

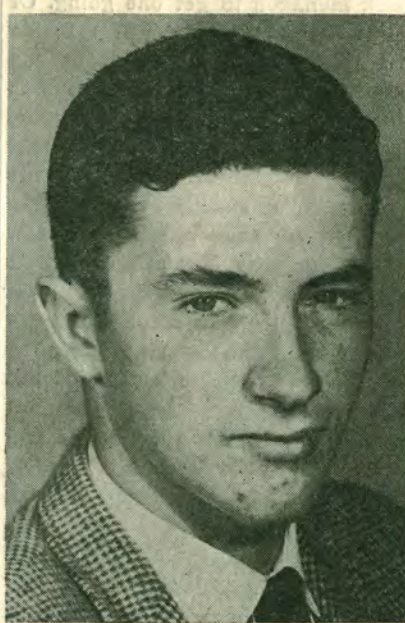
## GYM TO OFFICIALLY OPEN DEC. 9

### Saints Win Maritime Crown

By FRED WALKER



JIM TRAINOR



MIKE TINGLEY

Push 'em back! Push 'em back!  
Waaaaaay back!

That's the cheering section of the Saint Mary's University Junior Football team and believe me they have something to cheer about.

In two years of regular play the Saints have lost only one game, that being to the Cape Breton Rams in this year's Red Feather game at the Wanderers' Grounds. The score was a disappointing 28-12 victory in favor of the Rams.

Peter Young, star quarterback of the Santamarians offensive line was out of action during the lone defeat but was back in the lineup when Cape Breton played a return match, only this time the tables were turned somewhat.

On a cold, rainy day, Young ran the Saints to a 13-0 victory to even the won-lost record but there was still a 3 point margin in the Rams favor should a point spread decision be necessary.

As things turned out, Shearwater upset the highly favored Rams 47-6 and the only thing that stood in the way of another trip to Montreal was the thought "could Shearwater do the same to the Saints on Sunday?" Well, Sunday came and so did the rain but that didn't keep the spectators and cheering fans away as they watched the Maroon and White squad romp to a 26-0 victory over the Junior Flyers and thus assured themselves of the trip to Montreal.

There were stars aplenty as the Santamarians won the Nova Scotia Junior football and Maritime titles but a few who really stood out were some who played terrific ball all season and came through when the chips were down: Pete Young, who called and passed the Saints to victory many times; Greg McClare who broke through many stone wall lines to pick up yardage; Teddy O'Leary, the 1957 scoring champion who collected 36 points; Teddy Moore and sidekick Mike Pelham, Moore who got the only touchdown for the defensive team when he intercepted a Shearwater pass and ran 85 yards for a touchdown in the last game of the season; Pelham was murder to the opposition's ball carriers; Phil Josey and John Mercier also proved to be a menace to the opposing quarterbacks; Bobby Shae who played terrific in the backfield and subbed for Young at quarter time; Guy Power was also a stand out in the backfield in both kicking and tackling; and last but not the least is Frankie Cronin, that little fireballing end who hauled down many a pass from Young and Shae.

Those were just a few but the most important one was hardly mentioned all season—we refer to coach Father Elmer MacGillivray—who piloted the team to their second championship in as many years,

From the office of the Vice-President comes word that the Gym will officially open on December 8th. The opening will be attended by members of Saint Mary's Alumni and His Grace Archbishop Berry will be the main speaker.

There is also the possibility that the Gym may be open to functions before this date. However, this is an unconfirmed rumor.

The gym is nearly completed and what a sight it is to behold! Entering the stairway, the surrounding walls are made of cement giving a clear bright atmosphere. As you descend the marble stairway, one wanders if he is in a gymnasium or a front parlor.

The gym walls are of a solid, huge, colored brick rising from the floor almost to the ceiling, giving way to a soft pink finishing of cement blocks.

The floor consists of rectangular squares of hardwood with the grain of the wood laid in a clockwise direction. Over this appears a varnish of lacquer, used as a protective, and giving high gloss makes the court fast and fluorescent. The dimensions of the gym are 94 feet by 50 feet, topped off by fiberglass backboards. The ceiling is made of an acoustic material thus cutting down noises and echoes. The lighting is up-to-date and is concealed within the ceiling. Off the court, at the east end, can be found a lobby, coatroom and a storage room.

The north-west side houses another storage room and a small kitchen which will come in very handy for various functions on occasions. An instructor's office faces the south-east side, and who knows, this whole project might promote a physical education course to be added to the curriculum for in a sound body can be found a sound mind.

To those who have contributed to this cause a note of congratulations is extended and also one of gratitude from the student body.

kept them in top condition rain or shine and helped quiet the fans if they started to razz the referees.

Injuries plagued the team during most of the season and some of the stars missed out on some of the action due to various reasons. Charlie Dolan was sidelined early in the season but was on hand for the last few games. Peter Fraser started out like a house on fire but at the present is in the hospital with a case of the 'flu and tonsillitis. Cammy MacDonald missed out on the game under the lights as he was involved with a groin injury. Greg McClare and John Mercier were bothered with leg trouble and each individual member of the team was out at one time or another, having been bitten by the 'flu bug.

With football over it's time to look to the future to basketball and hockey and hope these teams can duplicate the records established by their fellow classmates.

Yes, that was football 1957, a very successful year for our Maroon and White squad bearing the name Saint Mary's University.

### NFCUS NOTES

Saint Mary's first year as a member of the National Federation of Canadian University Students got off to a promising start by the attendance of two delegates from here to the NFCUS Congress held at Quebec City with Laval as the host University. Brian Flemming, our NFCUS president and Dan MacDonald, Student Council President were the two delegates.

The opening of the Congress was highlighted with an address by the vice-president of the Canada Council, Rev. G. H. Levesque. He announced the tentative grant of \$5000 by the Canada Council to the Federation for a National Seminar to be held next year. Many items of business were covered in the few short days of the Congress, but here are a few that should be of interest to our students:

1. Saint Mary's received the mandate for the Corpuscle Cup which is presently held by the University of British Columbia. This Cup is presented annually to the University donating the most blood, on a per capita basis, to the Red Cross. Commencing this year Saint Mary's will tabulate the statistics on all member universities regarding these donations and will announce the most successful university at the end of the academic year.

2. Student discount services were discussed and a resolution passed whereby certain national chains would be approached for discounts.

3. NFCUS will present, in the near future a brief to the governments on the subject of scholarship entitlements for all Canadian Students who meet certain prescribed requirements.

The NFCUS executive of Saint Mary's held a meeting recently to discuss various items, one of which should perhaps be mentioned here. Business organizations in the city of Halifax, for purposes of discounts, recognize the NFCUS card only if it has a photo of the bearer in it and has stamped approval. So if each student will glue a small picture on the appropriate spot on the card and present it to the NFCUS president for approval, his NFCUS card will be of more value to him.

### Union Carbide Scholarships Awarded

Two SMU students have been awarded Union Carbide Scholarships valued at \$2000 each. Arthur Michael Tingley and James Trainor were chosen by the scholarship committee to receive the awards.

Mike Tingley is a sophomore Engineering student. He graduated from St. Mary's High School in 1955. Last year he received the Brother Sterling entrance scholarship to St. Mary's University.

Jim Trainor is a Freshman Engineer, he graduated from St. Patrick's High School last year and was awarded one of the Knights of Columbus entrance scholarships to St. Mary's University.

Union Carbide Canada Limited has established scholarships at 19 Canadian universities, four of which are awarded in Nova Scotia to assist deserving students who are interested in a career in business. Winners are chosen on the basis of good scholastic standing and personal reputation by the Scholarship Committee of the universities.

### Sodality Active This Year

From all indications the University Sodality will have another very successful year. One of the most active and fruitful organizations on the campus last year, the sodality has undergone a complete change in executive. Father Gallagher, who in past years as spiritual moderator has contributed so much to the development of the Sodality, has decided to devote more time to counselling. His ideas and methods, however, have been retained in the new moderator Father Topp.

An invitation to join the Sodality was extended to the entire student body by Father Topp. He was ably assisted by Father Daly, the National Director of the Sodality in Canada. The Sodality Way of Life was outlined very clearly to the students and it might be added, favorably accepted by many. A member of some 35 Sodalities together with 22 candidates demonstrates this fact.

A very active executive has been elected with Charles Burke as Prefect; Basil Carew, Vice-Prefect; Greg McClare, Treasurer and Bob Hallet, Secretary.

In mid-October this executive, together with the Sodality executives of the Infirmary, Mount Saint Vincent College and Academy, Convent of the Sacred Heart and Saint Mary's University High School, attended three study sessions under Father Daly. In the sessions he outlined a program as to how to conduct a Sodality meeting. Two meetings have been held by the executives in which his proposals have been studied with great deliberation. Some of them have already been introduced into the Sodality meetings, while others have been rejected.

### International Show

The Science Society's 2nd Annual International Show will be held this year on Dec. 15.

This show, a favorite in its first appearance, promises this year to surpass its well-accorded premiere. It will headline such internationally known artists as The Buchta Dancers, Marie De Gerrior and the Armadale Chorus.

Mr. Julius Zarand, who has worked with the National Theatre in Budapest is also giving of his time and talent. Students from Mount Saint Vincent College and Dalhousie University, along with those of St. Mary's will round out the show indicating the presentation of the most colorful and cultural program on the campus.

# SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

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## The Skeleton Team of 1957

Adverse circumstances are needed to provide an opportunity for a man to show that he is a man of heroic status. Sunday, October 27, our adverse situation reached a peak. The team showed its stature and it was the stature of heroes.

Friday night the outlook was grim and we informed the league of our situation. The same night Acadia cancelled a game with Shearwater.

Sunday morning the weather added its frightening threat. We phoned Cape Breton Rams and suggested a postponement until Monday or Tuesday. The preceding Sunday their medical officer was concerned about the health of his team and would not let the team play. Two weeks' before the Rams had asked and received a postponement of a game on account of 'flu. Sunday they wanted to take advantage of our weakened team.

What chance did we have? The Rams had beaten our regulars, minus Young, in the Red Feather game, 28-12. Sunday, Young was back but O'Leary was in bed. Richard's shoulder was in a sling. McClare limped among the rooters but did he shout! Mercier limped along the sidelines. Sinclair was in the Infirmary with a broken leg. Pelham also a 'flu absentee. Dolan out for the season. Pete Fraser, his neck swollen with tonsillitis, his finger still dislocated, without practice all week, donned a uniform. Just out of bed from 'flu were DeVonney, Bill Power, Cronin, Shea, Josey, Reyno and Murphy. Skeletons all!

That was 1 p.m. By 3 p.m. the skeletons had written a page of history that will be an inspiration for numerous years. Never again will we admit before a game that we haven't a chance of winning! The prediction will always be SMU WILL WIN.

The victory was worth more than a championship. It was better than last year's Chatham victory. And that was a famous victory. Whenever hopes are low, we'll remember the spirit of '57.

It was nice to see and better to hear Gervais and Warner of last year's team cheering the boys on to victory. The rooters in the rain were not many but they proved themselves supporters in sunshine and in storm. The boys on the team know what a help they were to them on Sunday.

## A Change of Tone

With the advent of the first issue of the year, it might be worth while to point out the different approach the Journal has taken into the literary field this year.

We have abandoned the hope of having news that is really "news," so we have moved into what is referred to in the journalistic field as "features." By this move the writer is free to express his own opinion on everything and anything. It may be a narrative, humorous or serious article, best suited to the individual's style. Most important, it gives an outlet for the various tastes and talents of the university student.

It is with this in mind that we are sponsoring an essay contest devoted entirely to feature writing. Every student is entitled to enter the contest with the exception of the Editorial Staff of the Journal.

Deadline for entries — December 5th. A cup, suitably inscribed, along with a \$5 prize will be presented to the best overall essay. Honorable mention will be given in individual categories.

Let's dig up some of the talent around here and really show what we can do. Remember the deadline — DECEMBER 5th!

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## A Shot in the Dark

By FRANK KELLY

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The article, "An Engineer's Recipe," which appeared in the last issue, was also written by Frank Kelly.)

A rainy day is never really impressive or beautiful. For some people, it becomes a day of complete rest, while for others it creates a feeling of emptiness and sometimes sadness. For Munk it was just one of those days. Rising early (because he just couldn't sleep) he had gone out feeling quite depressed. The old man was in a bad mood and he had gotten hell for coming in late the night before. He sloshed his way through the brightly colored autumn leaves and made his way to the Tip Top. He lit a Players (taking time out to throw a few haphazard phrases at the inventor of card matches), walked in and slammed the door. The waitress surveyed him casually, so to get her out of sight, he snapped, "Gimme a cuppa coffee," and proceeded to mentally rip her to bits. The truth of the matter was that he had contributed generously the night before to the coffers of the local government, and for some strange reason liquids of a fiery nature didn't quite agree with his stomach, head, or disposition. The coffee arrived, and two Players and 45 minutes later he decided to spend the day with the local "good-for-nothings" at the poll hall, unless he could get a job guiding for the weekend. "Deer hunting just ain't what it used to be," he thought. He paid for the coffee, but not before complaining about the taste, and was set to go, but this is where his job came along.

As he stepped out a large black Caddy pulled up and presented the sharp contrast of four brightly clad hunters. Munk looked it over, noticed the New Jersey license, and waited for a salutation from the fat man at the wheel.

"Ga mawnin'," he drawled in typical south-of-the-border accent.

"How ya doin'," Munk flipped back. "Not bad, but the weatha around here ain't exactly gawd."

"First rainy day we had fer a month," lied Munk.

"Say, fella, we're up for a coupla days' huntin'. Ya don't know where we'll find a guide, do ya?"

"Well, Mac, you stepped right into it cause I'm a guide and I know a lot of the best deer huntin' kuntry around here."

"We great, man great. Get in and we'll take off right now."

In ten minutes Munk knew them all, namely Bill, Jake, Freddy and Allie. Munk had experience in the particular business, and in ten minutes he also had named his price, examined their guns, threw them the old line and casually, quite casually, fond out how much pure crystal water they had with them. He also decided to lead them to the wilds of Cape Breton, so the first day produced nothing more than five soaked hunters, four empty bottles, an intelligent argument on who won the second World War, and a motel room full of stinky wet socks.

Before retiring, the boys decided to hit the happy hunting grounds at daybreak and have breakfast in the field. The thought of red dripping deer steak floating its smell on the morning air brought the boys out of the sacks at sharp six. Of course, Munk had used his hair-raising stories of old to brain wash his clients into getting an early start. They shoved off at six, proceeded to an orchard, saw nothing and continued on into the deeper bush. They split up and Freddy, Munk and Allie decided to cover a large opening, each within sight of the other. Maybe five or ten minutes had passed when the hair-raising crack of a 30-06 shattered the morning's air somewhere in the direction taken by Freddy. Munk and Allie raced down the slope, hopping windfalls and brush on the fly. Allie hooked his foot into a bow-shaped root, went flying, and did more shattering with

a few well-chosen phrases of not exactly American slang. Munk arrived on the scene first, and surveyed the damage. From what was left Munk concluded that Freddy had somehow blown a full-grown rabbit, bones, flesh, soul, and all clean into perpetual rest. For a moment Munk's mind wandered, and then he considered how lucky he was not to have taken the same trail as the rabbit. For Munk (who wasn't exactly an apostle) Freddy's junk of lead would have sent him a little further than, or beyond, perpetual rest. Convinced now that they had scared everything within a 20-mile radius, they decided to slash some chow together.

Bill and Jake, a little less destructive appeared, and while they listened with rapt attention to the fate of the rabbit, Munk proceeded to light a fire with wet wood. Again the guy who invented card matches was given a mental talking to. Breakfast was a lengthy and rowdy affair. Bill and Freddy managed to lure Jake into a heated discussion on how to make a fire, and although some great fliers were created mentally, only Munk managed to get one going. Of course, he felt pretty warm inside anyway. Bill complained about his feet being tired, and since he was pushing about 260 and a 6'4" frame, there was little wonder. Freddy told him he was out of shape, and his shape didn't exactly represent a specimen of fine physical fitness, anyway. Anyway Munk figured that Black and White had pretty well taken its toll on an empty stomach.

Breakfast ready, each produced a plate and dished into bacon and hot burnt beans. Munk dropped hot bacon fat on his trigger finger and swore pleasantly, and Bill greatly helped the cause by spilling hot coffee on Jake's knee.

Breakfast over, fire doused, argument over who does the dishes, (they stayed dirty) and they were again underway. However Munk kept everyone no more than ten feet apart for the sake of humanity.

So there they were. Four days of hunting had produced nothing and Munk harbored the idea that perhaps they thought it was the guide's fault. He didn't know but perhaps that was why he suggested one of hunting's capitol sins, jacking. The idea passed as a joke, was torn apart, thought about, tossed around and finally became a reality and then a future adventure. Of course everyone realized the penalty incurred should one be caught. But hell they were leaving tomorrow, and the sight of two tens and a five left no stain of sin in Munk's mind. Bill bought a flashlight and enough batteries to light a city and it was formally decided that "Operation Hi Jack" would begin at 10:30 sharp.

Bill pulled the car to a stop on an old dirt road, got too close to the edge and managed to drop a "Good-year" into a slight hole, while at the same time taking a lecture on how to park from Freddy. Bill retorted that this wasn't no "Gawd's" city, and besides, who was driving the "Gawd's" CAR?

Two guns and two lights were taken, and it was generally agreed that they would reach the orchard around 11 o'clock. A quick snort and they were off, excitement in every heart except Munk's. By way of chance or luck or whatever you want to call it they came to an open field dotted here and there with small spruce trees. Munk's trained ears picked up a slight sound to his left and Bill's over-eager flashlight lit up the field. Suddenly its arc picked up a fine brown-backed object about 1000 feet away and partly hidden by a small spruce tree. Munk's eyesight was never bad and Jake was never faster with a rifle. A shot cracked, a farmhouse light flicked on, and five hunters beat it over the hill and home in record time.

Back at the cabin a lengthy discussion followed and at 7 o'clock the fallen victim was to be extracted from the field. Throughout the conversation the farm-house light was never mentioned (it was noticed by only one), and at approximately 2

a.m. Munk quietly left the cabin to the tune of four snoring gangsters and started thumbing away from the scene of the crime.

It was Tuesday evening and Munk had reached the ferry boat and the generosity of two old buddies from town. They drove the old Ford to the front of the boat and settled down for the 20-minute trip across. Over a bottle of joy juice Munk was relating his experiences to the boys when suddenly a large black Caddy pulled alongside. Across the front was draped a big pair of horns, a well-shaped head, and two fine-looking rumps. Phil and Jim looked it over, while making two or three very expressive comments, but at the same time noticed that across the left fender was a biological characteristic normally not found on any species of deer. Jim couldn't quite help a high-pitched roar of laughter and the word "cow!" and winding down his window he erupted with roaring enthusiasm into a huge fat red face and a White Owl, which exclaimed, "Don't laugh, buddy. That thing cost me \$185.00 and I'm takin' it back to the U.S. If every Canadian from here to the border has to gawk his eyes at it."

Munk was in the back seat of the Ford, his soul filled with gleeful joy. He was \$65 richer and life had suddenly taken on a more cheerful glow.

## Parting Ties

Fain would I ne'er have met that one I love,  
 Whose lips I've kissed, who holds my soul at bay,  
 Then give my heart to one who's like a dove,  
 Which gently spreads its wings, and flies away.  
 For love, though wonderful, can be unwise,  
 And make one live unhallowed, empty hours,  
 And wish that miles were yards, and ere he dies,  
 Feel like the prisoners of ancient towers.  
 So, love if we must part, give my soul rest,  
 And let it there beside thine own soul lie,  
 And hold my heart with love within thy breast;  
 Without thee, sweet, I cannot choose but die.  
 If we must say goodbye, let it not be forever;  
 Let us be bound by ties that death alone can sever.

John Nause, Arts 3.

## Youth . . .

By FRANK KELLY

Youth, today you stand  
 Free, caring aught, each moment  
 Bursting your heart and out of you  
 Desire pours.  
 Of all the things of which God gave,  
 This you hold, and dear to heart  
 Each fleeting moment  
 Passes unobserved, yet known  
 To each and all.  
 Laugh on dear life: enjoy it now  
 And never reckon with  
 Passing time.  
 But use it well  
 For, eternally it stands  
 Unregained.  
 Each merry moment, each fond  
 delight  
 Serves its purpose  
 And never counts  
 The cost.  
 But you shall decay  
 And break the joy  
 Of which I hold today.  
 Hold but a while,  
 The joyous trials,  
 Futile attempts,  
 Nothing accomplished.  
 Nothing? Ah no,  
 You have succeeded.  
 Indent in your mind  
 These passing pleasures  
 Which shall when you've passed,  
 Be my fondest treasures.

# African Seminar

By RONALD BARNES

During the past summer I was fortunate enough to have been sent to the 1957 international Students Seminar of World University Service of Canada.

This seminar is an annual conference of students and professors which is sponsored by WUSC and involves students from many of the free nations of the world. The location of the seminar varies every year. This summer it was held in Ghana, West Central Africa, a country which is of special interest to the world because it has recently become the first African country to attain full independence within the British Commonwealth. The last two seminars were held in Japan and Germany while next year Yugoslavia will be the host country.

Before continuing with a description of the seminar which I attended I would like to explain a few things, first about how I intended to report my experiences during the past summer and secondly about the organization which sponsored and carried out the venture.

With regard to the report itself, I am most anxious to make it enjoyable reading. The trip, naturally, involved a great deal of academic work but it was so well balanced by a program of extraordinary experiences and good fun that I should be able to make it intense enough to be worth reading, light enough to be humorous and vigorous enough to be stimulating, at all which I shall proceed to fail.

Now for the organization which sent us. Its name is a familiar one on this campus thanks largely to the energy and ability of its last two SMU chairmen Skip Kane and Carl Dujay.

Its past history is not overly important, yet its origin is interesting. It was first called European Relief Fund because it was formed to administer to the financial needs of war-torn European universities.

Their faculties were devastated, students were impoverished, living quarters demolished, many texts destroyed, and education was at a standstill. In response to a desperate plea for aid, North America and other countries poured a vast amount of aid into Europe and European Relief Fund was the organization formed to administer this aid. The organization performed a similar service after World War II, but since its origin, both its name and its ideal has changed.

Now its name is WUS and its fundamental purpose is to promote a community feeling between the students and staff of universities all over the world regardless of race, religion, nationality, or economic background. It strives to develop a bond of friendship and co-operation between all students.

It has three separate functions by which it attempts to promote this ideal:

(a) Mutual aid, which enables students in more fortunate areas to aid those in more needy areas. For example, helping to provide libraries, laboratories, technical books, and funds where they are badly needed as in the Near and Far East, India, Africa, and some parts of Europe.

(b) Research into university problems as in the building of university health centers to combat epidemics among students in Delhi and Calcutta plus organizing a system of student hostels in the Near and Far East and parts of Europe.

(c) International seminars and conferences help to break down the isolation of universities in particular sections of countries and to build up international understanding and co-operation. By bringing the students and staff together from different

countries and different political, religion, racial, social and economic background to share ideas, experiences and beliefs under a program of close personal contact a great feeling of understanding is produced.

I feel that our seminar to Africa in particular did much to lessen an isolation which has developed in Africa because of limited contact with outside educational sources. The country is building up a university community with no previous personal experience and depends for guidance on European staff members, literature of discipline developed in European Schools, and on a few native students able to study abroad. For this and other reasons students tend to become immersed in their own university alone and are not open to broadening influences as they should be. However, I believe that the intense public and personal discussions and the lively presence of so many outside students is just what is needed to offset this tendency of isolation, and is well worth the support of all those who make it possible. Besides aiding the university communities of the lost countries, international seminars have great benefit for the students and professors of the other participating countries.

The African Seminar gave us all a very real picture of the Black man trying to govern himself as a citizen of a free and independent nation after years of domination and rule by other peoples. We understand to some degree his feeling of tribalism, of his old native religions, his diseases, his mixed emotions regarding the white man. We have seen his problems and feel an earnest hope that he will be successful in his struggles and in many cases I had a desperate urge to help in some way. Beyond this we feel closer to the colored people of our own and other countries. And beyond that we feel we have a special understanding of the South African situation, the Egyptian attitude, the Israeli sentiment, the peoples of the Jordan, Kenya, Uganda, even the feelings of the West Germans, the French, and the British peoples, on many matters of world concern. For there were people present from all these countries and more, and they were all most anxious that we left with an accurate conception of their country and its peoples. As students we were always absorbed in a vigorous research for the truth and frequently discussed in small groups with great frankness and fervor 'til the early hours of the morning. Thus it is not difficult to see why I insist that the Seminar was such a tremendous experience in international understanding. Having experienced it I believe with great conviction that I have attained a familiarity with world problems that I would not have received elsewhere.

# Pool Room Patsies

I am a Pool Table, I dwell in the day hops common room. I can tell you many interesting stories, but here I will confine myself to the dischevelled characters who most often inhabit my realm.

To understand my position I must tell you that my experiences began four or five years ago, when I first was introduced to the University way of life. During this period I have seen and heard many strange characters, but never has my existence been in such jeopardy as it is in the present, for around me constantly are gathered the cream of the student body.

Now, if the powers that be, should suddenly realize that these honors students are spending more time with me than with St. Thomas, I might be asked to vacate the premises which I have come to love so much. But regardless of the consequences I feel that the story of me and my surroundings have been kept in the background long enough.

In the beginning I must make it clear that any and all names used are purely

I admit that my appearance leaves something to be desired, but that is no reason for the floggings that I receive quite often from the hands of George, Joe, Brian, Billy, L.G., and a host of others. Tell me honestly how many of you would stand for the kicks, jabs, punches and abuses that I take without a word. How do you think it feels to be jabbed in the ribs with a cue tipless and jagged, how do you think it feels to have your skin pulled off in great junks, to have your wearing apparel ripped and torn as mine is.

I have talked long enough, I know now that nothing more need be said about my problem, for college students being what they are will adapt themselves to the situation and prove to be understanding and considerate in their use of me and my services in the future.

# An American in Canada

By DICK HURLEY

I am an American in Canada and I have found very few things that are different. However, one of the hardest things I found that I had to contend with at first was the difference in the common terms of speech. There were many colloquialisms which I did not understand when I first arrived.

Yank!! This term really surprised me when I heard myself addressed as such. As an American, I always pictured this term as used in a derogatory manner. By this I mean that when I heard it, I always pictured a troopship, filled with American soldiers, moving away from a dock in a hot-blooded, European country. On the dock there would be many people waving placards and shouting, "Yankee go home." Later someone told me that the term as used here wasn't meant in such a manner. At least I hope not!

During a recent dance at Mount Saint Vincent College, I was speaking to a young lady who told me she was very tired after "driving" a bus all the night before. As ridiculous as it may seem I was actually astounded that an 18-year-old girl would be driving a bus in Canada. After talking a little further, I realized that the term "driving" was equivalent to "riding" on a bus in the States.

Another term that struck me in an odd way is when one person refers to another as a "good head." This one wasn't so hard to figure out after I was told that the rest of him was all right too.

A certain Newfoundlander had me confused when he would say, for instance, "Buddy ran up to me and told me there was a man looking for me. So, I thanked Buddy and asked him where the gentleman was." I thought that the story-teller should at least say whether Buddy was his brother, a friend, or some-

(Continued on Page 4)

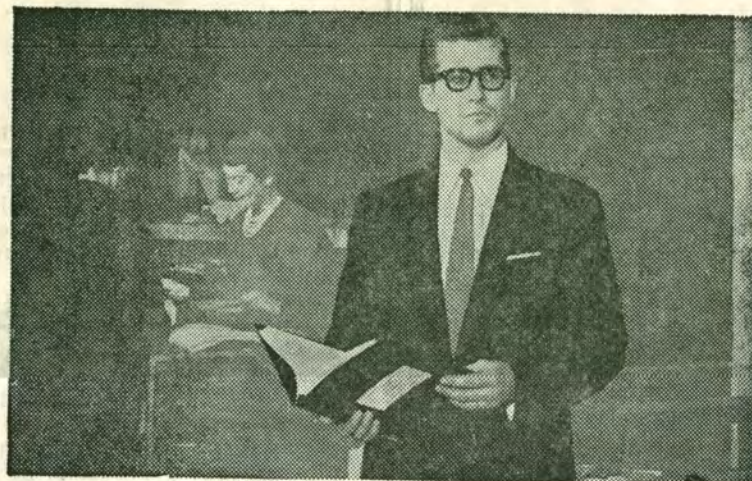


By THE WATCHDOG

A vote of thanks to the Sophomore Class of The Mount for the Halloween dance—Seems DAN and KEV are having double trouble lately; and the 'flu is a poor excuse, Dan—Seems the Junior O'Brien likes 'em older—Mercier is looking forward to meeting old friends in Montreal—Suggest you use Cleary as a battering-ram to get at the food store in 223—Cronin had a long-distance call from Montreal; maybe he's finally changing—Carl seems to be making time with the old college flame, Sylvia—Hear Sapp's developed an interest in Dal, and it's not the dental school, either — Our deepest sympathies to O'Brien, whose wife died the other day — Isn't it time for Speedy and Dunstan to leave the Sacred Heart?—Hear Cy was forced to vacate the Mount—Shea is finding swimming in bed at midnight rather difficult—Cuccia is out shopping for a new and sharper razor — Would you like a smoke, Dave?—The old tune, "Sisters," isn't too popular with John lately—Hey, Cumerford, somebody's stealing your gal! — Josey's picture is hanging in 209; does that put you in good graces, Phil?— Congratulations to the second floor which supported the team against Cape Breton and the rest who didn't —Hear Skip doesn't like the way the Boarders' meetings are run. Oh, well, there's always one radical in the group—Speaking of radicals, Fagan is trying to start a new party.

FLASH! Exclusive from Montreal! Saint Mary's Football team takes Saint Mary's Hospital by storm. MacLellan Hall close second. Could the contents of Cronin's telegram have been "Please stay with me—Diana." —I hear the cost of night-clubbing has gone up in Montreal since Phil returned with a trunk full of souvenirs—I hear, too, that "Snap" Murphy is Fetchin' Gretchen home—Shea seems to have been offered another football scholarship — Brooks liked Montreal but missed Marg!—Richard and somebody else got lost downtown—Sinclair can dance better on one leg than on two—Cleary stayed true blue and saw last year's flame at the game—Getting back to the slow hundrum of Nova Scotia—Cammie led his trio in competing with the Hi-Fi Monday night—Twins at a victory dance can be confusing, eh Gallagher?— I hear Pat Murphy likes to go for long walks—Chef Milliard has an offer from the Waldorf Astoria; too bad the CNR cooks have to go back to the train—Oddly enough, we've heard nothing about any cows being shot in Liverpool during the weekend—Oh, yes! Halligan does the queerest things on St. Catherine's Street—Jessome opened a date bureau; where'd he get his experience?—What we lost in Dort we gained in Brasset—Barrett always manages to call off parties when he's campused — Cumerford does his advised study on the telephone, three hours of it in one sitting—What's Wiseman trying to get from the city council? — Oxford Street apartments have closed down for renovations, according to Pete, Phil and Jean —

## Men— Step Out... And Up ... to a Career with the Bay!



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# Victory in Defeat

By KEVIN J. CLEARY

Last Sunday I stood behind the bench of the Big Red Team at Verdun Stadium and watched them lose a football game, but in the course of the game I saw them win a victory for themselves and the Maritimes that would not be forgotten by those who stood around me.

The team went on the field with 23 men in uniform, to face the best team that Montreal (or for that matter Quebec) could produce, and face them they did! They fought them tooth and nail, but always in the tradition of true sportsmanship. I saw our valiant 23 hold their tempers and play good, clean football while the heavier and more experienced NDG team punched and gouged their way through our line. I saw our men obey the referees and take bad breaks in their stride, while our opponents ranted and raved themselves into 200 yards in penalties. I saw Saint Mary's act like real men while their adversaries made a disgusting show of themselves. And all the time there was a pride welling up in me, a pride in the Maritimes and the type of teams we produce. A team that plays for the sake of playing and not solely for the sake of winning. To me it showed behind it all a culture that has not been affected by the power mad world, a world in which men must gain their selfish ends no matter whom or what they have to ruin to get there. It is because of this that I am proud to say I am a Maritimer. And even if we had been playing with a codfish instead of a football as some not to friendly fan suggested, I would still be proud and proud of our BIG RED TEAM.

## An American . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

body I knew by a different name. Then I also learned that Buddy means anybody you're talking about whether you know him or not.

Another Newfoundlander said to me on the 'phone once, "Stay where you're to and I'll come where you're

at." After about three minutes of trying to figure this one out, I said, "Okay."

One Friday night, I asked one of my new friends if he'd like to go to a movie. He said, "No thanks, I've got to drive her tonight." In my ignorance, I asked, "Whom do you have to drive and to where?" This patient Canadian slowly explained that he meant he really had to study hard tonight.

## Saint Mary's Take Tennis Crown

Saint Mary's two-man tennis team swept to victory in the doubles of the Maritime Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament held at UNB in Fredericton, N.B., Oct. 12. In the tourney Saint Mary's with the booming serves of Mike Tingley and the fine net play of Tom Osborne, carried off the doubles Championship, while Acadia University copped two singles.

Saint Mary's, who were not represented in the singles, came through with the doubles without suffering a set back. Saint Mary's defeated Acadia, Mount A and UNB and then entered the final match tied with St. FX. With pressure on Tom and Mike came up with a very strong game and were never in any real danger. In the course of the tourney the Saints piled up a very impressive record winning 48 games while losing only 11, picking up 12 out of a possible 12 points.

As a result of the Acadia win in the singles department, the cup will be shared by both universities. Each having possession of it for a half-year.

The scores of the games were:

1. SMU vs. Acadia—6-0, 6-0
2. SMU vs. Mount A—6-0, 6-3
3. SMU vs. UNB—6-2, 6-2
4. SMU vs. St. FX—6-2, 6-2

A figure of speech which always disagreed with my sense of direction, was the way transplanted Nova Scotians in Boston would tell you about going home. They would say, "I am going 'downeast' for the summer." This was bad enough but when I arrived here, I heard many people say that they had been "up to Boston." I may pick up an accent here and I may pick up some of the terms but I will never agree with this one.

I could probably fill this whole Journal page with the expressions that sound odd to me, such as: ploughing a course; muckle that ball carrier; don't get dirty, meaning, don't get angry, somebody telling me they're going to clean my clock etc., There is no need, however, of going any further. I think everybody sees my difficulty.

This whole affair of different terms is giving me a brand new education. The only way I will be able to understand Haligonians, Newfoundlanders, Cape Bretoners, and all Canadians will be to get myself a dictionary of colloquialisms. You readers can also help me out. If you happen to know me and you are talking to me, look for the puzzlement in my face. When you see it try to explain yourself to me more clearly because you'll know I don't understand you. "I ain't stupid, I'm just iggorant."

## ON and OFF the CAMPUS

THE JOTTER

Well the goblens came and went, but before they left they had many bits of information and scandal which they passed on to me about you wonderful creatures. So much in fact that for the first time in my career I found that my pen had run dry long before I had finished what I wanted to include in this issue. However I have managed to get in a few licks.

The Mount dance was said to be a successful expedition, couples seen leaving the floor quite frequently were no doubt quite pleased with the venture. The "Beaker" on many occasions was seen sporting a tell-tale smile of satisfaction. While John Murphy seemed to be occupied with a newly found acquaintance. Carl Dujay was observed from time to time and he seemed to be quite impressed with a cute "petite fille."

Charlie McGuire and Ronnie Barnes must have had quite an enjoyable evening the night of the Engineers' Ball. Not everyone can dine at the Ritz before they dance.

It was very strange to see fellows like Charlie Burke and Greg McClair promoting the tour of Olands made recently by the Arts Society. I guess it was an excursion, the sole object of which was to see the complicated machinery which turns out such evil waters.

Charlie Dolan and Reg MacDougall have made it definite that they will be in the thick of the pool Chamionship this year. Charlie has the peculiar habit of giving a low whistle just before he sinks a ball, while Reggie is unpredictable at all times.

Dink Walker was a little embarrassed recently when he was asked if he was the same Walker who displays his wares for Shearwater Flyers senior football team.

Bucket Thorne is accused of making rash promises by Bob Hartlen. Bob says that when the prospects of going to Montreal were dim, Bucket was all for taking his car, but after the trip had been assured, Bucket was all wet.

Graham MacDonald seems to be content playing the field, but if he keeps that twinkle in his eye for a certain young miss, he will be playing the same tune during the winter months.

Clary Flemming and Bob Dauphnee haven't done anything worthy of mention, but I thought it would be nice if they could see their name in print. Ted Moore claims that his recent dramatic touchdown was the direct result of good clean living, lots of milk and plenty of sleep.

Paul Crane and Charlie Williams were seen in a nose to nose argument concerning the recent economical trends and the effect that it would have on the business world.

"The cards were marked" cries Ed Rodgers the victim of some smart operators who held a social at a mid-town residence recently.

Well that's all I care to say, but I ask you please to forgive me if I have made it embarrassing for anyone mentioned in this column. In the next issue the comments may be better or worse—it depends on you.

*Birkdale*

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## CAREER OPPORTUNITIES IN RETAILING

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### WHAT IS ZELLER'S LIMITED?

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### WHAT CAREER OPPORTUNITIES DOES ZELLER'S OFFER?

Zeller's offers an opportunity to grow with a young expanding company. Fifteen new stores have been opened in the past two years and similar expansion is expected in the future. This will provide excellent opportunities for young men interested in preparing themselves for positions in Store Management, Buying and other Executive branches.

### WHAT TRAINING DOES ZELLER'S PROVIDE?

Zeller stores operate on the basis of decentralization, with the manager responsible for the store organization. To prepare a man for this responsibility, training is a scheduled one-the-job program to give experience in all phases of the business.

### WHAT IS ZELLER'S REMUNERATION POLICY?

Starting salary is dependent upon education and potential ability. Manager's salaries range from a minimum of \$6000 to \$25,000; average \$9500.

### WHAT PERSONNEL BENEFITS DOES ZELLER'S PROVIDE?

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