

# Saint Mary's JOURNAL

THE BEST WAY  
TO BE MISQUOTED  
TODAY

IS TO  
SAY  
SOMETHING

—ANON

VOLUME XXX

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Friday, March 18, 1965

No. 6

## KNIGHT HEADS COUNCIL

### LAST ISSUE OF JOURNAL

By PAUL DYER

This issue could prove to be the final publication of this year's JOURNAL. Due to financial problems, it would seem impossible, at present, to continue operations. However, these financial problems are of a kind the like of which the JOURNAL has never encountered prior to this year. To date the JOURNAL has succeeded in making good all debts incurred this year and in previous years; however, it is unable to collect the debts owed to it by various individuals and firms who have advertised in it.

In past years, and to a certain extent this year, some students have used the JOURNAL'S telephone as well as the newspaper's taxi-cab privileges for their own personal needs. Due to poorly kept records of prior years, no account has been kept of settlement from these people, and this year's business manager, Kline Holland, can only presume that these people still owe the JOURNAL money. The problem complicates itself when attempts are made to find out who has used the JOURNAL'S telephone to make long distance calls. It would seem impossible in a school this size to find everyone who has misused the telephone and therefore the newspaper has had to pay the telephone bills, and the cab bills which work in a similar fashion, itself.

At the time this article is being written, the JOURNAL has exhausted all of its funds, from Council, paying previous debts and those of this year's operation. There only remains sufficient funds to provide for the publication of this issue and if the debts owed to the JOURNAL are not paid, this will be the final appearance of this student publication for this year.

Mr. Doherty, the Editor, has been in conference with his business manager and the vice-president of cultural affairs, Jim Magee, in an attempt to avoid a shut down of operations, however no solution has been found as yet to the problem. It might be possible to produce a small four-page installment, but when asked about the probability of this Mr. Doherty replied: "I had thought of that as an alternative, however, I do not wish to continue publication if the JOURNAL is going to finish the year in the red. This will be the first year of many that the JOURNAL will be able to cease publication in the black, thus enabling next year's JOURNAL to commence publications with a clean slate. This year has been one of transition for the newspaper, we have made a number of mistakes but we have set the JOURNAL on its feet financially and I hope that next year the students are presented with a first class paper which will take advantage of the work we have done this year."



PHOTO-BELANGER

Pictured above is the newly instated Canadian flag as it unfurls in the breeze before Saint Mary's University. Similar ceremonies were taking place across Canada on Feb. 15, 1965. After many months of seemingly endless disputes in Parliament, Canada has at last received its official flag.

### NEW COUNCIL TAKES OFFICE

Campaign speeches, promises, and posters have been put away for another year. Elections for the Student's Representative Council are over. The former Council headed by Pat Curran has stepped down to make room for next year's council with Dan Knight as president.

With the exception of the presidency, which went to Dan Knight by acclamation, the elections were hard fought in all quarters. Dave English defeated Dave Murphy in a close battle for the position of vice-president. Dave English sat on this year's council as vice-president of Internal Affairs. The post of secretary was captured by Mr. Robert Britton who was opposed by Ron Cotton. Robert Britton has been active in various societies and movements on campus this year. James Magee was successful at the polls in his race for the vice-presidency of Cultural Affairs against Tim Sullivan. James Magee has been associated with athletics, the drama society, the JOURNAL and the Yearbook so he should fill his position creditably. Joseph Polito, staging a vigorous campaign, defeated Paul Giroux in their contest for the seat of vice-president of External Affairs. Joseph Polito, a freshman who has been involved in many activities at Saint Mary's, has shown he is good material and capable of hard work for this new Council. Paul Langlois overcame Ed Walsh in close race for the position of Treasurer. Paul Langlois, relatively unknown, will have to prove himself in this position. Denis Cassivi overran Paul Vorsterman's in their battle for the vice-presidency of External Affairs. Denis Cassivi has proven himself to be an efficient worker and it appears he will retain this characteristic while in his new position. Gary Mooney and Fred Feeney will represent the Boarder's and Day Hop's Societies respectively.



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### SMUJ BEGINS BROADCASTING

One week ago last Friday, radio S.M.U.J. first signed on the air at twelve noon and from that moment Saint Mary's was on the road to having its own closed circuit radio station.

The radio's manager is Mr. Robert Doherty, past editor of the JOURNAL. It was from Bob and a few eager supporters that the radio station first began its limited broadcasting.

At present, Radio S.M.U.J. is located in the JOURNAL office on the third floor, main building. The radio is operating on a twenty watt amplifier, one turntable and three speakers.

Next year, however, S.M.U.J. hopes to install speakers in each room in residence, one in the day-hop lounge, in the dayhop cafe-

teria, the canteen, the gym and one in each of the Boarder's cafeterias. The quality of the station will be improved a great deal since S.M.U.J. will be using the P.A. system console and all related equipment in their broadcasting (courtesy of Father Brown). At present the P.A. system is connected to each one of the class rooms but is rarely used for announcements. Radio S.M.U.J. plans to retain these classroom circuits on a shut-off basis and wire all new speakers to the present wiring system in the console.

To finance such a venture, a floating loan of \$1,000, over a period of three years, will have to be made. In order to repay this loan, each resident student will be

charged \$2.00 for the use of the outlet in his room. These speakers will be equipped with off-on and volume controls.

However, before the '65-66 operation can begin the present stages must be worked out. The staff of technicians, announcers and businessmen are constantly at work figuring out present problems and solving them, and anticipating problems which will be incurred with next year's operation and deciding how to avoid them most of all everyone is learning and educating themselves in the world of microphones, wires, turntables, speakers, amplifiers and innumerable electrical devices.

cont'd on page 3 col 5

## SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

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### EDITORIAL STAFF

Conspirators For This Issue:  
BOB DOHERTY, CARL ROMEO  
AND A FEW OF THE USUAL  
GANG OF IDIOTS.

### "LET THERE BE LIGHT . . ."

But there was no light for the children of the land of Oz, one of their number had violated one of the most sacred of the Wizard's commandments. For in the land of Oz, of which the Wizard was the supreme ruler, higher than any individual or court, there burned before each little hut a bright candle. Such candles were sacred for it was they which lit the pathways of the land of Oz and to tamper with them was a serious crime in the eyes of the wizard. But lo! Late in a dark and stormy night footsteps sounded in the path before the house of the Tin Woodsman, sheriff in the district of Sophmoria and directly responsible to the Wizard. In a flash the candle burning before the Tin Woodsman's door was extinguished and broken in twain. The Tin Woodsman hearing the noise rushed to the door but he was too late for the scoundrel had fled into the night and all that remained was the shattered candle. The Tin Woodsman, horrified, ran from house to house in the district of Sophmoria searching for the villain but his efforts were in vain. He notified the sheriff of the nearby districts of Freshmania, Junioria and Senioria but no where was the transgressor to be found. When the Tin Woodsman told the Wizard of Oz he was furious and blinded with rage. He immediately sent a summons to all the inhabitants of the land commanding them by royal decree to be present in the courtyard of his castle so he could speak to them on this matter. So from all corners of the land of Oz the inhabitants made their way to the Wizard's courtyard. Finally, when all his subjects had gathered the Wizard appeared on a balcony far above them, looking down into the courtyard. A hush swept over the restless crowd as the Wizard began to speak, "Citizens of the land of Oz", he roared, "One of you has wilfully and maliciously destroyed one of the kingdom's candles. For this heinous crime you will all have to suffer". The Wizard paused and studied the reactions of his people and then continued. "Unless, the one among you who is guilty comes forward and confesses. If no one presents himself in my Chambers before the setting of the next sun, all the candles in the land of Oz will be extinguished every night thus plunging you into total darkness."

A printer in the crowd raised his hand fearfully and waited for the eyes of the Wizard spotted the young man and roared "Speak!" The printer looked up and asked, "O great Wizard why punish us, your humble subjects if it is not from our number that the villain comes? The villages have all been searched and no trace found. Could it not be that the one whom you seek lives outside our fair kingdom?" The Wizard looked away and spoke "No, it is from your number that the evil one comes. I am the Wizard, I know this to be so". Then the Wizard whirled about and left the balcony. Grumbling and complaining the people returned to their villages.

The following night the sheriff in each of the villages went through the streets and extinguished the candles and the people knew

Editor,  
Saint Mary's Journal.  
Dear Sir,

At the time of this edition, thoughts of the Halifax Winter Carnival have most probably been superseded by Students' Council Elections. With this in mind I hold no intentions of re-viving old issues or of engaging in debate with those whose views are contrary to my own. I should like, rather, to make a few observations:

It would appear that there exists an imbalance within our university. I refer to the matter of unofficial student publications, which seem to be rather abundant this year. It is evident that in quality, content, form and intention, these publications exhibit a lack of maturity and a distorted concept of "right" and "justice".

The imbalance previously referred to is this: clandestine publications which do little to improve this University are being allowed to attempt to mould the thought of S.M.U. students. Official publications, such as this JOURNAL, are below the level of a college newspaper. Enough said. May I make a suggestion?

As a Senior I exhort those who have leadership ability and integrity to dare to be different, to support what is right, and to have the audacity to say that a thing is wrong if it is.

I would like to offer an example.

A short time ago Mr. Edmund Morris (if I may be permitted to use his name) found himself talking to an irate caller on his radio program 'Speak Your Mind' on CHNS. The individual rather rudely condemned a public official for policies attributed to him. Mr. Morris stopped the attack and stated his own policy regarding such calls. He felt that an elected official can expect that his efforts, not his person or name, can be subject to scrutiny and comment. However the accuser should not be allowed to indulge his venom without first making his identity known. No one, in effect, should be permitted to hide behind a news media.

In conclusion may I say that if being St. Mary's conscious makes me 'provincial' then I stand guilty as charged. If my efforts and work to serve the Senior Class and to promote St. Mary's allows me to be classed as a public relations promoter of this University then I proudly stand.

Frank J. Gogan, Jr.  
Secretary,  
Senior Class '65.

## LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I want to take this opportunity to thank all those students who were generous enough to fill out a questionnaire for the Canada Students Means Survey. Of the 97 students who were asked to fill one out, 90 responded. The results of this survey will be known in August, and will go a long way in explaining to both universities and government just what the needs and means of Canadian students are. A special word of thanks must go to Nick Backer, Phil Doherty and Barry Frewer for their invaluable help in administering this survey.

Yours truly,  
Paul Vorstermans  
Survey Director.

Dear Sir:

I would like to publicly thank the boarders for taking enough interest in my removal from residence to cause Mr. Burke to render an explanation of this incident to me.

In a meeting with Mr. Burke on last Wednesday night, the original charges of leading my ex-roommate astray, and causing a disturbance on the floor were withdrawn. They were explained as "a bad choice of words". Mr. Burke then said, "you have not been asked to leave residence as a punishment, we felt it would be to your advantage to live off campus". I then asked him if a person would be kicked out without being provided with a place to go. He said that he had a list of available rooms but this list was not brought to my attention until after I had found my own place.

I then saw Father Bathurst, and he kindly took \$150.00 off my bill so I now have \$150.00 to live on for ten weeks. With this thought in mind, I left the residence recalling Mr. Burke's words, "I hope you can settle down in time to do some serious work for the finals".

Yours truly,  
Ted Purnell

Dear Sir:

While stranded out in the wilderness, a touch of civilization in the form of your highly scholastic JOURNAL penetrated the "day-hop" lounge of M.S.V.U. After a very thorough examination of your profound masterpiece our attention was focused upon the column suitably named "Questionnaire Results". In this one-sided democratic survey

concerning the amalgamation of the two colleges (for those ignorant of the issue being discussed, we mean, of course, the fusion of the civilized with the savage) we are thoroughly disappointed since our only hope of improvement of our collegiate status was in the hands of the survey of this honourable paper.

Sincerely,

Margaret Vorstermans  
Anna Hayward  
Donna Campbell

P.S. We know our ignorance is inexcusable but could you please inform us where the sophisticated S.M.U. men are hidden.

Ed. Note:

Ed. Note:

Dear Uncivilized Ones:

You're correct your ignorance is inexcusable and in answer to your question, the sophisticated S.M.U. men are hidden in a place where your SISTERS are certain you will never find them.

While fulfilling their 'obligations' at the Art's Society's polls last week a number of the students and myself could not help but be astounded by the manner in which this election was conducted.

The polls were set up in the day hop lounge and in charge of proceedings was some gum chewing individual who seemed to care little about what was going on or have any idea that anything was wrong. But why should he? Things were going fine and easy just like Derek said they would. All he had to do was sit there and hand a piece of paper to each student who came in and wanted to vote. Nothing to it at all. What could be more democratic?

We sincerely hope the Art's Society has realized or will realize the 'election' they held last Monday was merely a farce. The total number of students who voted is far in excess of the membership in the Art's Society. This alone should have immediately indicated something was wrong and required a new election.

I would like to congratulate all those Artsmen who turned out to vote . . . and all you Science men and all you Engineers and all you Commerce men and most of all, those students who are so dedicated to their society they will do anything to insure the best man is elected to head it . . . the Artsmen who, cast and recast their ballot.

A Disatisfied  
Artsman



"A picture is worth a thousand words"

no one had confessed to the crime.

And the night after that, and every night after that, the sheriffs came and the people knew no one WOULD confess to the crime.

To this day in the land of Oz every night the candles are extinguished. The Wizard is gone, the Tin Woodsman and the other sheriffs are gone and the inhabitants have passed away but their descendants still live in the Land of Oz and the candles are still extinguished but now nobody complains for nobody knows why.

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# OF POSTMEN AND POETS

- the HULK

I used to hate the mailman. I hated him with a hatred twice consuming any love this cold soul of mine might have. That such a man could be hired for this post is indicative to the degeneration of our civil service and governing bodies. The man was a warped and perverted sadist. I would sit hiding (watching him out the window behind the curtain) and see the hideously evil expression on his twisted features as he maliciously shoved and kicked my sacred mail through the tiny slot. He emitted a cackling giggle at the delicious sound of tearing paper and squirmed ecstatically as the pages crumpled and creased. A lunatic was ripping my Road and Track, destroying my Car and Driver, shredding my Sports Car Graphic.

These publications are the scripture of the religion of Auto-Sport. A dog-eared page, a stained cover, a clipped coupon; Sacrilege! It was because of the blasphemy of the sickly thumbed copies at the news-stand that I subscribed. My Catholicism would arrive un-fingered, clean, wrapped, unsoiled by human hand. But I had a heathen maniac for a mailman.

Oh things are all right now. I've instilled some respect and a sense of decency in the new carrier and I still have the dog just in case.

(The reader anxious to scan the other pages seeking out his name in print may do so at this point. The following is of consequence only to the sentimental, sensitive and serious student of today's youth.)

In the last edition of the Journal, limited space and an abundant lack of taste on the part of the editor saw my column cut to one-tenth. Thousands of words of brilliant prose cast aside, trampled under pigs feet. Consequently the whole meaning of the included poems was lost. They were NOT mine. They were examples I found in an old scribbler under a desk in a particularly dull - class. There are one hundred and twenty four of them. (Check your grammar before criticizing the change of tense!) Most of them are classified under the general heading of Thoughts of a Lost Love and simply numbered one to one hundred. And most of them are terrible. They are full of raw, unpolished, unstilted emotion that is embarrassingly crude in content and form. But they are sincere. Occasionally, a phrase, a single living line stands out, shining, with a universal truth and beauty as found only in the works of John Donne. Because Donne is my favorite, and this contemporary re-incarnation writes of feeling and experiences not unlike my own, I have come to love these poems rough as they are. I hope the editors see fit to include all the samples I have selected and further hope that they will receive several sympathetic readings from you. (Will the unknown poet please remain anonymous. I fear I might be bitterly disillusioned if we met.)

He begins with a dedication to Her and a modest confession- I poured my guts, my heart and soul upon the page. But all I've done is stain the paper.

- which is reminiscent of Allen Gonsbergs I attempted to concentrate the total suns rays in each poem as through a glass, but such magnification did not set the page afire.

Thoughts of a Lost Love #13  
Last night I watched the sun go down,  
And with each degree of setting  
My spirit rose.  
I am in essence only through the day;  
The dank bleak glare of Natural Light  
Drains existence from me.

"You're walking on the ceiling", I said.  
"No, you're the one inverted", he replied.  
"It's all in how you look at it" I sighed.  
"Why don't you forget Her!"  
"Why don't you shut up!"  
He accepted my advice  
But I can not follow his.

Give me the warmth and glow of man-made light;-  
Controlled, softened by direction;  
Reflecting purpose, personality;  
Symbol of man's creation in the Night.  
- Or give me total Darkness.

#61  
All is slightly out of focus, Pleasantly, misty, hazy, drifting. No harsh shapes, no cutting edge, Just soft fuzz-furry images of a quiet wood and rolling hills in the cool warmth of moonlight. Soon the sun in a blasphemy of brilliance . . . .  
But, peace for now, it's not yet dawn  
and in the glow of trailing silks I see Her 'cross this holy lawn.

The Natural Source is blinding, cold,  
Unless filtered  
Through Her hair.  
#24

Crimson garbage of the vegetative cycle  
chokes the jaundiced grass 'neath the symbolic tree.  
Long bright days, warm summer days are gone,  
leaving botanic decay and little else for me.  
I live blinded by my heart fires smoke.  
That cruel spark smoulders softly, awaiting the thermic Hell of spring, when surely I must be consumed.

#69  
An indifferent soul in passing would see no feature which would give distinction to the house -  
Its like any other on the street; (New, but born before the cookie-cutter Monotony of Planned Residential Areas; Large, two stories of practicality  
But no monstrous mansion . . .)  
- Unless he stopped to note that each was really one;

#49  
I tried to regroup, gather together the scattered, shattered pieces to reform the whole.  
But I saw there are many missing She has them.  
I fell apart again.

Unique but in the harmony of all. - Except perhaps his eye was hurt as mine by the apologetic green that is its color.

#55  
My friend found me standing on my head.

But for me the attraction of this place, this shrine: Here is where She lived and here is where I knew Her.

# THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE

This year, Neptune has decided to try its hand at putting on two one-act plays: "The Private Ear" and "The Public Eye". The two together, are, perhaps, a trifle too long for an evening's entertainment. The first play, "The Private Ear" was not particularly worth doing, while the second "The Public Eye" was interesting and well done.

"The Private Ear" concerns itself with a young man from the North of England who is full of "Celtic twilight", and has come to work in London. His sole vice is an enormous stereo set, for his "private ear"; it is his escape from a hostile world with which he cannot cope, as the play goes on to illustrate.

Bob (William Armstrong), the sensitive young Northerner, has invited to his flat a "bird" of the stenographer variety, together with a friend from the office, Ted, (David Renton). It is obvious from the moment that Doreen (Dawn Greenhalgh) arrives that she and Ted will gravitate together, leaving Bob to the solace of the wine bottle. While Bob is unable to come to terms with the world in which he finds himself, he is no fool, and very quickly sees that Doreen is much more interested in Ted than in him. Under the influence of the wine, Bob then quarrels with Ted and sends him off. Doreen is about to leave as well, when Bob asks her to stop for just a minute to hear an aria from "Madama Butterfly". At this point there is a radical change in the character of Doreen; she returns to the apartment and manages to sit still through the music. She and Bob then proceed to make excruciatingly amateur passes at one another until Bob's contempt gets the better of him and he sends Doreen packing, telling her that he is engaged. As a parting shot, he tells her Bob's address at work which she has been trying all along to get out of him. As the play concludes, Ted kneels before his "private ear" and offers up the sacrifice of his Puccini record, perhaps because it has been profaned by being listened to by an unsympathetic ear.

The roles were all overplayed, especially that of Doreen; her flouncing walk, her affectations and constant adjusting of her skirt, while valuable mannerisms in establishing the character of Doreen, are overdone just enough to become distracting and hence annoying.

David Renton as Bob was lively and often amusing but both his Cockney accent and his ventures into French were exaggerated and the net effect was the same as that of Miss Greenhalgh's gestures: distraction and annoyance.

The other characterizations were much weaker than Mr. Renton's: Gavin Douglas found himself in the unfortunate position of having to be on stage while most of the action centred around a dialogue between Julian and Belinda; he had to keep the audience aware of his presence while at the same time he could not distract attention from the speakers. His way out of this dilemma was not very satisfactory, he seemed to be spending a good deal of his time standing at the front of the stage looking out over the audience with what seemed to be a puzzled look.

Dawn Greenhalgh, who played Belinda, was, I think, a little too old for the role. Instead of the youth and vitality which the lines given to Belinda indicate, Miss Greenhalgh seemed to convey the impression that she was rather older than these lines would seem to make her. Her performance was competent, but she was not outstanding as she was in "Twelfth Night".



# PLAYBOY BORES CLERGYMEN

An Anglican minister and professor reviews Playboy magazine in the current issue of Saturday Night and concludes that neither the scantily clad girls nor the Playboy philosophy are especially exciting.

"Playboy photographs are very far from being the visual equivalent of the erotic passages in D.H. Lawrence or a number of other novelists who are now pretty fully accepted by intelligent readers," William Nicholls says. "Nor are they anywhere near as frankly sexual as the nudes of Modigliani or some of Picasso's graphics".

Nicholls, who is head of the department of religious studies at the University of British Columbia, also found that the "Playboy philosophy", as presented by Playboy editor Hugh Hefner, was not particularly original.

"I have no problem, as a Christian, in agreeing with Hefner that there is nothing in itself evil or nasty about God's creation of sex", Nicholls says. "Let's not stop to argue about that; the female body is the greatest".

Nicholls adds, however, that he is not sure that men's magazines, by definition, are not undesirable for roughly the reasons that make women's magazines undesirable.

"By isolating us from the other sex and, in this case, by stressing stereotypes of masculinity, they make us less than fully human", he says. "Hefner really needs a male Betty Friedan, to take apart his masculine mystique".

# Model Parliament

By PAUL O'LEARY  
Last Thursday, twenty-five people were present to hear speeches by the four leaders of the major political parties on campus and of these twenty-three were members of one of the parties. This is the type of attitude that discourages interest in politics and if carried to its logical conclusion leads to an autocracy.

The political parties on this campus have spent many hours in preparation for the model parliament and what do they find the day before the elections? The student council holding a meeting in the gym at the same time the speeches are scheduled. The ballots not printed and next to no one present to hear what these parties stand for or what they hope to accomplish.

If this is the attitude of the university student of Canada today then what the future holds for Canada is its annexation by the Soviet Union without the slightest notice by the "intellectuals".

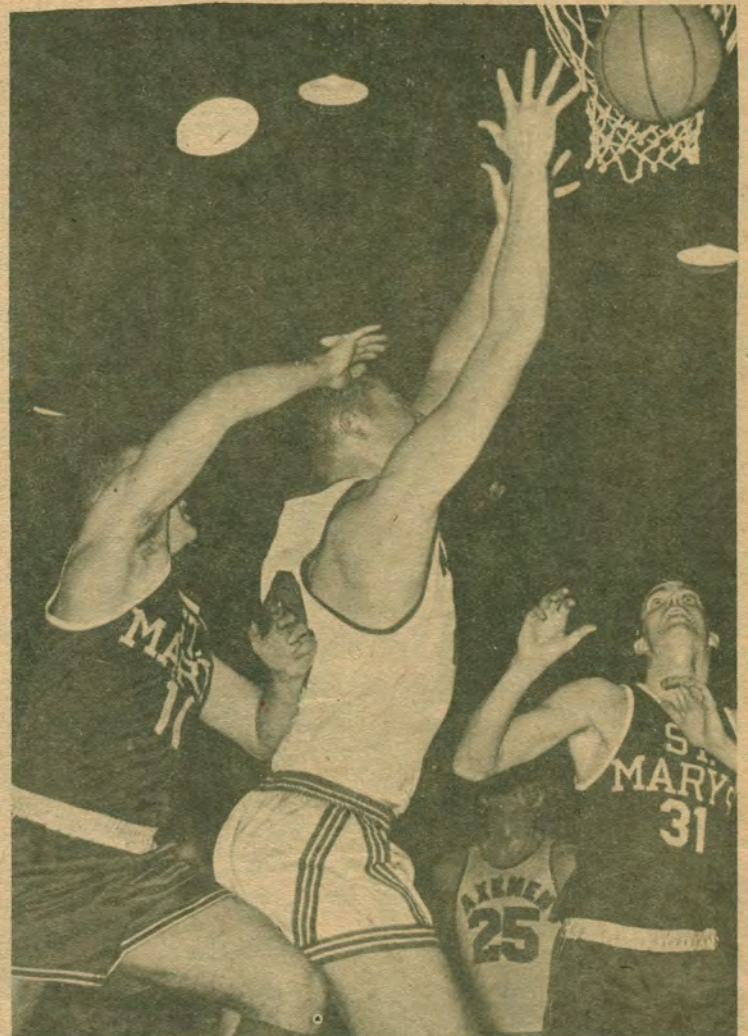
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# THAT WAS THE YE



"According to my calculations, the new library is sinking into an underground spring at the rate of one and one-half feet ever hour." (Cottreau Photo)



"BANZAI!"



Haney: "Boy, I wish I could play football and still have the ability to speak as convincingly as Dan."  
English: "Zz-z-z-z-z-z."  
Curran: "I wish I had a pair of white socks so I'd look as sharp as the other guys in the picture that JOURNAL photographer is taking of us."  
Skaling: "...and since we have been elected, we have the power to..."  
Fergusson: "  
Gomes: "Looks like this cause is lost, guess I'll have to check my list of noble causes and find something else to defend."

(G. Cottreau Photo)



MacDonald: "Hmmm?"  
Traenkle: "Psst, Greg, you want to see feelthy peectures?"  
Belanger Photo



"Hey, Marge, this one is seventy-five per cent Canadian club".

(Ryan Photo)

# YEAR THAT WASN'T



"I would like to thank you Mr. Dyer, Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Ryan, on behalf of the Halifax Police Department, for the wonderful demonstrations Saint Mary's staged in advertising the Annual Policeman's Ball." (Belanger Photo)



"While you're up get me another Grant's". (Photo by Mooney)



Pictured are the staff of this year's JOURNAL. This was the year that the JOURNAL didn't come out as a magazine thus causing a delay of two months before Bob Doherty, the Editor, gave the word to continue publication as a newspaper. This was the year that the JOURNAL didn't acquire any debts and paid off long standing bills. This was the year that the editor didn't resign at Christmas. This was the year of transition for the JOURNAL which has laid a partial foundation for the '65-'66 publication of the newspaper as a weekly. (Belanger Photo)

A. This was a year of highly successful shows, plays workshops, concerts, and gigantic weekends at Saint Mary's. And in their typical style of doing things differently, the Engineers turned 13 into a lucky number, as the Thirteenth Annual Engineer's Talent Show turned out to be the most successful yet.

In picture 'A' we see the prize winning Science Society Skit, which took the laurels for best society act. The Sciencemen gave a farcical presentation of a "typical" Chemistry lab, which ended with an explosive finish.

B. Pictured is Dan Skaling as he addresses an assembly of students concerning the "ring issue". This was the first big test for last year's Council and it was then that they established their policy of operation for the year. This was the year that the Council was not the Student's Representative Council but rather the Bloc.

The "Bloc" to a certain extent hindered the Council in Council-Student relationships and gave rise to a number of inter-office disputes, while on the other hand they aided in the performance of certain facets of the Council's program.

C. This was the year the Santamarrians showed that they are much less inclined towards filling bottles than emptying them, as the annual corpuscle drive hit as all time low.

In picture 'C' we see some of the few who were willing to part with a pint of leucocytes, erithrocites, and platelets. The two nurses in the background are applying needle and thread to a student who was a little too enthusiastic in his efforts to bleed. The nurse in the middle is intoxicated by fumes rising from her pint of Santamarian 'Blood'. Meanwhile, the student in the foreground tries to lure the nurse closer to the cot with a phony complaint about a pain in his arm.

D. This was the year that Saint Mary's ALMOST took first place in the AFC football league and ALMOST won the league championship in basketball. Despite these disappointments, however, our varsity football and basketball teams turned in season performances that we can all be proud of.

In picture 'B', we see one of the reasons for the success of this year's basketball Huskies. With a karate chop to the head, an elbow to the base of the spine, and a knee to the thigh, captain Buzz McHale flies into action against the Acadia Axemen, revealing the secret of his style.

Is the little man really at a disadvantage in basketball? "Not if you know karate", says Buzz.

E. The Saint Mary's University Dramatic Society recorded a first in the realm of dramatics at Saint Mary's this year by staging a workshop and a play, which opens March 25, solely on their own.

In previous years a director was hired from C.B.C., however, this year David Bulger has taken over that post and has, so far, steered the Society through one successful workshop and on to the major production "The Man Who Came To Dinner".

Members of the Dramatic Society are students here at Saint Mary's as well as a number of very talented young ladies from the Convent of The Sacred Heart. They are, at present, working many long, hard hours in preparation for the upcoming production.

F. Last semester's football action saw fan enthusiasm as has never been shown here at Saint Mary's.

The well-known demonstration prior to the Atlantic Bowl Game between the Huskies and McMaster made news broadcasts across the nation and gave sedate Halifax a shot in the arm. The demonstration which resulted in a number of nasty, unfortunate incidents involved approximately three hundred and fifty Santamarrians and almost all of Halifax's finest.

The JOURNAL cordially invites the "boys in blue" to attend a similar function next year which Saint Mary's will once again host.

G. This year Saint Mary's saw the usual functions held and a number of new entertainment projects initiated.

The various society supper dances, formal balls, and dances were still with us but added to their number were events held by SMUSKI, Boat club dances, better quality weekend dances, and more use of the city's hotels for parties.

Attendance was high for all events, both old and new at Saint Mary's this year and every Santamarian can point to at least one event where he really had his fling.

# SRC COMMENT

By GUY POTHIER

The last two meetings of the outgoing Council aroused more controversy than any other meetings, with the possible exception of the meeting on the ring issue. Part of the resentment felt by Council and by several active students who were not members of Council came to the surface and the extent of the rift between Council and some students was revealed. Furthermore, there was much squabbling about the constitution. I wonder if the members were making up for their calm approach throughout the rest of the year.

The meeting of Feb. 17 was taken up with the situation created by the appearance of a new broadsheet, the Exposer. Besides being poorly written, the Exposer contained at least four errors of fact and, according to Joe Polito's lawyer, one libellous charge. The Council decided first of all to prepare a statement disclaiming its involvement as a body, Joe Polito and Denis Cassivi asked that students disregard the endorsements they had received from the Bulletin and Father Hennessey denied in the strongest possible terms that he was connected with the Bulletin. He was anxious not to be involved in student politics. The minutes of the meeting read, "Be it known that Father Hennessey is completely impartial". I am not sure this is accurate but I am sure that Father Hennessey has the tact and supreme common sense not to reveal his partialities where they would do harm.

The situation was made worse because copies of the Exposer had been sent to Council members with notes thanking them for "exposing" Bob Doherty and other members of the Journal staff. Mr. Doherty spoke indignantly about a "smear campaign" and said that the paper had reached "an all-time low as far as the students are concerned". Suspicion had apparently been thrown on the SRC because a Council member had been seen distributing copies of the Exposer.

The Exposer also cast aspersions on next year's Administration when it quoted Dave Keith as saying that if he were Journal editor and Dan Knight Council President, they would be able to mould student opinion and "make the students do whatever we want". Both Mr. Weith and Mr. Knight explained that the Exposer had made a misquotation out of context. Dave had said that if the two of them could co-operate, they could lift much of the apathy felt by students about student affairs. It would be unfortunate if this error made by an annoy-

mous broadsheet should put either of them under a cloud.

Later, Bob Murphy called the attention of the Council to a possible discrepancy in the Constitution. The argument revolved around a strict or a loose interpretation of the Constitution.

Most of the Council felt that since the intent of the Constitution had been obvious, the Chairman could legitimately stretch a point. The Parliamentarian ruled that since the contradiction had been brought up as a point of order, the Council could no longer ignore it and still be acting in good faith. The President ruled that Council could not transact any more business until this was clarified by a referendum.

Once this was out of the way, the Council was able to hold a legal meeting, its last, on Feb. 24. A committee reported that it had found "no conclusive evidence" that a Council member had been involved in the Exposer. The Treasurer announced that the Journal would only be allowed one more issue unless it could collect some of the debt owed to it by advertisers. Apparently no contracts have been used with advertisers. The operating loss of the Journal between April 30 last and February 15 was \$750 and a beginning was made in improving the Journal's financial position.

The real business of the meeting was an airing of grievances by members and spectators. Dan Skaling attacked the carping criticism which has sometimes been directed at the Council especially by the Bulletin. "This destructive criticism doesn't do any good at all; . . . these comments are the basis behind people not offering for council. We have no reason to make an apology". A discussion of several proposed amendments to the Constitution made the arguments more pointed and more personal. The old argument about the the place of a representative body was resuscitated. Dave Keith and Ron Gomes seemed to want to make it possible for the students to bypass Council while Patt Curran and Dan Skaling argued against

what they thought were ways to open student politics to rabble-rousers. The President left the chair and made a very strong attack on "rabble-rousers". Dave Keith, who took this attack as a personal affront, was very disdainful and left the meeting. The situation was summed up well by Dan Knight in what was in effect his acceptance speech during the campaign speeches on Feb. 26. He compared the supposed insensitiveness of Council members to students' wants with the supposed bad faith of those students who led the agitation on contentious issues this year. Dan hopes to reintroduce the minor organization back to Council as non-voting members. This will increase representation and reassure the students who obviously do not feel close to events but it will also bring every student leader into direct contact with the Council. Much of the difficulty this year with the smaller Council (a difficulty which I do not understand was that some student leaders chose to work unofficially and sometimes irregularly to make themselves heard. If this removes the Opposition from the canteen and the Getstetter machine, it may reduce the occasion for controversy.

The other comment that this meeting occasions is in regard to the Constitution. During the latter half, several motions for amendment were introduced and the old ambition of providing for every situation was expressed. Some students wanted to enable the students to vote non-confidence in the Council. The objection made at the meeting was that this would overthrow the Council, in which case no election could be held, or it would be pointless. This is unimaginative. We might have as many Councils as the French have had republics, if impeachment were possible. Or again, we might develop methods of overthrowing Councils "violently" for instance by setting up rival Councils. I admit these proposals are facetious no more facetious, however than those advanced at the last meeting of this year's Council.

## ENGINEERS STAGE ANNUAL SHOW

Sunday night, March 7th., saw the Engineers hold their annual talent show. After many weeks of planning, rehearsals, stage work and financial manipulations, the boys with the transits came up with a performance which provided an evening of excellent entertainment.

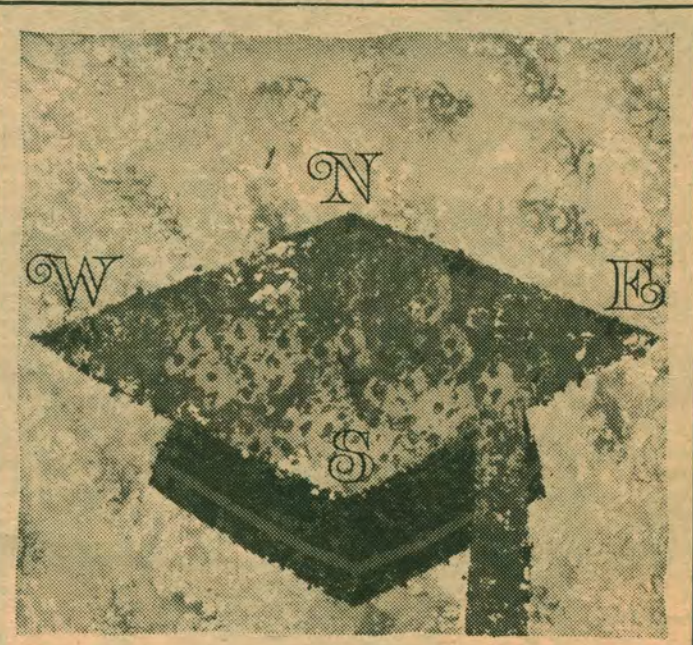
As in past years, the society received a very large and receptive audience, which responded warmly and energetically to the various acts.

This year's master of ceremonies was Mike McNeil from radio station C.H.N.S. Mike was a far cry from the crowd pleasing Bill Langstroth but he managed to keep the audience alive whenever delays or changes occurred. Congratulations should go out to Mike for his patience in putting up with faulty microphones, elusive spotlights and confused stagehands.

The three judges for this year's show were Father O'Donnel, Frank Baldwin and Joe King, from "that other radio station". These three men certainly had their work cut out for them as the various acts performed and rendering a final decision for the first place award but in the end after much weeping and gnashing of teeth they came to agreement.

The first place award went won the audience with his renditions of a number of Tony Bennet songs. Second place honours went to a rock'n roll group who call themselves The Impalas. The boys beat out their steady boom-boom beat while their vocalist entertained the audience in a demonstration of his dexterity with a hand microphone. . . he also sang. A dance group from Sidney Stephen High walked away with the prize money for third place. They entertained the audience with a cha-cha routine and then a sequence of back-breaking 'lifts'. An entry from the day-hops, called the Day Hop Five cont'd on page 8 col. 1

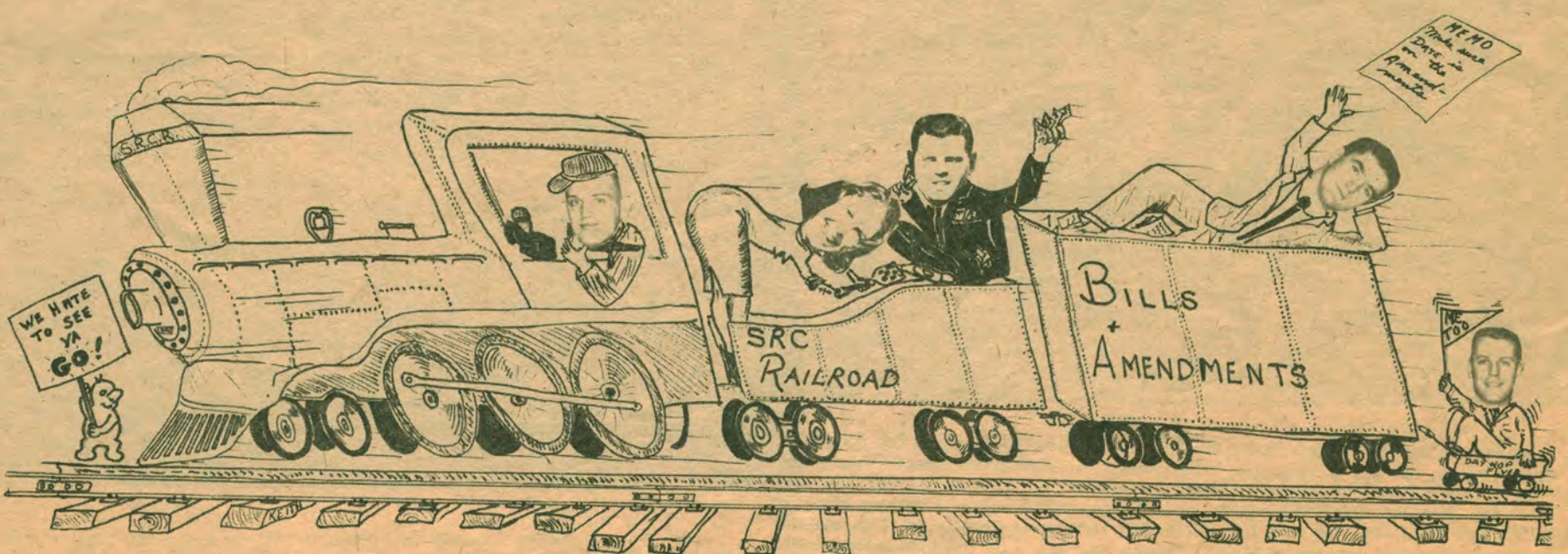
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ROYAL BANK



# DRAMA SOCIETY IN REHEARSAL



By BOB DOHERTY  
Photo, Belanger

Pictured above are, from the left, Connie McCarthy, Richard Minecello and Pam Murphy as they rehearse for this year's production, "The Man Who Came To Dinner".

Rehearsals have been going on now for three weeks in preparation for the play's opening on March 25th. This year's director, David Bulger said this week, "We have been rehearsing three nights a week but rehearsals will be more frequent as opening night approaches. Most of the kids are falling into their roles and with some attention in other areas everyone should be at their peak for our first performance. The play is quite funny and I'm sure it will be well received by all who attend."

The play's lead role of Sheridan Whiteside is portrayed by Connie McCarthy, who last year won the "Actor of the Year" award for his performance in "The Reclining Figure". Mr. McCarthy will carry all the action in this year's production, since there is hardly a moment when he is off stage. Mr. Whiteside, an arrogant celebrity in the field of journalism and radio who goes about life stepping on the toes of all associated with him, will demand a great deal from Connie but from what I have seen, in rehearsals, Mr. McCarthy should have full command of the character well before opening night and entertain the audience more successfully than he did last year.

A number of newcomers will appear on the boards in this production. The Convent of the Sacred Heart has graciously seen fit to donate nine of their finest Thespians. Pam Murphy (pictured above) plays the role of Maggie Cutler, home-town girl and friend of Sheridan Whiteside. Pat Paul will be seen in the role of Mrs. Ernest W. Stanley, the wife of Richard Minecello who plays Mr. Stanley, to whose house Mr. Whiteside comes to dinner. Lorraine Sheldon, world-wide play-girl and Maggie Cutler's feminine foe, is played by Patricia Morrison. Miss Preen, affectionately referred to as "My Lady Nausea" and "Miss Bedpan" by Whiteside, is played by Mary Clancey who waits on her antagonist hand and foot, jumping to his every command. Other female roles are held by Carol McGraw as June

Stanley, Betty Cassivi as Sarah, Kathy Martin in the part of Mrs. Dexter, Mary Turner appearing as Mrs. McCutcheon and Brown-yne Francis as Harriet Stanley.

Male roles are held by Kevin Lane, Paul Winter, Ron Traenkle, Dave Bulger, Greg MacDonald, Roger Henderson, Tim Sullivan, Gary Mooney, Peter Grant, Owen Kennedy and Ron Belanger.

The JOURNAL extends its best wishes to all those associated with this production and, in true stage spirit, hopes everyone in the cast "breaks a leg" before they go on stage, March 25th. We also urge as many students as possible to attend what should be a very enjoyable play and one that will provide a most entertaining evening for all.

## Science Society Supper Dance

By DAVE BAEZLEY

On Saturday, February 27, the Science Society held its annual Supper Dance at Dartmouth's very exclusive Oakwood House. So exclusive, in fact, that to locate it required more patience and determination than anyone but a Science man possesses.

After endless backtracking over Dartmouth's well-marked, well-planned streets, the end of the trail was the beginning of a most enjoyable evening. A recent comedy, "Take Her, She's Mine", caused the disappearance of any signs of earlier discouragement

from the faces of even the poorest of trackers.

The movie was followed by an excellent buffet-style luncheon prepared and garnished by the society's private catering service (also very exclusive).

We offer our thanks to Bill Matthews, our co-ordinator of music, who saw to it that any pounds gained due to the fine cuisine, were soon lost. But the end of a very enjoyable evening approached almost as fast as the supply of refreshments had dwindled. Our thanks to Tom McGlone, President of the Science Society, for putting forth the effort that was required to make the annual Supper Dance a very successful one.

## UNDER THE YUM-YUM TREE

If you happen to be a well-fed plush-living, California bourgeois type, whose taste runs to ticky-tacky Hollywood platitudes about sex and marriage, then you will enjoy this otherwise tedious farce. Yes, if you enjoy sex on the conversational level, replete with witty but superficial remarks, then this is the play for you.

The plot is the same as in the movie versions. Girl and boy decide to live the Platonic life in Aunt Irene's apartment in order to "try out" marriage ("We have to find out if we're psychologically compatible. Mom and dad were divorced when I was 13, you know"). But the Platonisms have a tendency to give way to "mmm, yum-yum"; and all the more so through the presence of "brother" Hogan (psy beta kl, Caltech), the landlord ("He's a louse, but he's got a way of creeping up on you"). Well, old hormone-pill Hogan, as it happens, has seduced every girl who has every hung up nylons in the apartment, including aunt Irene. Thus everything is set up. So when boy gets sick of Plato, he decides to seduce girl. He gets her drunk. But then he decides he loves her too much to do a thing like that. He goes out. In comes Hogan. The lights go out. "Things" happen.

Hence we are left, in the final scene, with a game of "guess who seduced who during the intermission", interspersed with some depressing melodrama. For it seems that maybe our little heroine didn't do yum-yum with Hogan after all. Maybe it was aunt Irene, who knows? Well, "did I or didn't I?" is what all the confusion is about (note: it would be an awful shame, if she did, seeing that she has suffered for the cause of virginity throughout her college years). Well, anyway, we get a Hollywood ending.

The trouble with this play is that frivolity and gravity, sex and love, are mixed in such proportions as to cancel each other out. The attempt to reveal dramatic insights into the nature of young love is pretty well rubbed out by the attitude and dialogue of the characters, in which sex is treated (and overtreated) as casually as an afternoon tea break or smoking a cigarette. Thus the continuity of the play, and interest in it, fall back on the series of forced quips and wisecracks, some of which are not bad although rather empty.

The only substantial credit I would allow this play is for the acting itself. The actors played smoothly and competently, considering their lacklustre roles. As a matter of fact some parts, I think, were played better than in the movie. In the Hollywood version, Dave Manning was played by what looked like a left-over from a racecar accident, his fiancée by what could easily pass for a high school drama society flunkee. The Neptune version, however, produced some slightly more polished performances.

## LITERARY CENSORSHIP, OR PLANNED MORALITY:

By CARL B. ROMEO

While flipping through the pages of one of our local newspapers recently (those sterling monuments of journalistic excellence) I was made cognizant of the comforting fact that another group of outraged citizens has taken upon themselves the task of ridding the bookstores and newsstands of those vile corrupters of youth and humanity, obscene books and magazines. Further, they are petitioning for new and stronger legislative action to prevent the printing and sale of all "objectionable" material.

While the dedication and zeal of these guardians of morality is commendable, their myopic goals and enemic sense of proportions leave considerable doubt as to their qualifications as the guiding lights of the Western world. If such groups wish to exercise their disapproval of what they consider "objectionable" by refusing to buy such material, and/or by using press and pulpit to inform the public of their reasons for holding such material to be objectionable, they are certainly well within their rights. But when they try to instigate legal action to ensure that other people will be unable to read what they consider objectionable, they must certainly be considered at the worse bigoted, and at the best unintelligent and presumptuous. Largely due to the efforts of well meaning simpletons, we have a censorship system today which is stupid, unjust and ridiculous.

There is, of course, a contradiction in the very notion of a government inspired censorship in a free society. When a government appointed and controlled board of censors is able to ban books et al. on the grounds of moral objectionability, it is tantamount to nothing less than the censors imposing their own moral standards on society. It is a denial of the right of an individual of a free society to decide according to his own conscience what is "moral", and sets up a sort of 'state approved norm of morality'. But the real outrage of the so-called censorship which is thrust upon us lies outside of this dogmatic argument.

First of all, "censorship" as it exists today is not censorship, it is suppression. Secondly, the wrong books are banned for the wrong reasons.

The first of these problems is mainly of a practical nature. Even if we grant the possibility that there may be some unfortunate, emotionally sick people in our society, who need to be protected from certain types of literature, does the government, acting on this assumption, have the right to enforce restrictive legislation? And if they do, how are they to effect this restriction? So far the only means which has been conceived is the one that is now being employed - total suppression.

The injustice of such a system is painfully obvious, but for some reason continues to escape the comprehension of the good citizens who yearly ban book after book with bureaucratic efficiency. The fact that there are

certain individuals who may use a work of art to a perverse end may or may not give the government the right to prevent such works from reaching them. It certainly does not, however, give them the right to keep these works from all of us because of these few. There are many individuals

who should never drink or drive a car, but we have all seen the effects of prohibition, and I hardly think that anyone would suggest we should go back to horse and carriage.

But total suppression is at best a very inadequate way of handling questionable literature, the supreme insult to the intelligent mind lies in the type of literature we choose to suppress, which is a reflection of the perverse thinking of our whole society.

Under present law, a book may be banned on the grounds of obscenity, and yet a cursory glance at those books which have recently been banned, and at those which continued to flood the market only serves to show a complete misunderstanding of the term on the part of the censors, and demonstrates once again the perverse thinking of our society. "Obscenity" is the crude, the vulgar, the offensive and disgusting. Under this definition, any book which is pure trash may be considered obscene. Two-thirds of the pulp magazines on the newsstands, 80 percent of the women's magazines, and at least half the best seller list could probably be labeled "obscene". But we have no quarrel with moronic trash, there is only one type of obscenity we wish to take issue with, and that of course is sexual obscenity, which need not even be the worst type.

There are times when a work may have sexually obscene sections, and still have merit enough as a literary whole to justify its existence. But it is not the literary merit the censors are concerned with, it is the sexuality. Why? What is behind this inordinate preoccupation with sex? The reason is that we are living in a sexually frantic society. We are extremely sex-conscious, and yet sex remains our number one taboo. We are overly concerned with sex, but cannot adopt a healthy attitude towards it. It is the ugly monster which must be kept hidden from children.

And here is the final argument against sex in black and white. Think of the terrible corruptive effect this literature might have on the minds of our children, if it should fall into their hands and they should be able to tear themselves away from the television set long enough to fire their sterile minds into action. For again it seems we do not mind raising a generation of morons as long as they are clean minded morons.

This point, in all fairness, is not entirely without some validity. Obscene literature might have an adverse effect on some youthful and inexperienced minds. But the argument is, at best, weak. When today's youth are going steady at twelve, and all have cars or the use of them at sixteen, they hardly need get their sexual experience vicariously. Furthermore, we have not yet reached such a Utopian state of affairs that an alert child can learn more of corruption by reading a book than by observing the adult society around him.

If we still insist, nevertheless, on protecting our youth from all that hints of obscenity, let us be honest and rid our bookshelves of Chaucer, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, and the Old and New Testaments. If we are really so concerned with the problem, however, we might do better to attack the corruption which actually exists in our society. Then the authors would have nothing to write about!

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# JOURNAL ISSUES CHALLENGE

**JOURNAL ISSUE CHALLENGE**  
Let it forthwith be known that the Saint Mary's Journal basketball team consisting of:

Bob Doherty C, Capt.; Carl Romeo F; S. Armitage F; Pat Hickey G; Jim Lerikos G; Dave Keith; Aileen O'Leary Water Girl and Mascot

publicly issues a challenge to any 5 men (or women) who might wish to dethrone them as official holders of the SMUJ basketball trophy.

The trophy went to the Journal team by default when no other team registered for the SMUJ tournament this year. It seems SMUJ announcer Bob Doherty (who also happens to be captain of the Journal team) forgot to announce the tournament over radio station SMUJ before closing date for entries. He had, of course, registered the Journal team ahead of time.

When asked if he did not think this would raise questions among the other teams who had wanted to enter the tournament, Mr. Doherty's only reply was a terse "NO COMMENT!"

However, some of the ungraceful losers around the school have since been raising charges that this was a "rigged tournament."

The Journal team feels that we have won the SMUJ trophy fairly, and we do not see how anyone could seriously suggest anything to the opposite. However, to silence the soreheads and poor losers we will give any of them (or anyone else) who wish to compete against us on the hardwood a chance to play against us and thus prove our superiority once and for all.

Challenges may be issued to any member of the Journal team. WE DARE YOU.

## Engineers Show — cont'd from page 6

captured the laurels for the number four award for their vocal arrangements of "Michael" and "Island In The Sun". The Science society won the trophy for the best skit for their portrayal of a freshman chemistry lab. Honourable mention to Aileen Ahearn for her vocal arrangements. The judges excluded Miss Ahearn from the actual contest because of her vast amount of professional experience and training.

# McHALE MVP OF THE YEAR

By S. ARMITAGE

Another season of basketball has come and gone, taking with it the memories, some joyous, and other disappointing. For Coach Goodwin this year held many pleasant surprises, one of which was compiling a 17-5 win-loss record.

The Huskies started the season off with two of last year's starters returning. But surprising everyone but themselves, the Maroon and White hoopsters nearly found themselves in the Canadian finals. Begrudgingly, they had to settle for a third place finish in the league, after losing a couple of the "big ones" by close scores.

One of the chief factors in this success, if not one of the most surprising was the fine floor leadership and playmaking of this year's MVP, captain Buzz McHale. Buzz has turned in four years of solid varsity ball, and reached his apex in this, his Senior year.

Buzz was honored by his teammates and fans by the declaring of "Buzz McHale Night", at which he was presented with a plaque and his MVP award.

The Journal sports staff extends congratulations to Buzz on his well deserved award, and wishes him the best of luck in all his future endeavors.

## M.I.B. CHAMPIONSHIPS

Last Saturday, the Maritime Intercollegiate Badminton championships were held at Saint Mary's with teams from Dal., U.N.B., St. F.X., N.S. Tech., Mt. A., and S.M.U. participating.

The tournament was won by Dalhousie on total points.

# SMUSKI

This year saw the birth of the Saint Mary's Ski Club, a fledgling organization devoted to the adoration of deep powder and sunny days. The ski club has a total membership of thirty and we expect an almost 100% increase over this next year, now that our ski buses have become noted (or notorious) for their good (wild?) times.

We have had six bus trips this year and on each occasion excellent conditions prevailed at Wentworth Valley. In addition to Saint Mary's students, our trips have included students from Dalhousie, Sacred Heart Convent, Mount Saint Vincent and nurses. Several trips have been planned to Northern Cape Breton and/or Vermont in the future.

We have endeavored to interest the non-skiers in the university and have successfully fostered a real interest in the sport. We have in this plan made it possible for non-members to share in the Club's activities but their benefits were limited.

For those not interested in the ecstatic value of skiing, thoughts of shapely maidens enclosed in various hues of tight stretch fabrics should arouse their curiosity and lead them to look into the subject.

# STU O'BRIEN GOES PRO

Congratulations must be accorded to Stewart Allison O'Brien for contributing four years of conscientious and determined football to Saint Mary's University. Three years of devotion to a sport which Stu loves so much came to a climax about a month ago when he was drafted by the Ottawa Roughriders.

Stu's introduction to football occurred at Dartmouth High School. Through the knowledge and coaching ability of Joe Carver, he developed into one of the best ends in the league. Following his graduation, Stu decided to further his education and also develop his football capabilities at S.M.U. In the capable hands

of Bob Hayes, Stu's true potential was beginning to be realized. Although he was not a regular in his first year, he later developed into an excellent and aggressive two-way player as right end and defensive half back. In his third year of varsity football, Stu set an A.F.C. league record of nine interceptions to go along with his excellent blocking and underrated pass catching ability.

This being Stu's last year playing football for Saint Mary's, as well as conducting courses in canteen ethics, I would like, on behalf of all Saintamarians, to wish Stu the best of luck in his football endeavours with the Ottawa Roughriders.



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