

Special Christmas Edition

JOURNAL CHOOSES FOOTBALL HUSKIE OF THE YEAR

Either
Learn ...

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

Or
Don't
Return

VOL. XXVIII

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, DECEMBER 7, 1962

CHRISTMAS EDITION — No. 6

Aid To Education Program Under Fire



The birth of Jesus

Now it came to pass in those days, that a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrinus was governor of Syria. And all were going, to his own town, to register.

And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem — because he was of the house and family of David — to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

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 today in the town of David a Saviour has been born to you, 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 on earth peace among men of good will."

PRESIDENT'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Dear Students:

We wish you the best of the Christ-Child's blessing at Christmas. This is more than a wish, it is a fervent prayer renewed daily in our Masses that the Good Lord, through the intercession of His Mother, may watch over each of you and prosper your growth in His likeness.

And may we ask that you, too, continue your prayers for Saint Mary's. You are part of a lively and healthy growth — but the University faces heavy problems and acute needs of space and facilities that must be met if it is to realize its wonderful potential. The challenge before Saint Mary's is almost frightening. Our united prayers for confident hope and courage are surely an appropriate appeal to the new-born Saviour.

Have a joyous Christmas holiday and return to the "old academic grind" with renewed spirit and fresh enthusiasm. May the Christ-Child and His gracious Mother bless you and your families.

Sincerely,

C. J. Fischer, S.J.
President.

HUSKIE ROAD RESULTS

BASKETBALL

Ricker 88 SMU 79
Loring AFB 83 SMU 61

HOCKEY

UNB 10 SMU 2
St. Thomas 7 SMU 3

INDEX CHRISTMAS ISSUE	
CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL	PAGE 2
FROM WHERE I SIT	PAGE 3
SPECIAL FEATURE	PAGE 4
CICATRIX IS COMING	PAGE 5
FOR SQUARES ONLY	PAGE 6
CHRISTMAS IN XANADU	PAGE 8
50,000,000 OSTROGOTHS	PAGE 10
J. B. DOYLE ON CUBA	PAGE 12
FOOTBALL HUSKIE OF THE YEAR	PAGE 16
MEET MR. BALDWIN	PAGE 16

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I don't care what they call me — so long as they spell my name right"

William Randolph Hearst

Two members of the Nova Scotian Parliament announced this week that the Federal Government has decided to continue the present system of AID TO EDUCATION.

While few students realize it, the cost of one year's college education is only partially met by the tuition fees. In Canada, the estimated tuition cost per student is \$1,500, of which only a small portion is paid by the student directly. One of the biggest contributions is made by the Federal Government. Parliament grants to the provinces a sum based on total population. One dollar and fifty cents for every person in the province is the current sum allotted.

Since there are almost 700,000 people in Nova Scotia we receive a yearly allotment of one million and fifty thousand dollars, Newfoundland on the other hand with a population of 414,000 receives the sum of \$623,000. However, since Nova Scotia has such a large percentage of its total population in college, the money does not go nearly as far.

Nova Scotia has eight degree granting institutions with an enrollment of 6,500 students, as compared to Newfoundland, with one University and a student population of 1,300. Newfoundland, therefore, receives \$478 for every student enrolled, as compared to \$162, for Nova Scotia.

The brief submitted to the Prime Minister by the Canadian Universities Foundation in October, 1960 pointed out that the ratio of student population to total population is 1 to 424 in Newfoundland and 1 to 136 in Nova Scotia. The brief went on to point out that "They (the Universities of Nova Scotia) are finding it impossible to recruit adequate new staff, and even to hold their present staff at the salaries they are able to pay."

The brief concluded with "Only extraordinary financial assistance can save Nova Scotia's Universities from severe deterioration in the next few years".

Mr. E. Urquhart, newly elected leader of the Liberal Party, and a member of the legislature since 1949, when asked his views on the subject said that he had not YET formed any opinions on the subject.

A high provincial government official, who refused to be identified, termed the current method "definitely unjust", but pointed out that the provincial government had nothing to do with either the amount or the way it was administered. He said that the Federal Government gave a definite amount and it was administered by the National Federation of Canadian Universities.

Leaders of the opposition parties, when interviewed by the Journal, were scathing in their criticism of the present system. Professor J.S. Aitchison, leader of the New Democratic Party in Nova Scotia and Professor of Political Science at Dalhousie University commented, "I find the current financial set up unequal and unfair. The people and Universities of Nova Scotia have too large a burden to pay as compared to the other provinces. Also there is a question of standards: I don't think that some degrees like the degree in Secretarial Science given at Acadia should be put under the same help as other faculties. I am DEFINITELY against the current method of Federal aid to education and would suggest aid given to each province on the basis of the population at university age."

Mr. E. J. Flemming outlines Provincial Finance Ministry

On Thursday, Nov. 22, an informal discussion sponsored by the Commerce Society took place in the Student Lounge. Mr. E.J. Flemming, Comptroller of Finance and Economics for the Province of Nova Scotia, was guest speaker. The meeting commenced with Mr. John Dube introducing Mr. Flemming.

Mr. Flemming first announced that he was extremely pleased to speak to the members of the Commerce Society. He then proceeded to outline the various divisions of the Ministry of Finance, beginning with the workings and organization of his own department. He also did not hesitate to add a few interesting examples for clarification.

A SAD NOTE

The speaker then enumerated our provincial government's financial sources. And as Mr. Flemming anticipated, the student's were surprised that out of a budget of 108 million dollars this year, gas contributed 19 million, hospital-tax 15.2 million, and liquor-tax 11.2 million. From these three sources alone, 41 per cent of the budget is rendered. Mr. Flemming also stated that all funds ultimately come from: 1) Taxation; 2) Borrowing; 3) the Reserve Fund. This last has amounted to 31 million dollars since 1941. After expounding on these three sources, Mr. Flemming answered questions. Mr. Dube then closed the meeting.

There was, however, one sad note to the affair — only ten people were present. These included Dean Beazley, two photographers, and your Journal reporter.

SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

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Twenty Years Later

Perhaps **RATIONING** will be a good thing for most of us. In pre-war days Christmas was becoming more and more commercialized every year. The fact that it was a religious feast was ignored by the majority of gift seekers in a mad Yule-tide rush, taking place at yearly intervals. Few indeed were true to the Christian meaning behind their charity and with all too many it was, and still is, merely a case of "keeping up with the Jones'."

But the war has made many changes in our lives — some good, some bad. One of the few changes for the good is a greater appreciation on our part, of the blessings we enjoy. First of all there is the blessing of being able to celebrate Christmas in a religious manner, a right denied some members of the Christian family. We have the blessings of all the traditional Christmas things — important parts of our way of life, and not to be scorned as trivial — gifts, **GOOD CHEER**, and even a **GOOD TURKEY DINNER**.

We know the real beauty of Christmas lies in its religious significance. The shepherds on the hill, the Manger, the Wise Men — subjects of numberless works of art; we know that herein lies the true Christmas spirit. **WARTIME RESTRICTIONS**, by making the material aspect of Christmas more burdensome, are forcing us to appreciate the spiritual and religious side more fully. Christmas — **CHRIST'S MASS** — without Christ what meaning has Christmas?

"GLORIA IN ALTISSIMUS DEO, ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS."

Thus sang the angels on the first Christmas eve. A return to the real spirit of Christmas would hasten that peace.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thought that this editorial written for the December 1941 issue of the JOURNAL was worthwhile reprinting. It contains the same Christmas message we wanted to pass on to our readers. We could have said much more. We have borne no 'Great Depression'. We were not handed a gun and dog tags upon graduation from high school. We did not pile out of landing craft and wade into enemy fire in France, Italy, or the Pacific. We did not lie in Korean rice paddies. Rationing? What is that? We have done nothing. We are the 'hollow men'. Merry Christmas.

To All Members Of The Resident Students' Society

On page seven of this JOURNAL, you will find your **PRESIDENT'S** campaign platform. It is quite straightforward. There is nothing unreasonable within it. We feel every plank has merit. We would like to see the promises fulfilled. We need not inform you, his constituents, that this platform has only been given **LIP SERVICE**, and very little of that. On the **STUDENT'S COUNCIL** your President has not had a **SINGLE WORD** to say in your behalf. You are the largest major society represented on Council.

We are told he has received no co-operation, no help, that what is being accomplished, is being done by him **ALONE**. This is his fault, no one else's. Last year's Society, with only a two-man executive, did more for the residents in a month, than this year's executive has done in three.

RESIDENTS — You have paid your dues in this Society. It is up to you to make sure you get your money's worth.

We also bring this matter to the attention of the executive of our S. C. (**SEE ARTICLE 7, SECTION 2a, NUMBERS (5), and (6) of our presently ignored CONSTITUTION**). We ask all students to reread our **GOLD AND SILVER M's Editorial** of November 7.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

In your last issue, you printed a letter from a student who questioned whether or not the Journal published the views of the student body. I should like to make a few comments on this.

I don't believe there is any newspaper in existence which can report facts alone without some form of prejudice. This is a recognized and accepted fact among journalists. As for student opinion, any student who feels it is not adequately covered in the Journal, need only stand around the canteen in the basement or in the stair-well smoking areas, to pick up what he's missed.

The Journal does represent Saint Mary's in many ways. Thus we the students wish an organ of which we can be proud. I have seen newspapers which attempt to express facts (and sometimes opinions) as objectively as possible. They end up merely mediocre, and sometimes less than that. Do the students at Saint Mary's want a mediocre newspaper?

In my opinion, the Journal attempts to make the student think. There are only a few possibilities — criticism and controversy — the best. Thus far the Journal has succeeded. It has given the students something to think about. This, in itself, is an admirable accomplishment. Granted, the student does receive some academic stimulation in class. But where does he receive stimulation to think on student affairs? As I see it, there is only one means: the campus newspaper.

I for one, would like to offer you, Mr. Haynes, a few words of praise. Of late, it seems there is little of this. Perhaps I shall be called "one of Haynes' apostles", but I feel you and your staff have been doing an admirable job. Though I often disagree with the ideas put forth in the Journal, I do realize the enormity of the job you handle, the nights without sleep spent in the Journal office, the difficulties with the administration, the trials of putting out a newspaper, and putting it out on time.

Congratulations, Mr. Haynes. Paul Biscope Arts III

Editor's Note: Thank you.

DANCE OF DOLDRUMS?

Mr. Editor:

The purpose of this letter is not to criticize unnecessarily, but rather to make an honest evaluation of the dances at Saint Mary's University. To some, this may seem pointless. I sincerely feel, however, that dances, both as an accepted social custom, and as a form of healthy enjoyment, should play an integral part in the life of the mature college student.

My complaint is this. This is a university, not a youth camp or a home for delinquent boys. There is no need for a vulgar display of primeval mating attempts by a lot of young bucks in chinos and button-down collars. It is understood that these attempts are not discouraged by the majority of that sundry group of belles who attend for dubious reasons. Besides, all agree that the music is deplorable.

Let's dress up. Let's abolish the bullpen, and make the dance what it is intended to be—a social affair. In short, let's have fewer dances, with more organization. I suggest that the sordid display which takes place each weekend in our gym is the responsibility of the student government.

(Signed) Richard G. Smith Eng. 11

— Continued on Page 6 —

Bring Back CHRIST to Christmas



THE EDITOR'S DESK

We have worked hard on this **CHRISTMAS** ISSUE. I hope that once exams are over our readers will sit down and read it thoroughly. Its content, I feel is good. The usual students contributed. I have accepted this disappointing fact as unchangeable. The same six or ten men will continue to write this whole newspaper (journal) next semester. I cannot bring myself to believe that my small staff represents the only opinions on the campus. This being a **UNIVERSITY**, I have to believe there are others who are capable of writing. I **WONDER**.

It has been an interesting, busy, frustrating semester. We have learned very much. Within these cramped office walls, I have heard and assimilated many valuable things. I, for the first time at Saint Mary's have seen men thinking — every day, every night. I have sat at this desk and had hastily typed copy pushed at me — "Here Tony, what do you think of THIS?" I have worked, talked and fought with my staff. I have praised them and listened to **RAY CHARLES** with them. **NOW**, I thank them all for sticking with me through some tough moments.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, Rick Power. Next term we'll get organized.

THANK YOU Jim Lawrence, Bob Hall, Joe Mwangi, Joe Santosuo, Rog Aubin, Richard Doucet, Mike Martin, George Simms, Bernie Leslie, Radcliffe Gilpin, Joslyn Grassby, Mike Landroche, Rog Henderson, Guy Pothier, Pat Furlong and Jim O'Sullivan. **MERRY CHRISTMAS**.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, Bill Cunningham, our once upon a time 'Babe in the Woods'. P. Valentine Hickey, we will see you on **LONG ISLAND**. Thank you **BARRY LACOMBE**, after Christmas our battle against **THE HALIFAX PAPERS** will continue.

Paul Moore with my Christmas wishes to you, I would like to apologize for my short-lived venture into the photographer's world. Thank you for all you have done. No matter what **YOU** think, I am **PROUD** of my **OFFICE CEILING** shot, and my double exposed **AFRICVILLE** pix.

I congratulate you, Malcolm Daley for showing me an accurate, detailed, worthwhile set of books. I have seen the records of a few student organizations on this campus. You would laugh. **WOULD THAT I COULD GIVE YOU A BALANCED BUDGET FOR CHRISTMAS**.

Merry Christmas, Dave Lavers. Your 'hard sell', Madison Avenue approach has upped our ad ratio nearly 30 per cent over past years. No one appreciates you around here, I know. But no one ever appreciates a good salesman. Keep up the good work.

Merry Christmas and special thanks also to Mr. A. T. Sabean and Mr. G. B. Hallet without whose help . . . I thank Fran McGovern

and Demi Shaylor for their persistent encouragement. **SPECIAL THANKS** and **SEASON'S GREETINGS** to J. B. Doyle (and family) without whom our literary pages would have been bare. **MYLES** and **CARL** — thanks and **MERRY CHRISTMAS**.

To Mr. Nesbitt of the **DARTMOUTH FREE PRESS** and to **ARTIE** and all the boys (and girls) in the shop, myself and my staff send our best wishes. I sincerely hope you are never again confronted with anyone as **GREEN** as we were when we walked in the door with the **FIRST ISSUE**. Thank you.

Yes I have renewed faith in mankind. Outside of the office it dims. Something is wrong at Saint Mary's University. Last year an article was written in this paper, condemning the students for their 'I HOPE TO GET A FIFTY' attitude with regard to their courses. The author suggested as a remedy that a **DEAN'S LIST** be initiated for student incentive. Well we have an **HONORS SOCIETY**. **Things**, believe me, **have not changed**. **WHAT** are Santamarians interested in? Model kit assembling? **ANYTHING?** Something is wrong at Saint Mary's. One need only attend **INTER-FAC DEBATES**, **COMMERCE SMOKERS**, or for that matter **CLASSES**, to see that. Where are the mythological "guest speakers" we were going to hear this year? Has some practical realist seen that no one at Saint Mary's University wants to listen to somebody who might make him think or worry about what they are going to do with their lives?

WHY is it that **SENIORS** at Saint Mary's refuse to write for or express opinions in this paper? This was true last year too. (My Associate Editor devoted his entire column to this matter last week.) Are they afraid to express their thoughts? **WHY?** Certainly the **ADMINISTRATION** wants to see their **SENIORS**, particularly, **THINKING**. After four years at University they are supposed to be able to do just that. I have not seen any sign of it. Do they have any convictions? Do they believe anything? **SOMETHING IS WRONG**.

Last week we discovered a student who could not differentiate between the President of this University and the Dean. At the University of California with 65,000 students this might be excusable. At Saint Mary's University with 600 men it is ridiculous.

I cannot put my finger on this "something". I know that our students are not the only ones at fault. Something is lacking in our homes and in our classrooms.

Yes I have learned a lot at this desk. We have put out seven issues of the Journal — equalling and exceeding the total years' output of any Journal staff in twenty-six years — in half the time. No past Journal, and I have read every one, comes near to matching our content. For next semester we have even higher hopes. **CICATRIX IS COMING**. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." At least, (to rearrange a little T. S. Eliot) we will go out with a **BANG NOT A WHIMPER**.

* * *

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone.

Campus Canadien

By Mike P. Martin

SHADES OF BERLIN

The University of British Columbia traffic director was finally jolted into action in ordering workmen to paint crosswalks on the main highway separating the students' residence from the campus. The resident students threatened to build a concrete wall across the said highway.

READ THIS YOU BRUTAL AND DEGRADED ANIMALS

Prof. E. McCullough, head of the University's History department, charged that "Capitalism or the Human Race must go". Prof. McCullough, speaking at a panel discussion on "Socialism in Canada", is of the opinion that "capitalism is producing human ethics which brutalize and degrade man lower than the beast". He also added, "It trains people to be as greedy as possible and consequently we now have the most anti-social society the world has ever seen".

Sir George Williams U.

CANADIAN LITERATURE GETS NEW FOREMAT.

The first edition of the new national student magazine published by the University of British Columbia will be on the campuses of Canadian Universities on Feb. 15. The 64 page edition will contain everything from scholarly writing to jokes and limericks. All Canadian University students are urged to contribute. The deadline for material is Dec. 15, 1962.

U. B. C.

A HANDOUT FOR HAYNES.

The Students Council of the University of Waterloo has awarded the Student Council President, the Editor of the University newspaper "The Coryphaeus" and the chairman of the board of publications, an honorarium of \$200 each. This award was made as a tribute to the above mentioned, for their contributions to student activities on campus. How about it Tom?

U. of Waterloo.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE

In the Canadian Edition of Maclean's magazine, an article discussing the ghosting of lazy and dull university students through their exams caught my skeptical eye. It concerns a gentleman by the name of John James who expresses the opinion, "that anyone with enough intelligence to memorize a few pages of foolscap can get through virtually any Arts course in Canada."

Dear Mr. James, I was just wondering . . . ?

BOOZE BUYS VOTES?

The leader of the **New Democratic Party** in British Columbia **Robert Strachan** says he feels a person should be legally allowed to drink at the age of Eighteen. "While this may not be the policy of the N. D. P." he said, "I feel that if eighteen is old enough to go to war it is also old enough to have legal rights. Is there a legal age? . . . Prof. Monahan.

U. B. C.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS?

The following letter appeared in the letters column of the student newspaper at **Victoria College, The Martlet.**

"An opened letter to **Premier Bennet:**
"Christmas will be on the 25th of December, as usual, if this meets with your approval.
Respectfully yours,

GOD.

AN EDITOR'S NOTE FOLLOWED: The letter was inscribed in fire by a huge hand entering through the wall of the office.

Oh boy, Oh boy, Oh boy.

Victoria College, B. C.

A RETURN TO THE AGE OF THE RENNAISSANCE?

Novelist Paul Goodman in his new book "**The Community of Scholars**", proposes a new approach to the overcrowded classrooms of University campuses. The idea would be for a group of professors to secede from their universities, rent a large building and invite 100-150 students to join them in "**Scholarly Association**". There would be no administration, **no bureaucracy**, no registration lineups and no continual shuttling between classes. What Mr. Goodman proposes is effect is a return to the tradition of the Renaissance Universities.

The Journal will now hold a contest entitled. "The professors I would most like to join in scholarly association."

THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Residence accommodation at Carleton University in Ottawa, sould like an ideal of 1984. They are comprised of: Double rooms with telephone included, girls are allowed to visit; it is legal to drink in the rooms if the occupant is over 21.

There will be a bus leaving the front of the University on Saturday morning for all students interested in an exchange program with the above mentioned University.

MORSEMEN TOP SCIENCE

Eric Morse and Laurie Blanchard teamed up with their silent partner, Clark Robbins, to lead the Engineers to a 2-1 victory over the Science Society in their first Inter-Fac debate. The members of the losing team were Fran McGovern, Jim Lovett, and Walter Zukauskas.

Debating on the topic "**Resolved that Canada's stand on the Cuban crisis is justifiable**", the Engineers were assigned to defend the affirmative stand. Eric Morse set the stage for the whole debate by stating that the Canadian government had really taken no stand. He stated that what the Canadians had done was merely to reaffirm the fact that they are behind the United States. He stated that CANADA'S delay in making his stand was understandable. He continued to say that Canada was so allied to the United States through the NATO and NORAD alliances that any further utterance of their support would be superfluous. He went on to praise the Canadian policy of taking the matter to the United Nations. He was quick to note, however, that the United Nations no longer controls the respect of the two major powers, the United States and Russia. He concluded his speech by saying that the Canadians may have prevented a major war t a k i n g their time and not taking a choosing of sides attitude.

INEFFECTIVE

The cross examination by Jim Lovett showed little imagination and was frequently off the point of Mr. Morse's introduction. He wandered all over the past half-century. In general, he was ineffective.

Fran McGovern presented an excellent introduction for the Scientists but lacked the poise of a debater. He pointed out that the Canadian government had failed to live up to their responsibilities to the United States and the rest of the Free World. He was quick to note that the Countries of the Communist bloc had been unanimous in immediately backing up the Russian stand through the Warsaw Pact. In general he presented a good argument.

The Engineers then baffled everyone as they claimed that the negative argument coincided with theirs and Clark Robbins refused to cross-examine Mr. McGovern. The chair ruled that the Engineers were permitted to do this.

CHAIRMAN AWAKES

The summary and rebuttal speeches were presented by Mr. Zukauskas and Mr. Blanchard. During Mr. Blanchard's speech, the chairman woke up to w a r n Mr. Blanchard to stay on the pertinent subject. This was sorely needed during Mr. Lovett's speech. Both Mr. Zukauskas and Mr. Blanchard presented ample cases although they both had trouble completing their speeches.

The judges were in favor of the Engineers in general although Mr. Robbins' refusal to speak cost the Engineers the lone dissenting vote. The judges were, Father J. O'Toole, '48, a curate at Saint Mary's Basilica; Eric Mullaey '35, an employee of Imperial Oil; and Edward McCormack '35. All the judges were Arts graduates of Saint Mary's.

Maurice Crosby

PHOTOGRAPHY

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LORD NELSON ARCADE



By Bill Cunningham

Last week more was promised on "Canadian and Canadians", but that was before the realization that this issue is the last before Christmas. Canada and her problems must wait until after Christmas. This week some personal reflections.

How often do we long to be alone, to flee man and the trappings of man — the harsh veneer of civilization. We yearn to escape the horrors, the inconsistencies and the immense misunderstandings that arise among men who cannot communicate with each other, because they do not know themselves. How can we speak to others, when we cannot speak to ourselves?

O, to escape —

"What are you thinking of?

What thinking? What?"

and the inevitable reply —

"That is not what I meant at all, That is not it at all."

Thus it is not strange that we find men escaping to remote and rugged places. For it is in the places where nature is most forcefully evident that man finds the peace that comes with this knowledge — so small and unimportant in the ordering of the universe, man's existence alone makes the whole of creation worthwhile. The beauties of nature ache for man's appreciation to be complete. Without ears to hear, the greatest symphonies are soundless motions to senseless patterns. Without tongue to taste, nature's richest and sweetest delicacies offer up their intricate perfections for nothing.

Where man is alone with nature, and nature tries to dominate him; he will find peace in the struggle, or even in surrender. On the sea, in the mountains, in the midst of the desert, the places where the saints and escapists of all times have retired there is to be found a communion with self, that is often lost among the demands that other men make upon our individuality.

And then, there is the island. An island is the most perfect realization of a refuge for the soul. There the meeting of nature's elemental forces is a con-

stant in time. The sea, the mountains, the plants and animals all contribute to a harmony, that even a lone intruder is loath to disturb. Here man can be more perfectly alone than anywhere else on earth. Certainly physically, he is beyond the ken of other men.

Ah, but to escape the intanglements that mind fastens upon mind requires much more than mere physical separation. Indeed, many recluses, many escapists have sought it for a lifetime and failed to find it, no matter how far they have gone from the habitations of men. To escape from the ingrained patterns of bigotry, and false prejudice requires a unique sense that one must be born with. Can one have detachment of spirit, yet deep well-springs of emotion with which to nourish the body and its demands? This is one of the requisites. But much more important is the act requiring the most courage — to open the many-guarded doors of the intellect, to penetrate within, to examine, to assess, to keep or discard, and then to move on towards the cloudy stairway that leads from the intellect upwards to the spirit. And there, in that many-splendoured mansion, there to dwell, whether it be in fear, in revulsion, in disappointment, in grief, or in joy. There to stay until it is so ordered that body and mind will blend with the spirit, will be a unitary whole, ordered in conjunction with the final goal of man's existence.

Ah, fortunate, happy souls who have been able to find this haven of the spirit without physical escape. Who have been able in the midst of men to find within themselves this secret cache, this balm to cure the ills of a spirit, crushed and enveloped by the world.

For they emerge triumphant with a peace beyond all understanding, with some glimmer of "what things God has prepared for those who love Him."

May each of you in the coming season find some portion of this peace within the silent chambers of your hearts.

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NOW CANADA'S DREAM FADES

By OLIVER CLAUSEN

The world's longest road was opened this fall at a solemn ceremony in a lonely Rocky Mountain pass. A few days later, the world's tallest skyscraper outside the United States was dedicated before a milling lunch-hour throng in downtown Montreal's Place Ville Marie.

On the 4,800-mile Trans-Canadian Highway, Canadians can for the first time drive across their own country without having to detour through the United States. From atop the aluminum-clad 43-story Royal Bank of Canada Building they can look south across the border deep into New York and Vermont, or north to the beginning of the real frontier, the stretch of forest, tundra and rock that extends to ice-bound Hudson Strait.

Not long ago, this most Canadian of spectacles would have been an inspiration and a joyful challenge. A booming nation, intoxicated with enthusiasm for its surely boundless future, had miraculously been built in the narrow inhabited strip along the border — and the raw North was there to be conquered.

Yet this fall, after a summer when everything seemed to go wrong, the view from Place Ville Marie is instead a reminder of how tenuous and artificial this country really is. The \$1 billion highway inspires unease about the continuing cost of maintaining such a country. Canada's boom has burst, and faith has given way to doubt.

The new mood of disillusionment is expressed at its most acute in the sudden emergence to national power of a backwoods demagogue named Real Caouette, who proudly proclaims Hitler and Mussolini his political heroes and asserts that Canada would not be worth fighting for should war come. Three times within one week this month, Caouette and his followers in Parliament held the fate of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Conservative Government in their unpredictable hands — and decided to let it carry on a while longer.

Diefenbaker had no choice but to solicit their support. In a chaotic election last June, Canada's angry voters had stripped him of effective power, cutting the Conservatives from 208 to 116 seats in Parliament. At the same time, Lester Pearson's Liberals, with a greater popular vote, won only 100 seats. In their disillusionment, Canadians gave the balance of power to two extremist parties of protest: the Socialist New Democrats (19 seats) and the funny-money Social Credit party (which won 30 seats, 26 of them in French-Canadian Quebec where Caouette is provincial leader). At any time of their choosing, the "Socredits" could join the Liberals and New Democrats to vote Diefenbaker out of office and precipitate a new election—which might settle nothing.

The Diefenbaker Government is not now likely to go back to the people of its own volition. A poll in mid-October by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion found Canadians eager to take out their frustration on it. Forty-seven per cent said they would now vote Liberal; only 33 per cent, Conservative. This would give Pearson a solid majority (in June, each party polled about 37 per cent), but it would be an anti-Diefenbaker rather than a pro-Pearson vote. The Liberals have suggested no convincing solution to Canada's crisis.

In better days, Canadians would have found it hard to tolerate either Caouette or a Government that leaned on him. Now they shrug, and listen in fascination as he appears on one television show after another to extol the good works of Nazism and Fascism. They will never follow him to that extreme, but they do—in varying degrees — share his attitude of protest.

The mood is all the more bitter for its suddenness. Four or five years ago, Canada was still the envy of the world. In one decade, the gross national product had soared from \$12 billion to \$30.6 billion a year, and almost two million postwar immigrants had chosen Canada as their promised land. The Canadian dollar, proud symbol of prosperity, was worth \$1.06 in American currency. What Canadians could not — or

Canadians are a much humbled people. As they look at the world, they can no longer think of their floundering country as the confident middle power, master of its own high promise. Those visions of greatness which once sustained a heady sense of national purpose have come to seem but delusions of grandeur. This has been nearly as potent a cause of despondency as the economic trouble.

There was the vision of Canada's destiny in its own true North. "The hottest thing in the world," declared its prophet, Northern Affairs Minister Alvin Hamilton, the foundation of a nation of 200,000,000 people." He warned the doubters: "If we lose this vision, the nation will perish."

But it has been lost, at least for the present. Some roads were begun, exploration stepped up, but a slump in world demand for the North's riches made large-scale development far too costly. Besides, it turned out that young Canadians would rather thrill to the Northern vision in comfortable suburbia than actually go there and rough it themselves. The few who did go were largely adventurous foreigners. They say in the North that only Eskimos, mad dogs and Scotsmen go out in the midnight sun.

There was the vision of world-wide purpose in sharing leadership of a greater Commonwealth with Britain. It faded abruptly when the British turned toward Europe.

Canada is by now resigned to Britain's probable entry into the Common Market, whatever the consequences to Canada's trade. However, there is a palpable loss, psychological as well as commercial. (As Maclean's, Canada's chief consumer magazine, plaintively reported: "Not even the British like us any more.") Fragile though it might be, the British and Commonwealth crutch still would have been comforting for a nation newly unsure of its ability to achieve a meaningful destiny alone.

There was the vision, almost spiteful in its intensity, of independence from United States influences. This shrill nationalism often became little more than pointless anti-Americanism for its own sake.

It was never given substance, despite the continuing trade with Castro's Cuba, the sales of wheat to Communist China and the Government's seeming refusal (never openly announced) to accept the nuclear warheads urged on it by President Kennedy as necessary to the common air defense of North America.

But it was there, ready to come to the surface, as during the campaign when Diefenbaker — heir to a Tory leader who won election in 1911 on the slogan: "No trade nor truck with the Yankees!" — seized on reports that the Kennedy Administration desired his downfall. "They are against us," he cried triumphantly, "because we won't do what they tell us."

Now Canadians have recognized that hereafter they will be utterly dependent on accommodations with bigger countries. This new humility explains why there has been no fresh upsurge of anti-Americanism, as in the past when Canada has experienced lesser frustrations. Canadians are less concerned with how to stand up to the United States than how far to go in cozying up.

There will be no sellout of Canada's national heritage and destiny," Diefenbaker still maintains. Pearson agrees, but defines the issue with this admission of doubt: We may not be genuinely concerned enough to pay the price when there are so many forces working for a continentalism which would be economically safer and more profitable."

Karl E. Scott, president of Ford of Canada, appeals straight to the pocketbook: "Patrois may decry the loss of independence, but patriots should not be paupers." A letter to the editor of The Toronto Globe and Mail (under the standing heading: "Canada-U.S. Union?") derides Canadians who would "sell their traditions and institutions for an extra foot of chrome."

Without a doubt, this is how most Canadians still feel. They will try any reasonable solution before resigning themselves to any economic union with the U.S. But the involvement they already have



DEPENDENCY—Canada's industry is not truly her own; it consists largely of branches of United States firms. These marches in Ottawa, the capital, protest the situation.

with the United States keeps getting in the way.

If Canada is to have any hope of standing on its own feet, the basic flaws in its economy may require corrective measures which could violate many precepts of free enterprise as understood in the United States. But Canada has always been a pragmatic country, interested in results rather than ideology. It could not have existed otherwise.

Even some of its business leaders are now heretically advocating adoption of a planned economy, under government guidance. Eric W. Kierans, president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, argues: "What price free enterprise when it cannot make efficient use of the skills and energy of a willing community?"

Robert Fowler, president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, agrees: "We will probably have to throw of the tyranny of words and phrases. I wonder if this pursuit of the American economic dream makes any real sense for Canada."

To survive and prosper alone, this country may have to substitute the Swedish model for the American. It may have to call on government to foster Canadian enterprise, producing superior and distinctive products of which Canadians can be proud, using Canadian scientists and engineers at home rather than letting them go to the United States.

President Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act has been welcomed in Canada as providing a possible framework for a Canadian attempt to freelance among trading giants. To make use of it, Canada will have to do away with the protectionism made necessary by the current crisis. Canadians will have to work harder for lower wages.

Frank S. Capon, vice president of du Pont of Canada puts the issue in uncompromising terms: "If the change cannot be made, Canada's loss of independence is inevitable. The alternative must be economic, and then political, union with the U.S."

What Canadians now face, then, is a test of how much Canada itself means to them. They are uneasily aware, belatedly, that perhaps they have not made of their country what they should.

Most tragically, they have failed to integrate their two great traditions, English and French, into one uniquely Canadian consciousness that might have been impregnable. Only 12.2 per cent of them even speak both official languages, and of these 9 per cent are French-Canadians.

It is scarcely surprising, now that the nation as a whole is floundering to see the angry slogans of separatism appear in French Canada: "L'indépendance! Québec oui! Canada non!" Nor, perhaps, that Caouette should have led his Creditistes into the new Parliament under the despairing cry: "Vous n'avez rien à perdre" — "You have nothing to lose."

This could become the cry of all Canada if the years of easy living have indeed eroded the old willingness to accept discipline

and sacrifice so that the nation may exist.

The finest Canadian season this troubled year has been spreading its glowing foliage over a country that just does not know where it is going. It is not yet quite despairing; preparations are going ahead for slam-bang celebrations, including a world's fair in Montreal, of the 1967 centenary of Canada's confederation as an independence dominion. But it is deeply disturbed, tired of leaders who substitute words for deeds and fear to put clear choices before it, above all numbingly unsure of its own qualities as a nation. No Canadian can be quite sure that the centenary will not be an occasion to mourn the first and greatest vision — of Canada itself.

OLIVER CLAUSEN, a Danish-born Canadian newspaperman, has reported from Ottawa and Montreal and in recent months has been associated with the new magazine, *Canada Month*.

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East-West Relationships

As long as we send military personal to peace conferences, we are doing the same as sending vegetarians to meat conferences.

If the East and the West keep away from war for twenty-five years, the U.S. democracy will be so socialized, and the U.S.S.R. socialism so democratized, that the political and economic differences between the two ideologies would hardly be noticed.

The Russian people are not afraid of North America, Western European, or even West German young soldiers, but they are afraid of the old Nazis and militarists who once invaded their country. The communists want the world. We cannot remain in the "anti"; we have to give something better than armaments and threats.

The only answer to the challenge of Communism is the contents of Canada's garbage cans. Our waste could feed the millions of starving people in Africa and Asia. In a small area in southern India, 800 people are dying daily as a consequence of starvation, while the Nato forces are spending \$300 million daily for upkeep.

I believe my generation will live to see Asia and Africa presenting us with a bill for all the wrongs we have done them. We ought not always to lay all the blame for the want, misery and injustice in the world on the shoulders of Bolshevism alone. They have only been in existence for forty years. What they have done is bad enough but it is only a small part of the guilt in comparison with what the Western world — alas often called Christian — has laid upon its conscience during the past centuries because of political expediency.

To create a feeling of mutual understanding, we must first find out the things we have in common, and not the things which are separating us. Hans de Boer



The conning tower

BY RICK POWER ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Not so long ago, people who tried to be something they are not were called "phonies". The current slang term employed is 'pseudo', but the fact that the name has been altered is of no consequence. From time immemorial, this type has existed, and will continue to do so.

Some of my closest associates are pseudos, as are many with whom I have less frequent contact. This does not necessarily mean that they are phony in all respects, for it could very well be that only in one field do they 'put on the dog'. We see them in action almost every day, in almost any place where they are fairly sure they will have an audience. You've seen the 'Big Man On Campus' strut over to the star of the basketball team after the game, and loudly expound his theories on how such-and-such a play should have been handled. No doubt you've observed the certain individuals who use the multisyllabic terms in class—this is legitimate if one customarily speaks in such a fashion, but asinine if affected. We've all noticed the 'arty' types, with their beards and hair to the ankles, and the acquired British accent (the product of six months in jolly old England). We've seen those who, for prestige or other motives, adopt an American accent, to the chargin of Yanks and Canucks alike. And occasionally, we find the individual who takes it upon himself to criticize his betters (although he considers them his equals) even after they have been judged by an authority as 'good'. Theirs is an 'I told you so' frame of mind if things don't go well, and if things do go well, they begin thusly, "Well, my impressions of the whole thing were. . ." You might well ask, 'What's wrong with stating your impressions!' Nothing, if the person or persons, you express them TO either ask or show interest in what you have to say. And speaking for myself, I don't particularly care to listen to every numbskull who considers himself an authority, sound of his views on whether such-and-such a play should be staged, or how a certain quarterback should call the play in certain circumstances, etc.

THEY DON'T GET THE MESSAGE

I'm not advocating what Gerry Randall wants to see (see Fresh Frosh Viewpoint, last issue) namely, 'Criticize only when you have perfected yourself'. This is ridiculous, because no one can attain perfection in this life. So therefore, according to Mr. Randall's logic, no one should ever criticize. Personally, I'll state my views on anything, any time, provided someone shows interest in what I have to say. If there's no interest, I'll shut up. I enjoy listening to interesting people, but not to pseudos. They're amusing for a while, but it isn't long before you begin to plan how you can either shut them up, or get away from them. Either they all have thick skins (for it's seldom they get the 'message'), or they adopt the attitude, "It'll do him good to listen to me." THAT, I sincerely doubt!

The basic problem can be studied by observing the difference between an egoist, an egotist, and a pseudo. An egoist is one who holds a high opinion of himself. An egotist is an egoist who is determined that all his associates be made aware of his 'superiority'. A pseudo is an egoist who has no accomplishments

on which to base his egotism. With the egoist, only the jealous have a quarrel. With the egotist, most people are annoyed. But in the case of the pseudo, most of us nurture a blind, passionate contempt for such creatures.

The pity of the whole thing is that the pseudo is often unaware of his shortcomings, and so scorns the egotist, considering the latter to be beneath his 'superior' mentality. The result is that he turns his ire against the egoist, to whom the pseudo's opinion means zero, anyway. If only he would realize this, or at least concentrate on the egotist, so that they might straighten out one another through mutual distaste, each for the other.

We know how they operate. The prime objective is to be heard by 'the people who count'. Next, try to sound as if you've been doing this sort of thing (whatever it is) for countless years. Practise name-dropping at each opportunity, and finally, and most important, belittle those who HAVE done something.

THE PSEUDO'S "VICTIM"

This last point, that of belittling others who have accomplishments behind them, is the most interesting. The accomplished pseudo obviously suffers from a huge inferiority complex, else he wouldn't try to attain recognition by being something that he is not. His specialty is attempting to knock people off their "high horses". The fact that they may have done something (or several things) really worthwhile is of no consequence. The fact that someone THINKS that he is better than this critical pseudo is enough to make him see red. Why? I believe that the pseudo has such a high opinion of himself (despite a deep, unconscious fear of his real insecurity becoming apparent), that he honestly believes that the egoist he criticizes will take his criticism to heart.

PSEUDOS, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT THE EGOIST DOESN'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK OF HIM?

Despite all this, I'm glad God saw fit to create pseudos. Sometimes they annoy me, but mainly, they amuse me. Picture their reaction if the were/are aware that I (and many others) find them laughable! Picture, too, how gloomy the ordinary day would be, without having come in contact with at least one phony, self-righteous, slightly - insecure PSEUDO!

AS IT WOULD BE OUT OF CHARACTER FOR THE AUTHOR OF THE CONNING TOWER TO WISH YOU ALL A "MERRY CHRISTMAS", I'LL JUST WISH YOU ALL A VERY "HAPPY EXAM SCHEDULE." HUMBUG!

VIOLATOR



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One of Canada's Top Ten Public Enemies

Santa finds a way

By ROSS MacDONALD
Class of 1953

It was midnight in the Arctic,
And the world was wrapped in night;

It was six long months since anyone
Had looked upon the light.

Santa grabbed his bag of presents,
Ran to the stable door,
And on entering the stable, saw
His reindeer on the floor.

Dasher had a migraine headache,
Dancer suffered from the gout,
Prancer had the German measles,
Rudolph's battery burned out.

All the others had the smallpox,
Twas indeed a sorry sight;
For this year there'd be no
Christmas,

Santa could not ride tonight.

Would the children be heart
broken?

No, old Santa saved the day,
Sent this message down to
Greenwood,

"Send a 'copter' right away."

So although its in December,
Even if it was in May,
Just as long as there's a Christmas

Santa Claus will find a way.

The Explanation

By J. B. Doyle

Journalism

Listen! My sons and grandsons,
Hear me out.

The Cause was worth the hell
We brought about.

Look not to aeformed bones
And twisted minds

And blast-seared faces
Of a million kinds.

Nor to the freakish unborn
Multitude

Who'll pay the price for our
Brief interlude

Of War.

Look not to these but rather to
The cause,

A Cause far greater than mere
Earthly loss.

The Cause? You ask the Cause?
Well, at the Brandenburger
Gate

The Vopos asked for passes -
Wait!

You haven't heard me out! ..
My sons, my sons.

STUDENT OPINION POLL

WHAT DO YOU THINK 'CICATRIX' MEANS?

Paul Arsenault, Arts II, "What subject is it?"

Sean Dennehy, Sc., III, "A South American ant."

Brian McCluskey, Eng. III, "A toy made in England."

Dave Spurrell Comm. II, "An insect."

Lyle Farnham, Arts II, "A female singer."

Walt Bossidy, Comm. II, "A skin disease."

Joseph Mwangi, Arts II, "A circumscribed triangle."

George Nelson, Com. I, "Is it a cereal?"

Dave Wooldridge, Eng. I, "A rare prehistoric reptile."

Anthony Sharma, Sc. I, "The study of medicine."

Fred Briggs, Comm. IV, "Don't put my name into any confusion."

Pat Furlong, Arts IV, "LEAVE ME OUT OF THIS."

(Editor's Note: See "Conning Tower" last issue.)

Webster's dictionary defines 'cicatrix' as "The tissue closing over a wound and later forming a scar". We have been inserting cicatrix in JOURNAL articles in fond anticipation of the scar that will be left upon the majority of the student body as a result of the wound of upcoming exams.

Charlie Pitcher, Eng. I, "We have to turn off our lights at 12:00 so we cannot study later."

Dave Foley, Arts II, "Gougeon's dawn patrol."

Camille Nadeau, Sc. IV, "Wally Blanchard."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WORLD FEDERALIST STORY IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL?

Dave Beazley Sc. I, "It contains too many 'ifs'. Interdependence would be a tremendous step in the right direction; but present conditions do not allow it."

Dave Nadeau, Eng. I, "I agree with his opinions."

Kwok Pui Ng, Arts II, "I didn't read it."

Mike Landroche, Arts III, "A noble try for world peace, but human nature has destined it for failure."

Bob Smith, Comm. I, "I didn't read it."

Connie McCarthy, Arts I, "Dr. Simpson simply states what many others are afraid to say."

Murray Wilson, Arts II, "I read it twice and still didn't get anything out of it."

Wayne Roma, Eng. III, "If and after I pass Geology I'll give my opinion."

WHAT IS YOUR BIGGEST GRIPE AT SAINT MARY'S UNIVERSITY?

Pat Reardon, Comm. II, "Guys don't seem to want to know one another."

Henri St. Jean, Arts III, "Students are too quick to criticize something they don't know anything about."

John Hill, Sc. I, "I can't decide between Charlie Pitcher and Mike Gomez."

George Roper, Arts II, "My room mate's face cloth."

Dave Borde, Eng., "My roommate 'Chezzetook Fats' talks about his girl too much."

James Gilles, Arts I, "Seniors should also go to Mass on Thursdays and Tuesdays."

Nick Paone, Arts I, "This is a Catholic school and they say it is a sin to waste food, but the food they give us IS a waste."

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Letters —

— Continued from page 2 —

Dear Sir:

It seems strange to me that the Common Market was not talked about very much before Britain decided to seek application. It seems stranger however that the delegates (see front page last issue) (with the exception of Mt. St. Bernard-Joseph) took a pessimistic view of the success of the Common Market. I would like to know on what they based their argument. Not being able to attend the seminar I don't know why they said such a thing. **The Ferguson and Braun History of Europe** says: 'The inner six called their organization the European Economic Community. In 1952 they agreed to pool their coal and steel resources. Six years later they adopted a common customs policy which **PROVED BENEFICIAL.**' The book also goes on to say that Britain joined the European Free Trade Agreement but her economic growth did not equal that of France or Western Germany. If the Common Market is a failure, what was the E.F.T.A.? I think that the delegates took this view because they believe that Britain's entry would not help Canada.

Respectfully submitted,
Roger Henderson, Arts I.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor:

Much as I admire the author of "Frosh Viewpoint" of the November 21st copy of the **JOURNAL** for expressing his opinions so frankly, nevertheless, I could not read his article without bristling all over. I certainly do **NOT** think that the vast majority of us want to be different from others.

I was out of school for some time before entering University. I lived in many different places and saw many different types of people. Therefore, I attempt to speak not so much on what first strikes my eyes, but rather I attempt to use experience, which is, after all, the best teacher. In commenting I am not claiming to be perfect because nobody is by any means.

The many different people I have seen here have already begun to perform impressions on my mind. Variety is the spice of life and this university is a meeting place for six hundred odd personalities. I have never in my life seen so many diversified opinions on a subject as I saw one day in five short minutes.

If "nothing ever comes from talk" then why did God endow us with tongues in the first place? Silence is appropriate at certain times, but at other times it is necessary to defend our rights. I believe that most of us are neither radicals nor conformists. We pursue an in-between course, bearing neither one way or another.

In closing I would like to say that I believe that many of the people in this university have the potential for great leadership. May they continue undisturbed!

Sincerely yours,
Robert H. Thompson,
Arts I.

Dear Sir:

The **JOURNAL** issue of November 9 prompts me to offer my congratulations on the generally improved quality of this year's paper.

It also prompts me to the presumption of offering advice for its further improvement. The spirited way in which you defend your staff against what you consider unwarranted criticism leads me to think you are equally direct in advising them when criticism is warranted.

In my opinion you have work to do here concerning the report of the C.F.C.C.S. panel discussion of Sunday, October 28.

Perhaps I am in error in assuming this page 1 item to be a factual report of a campus activity. If not, however, I should like to remark on the indiscriminate confusion the report shows between facts, imagined fact and editorial comment. By my own hasty calculation, the report contained some thirty-four statements of fact; of these six were statements of actual fact, four were questionable facts, and twenty-four were either errors of fact, distortions or gratuitous editorial comment. This is not superior journalism; it is not even adequate journalism. I would hope that in future your reporter's exuberance can be restrained at least as far as to give your readers an accurate account of events.

Yours sincerely,
Arthur P. Monahan,
Professor of Philosophy.

* * *

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I, on behalf of your N.F.-C.U.S. committee, express congratulations and thanks to the students of Saint Mary's who participated so well in the record breaking Blood Drive which was held November 7. Last year the students donated 171 pints of blood. This year, a record of 236 donors encouraged this worth while project.

Sincerely,
Andrew Morrow,
Saint Mary's NFCUS
Committee.

The
staff
members
and editor
of the Saint

Mary's Journal
wish to extend to
to the students and
administration of Saint
Mary's University a happy
and holy Christmas and health
and happiness in the next year

Tony
& the
gang

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**LOWER CHURCH
SAINT MARY'S BASILICA**

This is the meaning of Christmas

Mike P. Martin

In December, 1951, an idea which although perhaps was not of earth shattering meaning, but nevertheless might strike a chord of memory in those old and (perhaps in the light of our present day society) antiquated christians who have not yet lost their faith in what the true meaning of Christmas represents, was born at Mount Saint Vincent College. The idea, for what it was worth then, and now, was to bring back to the Feast of the Nativity something which is too often overlooked in our commercialized world — **The Birth of Christ.** This idea of bringing spirituality back to its proper place, began a campaign, which with this Christian theme in mind, moved forward under the simple slogan, "Bring Christ Back to Christmas".

In December 1955, the **Saint Mary's Journal**, in a contributed feature, again brought to the attention of an already jaundiced world, just how this worthy idea, had four years later been completely forgotten. In December 1962, the **Saint Mary's Journal** will again try to bring to the attention of the general public, just what the meaning of Christmas really is.

Legendary Unselfishness

On December 25, 7 A.D., in the city of Bethlehem, there was born of Mary and Joseph, the Christ

Child. The arrival on this earth of the saviour of mankind, was not an occasion of flashing christmas tree bulbs, or of gaily wrapped gifts. It was not an occasion of gaudy tinsel or of meaningless celebration the reason for which was no longer evident. It was, quite simply, a quiet and spiritually thoughtful event which meant to the shepherds on the hills, that the Man was now born, who by His suffering and death would redeem the world. There was no Santa Claus in the year 7. This introduction of the fat man in red was to come a little later. In the 12th century, the story of a man named Nicholas, who was both generous and unselfish, and whose devotion to children was so legendary that he was later to become a saint of the church, gave rise to the name of the Father of Christmas or as he is known today, Santa Claus.

Let us take a close look at this fat man in red, this symbol of Christmas. Let us see the 1962 image of Father Christmas. Resplendent in his crimson suit he sits on a thin throne of aluminium foil and torn streamers. His beard is held in place by pieces of elastic. His eyes are tired and bleary from too much smoke and harsh lighting. He chuckles with a cavernous and sepulchral falseness and his ever reaching hands bring forth from the sack on either side, continuous promises of happiness and wealth wrapped in printed tissue paper displaying holly and bells and all that the modern child is used to seeing as representatives of the time of the coming of Christ. He shines in image on the billboards of the nation. He revolves in floodlighting to the accompaniment of jarring sounds and imitations of Christmas hymns. He parades in solitary splendor and speaks in meaningful tones of

peace on earth to men of good will, to an audience of millions gathered around the 'altar stone' of the twentieth century home. He appears to advertise the products and the million and one articles so necessary for the human animal to survive the holy and meaningful season of the coming of Christ. Yes this is Saint Nicholas 1962. This is the image of the Man who is fondly called the Father of Christmas. This is the generous and unselfish man whose devotion to children was so legendary. This is the representative of all that is good and holy. This is the twentieth century image of Christ in Christmas.

Christ Back to Christmas

What can we do, you might ask. What can we accomplish by returning to Christmas the holiness of thought and deed that should be Christmas. How can you ask of us the taking away from the children of our age all that they know of this the season of good cheer. How can you expect us to deny our children all that they have come to expect from this Saint, this image, who gives them gifts and brings such happiness to their children's minds. How can you have us do such a thing? you might ask. We answer, "How can you deny Christ of Christmas?"

And so perhaps another year will pass and yet another generation will ignore this idea, or yet again one man may see the meaning of denial and realize that it is only by beginning in the smallest way that all great things are finally accomplished. If this should be the case then we have not failed, we have succeeded. For then we have done one thing for one man and increased a campaign by one and we have brought Christ back to Christmas.

PROMISES PROMISES

EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE EDITORIAL PAGE

Dear Fellow Resident,

I am, as you know, a candidate for the President of the Resident Students' Society. If I am elected I will do my best to improve our society through the following points:

1. I will do my utmost to create **better relations** among the administration, faculty and students. This will be accomplished through a greater **cooperation** between the North and South Wings. (i. e. through get-togethers with the priests where cards and other games could be played and refreshments be served.)
2. A **weekly** report will be published to keep the members informed on matters of interest. This will include Society activities, features at the local theatres, sports events, and other news of interest.
3. The **Big Brother** programme will be made more effective. A **tutorial club** will be organized within this programme to help the Freshmen.
4. A **mail collection** system will be set up whereby mail will be collected daily from each floor and delivered to the mail box. A system of **selling stamps** will also be introduced.
5. I will strive to improve the meals through a closer contact with the Chef and by **keeping up to date** on the menus being planned. I will see to it that a menu is posted **weekly**.
6. The sports programme consisting of basketball and other sports will be integrated to create better relations between the Freshmen and the Upper-Classmen. I will also work to bridge the gap between the Boarders and the Day-hops through tournaments and individual games.
7. More ping-pong tournaments will be held. There will be a **travelling trophy** introduced and this will be presented to the top player at the end of the year. A badminton league will also be introduced.
8. The movies and bowling will be continued. To create interest in the competition between the teams trophies will be awarded to the members of the top team in the league, and also a trophy to the individual high scorer of the year.
9. A snow-removal programme will be reinstated whereby students will have an opportunity to get snow shovelling jobs. The baby-sitting programme will be put into effect on a Society level. Both of these activities will be **published** in the parish bulletin.
10. I propose a closer unity between Mount Saint Vincent and Saint Mary's to bring our social affairs up to a **college** level. (i. e. through socials with the Mount held at Saint Mary's.)
11. For the benefit of its members the Society will subscribe to weekly magazines and to a daily newspaper. The magazines will be **placed** in the lounge as soon as they are received and the newspaper will be **delivered** to the lounge. We will also join a record club in order to build up a record library for the Society.
12. I will see to it that there is a **monthly** meeting to keep the members of the society informed as to its proceedings.

I would like to thank you for taking time to read this platform. Any consideration that you give me will be appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

PERRY ANDERSON,

Candidate for President,

Resident Students' Society.

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CHRISTMAS IN XANADU

A SHORT STORY BY BILL DONAVAN

Here we are, three young, college-type guys with heads full of good spirits and ideals and thoughts to a future of doing something great. But what's to be done that's great or even worthwhile? Three disappointed, disillusioned guys fighting hard to retain their enchantment by spending their parents' money and planning on something great.

WONDERFUL SNOW

We're in this bar drinking good drinks and talking low about music and Eng. Lit. This quiet evening runs on to eleven-thirty, which is rather an uncouth time to close a bar, but it's last call for doubles of rye, rum and scotch for Montreal, Boston and New York. And we sit and sip and think and look out the window and all at once the night is full of wonder, warmth and gentle, gentle, softly sinking snow. Oh, the smiles come, everything expands until the ceiling is hung with ropes of cedar boughs swaying in the glowing halo of the fireplace.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS SLEIGHBELLS ROASTING IN AN OPEN FIRE, in harmony yet; we sing it out with thoughts of homefires and the sanctity of midnight mass amid the spruce trees in the incense, in the chanted reverence. Snow, wonderful snow: it's Christmas. You know the feeling.

I feel a hand on my arm. I see a little guy bent over a brandy snifter with a smile on his face. He looks like a bit of a nut, but so what, there's snow all over the place and it's Christmas. Live and let live. He's probably very unhappy.

Merry Chri . . .

He stops me and this time he's obviously nuts, like sometimes you can really tell, you know. But we try it again just for laughs: Merr . . .

HOT DAMN

"I don't believe in Christmas." Just like that: "I don't believe in Christmas." Well hot damn, just like that.

"There is no such thing as Christmas. Christmas is merely a figment of your imagination. Sleighbells are non-existent. The Christmas tree is a variety of fern . . ."

What you mean is you don't believe in Christmas, like you don't think it's the right sort of thing, it's not proper or something . . .

"Oh no. Christmas does not exist."

But what about people celebrating it and the holidays and presents and that sort of thing? People seem to be making a big thing out of something that doesn't exist.

"No one celebrates anything at this time of year. I have never had a holiday or a present, nor do I know anyone who has."

But what about Christ?

"Who?"

This is ridiculous. You must have heard about Mary and Joseph riding on the donkey between Bethlehem and Jerusalem and about the guy in Bethlehem who said there was no room in the inn.

"Bethlehem and Jerusalem cannot be found on any map. Nobody ever rode on a donkey. There is no inn in Bethlehem."

This seems a trifle ridiculous. Don't you believe in anything?

"I believe in myself and I believe in you and the other two and I believe firmly in most people. I do not, however, believe in Christmas."

Then you deny the whole story about the three magi and the shepherds and Mary and Joseph and the little baby Jesus?

"It sounds rather interesting. Please tell it to me."

THESE THREE MAGI

Well, there were these three magi. They were sort of kings or wise men from the east somewhere. These magi had gold, frankincense and myrrh. I'm not too sure what myrrh is, but anyway they were bringing it to little baby Jesus because he was going to be born and they'd been told about it and how Jesus was going to be the saviour of mankind so we could all gain the right to eternal happiness which had been lost to us because of the fall from the life of grace of Adam and Eve, our first parents. So these magi had been told in some prophecy to follow this star that was brighter than all the others and they followed it until they came to the little town of Bethlehem. Or was it Jerusalem? I'm not too sure which.

IT DOESN'T EXIST

"Oh, I've heard that story. It doesn't exist."

But you just said you've heard it. How can you hear something that doesn't exist?

"Actually, I haven't heard it before. You are quite right, I can't

hear a story that doesn't exist. What I really meant to say was that I could tell what you were going to say before you said it. It wasn't really a very interesting story we were about to make up. There are others very much like it that haven't been thought up yet."

"Say — what are you, some sort of a prophet or something?"

"No, I am not a prophet. At least not exactly. I merely project the past. I just know the past and the future."

What do you know about the past and the future?

"There is no past and there is no future. They do not exist."

You're funnier than Santa Claus and about twice as impossible.

"Oh no. You see, I am Santa Claus. I believe in people."

But I thought you said you didn't believe in presents. How can you believe in Santa Claus or be Santa Claus if you don't believe in presents?

"Well, young man, I have been in the Santa Claus business for a long time now and I do not believe in presents."

An awful lot of stores are making an awful lot of money on something that doesn't exist. What do you call the things they sell?

"They are not presents."

What are they?

"They are not."

Oh good God . . .

"Who?"

Listen, I was telling you the story of Christmas . . .

"Do you want me to finish it? I might come up with something new. Perhaps I will invent love . . ."

No, let me finish it. Christmas wouldn't be any fun the way you want it. Listen, I'd just finished telling you about the three magi . . .

"Magi."

O.K., then, magi. Well I said they'd been told in a prophecy to follow this star that was bigger and brighter than all the rest . . .

"Pardon me for interrupting again, but this star you mentioned intrigued me. I saw a star tonight that was extremely bright and much larger than any other. The most unusual thing about it, however, was its seeming close proximity to earth. It was not of the characteristic shape or color, either. It was large and about the color of that deep red waiter's jacket. It was shaped almost like a mushroom. You don't suppose we could be talking about the same star?"

CONFUSION IN A NUTSHELL

If you don't know what the Soviet-Chinese Communist squabble is all about, the following item, picked up by the Associated Press from the Red Chinese newspaper Red Flag, puts it in a nutshell:

"All Communists must work hard to raise their ability to distinguish Marxism-Leninism from revisionism, to distinguish the way of opposing dogmatism with Marxism-Leninism from that of opposing Marxism Leninism with revisionism under the opposing dogmatism, and to distinguish the way of opposing sectarianism with proletarian internationalism from that of opposing proletarian internationalism with great-nation chauvinism and narrow nationalism under the cover of opposing sectarianism."

If you don't dig that, you've 'lost touch with the masses' and are guilty of what Reg Flag calls "closed-doorism."

Nutcracker, anyone?

(Credit: Long Island Daily Press).

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



DESPITE THE FACT THAT ST. F. X. faced Toronto on the field SMU came up with some substantial 'moral victories' (see sports pages of any Dal Gazette) in the Atlantic Bowl festivities. Pictured above is a beautiful product of the capitalistic, War mongering, tools of Wall Street from Detroit. Miss Suellen Gorman, SMU Autumn Queen, (see November 9 issue) and Atlantic Bowl Queen-elect, is most certainly 'extra-equipment.'



EVEN THE FEROCIOUS DAL TIGER would drop tail between legs at the sight of THIS BIG HUSKY. SMU float designed by JOURNAL artist, Berkely F. Breañ won a cool second prize in the annual ATLANTIC BOWL PARADE.

Christmas Greetings from BIRKS

BIRKS' Staff wish all readers of Saint Mary's Journal a very MERRY CHRISTMAS

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by tony nye

This being the JOURNAL'S CHRISTMAS ISSUE, I feel a brief review of DICKENS' classic, **THE CHRISTMAS CAROL**, is certainly not out of order. Believe it or not I had never read this work before. Nevertheless I was quite familiar with it. An annual CHRISTMAS EVE rite of my long gone, formative years was to pull a crisp, leather smelling volume from its glass, living room cage, and listen along with restless sisters and brother as one of my parents unfolded the marvelous tale of that unregenerate miser, SCROOGE. Climbing up to bed those happy Christmas Eve nights, not only visions of sugar plums danced through my head. There were also dreams of the cheerful CRATCHIT family, (I could never grasp the fact they were poor. They were so happy.) and roaring fireplaces, roasting chestnuts, the rank, cold offices of Scrooge, a vague view of a city called 'London', and GHOSTS, all shapes and sizes.

I enjoyed my belated reading of THE CAROL. I have read numerous works of Dickens, but it is interesting to note that it still took me a little while to become accustomed to his stilted mid-Victorian style, his rambling sentence structure, meticulously detailed description, and of course, his wonderful colloquialisms. It is surprising that in a span of less than a century technique can change so radically.

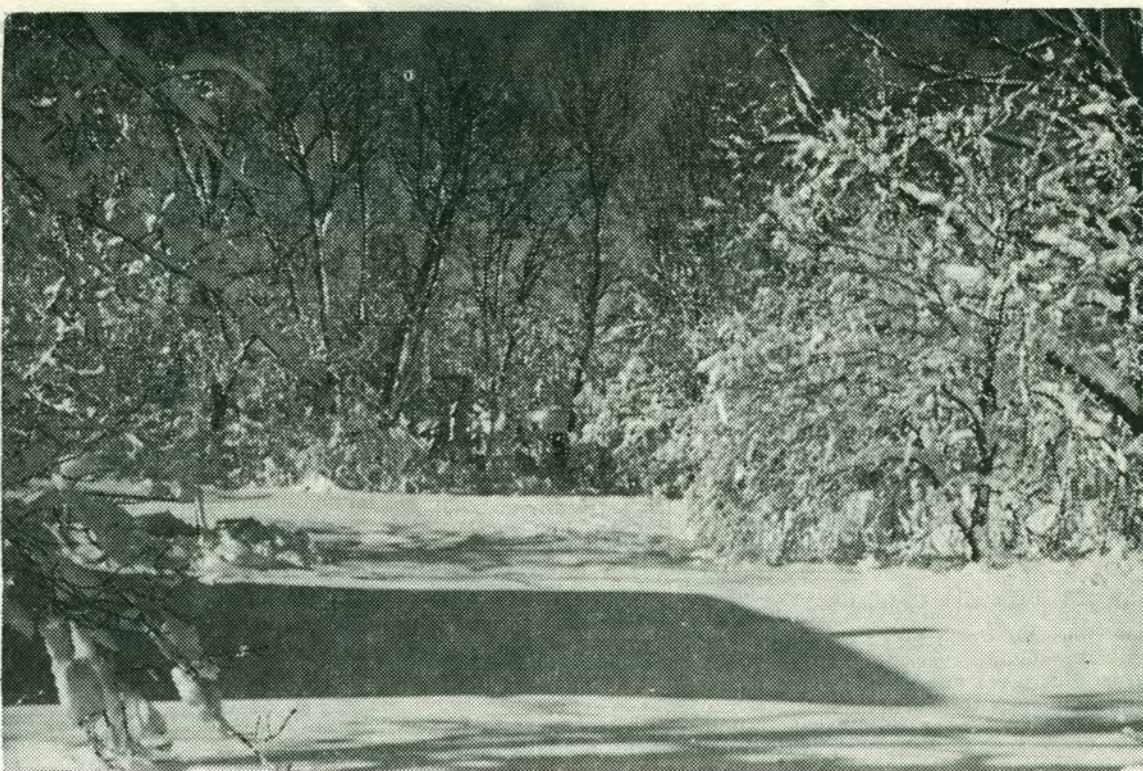
On this reading of THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, I naturally derived much more from it than I did Christmas Eve night at age ten. While writing a story 'for children', Dickens is busy attacking (like Swift and his contemporary, Lewis Carroll) society. Always the social reformer, Dickens is even more powerful in this Christmas story because of his light humorous treatment of the topic. The good cheer and Christmas spirit of all the oppressed 'commoners' in the tale, just serves to make Scrooge the businessman, more ridiculous than he actually is.

Dickens' ghosts in this CAROL (even for those unimaginative engineers and scientists who do not believe in these creatures) are quite interesting. Enough has been said of Dickens' imaginative prowess, I will not add to it. He is among the best. THE CHRISTMAS CAROL being a simple example. His ghosts (four all told) have many profound things to say. Much can be said for his technique of using ghosts to mouth his theories on social justice. The psychology of this tool is obvious. Since ghosts, especially in a story of this type, are not taken too seriously, it is a simple matter to have them saying things that

would have no good effect if said by any living human being. Then of course there are people who believe in ghosts. Dickens must have communed with them daily. On top of this, mankind has an intrinsic subconscious fear of ghosts and anything connected with death. Dickens takes fair advantage of this psychological factor. When the ghost of Jacob Marley (Scrooge's deceased business partner) arrives to haunt poor Scrooge in his own bed, dragging a chain forged of "cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses", I immediately envisioned myself towing an unwieldy chain of unopened TEXTBOOKS through a ghostly nether world. Thought provoking, powerful writing indeed — THE CHRISTMAS CAROL is by no matter of means, merely a 'childrens book'.

The greatest thing, I believe, about Mr. Dickens, is that no matter how ridiculously unbelievable he depicts his characters to be, THEY DO EXIST. Every time I read any Dickens, I come away saying "I refuse to believe so-and-so exists." Then I run into a person in a store or on a street that fits Dickens' sketch perfectly right down to the hairy wart on the tip of the nose. There are Scrooges everywhere. The other day I ran into 'Tiny Tim'. He was about five years old, radiating happiness and laughingly talking of SANTA CLAUS with his pals outside one of the dirty, crumbling tenements for which HALIFAX is justly famous. He seemed, like Dickens' 'Tiny Tim', oblivious to the filth and poverty, oblivious to the fact he only had one arm.

ATTENTION! C.O.T.C. and U.N. T.D. MEN: DO NOT—REPEAT—DO NOT READ THE FOLLOWING! Due to a severe shortage of space, I will not be able to say very much about a book I would like every reader of this column to borrow, buy or steal over the coming Christmas vacation. The book is CATCH-22 by Joseph Heller. It is a war novel, in fact a WORLD WAR II novel. It's scope, though, is unlimited. It can be applied to the bumbling idiots that directed sling shot equipped armies centuries ago, right up to the six carbon copy idiots that direct (GOD SAVE US) nuclear equipped armies today. Heller, undoubtedly, has done more for world peace by publishing this scathing attack on the fools that pack countless thousands of good, SANE men off to death from behind a desk, than all the rantings of our senile English pacifist, ban the bomb march for peace red than dead love everybody give up they've got us beaten



CHRISTMAS SCENE BY MERVYN KUMAR-MISIR

you be good and everybody else will be — BERTRAND RUSSELL. Heller's characters are lovable, hateable and criable. CATCH-22—CHRISTMAS READING PAR EXCELLENCE! I just hope that none of you have mothers, fathers, sisters or brothers in any branch of the service. AMERICANS send a gift copy of CATCH-22 to your local draft board— guaranteed results— 4-F CLASSIFICATION.

CATCH-22 is available in DELL paperbacks in a few of the 'avant-garde' poor excuses for bookcracks and book stores in this UNIVERSITY town.

We anticipate and welcome contributions to 'for SQUARES only' in future editions of the JOURNAL. Also, would any out-of-town reader who knows of a bookstore within four hundred miles whose stock does not consist of seventy-five percent TRUE OPERATING ROOM ROMANCE NURSE JONES pulp, please tell us. WE are also looking for a public library.

SANTAMARIAN '63

Already it is December and half the year is over. The Santamarian progresses. Our theme this year is the Five Aspects of a Modern Catholic University: Spiritual, Cultural, Physical, Social, and Campus Life. By Christmas, one-third of the yearbook will have been laid out. However, lack of a dark room for developing photographs has greatly slowed up work on lay-out. The cover will be a somewhat radical design, and will not be padded. Division pages for the five sections will be solid color with line drawings. We have also used a beautiful line drawing of Our Lady near the front of the book.

Financially speaking, the approximate cost of the yearbook will be \$3000. We are having 500 copies produced, and hope they will not sit in the Yearbook office and gather dust and mould, as many of last year's books are doing. Only 120 copies of the Santamarian, 1962 were sold. Everyone wanted a yearbook. Well that's what they said.

Thus far we have about \$1000

worth of advertising promises, but only \$250 in cold, hard cash. About \$75 has been received from patronage and advanced sales. A letter was sent to all parents with two forms: one for patronage (\$2.00) and one for the Yearbook itself. (\$4.00).

It is the hope of the Yearbook staff to produce a better, more artistic, and more comprehensive book than has been produced in the past. This year seems to be the year for doing big things at S.M.U., and the yearbook will join with the other organizations in accomplishing this. The yearbook staff does not want the Santamarian '63 to grow mouldy in an office or merely collect dust on some forgotten bookshelf. We want it to be a book that will be read, enjoyed, and treasured for many years to come.

I should like to remind the seniors that have not yet had their photos taken to please do so before the Christmas vacation. Also, those who have not yet returned their proofs please do so.

SAINT MARY'S UNIVERSITY - EXAMINATION REGULATIONS

Each student is responsible for knowing the dates and times of his examinations. Excuses such as "I forgot", "I did not know", "I thought it was a different time", will not be considered valid under No. 4 of these regulations.

1. Candidates must not carry into the examination room any papers, notes, texts, and material other than necessary writing equipment.
2. Invigilators are instructed not to provide writing materials such as pens, ink or erasers in the initial half hour of each examination.
3. Castle's Mathematical Tables will be supplied when necessary; these must be returned when the examination paper is handed in. Any other Tables, rules, etc. — when explicitly authorized for the examination — must not contain any written notes, formulae, or other extraneous material.
4. Students who arrive later than one half hour will not be permitted to enter the examination room. Such students, and those who miss the proper time of the examination altogether, may present a properly documented appeal to the Dean of Studies. Only properly written and documented appeals that are presented within 24 hours of the examination in question will be considered by the Dean of Studies.
5. No student will be permitted to leave the examination room during the first half hour of the examination period.
6. Candidates contravening examination regulations or giving cause for suspicion of dishonesty will be required to cease writing and to withdraw from the examination room; the mark "0" will be assigned to their paper.
7. Each candidate will sign his FULL name on the roll list of those who have written the examination. Each candidate must hand in an answer paper, even if it shows nothing but his name.
8. The paper of any student who writes an examination in spite of ineligibility because of his attendance record will be disregarded and not corrected; WF (Withdrawal Failure) is recorded on his report and permanent record.

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Fifty million Ostrogoths can't be wrong OR 1066 AND ALL THAT

(any resemblance between this opus and a current American politician is purely intentional)

A magnificent courtier marched up to the podium and in a loud voice proclaimed to the tense nervous crowd. "People of Normandy, our nation was built on the foundation that we are far superior to all others. Our philosophy is based upon the non-materialistic society, that means we find a good reason for acquiring the most money possible. Translating this on the national level, it means that no other nation can be as powerful as us. We hold these truths to be self-evident. Our great leader, **William the Bastard** will tell us why we are going to invade England".

Elections Are Coming

During the courtier's speech, William shifted uneasily in his boots. His boots were too big for him. His eyes travelled over the crowd. God, what a dirty mob. This invasion had better go off, he had been fighting wars now for eight years, and this one he had to win. Also off year elections were coming up. He hated the title **William the "Bastard"**, and his mind turned to his late father, who was responsible for the title. A sloppy old man who picked his nose at the state feasts.

Salamander, his public-relations man, trotted over and suggested that the king make his speech with his family on the podium with him. William agreed and began looking for Edith. She was with the other noble ladies. By God, she was showing them that new dance — **the Twist or something**. It would be just like those bloody reporters to play up something like this. The king stalked over to the group of ladies, who all gave him a curtsey. "Edith, Salamander wants you and the kids to be up on the podium with me when I make my speech. And cut out this damn twisting, it wouldn't look too well in the papers."

I love you Willy

William advanced confidently to the podium. He is a man of substance, not only that but he is very important. At the sight of him, the **common people** go wild! Teenage Norman girls wearing Bermuda shorts and sandals (for such were the customs of these barbaric times) leaped up and down in the ever-swelling crowd shrieking "I see him! I see him! O God he's beautiful!" The matrons, largely dowdy creatures, stretched out their hands to touch him, the more uninhibited quietly moaning, "I love you Willy". The men chanted in unison "Free England from tyranny. Free England from tyranny."

Offensive Weapons

The king stood majestically before the crowds, on his right was Edith, dark and lovely. On the other side of Edith was the Duke of Maine, six years old and heir to the kingdom. William himself, held the hand of Angela, five years old and with all her mother's beauty. At the moment, she was trying to remove yesterday's chewing gum from her hair, oblivious to the fact that in three years

she would be married to the Prince of Castille.

"My most loyal subjects, Normandy is a happy nation, surrounded by totalitarian powers, that desire our lands. England is now under the power of the Wessex faction, headed by the usurper Harold. But the war-mongers have gone too far. They have the Long-Bow! This is an offensive weapon! This killer of innocent women and children. Our scientists, a peace-loving lot, tell us that Europe could be a gigantic graveyard by 1075."

At this moment, Angela whispered that she did not feel very well and could she please go? William continued with his speech and clutched her hand tightly.

"Daddy, I'm going to be sick. Please."

"Don't make a scene dear." And William went on talking.

Angela moved over and quietly vomited into his heavy leather boot.

William groaned, shifted even more uneasily and went on.

A Terrific Guy

"Therefore, it is the decision of the people and myself, to invade the island of England and subdue

the dogs to maintain the peace of the freeworld. We tried an economic blockade, which was not an act of war, by the way, but our Exporters complained. Right now, I'd like you to hear a few words from our Chancellor and my brother. A really terrific guy!"

The Chancellor was an amazing looking noble. He was completely hairless except for a gigantic flock of tangled locks, a bar moustach, long flowing beard and gray teeth. He looked a little like his wife in this respect, although his wife's beard was trimmed in a neat feminine manner, with vaguely esoteric twinges.

"The royal house needs more money, more student support, more soldiers and especially more power! Lets have three cheers for more power! Yea power. Yea. Yea. Yea us, yea us!"

At this moment, the cheering was interrupted by a tattered group of beatniks, intellectuals and housewives (the latter representing the Voice of Women) bearing signs with the single word **BAN** inscribed. A number of scuffles broke out.

Salamander rushed up and

whispered "Ignore these people Chancellor, these bloody intellectuals don't know what they want. Today it's **BAN**, before that it was **OLD SPICE** and before that it was **ODO-RO-NO**. They don't know what they want."

The aftermath of this gigantic pep rally was that the Normans invaded England and defeated the English with no small help from the South Viet-Nam Air Force. The Anglo-Saxon leader, King Harold was killed by a spear in the eye. Some people call it a spear, others an arrow

**SUPPORT
THE
HOCKEY
HUSKIES**

On Desiring Rip Van Winkleism

By BOB HALL

Virgin snow mantle masks the deadness of autumn's fallen color And naked tree-fingers icily reaching skyward Through the frigid envelope of embryo winter's air And Goodrich trodden trail of a lonely soul Marking its solitary way through the billowy whiteness Of a new Christmas morning.

Up from the half sleep that smothers the mind's consciousness Into the full awareness of the difference of this morning And the scurrying, slipper-clad feet Of children still enthused by the singularity of the day. Older, plodding feet roused to the annual rounds of social inebriation. Another Christmas morning.



Imperial Oil, long a leader in Canada's petroleum industry, has associations in the Atlantic Provinces dating back to the 1800's.

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THE GREATEST HUNGARY, 1962 OF AD MEN

By Pat Hickey

Who is the greatest figure in the history of advertising? It is not the man who thought up the Piel's Brothers, or 'Mr. Clean', or even the name 'Coca-Cola.' No, it is none of these. It is rather, an insignificant Jewish lad who lived hundreds of years ago.

Man's Second Chance

HE was born in a small village in Palestine. He did come to write copy for B.B.&O. Heinz "57" did not come knocking at his door. HE came not to sell. HE came to give—to give man a second chance. He came to redeem mankind from the sin of Adam. For three years HE preached the good news of the Messiah. A collection of four biographies of this Man became the all-time best seller in a variety of imitation leather and family almanac editions.

Love

HE died the death of a common criminal, yet people were attracted to HIS strange new ideas. HE preached love in a time of war and hate. People followed his teaching and celebrated the day of HIS BIRTH as a holiday. They marked this time of joy by exchanging gifts. This man had given impetus to a new market. CHRISTMAS, they called this day. It was a good word to fit into songs. A commercial writer made a fortune on the sales of a book decrying the commercialism of this day and its real spirit. Merchants began selling their wares just before Christmas as gifts. Soon Christmas was starting in October. Santa Claus came, and trees from Nova Scotia, and cards with cute little elves and reindeer and bunnies left over from his other great holiday. Hail to this Great Man, ye merchants of modern society. Sell all you can but remember a third great day is coming, and this greatest of Ad Men will demand His commission!!

Six ans apres la honte dure encore.

Une fois de plus l'Amerique etait insouciance. S'a jeunesse s'etour-dissait au rythme de "Rock around the Clock". Elle parlait encore de la partie parfaite de Don Larsen au cours de la Serie mondiale. Elle se precipitait aux portes des cinemas pour voir les deux super-films de l'annee: **The Ten Commandments et Around the World in 80 Days.**

WHAT FUTURE?

Soudain sans le moindre signe avant-coureur, une autre jeunesse fit la manchette des journaux: etudiants et ouvriers hongrois venaient de se soulever et d'elever les barricades. Eduques sous le marxisme le plus orthodoxe ils reclamaient maintenant la liberte. Formes a la discipline spartiate ils prenaient les armes contre leurs "leaders", pour obtenir un gouvernement representatif du peuple et le droit de penser tout haut.

LIFE WITHOUT HOPE

Ni la qualite des orchestres de chambre, ni le charme des villes renovees, ni la presence des "juke boxes" dans les cafes, ni l'autorisation faite aux eveques d'assister au Concile ne doivent nous leurrer. La jeunesse hongroise ressemble a une jeune fille qu'in a deshonnee. Elle se sent honteuse lors meme qu'elle n'est pas coupable. Elle se sent meurtrie, defiguree, defiante de la vie, decue dans l'espoir que la liberte, puisse toujours finalement triompher de l'oppression.

Volets close, dans le silence de la honte, la jeunesse hongroise fait peur. Si elle a perdu jusqu'au pouvoir de la revolte il ne lue reste plus que de vieillir.

The Christmas Drinker

There are very few men today who can qualify as **Christmas drinkers**. The reason for this is probably a general lack of interest or, more often, a lack of perseverance. A closer look at the true student of the art will reveal why enthusiasm seems to be lacking.

A Real Artist

The real "Christmas Drinker" is neither a lush nor a "one shot" drinker. A "one shot" drinker is one who begins singing "Old Lang Syne" after his first ounce and stays in the said condition until he falls asleep. He is not a lush for the simple reason that a lush is stoned all year around. The Christmas drinker is high only during the Christmas vacation—the **ENTIRE Christmas vacation**. This is what makes the "Christmas Drinker" a real artist. From the day he leaves the university campus with a "determined to drink every drop in the world" expression on his happy face, until he gropes his way back with a "I have drunk every drop in the world" look on his face, he is in a perpetual state of inebriation.

The first step to becoming a "Christmas Drinker" is to stock a good supply of beers, wines, liqueurs, rums, brandies, and, whiskey. The total bill for this supply should come to no more than \$80.00. The bell that ends the last class starts the drinking bout and the bell that starts the first class after Christmas is the one that ends it. Many "Christmas Drinkers" have been known to remember absolutely nothing between those two bells.

Immediately after the first bell, our Christmas drinker rushes to the liquor store, lays \$80.00 on the counter, takes a rather lengthy sheet of foolscap out of his pocket, and proceeds to list, in alphabetical order, his rations for the holidays. He then finds a deserted park bench and begins the drinking cycle. This is not because he is dubious about drinking at home, but rather because he is **SCARED**

TO DEATH. However, once he has the first pint in him, he marches up to his front door, bangs it open, and grandly announces that "A man is going to do some drinking." If at this point the subject is not murdered or forcibly ejected from the house, he is well on his way to becoming a "Christmas Drinker."

One M'self Too

One can easily distinguish the "Christmas Drinker". He is the one who passes out on the doorstep BEFORE the party rather than after it. He is the one who is still doing his impression of President Kennedy after everybody else has left. He is the one who climbs the Christmas tree announcing that he is an angel. His favorite saying is "Have a drink? Think I'll just have one m'self too."

There are two occasions during the vacation when the "Drinker" is at his best—**Christmas Eve** and **New Year's Eve**. The former is the occasion for his brotherly-love phase. This phase consists of accosting total strangers and informing them that they are his "best friend" and won't they have a drink with him. It also means that the world will be treated to his singing of Silent Night from eight p. m. Christmas eve to approximately three forty-five Christmas morning at his own front door.

New Year's Eve climaxes the season. Now he discovers that all those people whom he thought looked silly wearing lampshades at parties when they get drunk **might have had something after all.** Then he looks in the mirror and realizes that the person on the other side is an ugly fellow. "How perfectly AWFUL," he proclaims. "I need a drink to set me right again."

A Perfectly Natural Error

It is worthy of note that there has been an alarming rise in the frequency of brawls, arrests, and

broken limbs among Christmas Drinkers. This is not the drinker's fault. A Christmas Drinker encounters many hazards in his wanderings such as being assaulted by telephone poles while driving in cars, and making the "perfectly natural error" of mistaking phone booths for wash rooms. It would think that a man would be is unfair of people to pick fights with our Christmas Drinker. One would think that a man would be overjoyed at the thought of having his fiancee complimented in public. All too often this gesture in the true spirit of Christmas is not received with the proper amount of good will and a scuffle ensues. After "destroying" his opponent, (morally, of course) he tries to smooth things over by offering the lady a drink. The girl bends over and slaps him rather enthusiastically.

Such things would discourage the average citizen, but they do not bother the **Christmas Drinker**. He is too gassed to care. All he will know when he return to classes is that he has given an immeasurable quantity of help to mankind and has made many new friends.

POEM

Autum dies and is at peace,
For what is there to hold it here?

The year is sinking to its close,
And all about is dead and sere.

Yet the earth will live again,
This is fact, not mere surmise,
But of our resurrection, who can be sure?

To doubt would seem but wise.

Autumn will die, and we will doubt,
For faith is withering as the leaves.

This year will flicker and go out
Faith too dies and no one grieves.

Joslyn Grassby
Science III

EX-SMU PRES. TOURS AFRICA

Loyola College has announced its intention to form an Institute of African Studies. Loyola Rector Rev. Patrick G. Malone, S. J. former rector of Saint Mary's University from 1953 to 1959, has left on a tour of Africa in connection with the establishment of the new institute.

Loyola is the first Canadian college to establish such an institute, according to the Loyola News, Loyola's student newspaper. The institute will start operation next September, the university says. It will initially offer courses on African politics and economics. The program is expected to expand into African Sociological and anthropological problems.

The institute is to be headed by Dr. Donald Savage, presently at Loyola. He will be assisted by a Ph.D. candidate currently at McGill.



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From Chains to Manacles—A Special Feature

Writer's Note — When Editor Tony Haynes asked me to write an article on Batista's Cuba, I decided to write it with realism, the realism that was Havana three months before Batista skipped with the treasure and Castro swaggered out of the Sierra Maestra to change the face of history. I was too realistic and the original script was censored. I expected this. **Even Henry Miller would have censored it!** This is the second account, cleansed.

This is not an authoritative article because I am not an authority on Cuba. There are merely impressions of a fleeting period in my life, and like the canvas of an impressionist, may be at variance with popular opinion. It is not difficult, armed with the hindsight of history, to pinpoint Cuba's errors. Every authoritative writer from Key Largo to Kodiak has had a bash at it.

To eradicate natural tendency to slant my writing because of subsequent events in Cuba, I have used extracts from a letter and a postcard I sent to my wife in '58 and some messy tattered notes that I made on the spot in Havana just before the transition from chains to manacles. — J.B.D.

"Man, that Havana's the best liberty town in the world if ya keep ya mouth shut, have a ball, and don't say nothin agin the gubment. The cops is rough when ya run down the gubment," the sailor told me in a dimly lit, boom-jang-jang, flytrap ginmill on Key West's honky-tonk Duval Street.

"What's the attraction in Havana?" I asked.

"What's the attraction! What-every ya want! That's the attraction. Havana's got everything that Hamburg's Reeperbaum's got and then some. Alexandria and Malta's 'Gut' are church socials alongside Havana. Ya see the people are poor and they don't have much to sell, so they sell what they got."

"I know they're poor," I said, "I was in 'Gitmo' back in '48, I went to Guantanamo city and the conditions were scandalous." Guantanamo city is outside the limits of the Guantanamo naval base, it is in Cuba proper and the conditions were pitiful.

"Yeah, well that's the way it goes in them places, but man, what a ball ya can have!"

JUMBO POST CARD, OCTOBER 8, 1958, KEY WEST, FLORIDA

Sweetheart — Back from Cuba with presents for all of you. The people are seething with discontent and for valid reasons. Be an angel and send me fifty. I'm broke and I've planned some deep-sea fishing and a trip to Miami Beach. Detailed letter on Cuba following. Don't forget the fifty bucks.
XXX Love, Jim

FROM TATTERED NOTES

Took the radar range and bearing of Sombrero Light, fixed the ship's position. About 1700 we passed through the channel entrance leaving the forbidding bulk of Castillo del Morro to port and La Punta to starboard, fortresses with a savage history. Clouds the color of oysters hang weighted above the city. The glass is dropping. Rain maybe?

EXTRACT FROM LETTER KEY WEST

Darling Trudy: Here is the long Cuba letter I promised you, the fifty arrived — you're a doll. Cuba was everything, gay, tragic, beautiful, squa-

lid, inhuman, inspiring and colorful.

A snappy guard came to the salute as we steamed slowly past La Punta fortress a short distance off the impressive Del Puerto Cespedes Avenue. The magnificent skyline dominated by the Habana Hilton spoke of wealth unlimited, splendid living, the international crowd. I felt again that old familiar surge of pleasurable anticipation as we neared the jetty of an unfamiliar foreign port. I hope I never become too jaded to feel that thrill.

I went ashore taking my movie camera, 200 feet of film and my shaver. I didn't plan to return for a few days. I grabbed a cab and told the driver to take me to the Prado. It soon became apparent that the cabbie was also a procurer.

"Fresh from the villages, for you I get, cheap too!" I declined his thoughtful offer. He seemed hurt.

The Prado — Champs Elysees of the Caribbean, trees along the boulevard dark in silhouette against a canopy of stars, raucous cries of lottery ticket sellers, hundreds of puta, the government licensed streetwalkers scrabbling for the tourist dollar, their invitations more insistent than the ladies of Pigalle, more monotonous than the clacking of the fronds. This is the Prado — real name is Paseo de Marti —

FROM TATTERED NOTES

11p.m. Here on the Prado is the place to make a contact, to learn something from someone in the movement. Someone, maybe you, fat man with cigar; or you, puta in the red dress. Prado — Parade — of faces, multiracial; parade of eyes — calculating troubled, gay, fearful. Cafe hopping. All night, I've been drinking coffee in one cafe after another, talking to patrons, hoping to contact somebody to talk to me about the movement in the Sierra Maestra.

Contact! It is 1 a.m. I am in a bar off Fraternity Square. He was drunk and loud at first, we moved to a smaller bar. I asked him about the movement.

"We are the Resistance, like that in France under the Nazis. Castro is not a rebel, he is a patriot. I'll tell you something, we are everywhere, in the army and the navy, we are doctors and lawyers and puta and street sweepers, we are in the universities and the cafes and when they catch one and he is found in a basket on his family's doorstep the next day, two more step up to replace him."

"Where can I find out more about the movement?"

"Why?"

"I am Canadian and I write a little sometimes."

"Listen I have to go now. If you have no hotel now, go to the Hotel Ocean on the Malecon."

The Malecon — impressive seawalled boulevard that arcs for miles, a necklace of lights along the sea from the bottom of the Prado to the district of Vedado.

Rented a room at the Ocean complete with balcony. The lesk girl recommended a nearby cafe for a nightcap.

The Spanish-Cuban who joined my table came straight to the point. "Why do you ask questions?"

"Sometimes I write."

"Have you sympathy with us?"

I have sympathy with all oppressed people."

"OK! before you leave Havana go back to the Prado and near where Colon Street joins the Prado you will find a tourist gift store, it is called 'Carlos' Gifts'. Ask for him. Tell him you want to know about the third of November."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER KEY WEST FLORIDA

I asked to see Carlos himself and bought the little alligator purses for the girls and one for you. That's where my money goes! It is customary in most gift stores for the owner to offer drink to the customer and Carlos broke out a quart of Bacardi. I asked him about the third of November — — —

FROM NOTES SCRIBBLED ON BACK OF MENU CARD

"My friend told me that you might come here. If a customer comes in we will discuss the price of this handbag. We have not so much to fear now because we are strong but it is still sometimes dangerous. The police fear us now too, so it is better."

"What do the Cuban people want?"

"We want pride, pride in ourselves and our country. It saddens us to be the bordello and gambling den of the Caribbean. We want to clear out the graft and the corruption in the government. We want to own Cuba because we are Cubans. People, some of whom have never been here, own Cuba. Now with the movement we can fight back, we were losing our pride, our women from the poor class were the toys of the tourists, we were without hope and now we have hope."

"What about the third of November?" I asked.

"On the third Castro will move down from the Sierra Maestra and the country will rise to support him."

Author's Note: The attacks began on the third of December, one month later than the date I was given. I feel that I was deliberately laded this red herring, just in case.

During our discussion, a Cuban loiterer walked in and observed us in a discussion about the probability of attacks in the Santiago area. We had a map on the table. He left the store immediately and we had a last drink.

I hastily made my goodbyes and good lucks. Carlos said at the doorway: "Remember us on the third."

I walked about fifty yards up the Prado in the direction of Fraternity Park. A squad car stopped ahead of me and a uniformed policeman got out and moved towards me. The car then passed me and dropped another policeman. I took a movie of one. He had very thick glasses which magnified his eyes.

"Officer," he said, "Come under the canopy, out of the sun, I wish to speak to you."

A pistol hung at his side.

"You're having a good time in Havana, eh?"

"Wonderful," I said, trying not to think of the bodies in the baskets.

"You seen all the sights? You know all the good places in Havana? We do. We know everything that goes on here, we know who everybody is, what everybody does, what everybody says, where everybody goes. We even know where you go, Officer, you should go to other places, see different things, find a nice girl, and get drunk and have a good time, just think about having a good time."

He wasn't smiling, and all I could see were those large, black, unsmiling eyes.

I went back to my hotel on the Malecon, however, checked out of the Ocean, and moved into a cheaper one on Italian Avenue, and I spent my time sightseeing and making notes. I didn't ask any more questions.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO TRUDY

---and soon the winking lights

of Cespedes del Puerto were astern and the Morro Castle was dipping under the horizon. I had the middle watch on the bridge. When I picked up the Dry Tortugas on radar, Havana was already a haunting memory. After my watch I went aft for a quiet smoke. The sun was not yet up and all I could see astern was the phosphorescent wake boiling above the rumbling screws and the welcome winking light of Sombrero Shoal. All I could hear in the backwater of my mind was a quiet cultivated Cuban voice saying, "Remember us on the third," — — —

Dear "Carlos"

Now we both know that the revolution failed in the end because the Cuban people only exchanged their chains for manacles. I have not used your real name nor that of the contact hotel because I think that both you and desk girl on the Malecon are still watching for police.

You still have my sympathy as do the Cuban people because I know that you didn't want it to end this way. The thing you wanted most—pride in the Fatherland — in the end, eluded you. Here's to the next revolution..

Jim

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I don't care what they call me — so long as they spell my name right.

William Randolph Hearst.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN HERE

In the United States, there is an organization similar in purpose to our beloved CFCCS. In the last ten years the membership of this organization, the National Federation of Catholic College Students (NFCSS), has met with a dearth of interest. Seventy-nine colleges called for its abandonment. America, a national Jesuit magazine noted recently that the organization was being reorganized. It asked the colleges what they planned to do. Reprinted below is a letter received by America on the subject.

Editor: In answer to your query in "Campus Corner" (10-27); "What will some of the Catholic Colleges do about support of the reorganized National Federation of Catholic College Students?" my reply is: Let the fiasco drop dead. How? By vigorous non-support by students who are sick of NFCUS's talk-big, do-nothing policy.

NFCSS is a dead weight organization which should be completely reorganized FROM the college campus. Let campus allotments be appropriated to mission clubs, sodalities, literary groups, drama clubs-societies noted for their action.

There is already too much talk on campuses. Disbanding NFCUS would clear the air considerably.

(Miss) Sharon Miller
Louisville, Ky.

Perhaps Miss Miller's comments can be applied at Saint Mary's with reference to our own "talk-big, do-nothing" organization, CFCCS.

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FORMER FACULTY TO ATTEND ALUMNI DINNER

It has been announced that Reverend Brother J. V. Birmingham of the Irish Christian Brothers and Reverend P. J. McCarthy of the Society of Jesus, both former Saint Mary's faculty members, will be special guests at the 1962 Annual Dinner of the Saint Mary's University Alumni Association. The dinner will be held in the Imperial Room of the Lord Nelson Hotel on the Patronal Feast of the University, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8.

Brother Birmingham, born in Cork, Ireland on January 11, 1892, first came to Halifax in 1913 when the late Archbishop Edward J. McCarty placed the destiny of Saint Mary's in the hands of the Christian Brothers. He remained here until 1924 at which time he was sent to St. Bonaventure's College in St. John's, Newfoundland. Brother Birmingham distinguished him-

self in the field of education at St. Bonaventure.

In 1937 Brother Birmingham returned to Saint Mary's and this time remained for a short three years. He has since taught in New York, Vancouver, Liverpool, England and at Leo High School in Chicago where he is now actively engaged.

It is interesting to note that Brother Birmingham is the sole survivor of that original group of Christian Brothers of Ireland who first came to Saint Mary's in 1913. Mr. G. Alain Frecker, S.M.U. '29, a former pupil of Brother Birmingham, tells us that Brother Birmingham was the youngest of the group, probably in his early twenties. Mr. Frecker, now Minister of Education for the province of Newfoundland, went on to say: "One of the earliest memories of him was that he had a very good tenor voice and on more than one occasion Brother Birmingham would sing Irish songs for us with much feeling and a fine voice. Another pleasant memory was when I was a student of his in

Grade VIII. He always liked good books and had a way of getting his students interested in good reading. One of his methods was to get a classic by Sir Walter Scott or Dickens and read to the class during the last half hour of the day, provided the class had performed efficiently their regular school assignments during the day."

Brother Birmingham is held in esteem by his former pupils who, despite the passing of three or four decades, remember him well. His return to Saint Mary's will be one of the high-lights of this year's December 8th activities.

The Alumni Executives were also pleased to announce that Rev. P.J. McCarthy, S.J. would return for the Annual Dinner. Many interesting stories, remembered with much sentiment by students of the 1940's and '50's, could be told of Father "Hank", his joviality and his disciplinary measures. Father McCarthy, who is now engaged in mission work out of Toronto, was at Saint Mary's for a total of fourteen years. During that time he became one of the most popular faculty members Saint Mary's has known.

The guest speaker for the occasion will be D. Leo Dolan, former head of the Canadian Travel Bureau. He will be introduced by L.B. Murphy '47 and responded to by L.W. Smith '43. The Honourable R.A. Donahoe, also an alumnus of Saint Mary's, will propose the traditional Toast to the University.

The Chairman of the 1962 Annual Dinner Committee is Gordon D. Mader '42.

Prof's Profile

Saint Mary's welcomes to its History Department the very capable Dr. Stanislaus Bobr-Tylingo. He fills the vacancies left in the History Department by the departure of Fr. O'Keefe and Dr. MacCormack. Dr. Bobr-Tylingo is teaching the courses in History 306 and History 304.

Dr. Bobr-Tylingo was born in Warsaw, Poland on March 30, 1919. Here he completed his elementary and high school education, entering Warsaw University in 1942. At this time the Nazis were occupying his country. His activities in the Polish Underground Army interrupted his education. He rose to the rank of second lieutenant before being taken prisoner by the Nazis in October, 1944, shortly after the heroic Warsaw uprising. He was transported to Germany to the prison camp Nurnau N/A, a camp for enemy officers. After his release Dr. Bobr-Tylingo did not wish to return to his own country, which was occupied by the Rus-

like most European educated men Dr. Bobr-Tylingo is fluent in five languages—French, German, Polish, English and Italian.

From 1955 to 1958 he taught at Cork, Ireland, and from 1958 to 1960 at the London Grammar School. Between July, 1961 and August, 1962, the Doctor travelled throughout Western-Europe gathering material for a book which he hopes to publish in the not-too-distant future. This work, which is currently taking shape within the walls of Saint Mary's, will be written in French and entitled "Napoleon III et L'Europe 1663".

Dr. Bobr-Tylingo had always possessed an avid interest in visiting the Western Hemisphere, and the favorable impressions of the Canadians he had met in Europe led him to look towards Canada.

The Doctor's impressions of this University are quite favorable. He cannot really compare Canadian students with European students, because of his very short tenure here and the differences between the two educational systems. Up to this point he is very pleased with the work of the upperclassmen who are taking his courses.

The JOURNAL staff and editors, on behalf of the student body, bids this remarkable man welcome to Saint Mary's, and wishes him a pleasant, profitable, and successful sojourn among us.



Dr. Stanislaus Bobr-Tylingo assumes post vacated by Fr. O'Keef, S.J.

(Photo by Moore)

SMU STUDENTS TO PAKISTAN

Henri St. Jean, WUSC chairman announced last week that a preliminary interview had been made with St. Mary's four candidates for the WUSC seminar to Pakistan. The four candidates are John Dube, Terry Donahoe, Dennis Casivi, and John O'Connor.

These four are vying for a six week trip to Karachi, Pakistan under the sponsorship of the World University Service. One representative is chosen from each university represented in WUS.

The candidates met the preliminary consisting of Father Stewart, Father Brown, representing Father Fischer, Professor G. B. Hallett, and Pat Furlong. Mr. Furlong was the WUSC seminar delegate to Poland last summer. The board will evaluate the candidates, make a recommendation, and forward the information on all the candidates to Toronto. In Toronto, the National Executive of WUSC will make the final choice of a candidate. The final selection will be announced in January.

sians, and so he journeyed to Western Europe.

Resuming studies at the Sorbonne in Paris, he received his "Licence des Lettres" in 1947. From this same institute in 1955, he received a "Doctorate des Lettres avec mention honorable," somewhat similar to our "Magna Cum Laude." His theses for this degree were entitled, "French Foreign Policy, 1860-1865" and "International Exposition in Paris, 1867." Multi-lingual,

Fresh Frosh viewpoint

By Gerald Randall, Arts

Because this is the Christmas edition of the JOURNAL, I feel that it would be a wonderful occasion for each and every one of us to FORGET OURSELVES, and think of OTHERS for a change.

We are all so busy studying for exams, trying to take in all the social highlights and trying to act intelligent so that we may win the "competition", that little or no thought is given to others who are less fortunate than ourselves.

We are also pretty busy trying to think of what we want most of all for Christmas, but give no thought as to what we are going to give, not only to those who give to us, but to the people who really could use a little help about this time of the year. God gave His life so that we could have happiness. Surely there must be something we can do to make someone else happy.

If you will recall the story of the CHRISTMAS CAROL by CHARLES DICKENS, you will see, by comparison, that we are a great deal like "SCROOGE". All we want to do is "get", but would rather refrain from "giving". Think about it, fellows, and then let the Spirit of Christmas flow through your veins. See what you can "give" for Christmas.

But let us not only consider the "giving" part of Christmas, or the necessary "commercial" part either. Let us also consider giving "thanks".

If you will refer to the Bible, you will learn just why we have a Christmas. Let us give THANKS to God for sending His Son to earth, and for making Christmas possible. Try to remember always, but especially now, to "Do Unto Others AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU". I'm sure that you will receive a much greater sense of inward satisfaction if you try to follow this simple-sounding, hard-to-follow rule.

Best of luck to all of you in the coming exams, and may God see fit to guide you safely and happily through the three weeks of vacation which are drawing so near. I do hope that I will see you all in January.

Merry Christmas everyone, and a Happy New Year.

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DRAMA SOCIETY TO PRESENT Charlie's Aunt, March 6, 7, 8 AND 9

ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY DRAMA SOCIETY has announced its production for this year. According to the Society's moderator, Fr. Devine, "Charley's Aunt" is the best comedy ever written in English. Auditions have been completed and the full cast of ten has been selected.

Charley's Aunt was written by Brandon Thomas, an actor-playwright, to show off the comic talents of W. S. Penley, who was popular on the London stage at the time and wanted to become a manager as well as act. He wanted Thomas to write a comedy for him. "You've played everything under the sun," Thomas said, "have you ever thought of playing a woman?" Here was the germ of "Charley's Aunt." Thomas wrote the play within two months. When introduced in London in DECEMBER 1892, the play was an immediate success. "Charley's Aunt" has been translated into every major language.

The director chosen for "Charley's Aunt" is Mr. Robert Walsh, well known both as an actor and director in Halifax theatrical circles. He has appeared regularly in radio plays broadcast from CBC Halifax. Last year, he directed the Theatre Arts Guild production of the "Marriage-Go-Round". Recently he directed a one-act play for the Guild. Mr. Walsh was impressed by the turnout of St. Mary's students during the auditions two weeks ago. His comment was, "You could have cast this play twice over."

A FARCE

The choice of "Charley's Aunt" appears to have raised some eyebrows around the University. It is an uproariously funny farce, and without a doubt, one of the most performed plays of modern theatre. Since first produced, it has ENDURED because people have continued to enjoy it.

The members of the cast are enthusiastic about the production. Roger Aubin says that the play is "hilariously funny, not just smiling or amusing. Bill Cunningham prefers this play to

something more serious. He believes that if theatre is to be established at St. Mary's on a big scale, "it must develop a following both among students and Halifax audiences. Haligonians must come to expect GOOD DRAMA from the University as a matter of course. Once our drama society establishes itself in Halifax as a source of good theatre, it can attempt more ambitious productions."

IT IS NOT AN ACTORS PLAY
Paul Niedermayer thinks it is a great play. It has been performed so many times that it has almost become a tradition. However, IT IS NOT AN ACTORS PLAY.

Fr. Devine, quickly brushes aside criticism that "Charley's Aunt" was not suitable for production by a university group. IN HIS OPINION, "Charley's Aunt" is a first rate play. He has even talked about the possibility of entering it in the Dominion Drama Festival. Performances are scheduled for early in March. Fr. Devine said that "for anyone who can sit through 'Charley's Aunt' with a straight face, the Administration will give them back their money at the door."

Bill Cunningham can almost be called the Dean of Theatre on campus! In his career as amateur, Bill has played many varied roles. He is the only Senior taking part in the play this year. As Lord Fancourt "Babbs" Babberly, he impersonates Charley's Aunt and makes himself the center of the audience's laughter. He describes himself as "enthralled with the part. I have never played a woman before." However, he doesn't let himself worry about embarrassment because, as he says, "It is supposed to be wretched female impersonation."

Roger Aubin is a freshman from Manchester, New Hampshire. As Charley Wykeham, he is dubiously related to Lord Fancourt. So far, Roger has been the most successful in adding an Oxford accent to his lines.

Connie McCarthy is the freshman, who made a hit as a cheer-

leader, and also at the frosh talent show in September. He readily admits not having been in actual theatre before. Connie is playing the part of Brasset, the butler. He has mixed emotions about the play. He has suggested that a more recent comedy such as "Skin of Our Teeth", or the like could have been done, but is still satisfied with "Charley's Aunt".

Paul Niedermayer appeared in several plays during high school also starring in The Winslow Boy produced in 1960 by The Drama Society and has directed a one act play. Paul is a sophomore and is taking the part of Sir Francis Chesney, Charley's father.

Tom Dunphy, one of the four SMU freshmen in the play, is playing the part of the middle-aged lawyer, Spettigue. In auditions he made an impression which suggests that he might well turn out to be one of the stronger members of the cast.

George Scott, still another freshman, portrays Jack Chesney. He prefers comic roles because he feels that those give him more leeway in interpretation. Almost everyone connected with the play has mentioned George as someone to watch. He's had a good deal of experience in summer theatre and it's obvious that he feels at home on stage.

The female roles announced at the end of last week were: in the part of Donna Lucia d'Alvadortez is Miss Elinor Pushie, who teaches at Halifax West Municipal High and is on loan to us from the Newman Drama Guild; as Kitty Verdun, Miss Mary Lou Hughes, last year's Newman Drama Guild Award Winner; in the role of Amy Spettigue is Miss Simone Poirier, a student at the Convent of the Sacred Heart who is making her first appearance in a production at St. Mary's. To complete the cast Miss Dawne Heath was chosen to play the role of Ela Delahay. Miss Heath is at present a student at Dalhousie and this is her first appearance here at St. Mary's.

Serious work on the production will have to wait for the new year, however, as the male members of the cast must first face their mid-term exams.

ABSENT LOVE

The leaves are now a brilliant hue,
But falling one by one,
The morning heralds frost, not dew,
Now, autumn's on the run.

Alone, I watched this season enter
And now I watch it go.
From September to almost November
Oh, how I've missed you so!

But look, the trees are almost bare,
For winter is nearly here.
Every day is now a hopeful prayer,
Each dying leaf a note of cheer.

For the time grows so much nearer
With every passing day.
I hear the sounds of Christmas clearer -
Those happy sounds - so light and gay.

Oh, dear, it's been so very long!
And I hope you feel as I,
That time can only make love strong;
Never, never let it die.
J.B.

There is no crash from bomb or shell
Nor dust from battle near,
No whining of the siren,
No shout of unseen fear.
There are no crying children,
Nor hollow, sleepless eyes,
Nor dying people everywhere
Nor mother's fearful cry,
But peace lies on the hillside,
And all the angels sing,
As the stars shine down upon the crib,
At the birth of Christ the King.

S. Haggarty, '44

ED. NOTE-This poem was written to commemorate the lull in fighting between German and Allied forces Christmas Day, 1944.

POEM

To have loved a Diana
and Circe found,
as if by chance a gem,
of purest beauty,
to behold and having beheld
to desire and thence
to grasp and yet to lose
as if my touch meant death.

Michael Landroche

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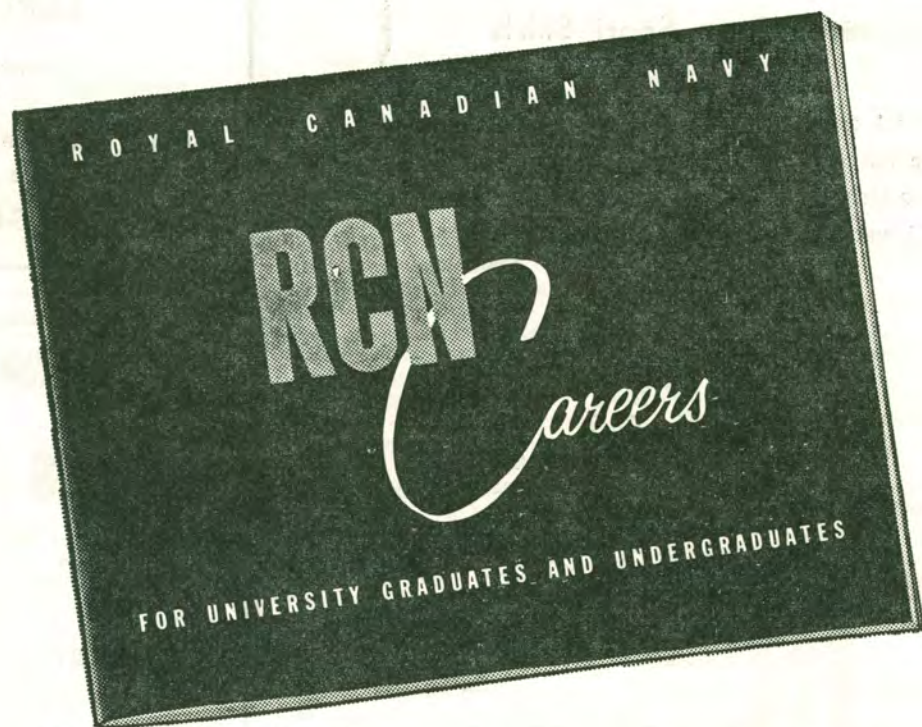
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(Photo by Moore)



Pat Hickey, little man of criticism, Journal's playmate of the month.

Exam solution?

By Mike Landroche

The present system of examinations at Saint Mary's is in its third year of revision. Something must be done and the whole matter of these exams should be cleared up before next year.

Under the old system two years ago, we had an exam in January worth 40 per cent and the finals worth 60 per cent. Last year we had three exams: one in November worth 20 per cent, January worth 20 per cent, and the final worth 60 per cent. This year we revert back to the old system with one exception—the exam is now held in December instead of January.

The main criticism against this system of exams is that all the results are in two baskets and it is very easy to slip and fall. The damage done by one slip is very nearly irreparable. With some students writing three exams in one day, the chance of the student doing his best in the last exam is very improbable.

PRESENT SITUATION HOPELESS

The solution to this problem could be of two types: one as suggested by the editors of THE SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL in the last issue (read THE SOLUTION-page two), or the extension of the exams over a longer period of time. In this system there would be four exams worth 10 per cent given during the year in the last weeks of October, November, January, and February. These exams would be of one hour in length given in the classroom by the professor. This would allow the student if he had a bad day to make it up in his next exam. The situation would not be as hopeless as it is today should the student fail or do poorly in these coming exams.

Before I go on, a problem arises — that of cheating, a nasty and distasteful word but it does exist as is well known by the students and Administration. In the exam given in a small class the professor could watch the class. The larger classes (e.g. English 101, Chemistry 101, etc.) the professor could have two monitors in the class with him stationed at different points in the room. In this manner cheating would be very nearly done away with and kept to a very small minimum.

NO CONFLICTS

The advantages to the office and to the student is that there would be no conflicts possible. It would force the student to keep up with the work during the year and he would have a more comprehensive knowledge of the material covered. This in turn would help him immensely in preparing for the final exam.

I believe this system would lead to a better educated student and would relieve much of the tension seen at Saint Mary's now.

The playboy myth

By VALENTINE HICKEY

Happy Birthday Playboy! This month Playboy, 'magazine for men', is nine years old. It is time perhaps, to look at Playboy and its aims. Is it the intellectual magazine in the United States today? Is it a carbon copy of Esquire? Or is it the irresponsible sensational magazine which has been justly banned from the newsstands of countless cities and towns?

In the December, 1962 issue of Playboy, Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner has begun an editorial entitled the Playboy Philosophy. In it Mr. Hefner remarks, 'We have been accused of leadership in a cult of irresponsibility and of aiding in the decline of the Western world. We deny it.' He then proceeds to debase several critics of Playboy who have written in both the clerical and secular press in America. He points out the interesting fact that in almost every media of communication, Playboy is recognized as existing.

'TRUTH AND BEAUTY'

He then reverses and tells of the many times Playboy has been praised. In one instance, it is referred to as being concerned with two things lost in modern society, 'truth and beauty.' He answers the critics of his magazine by naming several articles which have shown the quality of "think" pieces in the magazine. He claims, and perhaps rightly so, that the content of Playboy cannot be disregarded as poor. As he points out, Playboy pays the highest rates, for both fiction and non-fiction, of any magazine in the men's field; and Playboy has received more awards for its art, design, photography. . . . Yes, Playboy is to be taken seriously. Alas, this is a problem.

'Playboy', Hefner says later, 'has always dealt with the lighter side of contemporary life, but it has also tacitly and continuously-tried to see modern life in its totality.' Here it has failed.

Let us examine some of Mr. Hefner's articles to find out where the danger lies in Playboy. Mr. Hefner points out that Playboy has been mentioned in many magazines, movies, night club acts, and TV comedy routines. This is a tribute to the image of any institution. Here we see that Playboy is no longer just a magazine, it is a way of life. Playboy clubs are opening in all the major cities in the United States. The pages of a typical issue are filled with ads for Playboy sweaters, perfume, cigarette lighters, wallets, jewelry, and other items. All are imprinted with the Playboy bunny. A person has to think but a minute to realize the symbolism behind the bunny. What better symbol of a supposedly sex-oriented society than a rabbit. The Playboy people are doing their best to base a society around the bunny.

PAGAN AND UNWHOLESOME

Mr. Hefner recognizes the attacks on Playboy. He disregards them as superficial attacks by people who only skim through the magazine. If The Journal was large enough to command national attention, we would be disregarded in the same manner. We feel however, that these crit-

ical magazines have, as we have, seen the whole idea of Playboy as pagan and unwholesome.

Yes, Playboy does have articles of high quality. They do have some of the finest writers in America. They are also the highest paid. Perhaps, this is why they write for Playboy. It is sad when a price can be put on an artist's work. Nevertheless they are good; and Playboy is good. It cannot be ignored.

We can also look at Hefner's ideas on the scope of his magazine's coverage. They do present a subject which, with four other magazines of varying interest, would present a complete survey of modern life. At present however, they are concerned more with girls, drink, and 'the good life' than with some of the more practical aspects of modern life. They are certainly not competition for 'Better Homes and Gardens.' Their accent is on SEX.

AH YES, SEX

Ah yes, Sex. Sex is, as Hefner admits, created by God and not by Playboy. It is good and has a place in society. He then claims that Playboy is written for the new generation which is attempting to escape from the Puritanical sex attitudes of America. If this is the case, bravo Playboy! It does not however, belong splashed all over the pages of a magazine in the form of suggestive cartoons and triple length pin-ups. Sure, sex is good. It does however, have its place. Playboy continues to argue that they are catering to the mature male in today's urban society. Yet it is probably read more by the immature student and the man who is afraid to face the reality of sex.

CONDUCTIVE TO MASTURBATION

Let us examine the ears of last week's JOURNAL. 'Playboy, America's magazine for Male Spinners.' Consider the awful connotation of the term 'Male Spinner'. It is not what Playboy readers would imagine themselves to be. It seems reasonable to say however, that the Playboy philosophy is geared to the man who is afraid to face sex. As D.H. Lawrence once remarked we see that pornography is conducive to masturbation. Those who read this type of material are afraid to face sex, Lawrence claims, and as a result hide in masturbation. This is unfortunate, but nevertheless, according to psychologists, true. Look at Playboy, a gallery of pictures and, as the Playboy Clubs with their bunnies, on a 'Look, Don't Touch' basis.

In conclusion, I will admit I read Playboy. Some of my favorite writers are bought for its pages of fine fiction. I feel sad when I realize however, that an empire is being built before my eyes. It saddens me too when I think someday we may be the asexual society which Mr. Hefner claims to be fighting today and we will all perish of frustration as a race of sex starved males and a world of untouchable bunnies fades from the scene.

DIOCESAN VOCATION COUNCIL ORGANIZED

There are approximately 100,000 Catholics in forty-nine parishes and thirty-two mission churches, in the Archdiocese of Halifax. Of the total number of priests available to minister to the spiritual needs of these faithful 85 are diocesan. Within the next four years, three men will be ordained to the Priesthood; two to the Society of Jesus and one diocesan priest.

It is no wonder that on the Sunday of October 21, 1962, the establishment of the Halifax Archdiocesan Society for Priestly Vocations was announced from all Catholic pulpits in the diocese. The aims of this society are; 1) To urge the faithful to foster, guard, and assist vocations 2) to spread an accurate knowledge of the excellence and need of the Catholic Priesthood; 3) To invite the faithful to unite in prayer for the increase in vocations. These aims include not only the fostering of Priestly Vocations, but also vocations to the Brotherhood and Sisterhood; although the Society is chiefly concerned with the former.

The Society will attempt to accomplish these aims by encouraging parents to do their utmost to foster and care for vocations in the family circle, and by developing among young people the desire for Christian Perfection, and the apostolate. Furthermore, in each parish there will be established a Vocation Council organized and presided over by the Pastor or by his appointee, thereby bringing vocations down to a parish level. The faithful will be encouraged to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the explicit intention of vocations. The support of all religious communities in the Archdiocese will be enlisted for intensive prayer and sacrifice. Lastly chaplains of hospitals, Superiors of Religious Communities, and Superiors for homes for the aged, have all been asked to obtain from

their members of their institutions a promise to offer their daily mortifications and sufferings for the increase of vocations in the Archdiocese.

The Catholic Church has traditionally had a great reputation of being an efficient organization. To substantiate this, one need only look to Catholic universities, hospitals, and churches around the world. The Church realizes that the spiritual well-being of its members does not depend on spiritual exercise and aids alone. But also on material "assistance." The Church in the Archdiocese of Halifax is no exception. If we are to increase the number of our priests, we must improve the present situation. Scholarships must be made available to needy aspirants to the Priesthood and more parishes in rural areas must be built. Unfortunately this is not done by prayer alone. It takes money.

The Society has several sources of revenue, including the students of St. Mary's University. In the near future, Vocation Boxes will be erected in the vestibules of our Church. We, as students, are not expected to be a major financial source of the Society, but we are expected to be of 'some' assistance. So cry not 'Poverty' in this regard at least.

We have still another and far more important obligation both to the Society and to ourselves. As reprehensible as the thought may be, there are those of us (yourself not excluded) who may have vocations to the Priesthood. It is our obligation to first recognize the need for vocations, and then to look to ourselves.

If anyone has any questions about the Society: what he can do for it or what it can do for him, contact either Rev. Jeremiah Mackey, Director of the Society, at the Cardinal Newman Centre, or Rev. M.J. O'Donnell, S.J.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL



By BARRY LACOMBE

The Hockey Huskies have started the year off on rather a sour note. This year's team has the scoring ability with returning forwards Reg Ryan, Clair Campbell, Pat Reardon and Buddie Garagan. These men are aided by freshmen Adrian Smith and Bob Mathews, Willie Moore, a fast skating forward who toiled with the Halifax Kingfishers last year and Terry Cooper who played well last year. The Huskies have scored six goals and five goals in their games against Nova Scotia Technical College and Saint Dunstan's Saints.

This is normally enough goals to win a hockey game. For the Huskies this year it is not. So far opposing teams have been firing at freshman goaltender from point blank range consistently and he has not had too much of a chance on most of the goals scored on him. Against the Saints three goals (at the most) could have been stopped by Bryne. On the rest he did not have a chance.

A STRONG PAPER DEFENCE

On paper we have a strong defence corps. John Dean and Denis Gates have showed well in past seasons, Neil Fitzpatrick is playing his second year with the Huskies,, Denis Naugle, who plays a steady game is playing his third year. John Kelleher has returned. Terry Montague, who can also play forward, is a solid man. The defense has been weak. One reason could be that our defencemen are rushing too much and getting caught.

Penalties have also contributed to our loses. After watching the Huskies last game especially in the third period I wondered if the teams were ever going to play five aside. Most of the penalties which we are getting are cheap penalties. They accomplish nothing.

Also the forwards will have to backcheck harder. The team's forwards can help lighten the burden on the defence and scoring goals is only one half of the game. Jim Byrne needs help from his forwards and defence. It is pretty hard to stop a man with a clear angle on the net from five and ten feet out.

Hockey is a team sport and all the men on the ice have to work together if a winning combination is to be found. We have the players. They must not play individually but as part of a team.

BASKETBALL'S A DIFFERENT STORY

The Basketball Huskies met their first intercollegiate opposition of the year and easily defeated the Saint Dunstan Saints 74-42. Buzz McHale, probably the littlest man capable of playing intercollegiate ball, was terrific not only on offense but on defense. He blocked two shots on players much taller than himself, he got his share of the rebounds, and came up with a very nice 'tap-in' play.

The five Bob's - Lahey, Healy, Clinton, DeLuca, and Padden all turned in fine games. Lahey was slow starting and scored only four points in the first half but bounced back with 15 in the second half to end up with 19. Rick Dougherty played good ball and if his style of play against the Saints was any indication he should be a real asset to the team. Dick Salinetti and John Sullivan also looked good.

It is hard to tell how the Huskies will stack up against the powerful Saint Francis Xavier Team and the Acadia team, as Saint Dunstan's did not offer too much competition. They did not have their full team on hand for the game. The team appears to have the shooters but the loss of Louis Devallet will hurt the Huskies under the boards and especially the loss of T. Walsh who hurt his ankle Friday night. T. had looked really good this year and in a game against the Schooners he was getting more than his share of rebounds.

The Junior Varsity basketball team coached by Cosmos Marandos is shaping up. The team has returning players Jerry Hurley, Stan Costello, Terry Donahoe, Rick McCluskey, Bob Murphy, Sean McCarty who was with the varsity last year. Those lining up with the team for the first time include John Dougherty, Joe Violote, Pat Hickey, Murray Bishop, Kent Robinson. The team will play in the Halifax City League.

The other Junior Varsity team will also play in the City league. Among the players on the team are Mike Thompson, Stu O'Brien, Rene MacKinnon, Bob DelVallet, Guy Kirvan, and Jim Lynch.

Neither team plays before January 7. See notice on this page. SEASON'S GREETINGS.

Halfback Cloutier Journal's Choice For Football Huskie Of The Year



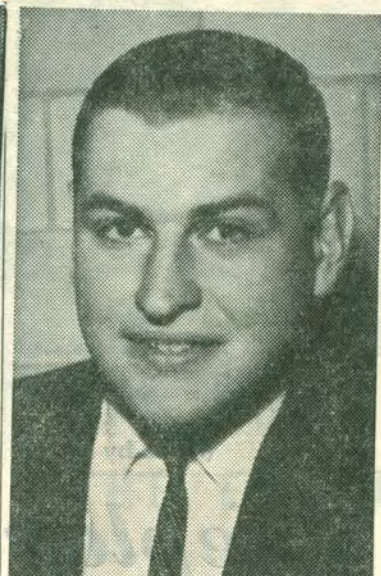
ROG CLOUTIER — Football Huskie of the year.

HUSKY CHAMP

ROG (The Little Powerhouse) CLOUTIER has been named FOOTBALL HUSKIE OF THE YEAR, in a voting held recently by the four sportswriters of the JOURNAL staff. The tough, hard halfback is in his second year with the HUSKIES and hails from Manchester, U.S.A. Cloutier received twelve of a possible sixteen points, to clinch the award. Cloutier, another member of the 'two-way gang', has starred for the Huskies all year. He gained a net yardage of 907 yards which is 7.2 yards per carry, received nine forward passes averaging 16.2 per catch, returned four punts for an average of 6.3 yards, averaged 10.2 yards per kickoff return, lead the Huskies in interceptions with six averaging 16.2 return on the interceptions, and scored 36 points. This record speaks for itself.

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR

Frank Arment, playing his second year with the football Huskies, and freshman Dave Murphy were elected Huskie Lineman of the year, and Football Rookie of the Year respectively by the sports staff of the Journal. Arment, who plays offensive and defensive tackle and saw 60 minutes of action for most of the Huskies' games, was the big man on the Huskie forward wall. He was in on the majority of Saint Mary's tackles all year, recovered two fumbles during the year, and



FRANK ARMENT — Lineman of the year.

opened holes which paved the way to touchdowns. He also set several key blocks through the year and was terrific both offensively and defensively. He was a runner up for Lineman of the Year in the Atlantic Football Conference and played on the left side of the Huskie line that was never scored on.

The most opposition for the position came from Milke Fleming who was switched to guard after playing defensive linebacker for two years and John Schneider, who was probably the best place kicker and end in the league.

Fleming, who responded well to the shift made of him is the most improved player on the team. He was a 60 minute man and played good ball all year. Schneider, who has the ability and moves to be without a doubt the best end in the league, scored 32 points this year as well as blocking well when he was called to do so. Dan Skaling is another in the forgotten group that are taken for granted. Dan is a fine football player and was also a member of the Huskies strong left side. Bob Ruotolo has been a defensive stalwart for three years with the Huskies and the past season he was as rough and tough as ever.

Steve Lancaster who was really good against the X-men and Mount A and Dick Loiselle also were impressive through the year.



DAVE MURPHY — Football rookie of the year.

Lancaster ended up with 36 points and gained 387 yards along the ground for an average of 4.2 yards. He also played defensive tackle where he came up with several big tackles and did some fine blocking during the year.

Dick Loiselle was the leading scorer for the Huskies with 54 points, averaged 21.7 yards per kickoff return, average 7.0 yards per carry, completed 23 of 52 passes for 409 yards and a completion average of .442. He also had the longest run of the year for the Huskies when he sprinted 62 yards. He was also a defensive standout.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Dave Murphy, who took over the quarterbacking chores of the Huskies, and did a commendable job as the Rookie of the Year. He has all the qualities of a good quarterback; good passer, smart, and a fair runner. He made particularly good use of his backfield, mixing up his handoffs well. Through the air he attempted 31 passes and completed 14 for an average of .452. He carried the ball for 43 yards.

Ray Loiselle, who started the year off at quarterback and was shifted to wingback was also a top member of the Huskies. He intercepted three passes from his defensive linebacker position and his average runback was 28.7 yards. He scored 43 points, averaged 4.3 yards per carry, and completed 9 of 25 passes.

SPECIAL FEATURE

Frank Baldwin, who is better known about Halifax as Mr. Basketball, will be trying to win the one title that has eluded his grasp since he began coaching at Saint Mary's in the 1951-52 season - the Maritime Intercollegiate Basketball title. His chances look good this season.

He began coaching in 1940 at Saint Patrick's High in Halifax. In 1947 he coached the Nova Scotia Junior Champions, who lost out in the Canadian Finals. Then Mr. Baldwin coached the Black Panthers who copped the Nova Scotia Juvenile Championship in 1948. He repeated this feat in 1949 with Queen Elizabeth High School. That year QEH, under Baldwin, went on to cop the Dominion Title. He repeated with the QEH team in 1950 as N.S. champs but lost out in the Dominion Finals.

Frank then moved to Saint Mary's University in 1951 as head basketball coach, and the Huskies (then called Saints) went on to win the Maritime Junior Championship. He also coached Stadacona to the Senior B Championship.

BASKETBALL SCANDAL

In 1955-56 he coached the team to a 6-3 record in Intercollegiate play. Saint Mary's were beaten out in the semi-finals by Acadia, 2-1. It was after the 1955-56 season that Frank took part in a mock trial by the students. He was brought to trial by the students for accepting a bribe and inducing the players to accept the bribe in Saint Mary's 41-33 loss to Acadia.



FRANK BALDWIN — "MR. BOOK STORE"

Frank was found guilty by the students but he took it all good naturedly.

The 56-57 edition of the Huskies also ended the season with a favorable record but again Frank was foiled in the play-offs. Acadia beat the Huskies two games to one in the semi-finals. The Dalhousie Tigers proved to be Frank's stopper in the next season as they dropped Saint Mary's 2-1 in the semi-finals.

In the 1958-59 season Frank's aspirations to the intercollegiate title were almost fulfilled, but the Huskies bowed to Saint Francis Xavier in the finals. The 1959-1960 Huskies were one of the strongest teams Frank has coached. The team did well in the regular season but choked against Acadia in the semi-finals.

The following season Frank led the Huskies to the finals against the Acadia Axemen and his dreams almost materialized. The Huskies lost, but put up a terrific fight. They defeated Acadia once

in the season and were the only team to do so that year.

Last year the Huskies ended with a 7-6 record in regular play. They lost a hard fought semi-final series with Saint Francis X-Men who went on to capture the Maritime Basketball Championship.

THIS IS FRANK'S YEAR

This year, as in past years, Frank wants to add the intercollegiate title to his list of trophies. This could be Frank's year. He has the material to win the crown but injuries may hurt the Huskies. If justice is done he will be the man to win the Intercollegiate league this year, as he is most deserving.

To Frank Baldwin and his 1962-63 Huskies, the JOURNAL wishes every success in the coming basketball wars.

NOTICE

THERE WILL BE NO J.V. BASKETBALL PRACTICE FOR THE SECOND TEAM UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS.