he reached home. Ten hours he worked, seven days a week; a big man and gentle; a good provider, the neighbors said, and Father Twomey, our pastor.

Well I remember that fateful night, with the letter waiting for Dad to read. Over 40 years I can see our kitchen, and the supper waiting while he read the letter, and said when he'd done, "Never mind the stew, Mary, we'd best get started. Put your rubbers on, Richard, it's beginning to snow."

At 8 o'clock we were there, in the rectory of the Jesuit Church, listening to the Prefect of Studies. The young father spoke gently, explaining my status, questioning the wisdom of keeping me in high school. "After all, Mr. Cushing," he said, "God calls his children to many vocations—a comparative few to the life of the intellect, and fewer to the dignity of His priesthood."

Big and straight in his chair, my father listened, his good hat in his lap, firmly held in both hands. Only once and quietly he spoke in my defense: "It could be, Father, he's been working too hard, week-ends and evenings for Father Twomey." And with modest pride added. "Assistant Janitor, you might say; a good boy and willing."

"No question of that," said the young priest, rising, "nor must you feel bad about it at all. Saint Joseph was a carpenter. God will find work for this Richard of yours."

My father thanked him. "Good night, Father," he said.

As if it were yesterday, I recall the cold, wet, dark of the car stop, and the rain that was snow in the oncoming lights of our south-bound car. We rode homeward not talking, each with his thoughts, and mine unhappy. At last I said, pretending indifference as boys will, "They can have their diploma. I'll get a job and help at home."

Dad answered me quietly, words I missed in the crowded aisle. Then three I didn't miss, clearly heard between two clangs of the motorman's bell. "Carry on, Son," he said.

And when we got off at City Point, a few words more. My immigrant father, inarticulate often, but to me that dark night the best of my teachers. Hurrying homeward, "Do the best you can," he told me, "tis all God asks. He'll do the rest." Commonplace words, but who knows better to help and hearten child or man, teen-ager or bishop?

"Carry on," said my father long ago. With God's help I will—we will, His children, you and I. I pass it on to other young lads who find the going rather difficult.

pointment, was quick to grin and make light of the defeat.

"Confederation ruined Nova Scotia . . ." (Bill wears a black band on his sleeve on Dominion Day).

"Always look out for No. 1" (His philosophy).

"When playing cards, Bill could always unnerve Jim Trainor with a mere glance.

"His witticisms never fail to make Graham Marr, who takes nothing lightly, chuckle.

"Bill vows that the song "Bill Bailley, won't you please come home," was written in his honor.

For all the antics and phrases mentioned above, his fellow graduates will remember him. It may be a long time before another Bill Bailley comes to Saint Mary's. The editors of Dime hope that in printing this tribute to their choice of the man of the half-year they have aided in perpetuating his memory for the inspiration and benefit of future Santamarians.

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The Janitor's Notebook

*I think we'll be a little stronger
I think we'll live a little longer,
And we'll reach the great hereafter,
If we have a little laughter.*

I am standing one morning by the door which the students use to enter the beloved university. It happens this morning that I am in a very happy mood, mainly because on sweeping the steps I found 33 good-sized cigarette butts, 2 half sticks of gum and 2 unused razor blades, 4 pennies, an eight ball and one ball point pen with no ink.

So it occurs to me to say good morning to all the students entering the building by this door, for being a new janitor I naturally want to make a good impression on these future leaders of Canada.

I see first two very tall lads who are known to me as "set shot Clarke and foul shot Ross." It appears that they will have a rough time in the lab analysing, in no uncertain terms the objects which they are carrying, namely two pool cues and a basketball.

Next I see a figure armed to the teeth with a chess board and men. On the back of this individual known as John "Trigger" MacGillivray is a poster which challenges any student or professional faculty member to a game of chess, (his rules of course).

There comes into view a figure which is appearing to have three legs, but as he is coming closer I observe that it is none other than Tom "Ten Pin" Muise, with his favorite bowling ball suspended from a large chain which is attached to his belt.

There is now appearing a figure which I have not seen before, I think that he is a student but that point is debatable. He is unshaven, without tie, having only one rubber to divide between two shoes, which makes for hard walking. Under his arms are three fourth-year books, two third-year books, one sophomore books and one

freshman book. As he enters the door, someone recognizes him and says: "What are you here so early for, Knucker?"

Just then I hear the squeal of brakes as a car rips off two of those concrete posts which were installed just this year. Out of this vehicle comes a baker's dozen of Engineers carrying enough instruments and books to measure infinity. I recognize a few as they pass by, Gilbert "Silent Man" Frontaine, Don "Duck" Reardon, Don "Duck 'n Dive" Currie, Yves "Ship Ahoy" Pinet and George "I can get it for you wholesale" Isaac.

I see next Carl "Ignatius" Hunt passing out application forms for the Sodality to the Dartmouth crowd, who, like a herd of buffalo, run right over him. I help him to his feet and he thanks me, then proceeds to tell me that the Sodality is not a cloak and dagger group set on torturing small children, but a group which attempts to attain for its members and those outside it a goal which Judas did not attain.

Next I see a student armed with a fix-it-yourself kit, a child's coloring set, a make-up kit, a copy of Photoplay, and scripts of Alfred Hitchcock's latest production. I can tell by the walk of this individual (which is somewhat similar to Mr. Hulot of "Mr. Hulot's Holdup) that it is Murray "Your Views are my News" Napier.

I then see a long black robe stumbling along the path, and not wishing to leave this fine establishment, I begin to sweep again.

Wait a minute; don't laugh too hard, I have a lot of pages in this notebook and if you're good and kind and leave more things on the steps for me I may mention something nasty about you in the next edition of the Journal.

—Freda Nitnee.



MISS MARION CLARK

Pictured above is Miss Marion Clark, a former student in night credit classes at this university, who has recently joined the Cecil B. Demille Company.

Miss Clark was a student here in 1953-54 and at that time won first prize in a beauty contest sponsored by a national magazine. She journeyed to Toronto and became one of the top starlets of the young Canadian Television Industry.

Her acceptance by the DeMille Company is a major step for Marion and we hope that our former student may find success in her new field.

Commerce Boy—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

been a more confident nominee for presidency of the A.A.A. On election day he said to Jack Buckley, who had been previously elected to the Student Council presidency: "Jack, boy, I don't want you giving me any orders next year."

Nevertheless, someone decided to count the votes just to see if any of his opponets came close. Several of Bill's disciples broke down (uncontrollable laughter, the doctor said, is sometimes an effect of severe shock) on hearing the news that he had been defeated. But Bill, despite the disap-

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THE MILDTEST BEST-TASTING CIGARETTE



by Gerry Conrad

Glory week started out with a bang, and fizzled out in much the same way. The basketball team started out "Glory Week" rolling with an impressive 64-52 triumph over our arch rivals from Dalhousie. It is interesting to note that the Tigers were fresh from beating St. F.X. by almost an identical score the preceding week. Following this, the hockey team made Tech the victims of the most fantastic upset of the current season by defeating them by an 8-7 score. But all good things come to an end; ours came by an 8-3 loss to the Dal hockey team and a 56-54 loss to their hoopsters. We are particularly concerned with the basketball game—a game that should never have reached overtime.

With about two minutes remaining in the game, the scoreboard showed Saint Mary's 50, Dalhousie 48. We were ahead by two big points, a lead that we should never have relinquished. Saint Mary's had called a time-out to seek some advice from Mr. Basketball. "Freeze the ball," he said, and said again "Does everybody hear that?" All nodded their heads positively. This was indeed a crucial moment, and called for very accurate guesswork. This was a moment for "veterans," for experienced ball players. Up to this time, the game had been well in hand, with three of our rookies, so to speak, playing good ball for us.

On the bench were three veterans, three men who had played in Dominion finals. Two of these had played on three provincial championship teams and had twice seen action in eastern Canadian junior play-offs.

We bring this out to emphasize that it is from games such as these that one acquires experience for which there is definitely no substitute, nevertheless, when the minute was up, the rookies were still playing and the veterans were still sitting. Saint Mary's was in possession of the ball, a few seconds of "freezing," a driving layup, and we were no longer in possession. The rest may be told in story book fashion. The home team tied up the game and went on to a sensational victory in overtime and everyone lived happily ever after—except 10 unhappy men from SMU—particularly this observer. Perhaps if the veterans had taken over at that point we would have won the game. On the other hand, if they had played perhaps we would have lost by an even larger score. We decline to pass judgment, but it is indeed an issue for speculation. We had the experience, yet we failed to utilize it.

The untimely and unfortunate death of Jack Lawrence's father created a very conspicuous vacuum in our line-up. We do not attribute this as the reason why we lost but it was certainly a prominent factor. To date, we have won only three games while losing four—not a very attractive record, yet we have good players, capable coaching, and good support. Something's wrong somewhere. In Don Clarke and Brian Ross we have the two best "inside" men in the league. No other team in the league can come close here. In Jack Lawrence and Ken Dunsworth we have two "outside" men, who are at least on a par with most of the others. Perhaps not on a par with Packy MacFarland of "X", or Bob Douglas of Acadia or Gord Rankin of Dal, but these alone are the exceptions.

That we have the players is beyond question. Perhaps we'll have an opportunity to prove that statement in tomorrow night's game.

Tomorrow night we entertain St. F.X. in our gym at 8:30. Our chances of winning depend a great deal on your support and on the return of Jack Lawrence. If he does return and if we have the supporters, we should be able to take them. So let's get out there and help the team along. There will be dancing immediately after the game. All this for only a quarter.

The return of Bob Cashen saw the return of SMU to her former winning ways in the realm of hockey. Bobby gave our pucksters something they had misplaced or lost in their two preceding games. That something was confidence. Our goal-getters started goalgetting and our defence started defending. A far cry from their showing against St. F.X.

The defence, we thought, we "lacking," not in aggressiveness, but in effectiveness. As a matter of fact, they might have been termed too aggressive. Don Warner played his usual game, but the others—Mercier for instance . . . In the game against Tech, Jean almost made what probably would have been the last mistake of his life—he almost tangled with Jim Warner (Heaven forbid). A word of advice to Jean . . . Life is too short son—live and let live.

"Bullet" Kelly finally succeeded in convincing everyone that he is rugged. It's true. "Bullet" got five penalties. At this rate, the Montreal Canadiens are going to have to work to hold their reputation.

Saints Win One, Lose One

The Saint Mary's basketball team split a pair of the most exciting games played in the Inter-collegiate Basketball league this season. In the first game the smooth working quintet downed the Tigers by the score of 64-52, but in the second game Dal stopped the Santamarians by the score of 56-54.

In the winning game the Saints started fast, racking up 10 points without a reply from their opponents. In the final frame, the Saints never relented their basket producing onslaught and kept their lead well ahead of the Tigers. Rookie Brian Ross, was the high scorer of the game as he netted himself eight points in the last 10 minutes. In the closing four minutes both Jack Lawrence and Don Clark were fouled out of the game.

The second game showed the Saints on the losing side as they bowed to the Dal team by the score of 56-54. At the close of the first half, the cage crew, were trailing their opponents by the slim score of 22-19. In the finale the Saints showed a complete reversal of form, and for the rest of the game they matched the Tigers point for point. When the final whistle had blown the game was knotted in a deadlock tie. Both teams continued the same rapid pace in the overtime session, but when the chips were down Dal walked off the floor victorious.

Engineers Trounce Arts

Last Tuesday, January 30th, the power-packed Engineers took possession of first place in the inter-fac hockey league by downing Arts by a score of 8-6. "Fearless" Fagan was the big gun for Arts, scoring three goals, while Kelly and Gallagher potted two apiece for the Labmen.

BOX SCORE

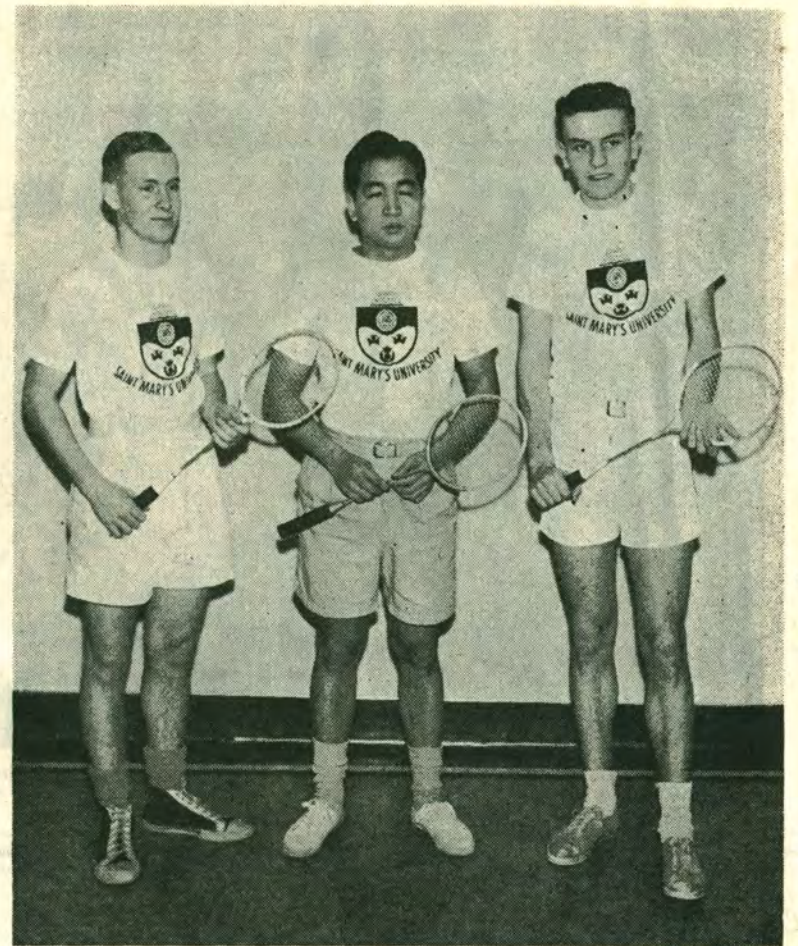
- First Period
 1—Arts—Power
 2—Engineers—Kelly (Gallagher and McAulay)
 Second Period
 3—Engineers—Allen (Kelly)
 4—Engineers—Kelly (Gallagher)
 5—Engineers—Sweet (Kelly and Gallagher)
 6—Arts—T. Flinn
 7—Arts—Fagan
 8—Arts—Fagan (T. Flinn)
 9—Engineers—Gallagher (Sweet and McAulay)
 Penalties—Sweet
 Third Period
 10—Arts—Fagan
 11—Engineers—Swindles (Wayland)
 12—Engineers—Sweet
 13—Engineers—Gallagher (Sweet and McCaffrey)
 14—Arts—Cleary

Arts Down Commerce

BOX SCORE

- First Period
 1—Arts—Flinn
 2—Arts—Randall
 Second Period
 3—Arts—Flinn
 4—Arts—Thorne (Lee)
 5—Comm—Sark (Butler)
 Penalties: Muise, Lee
 Third Period
 6—Arts—Ragan (Randall)
 7—Comm—Butler
 8—Comm—Hanlon

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Shown above are Graham Walker, Ronald Wong and Eric Hines, who make up this year's entry in the Maritime Badminton Tournament. The team is coached by Bob Merrit and will enter the county competition this month in preparation for the Maritime Tournament.

Pucksters Trounced By Tigers

Saint Mary's entry in the MHL is still close to the bottom of the pile having dropped a game to the Dal Tigers by a score of 8-3. In the opening period it was the Saints all the way as they outshot their opponents 15-8. The Saints were all over the Dal cage, and completely outplayed them. Doug Scarfe was the big man for the period for the maroon and white, when he slipped the puck past Gerry Gaydamack twice to give the Saints an early lead.

In the second period the song was sung to a different tune when the Tigers roared back and fired three goals past goalie Bob Cashen to tie the game and take a narrow lead. This period was a complete reversal of form. This period Dal swarmed over the Saints citadel and took advantage of Saint Mary's penalties which were costly to the squad.

In the final frame it was Dal again, as they continued to keep the pressure on Saint Mary's. The Tigers broke through the defenses four times to chalk up another four goals. Most of Dal's goals came when the Saints were serving time in the sin bin. Late in the

third period, Ace Billy broke through the Dal defense to pick up the only Santamarian tally of the period.

It was a fast, rugged contest the whole 60 minutes. The Saints outplayed the Tigers in the first period but completely fell apart in the latter two. This calibre of hockey overshadowed the Saints chances of victory. However, such stalwarts as McLellan, Scarfe, Cashen, Bailly and Mercier turned in an outstanding performance for the losing Saints.

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