

## HIT SCORED BY NEW SOCIETY

**THE BLOOD IS STRONG** was warmly received by a large audience on its Tuesday night opening at the SMU Auditorium. The play, skillfully directed by Donald Wetmore, was further enhanced by fine background music provided by the Saint Mary's Glee Club.

Acting honors are extended to Bob O'Connell for his portrayal of a glowering Scotch Presbyterian; to Jim Flagg's depiction of a raucous Irishman who has grown up wild as Cape Breton's forests; to Mary MacKinnon for her sympathetic portrayal of the overworked but undaunted mother; to Kathy Donahoe for the charming, light-hearted performance as the daughter of the house. Excellent performances were also turned in by Terry McGrath, the amiable son who was in a state of constant indecision; by Guy Gallagher, who played a boisterous and whiskey-loving kilt-clad Scot; Leone Cousins his wife; and by Eileen O'Neill and Ron Nash, two old country sophisticates who can't seem to accustom themselves to the fact that they are pioneers not nobility.

Bouquets should be handed out to the whole Dramatic Society, but especially to Ron Nash, its first president; to Father Devine, its Moderator; and to Mr. Wetmore, whose time and energy were unselfishly devoted to making **THE BLOOD IS STRONG** the hit it is. Now on to the Drama Festival!

## LIBERALS SWEEP ELECTION

The Liberals, under party leader Gordon MacLean romped to a lopsided victory over the Progressive Conservatives in the two-party campus election held here on February 13. The Liberals took 17 of 25 contested seats, receiving 68% of the votes. The defeated Tories were led this year by Commerceman Bill Murray.

The Liberal platform, among other things, wanted formation of a special sub-committee to study problems facing Canada's defence system, as well as an establishment of co-education at Saint Mary's.

The Conservative platform was built out of a multi-point program for relief of seasonal employment.

Mr. MacLean, the prime minister-elect, has announced that the model parliament will be held on Friday, March 13. His cabinet has not yet been made up.

## Tories Elect Executive

A meeting of the Progressive Conservative Club was held at noon, Friday, February 20. Elections for the executive and the various committee chairmen took place. Other business included preparations for the coming Model Parliament and an investigation to determine the feasibility of a constitution for the Club was started.

Members of the executive are:

President—Ron Nash  
1st Vice-President—Bill Murray  
2nd Vice-President—Ken Carter  
Secretary—Bob White  
Treasurer—John Stuart

Committee Chairmen are:

Party Whip—Ben Hogan  
Publicity and Advertising—  
Jim Flagg  
Membership—John Romans and  
Bob Metcalfe  
Social—Louis Comeau and Ed  
Telenko.

## WUS Announces New Program

**WUS Summer Courses Abroad** is a new service offered by World University Service of Canada to students, graduates and faculty. Designed as "a program with a purpose", it provides opportunities for study at European universities. Costs vary from \$740 to \$800 for programs ranging from 18 to 36 days and include trans-Atlantic air travel by BOAC on scheduled flights. Each course includes a preliminary stop-over in London.

Courses are available in **Language and Literature** in Austria (Vienna), France (Cannes, Nice), Italy Sorrento and Spain (Barcelona); **Art and Architecture** Courses are offered in Austria (Vienna), Czechoslovakia (Prague), Italy (Rome, Venice Naples and Florence), Scandinavia (Copenhagen, Stockholm) and Spain (Barcelona); **Music** Courses will enable participants to attend the world-famous Salzburg and Passau Festivals, and operatic performances in Rome, Venice, Florence, and Desenzano-Verona; a **Painting** Course is offered at Castiglioncello, near Pisa, Italy, with instruction by a highly qualified art tutor.

This program will enable Canadian participants to meet European students and others of similar interests, to study at European centres, and will introduce them to European life and culture. Unlimited free time at the end of each course will enable those who have the time and resources to prolong their stay in Europe for as long as they wish, as return air tickets are valid for one year from date of issue. A Pay Later Plan is available.

This program has been organized in response to numerous requests from students and faculty for a WUS-sponsored summer program that would be available to any interested person. Because of the experience gained through its well-known seminars, its international contacts and organizational resources, WUS is able to offer this low-cost study-travel program, in co-operation with the British WUS. Already it has aroused much interest and there are indications that the demand for it will be heavy.

Full details and application forms are available from the WUS National Office, 2 Willcocks Street, Toronto 5, Ontario.



Conservative Leader Bill Murray (left) congratulates Prime Minister Gordon MacLean following the recent Liberal victory in the Model Parliament Elections.

## Three Attend WUSC Convention

The Maritime Regional WUSC convention was held at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, with Prince of Wales College and Saint Dunstan's University as co-hosts. Mr. Brian Flemming, WUSC Chairman, and two other delegates, Gerald Burns and Gordon MacLean, attended from here.

A seminar was conducted to prepare those students who were chosen to attend the summer session

which is being held in the British West Indies this summer.

A resolution was passed at the business meeting recommending that the National executive consider the feasibility of observing a National World University Service day in Canada. Serving on the three-man resolution committee was Gordon MacLean, who was recently chosen from several candidates to represent Saint Mary's at the British West Indies Seminar.

## NFCUS Meets At Acadia

The NFCUS Atlantic Regional Conference was held at Acadia University on February 6, 7, and 8 and was presided over by Murray Fraser, regional chairman. This conference was primarily a business meeting and the proceedings went smoothly.

On Friday evening the conference opened with an address of welcome by Dr. Kirkconnell, President of Acadia. This was followed by an address of the National Chairman of NFCUS.

One of the most important discussions concerned the Toronto Plan, a plan of financial aid to education which would be given to all high school graduates who attained

a certain average. The conference members in general felt that the plan was too broad but at the suggestion of John Reyno of Saint Mary's, accepted the plan "in principle." Several notations were made of those parts of the plan with which the members disagreed.

John Reyno, local NFCUS Chairman who headed the five-man S.M.U. delegation was nominated as next year's Regional Chairman but found it necessary to decline. The nomination went to Lou Simon of St. F.X. and will be voted on at next year's National Conference.

It was decided that next year's Regional Conference should be held at St. Dunstan's University.

# SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

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## THE STUDENT EDITOR . . .

Belated but welcome is a rare form editorial from one of Canada's leading daily newspapers, the Winnipeg Tribune. Professional journalists of that paper scribed in aid of the student penman who is besieged from back and front by university heads and disgruntled classmates. The editorial reads as follows:

"The relation between the freedom and responsibility of the press is one of the most valuable lessons available to those who edit a university newspaper.

Many an editor of such a newspaper has started his year's work with a giddy sense of freedom. At last he can say exactly what he thinks of everybody from John Foster Dulles to the dolt who marked his last history paper.

Then somebody the student's union, the president of the university of public opinion—comes down on his head like a ton of bricks for something he has written.

At that point, the sadder and wiser student editor realizes that he is free to say what he likes but he is also responsible for what he says. In his whole university career, he may learn no more important lesson . . . We can only wish them (the editors) a full measure of the other joys and benefits which come to those who dabble in printer's ink, and especially the feeling of a job well done when the last deadline is passed.

When they write "30" to their careers as students, some will continue in newspaper work and others take up other careers. Whichever they choose, their careers as student editors will remain as a pleasant memory and a profitable experience."

## ATLANTIC AWARDS LOSING PRESTIGE

Awards and honor are graced upon championship teams. For example, Maritime Junior Football Holders of 1956 and 1957 received team jackets and trophies. The wearing apparel has the same significance as a medal to a man of the armed services for performance of a duty out of the ordinary. The thought would never occur to a patriotic citizen to borrow a soldier's uniform and medals to prance down Spring Garden Road in the sunshine of a Sunday afternoon.

On the other hand there are students who will make use of a friend's prize possession, his club jacket on every possible occasion. Disgusted team members note this fact and fell that their "hard fought for treasure" has lost its value. Now, nobody will ever forget the two teams mentioned. However, the owner who refuses a pal fears a split in friendship—despite the fact that the coat may be an ill fit. Creating this awkward situation displays poor etiquette on the borrower's part and ignorance of the true meaning of an award coat.

Exceptions to the general rule are made. Kid brothers, sisters, and girl friends are common place attired in such clothing and pins. These people wear them proudly for the club and especially for a particular member of that team—not for self-renown and to be associated as a member of a winning club.

Through great planning and expense the tradition of jackets with crests, depicting the team's outstanding success, are put into being. They are not sold at the canteen, nor any clothing store. They are original designs created explicitly for the sports heroes who have strained every nerve for the "greater glory" of Saint Mary's. Deliberately created with a distinctive air, they set apart the university's finest athletes from run-of-the-mill sports participants.

They are not to be worn by "just anybody".

Advice to anyone desirous of an athletic achievement—Excel in sports.

## East-West Co-Existence ?

By MIKE McGRATH

A great deal has been said recently about possible peaceful co-existence between East and West. In fact, it is this goal that all world statesmen are supposedly trying to achieve. From the point of view of we in the west, it would be an acceptable, and indeed, a welcome respite from the pressures of the cold war. Many new discoveries could be made and great scientific advances realized if co-operation, not competition, was the watchword.

True, militarily speaking, competition must necessarily take precedence, because in this field the aim is not the common good, but superiority in power. However, if we could eliminate the state of affairs which demands the predominance of the military, in other words, if peaceful co-existence became a reality, the door would open for a joint effort on behalf of the human race.

All this is fine, and certainly peace from the constant east-west clash would be desirable, but are the Reds really ready to compromise? Furthermore will they ever be ready to compromise? Certainly they make numerous cries of good will, claiming the villain to be "the capitalist war mongers", but talk is cheap. For when we take time to investigate the basic aims and ideology's of the Communist block, all their claims become empty echoes.

One of the primary objectives in their march to a totalitarian state sheds light on their glaring international lies! To conquer the world; that is their aim; to them the end justifies any means necessary to achieve it. Accepting this relationship between ends and means, and having no concept of the supernatural Being, there remains no common ground upon which any lasting agreement can possibly be reached. Any such agreement could have meaning to them only, in that it would place the West off guard and in a vulnerable position of attack.

Does this mean that war is the only solution for this class of ideas? In my opinion, not necessarily war, but the balance of power certainly holds the key to the future. This may seem to be a fatalist's point of view, nevertheless, what other conclusion can be reached in the face of Russia's stated aim "to conquer the world"?

Keeping all these things in mind, and realizing the terrible consequences that a mistake can bring, our governments must never become complacent. If they do for even a short time, History's pages will be stained with blood when chronicling our times, if there remains a stark witness of the slaughter. Power must be our shield and prayer our sword if Russia is to someday put aside its modified Marxists ideals for a democratic form of government.

## CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS

By LARRY HAYES

Saint Mary's is a relatively small university with an enrollment no greater than 375. This is nothing to cause embarrassment of course, since our aim should be for quality and not quantity. Yet, since we are small, certain limitations are necessarily imposed on us in regard to the scope of our activities. To put it briefly, we just can't possibly support all the organizations and extra-curricular activities which a bigger university may easily handle.

At last count there were about twenty-seven distinct organizations on the campus, counting the three major sport teams that we field. Taking the above enrollment figure as fairly accurate and using a bit of simple arithmetic it is easily seen that if every student was assigned to one extra-curricular activity, there would be about 13 students to each organization. Then, too, to make things more difficult, there is certainly not 100% participation in these extra-curriculars. Far from it! The result is that the same small groups of active students are called upon to support all activities. If further proof is needed on this score just look at the executives of campus organizations and see how often certain names will recur. Even granting the premise the small group of students are unusually gifted, they can't possibly do a top notch job for all the organizations of which they are members and still fulfill their primary aim which is of course academic.

All of which leads us to the conclusion that a few reforms could well be made. We therefore offer a few suggestions for your consideration.

First a few organizations could perhaps be suspended on the campus in the interest of proficiency both in studies and in extra-curricular activities.

Immediately the question arises—"What organizations shall we eliminate? Fingering some organizations which would be given a "holiday" is something no good diplomat would dare attempt. Not being very diplomatic, so the rumor goes, we shall take the bull by the horns and name six organizations which could be quietly "eliminated" on the campus. First of all the two political clubs should be disbanded, since they are very likely to be mere "tools" of their parent associations and at present really serve no purpose not readily served by the Debating Society. Having dealt with these "bounders" we turn to four organizations called WUSC, NFCUS, CCSMC and CFCCS. Any interpreters handy? CCSMC can and should be subsumed under the Sodality which could handle that activity. CFCCS is utterly superfluous as a campus organization as past performances amply illustrated. WUSC and NFCUS, while they have admirable aims, simply cannot be supported and in fact are not supported in such a small university. The desirable functions which they may perform from time to time could be handled by the Students' Council. One added reason for eliminating these last two is that they spend entirely too much money on conventions, etc., and are thus too big a drag on the Council's budget.

While further reductions might be made, we shall content ourselves with these and having endeared ourselves to those connected with them we make bold to offer another suggestion concerning campus activities. If often happens, as we indicated above, that a few students are

in five or six different extra-curriculars, and naturally enough find it extremely difficult to make a worthwhile contribution to each one. To avoid this undesirable situation, a limit should be set on the number of organizations to which any student may belong—say three; and, as in sports, those who fail more than two subjects would be restricted from participating in any extra-curriculars.

One final and most important "reform" needed at S.M.U. pertains to the percentage of the student body actually participating in extra-curricular activities. The exact percentage cannot be determined but is, we suspect, not too high. Any improvement in this regard depends on those who are now inactive and we strongly suggest to these people that they join some campus organization or organizations.

If these three steps were taken it is our belief that a great improvement could be made in a situation which could stand some improvement.

## Letter to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

I would like to thank all those students who supported me in the recent elections which were held on this campus. The majority vote was most gratifying and I assure you that we shall do our best to make the Model Parliament success.

Gordon MacLean

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# Yugoslavia — 1958 De Necessaria Parte - - - Of Logical Man

(fourth of a series)

by BRIAN FLEMMING

We left Pech at dawn and plunged into the foggy and foreboding mountains. Past the white water of mountain torrents, through narrow passes, we snaked our way through the mountains, always climbing. Day emerged fully and we appeared to greet it from behind the clouds which were draped half-way up the hills. In many places the road was constructed in a series of "steps" up the side of the steep slopes, as you rounded one hairpin turn the ground which had just been travelled could be seen far below.

The road was built to accommodate one and a half cars and there were many anxious moments when we met other buses and trucks. On occasions the back wheels on one side were partially hanging in space and nothing for many hundreds of feet.

This was not half so chilling as the driver waving his forefinger at different spots where buses had plunged over the edge of the precipice and fallen to the bottom with everyone aboard killed instantly. Then at our stops he would produce a bottle of schlivavits (a Yugoslav drink made with corn—quite potent) and take a snifter. On those roads, we sympathized with him.

In late afternoon we reached the first of our three stages to the Adriatic, Titograd. Titograd is a colorless, drab, moderately large town with wide streets and no traffic, a magnificent hotel with no tourists and is a town completely lacking in character. We ate and pushed on into the darkening mountains and soon reached the delightful town of Cetinje, ancient capital of Montenegro.

What a fascinating and wonderful town was Cetinje. For centuries it was the capital of the "comic opera kingdom" of Montenegro, the land of the tall, fierce and warlike men. Many of the men are over six feet tall and the older ones still wore the colorful costumes of their nation. Overshadowing the little town was the highest mountain in the country, Lovchen and on its peak the tomb of the little nation's great poet-prince and bishop, Njegos.

After a night of fighting bed-bugs at the Grand Hotel (?) we had the next day free and we went our separate ways to explore the towns and its environs. Two of us managed to turn up at the library and to our amazement found that it was stocked with a number of English volumes and most of the early works of party heretic, Milovan Djilas. The chief librarian brought out book after book for us to see, served Turkish coffee, and spoke continually with a wonderful combination of German and French. Our time in Cetinje passed much too quickly.

When we were leaving the town standing in the local "bus terminal" and speaking with one another when one of the Montenegrins called us to his table; he was an old man, wearing the local costume and having an enormous moustache. He began to speak English and we were amazed—He later explained that he had gone to the United States when he was very young and worked at the turn of the century in the great iron-ore mines in Montana. He was very anxious to hear about the country which he left in 1914. But this was cut short and we found ourselves riding into the mountains once again.

Pushing on all day we suddenly rounded a turn in time to see the sun sink into the beautiful Adriatic sea. Beneath us was the immense Boka Kotorska, Kotor Bay, a great tropical fjord and intricate system

of bays. The bus sped down the serpentine road to the goal of all our travels, Kotor, where we were to spend ten days.

Our accommodations in Kotor were in a student hostel and upon being shown to our dormitories we took just enough time to get out our bathing suits and stampede for the beach nearby. The water was soon full of shouting, enthusiastic Canadians who were soon fascinated by the phosphorescent glow of the water.

The next day the seminar began and for the next ten days, the Canadians and Yugoslavs conferred, discussed, argued, and attempted to understand each other. On hand also were students from Poland, France, Germany, the United Arab Republic, the United States, and England. After opening with a number of days of the Yugoslavs outlining their position and the Canadians asking questions, sometimes embarrassing and pointed but always in the spirit of inquiry.

Soon after the Seminar began, we were divided up into "commissions" depending upon our interests and these were the most beneficial to all.

(There is not space in this series of sketches to give details of the many and varied topics under discussion but some observations will be written in another article.)

Kotor was a completely walled city with a long and swash-buckling history. The people were always sailors and many of the citizens of this town have been noted buccaniers and the coast was almost as notorious in its day as the Barbary. The man who established the Russian navy under Peter the Great, was from Kotor and for centuries this little town was an independent city-state much like its larger sister, Dubrovnik and Venice.

Once more we found our time too short and the seminar was over. The one big disappointment was our projected visit with Tito which was all but arranged when the Americans swarmed into the Lebanon and we received a telegram from his aide saying that "the Marshal is sorry" but will not be able to meet you as arranged.

(Next issue: Dubrovnik, Rome and an audience with the late Pope).

To break man down (and don't we love to!) into his various categories, we start logically with the division most important to us personally:

- (a) Those interested and
- (b) Those disinterested.

Consider primarily those unfortunates who fall into the latter division. They may be sub-divided according to the reasons for their dereliction into:

- (a) pueriles,
- (b) seniles, and
- (c) imbeciles.

Chronological age is only one of the obvious underlying factors in all three sub-divisions and by no means the most important, since it affects conspicuously only those under sixteen (months) or over ninety. Not to be thought dogmatic, we hasten to add that every rule has its exceptions but cases where grandpère's enthusiasm for pole vaulting has outlived that for a neat ankle, or where Junior's first downy whisker fails to awaken that embryo talent for recognizing a super-sonic gam at two blocks distance, are rare if not non-existent.

Any of the unrecognized giants for science could break age down into the:

- (a) "Goo-goo" or too young type, and
- (b) The "21 Skidoo" or too old type

male. This division applies only to the disinterested category as it will be shown that no interested male could possibly be typed as either "Goo-goo" or "21 Skidoo".

To further pursue the offensive consideration of disinterested males (personally, we never pursue a disinterested male), we may for the purpose of brevity lump them roughly into;

- (a) Ignorant,
- (b) Frightened, or
- (c) Utterly-absorbed-in-some-field-of-endeavour types.

The last mentioned type consist mainly of:

- (1) Convicts;
- (2) Siberian salt miners;
- (3) School teachers;
- (4) Inmates of Insane Asylums; and
- (5) Bar flies.

Ignorance of the birds and bees may seriously inhibit interest in an otherwise normal male. Fortunately, this usually a temporary case of disinterest and easily cured. Ignorance of ways and/or means is often more virulent and seldom cured without leaving scars. At this point we should mention lack of means as a great cause of disinterest not necessarily confined to the human male.

Disinterest engendered by fear falls into:

- (a) Fear of acquiring a mother-in-law;
- (b) Fear of meeting an intelligent woman; and
- (3) Fear of being rebuffed.

The last two are most unlikely, unless you happen to meet us and the first is almost inevitable unless you are:

- (1) Married and mamma is very extinct;
- (2) An inmate of Sing Sing with an uncommutable sentence;
- (3) Santa Claus;
- (4) John Bull;
- (5) Uncle Sam; or
- (6) Davy Jones.

Now that we have brushed aside the debris, let us proceed with the real thing—interested males. Interested males owe their interest to the five external senses, the will (more precisely "I will"), intelligence, their inborn urge to hell-raising in general and the desire to be waited on. Adam has been trying to get even even since he lost a rib with the result that man is still very odd and likely to remain so unless he develops some heretofore unheard of battle techniques.

Apropos of battle techniques, an interesting point came up during a conversation with Aunt Matilda last week. Uncle John, who passed on previously, had left instructions for his ashes to be sprinkled by a sky-writer, along with the words "Last words at last". Auntie hied her to a spirit medium right after the ceremony only to be informed that Uncle John refused to converse. The last we heard, she was inquiring about how she could purchase a prescription, which should mean quick and lethal poison without a something.

Interested males can be categorized as:

- (a) Continental;
- (b) Oriental;
- (c) Accidental;
- (d) Sentimental; and
- (e) Preferential.

To clear the decks as before and get ready for the meat of the matter (the preferential type), we will dispose of the oriental, so called because of his great ability to orient himself. This group includes a great

many of the continental type but the latter may be recognized as a distinct type by his big axe and his little bag of tricks (fingertip kisses, aristocratic lineage, an intense interest in ART with a Capital A, a supersensitive nature, soulful glances and a gracefulness which is termed by the more earthy elements of society as distinctly fey).

Victims of shotgun weddings make up the bulk of those accidentally interested. This type of interest is most intense and highly motivated but soon declines per se. The continental frequently becomes the accidentally interested type; a happy termination is quite possible if he is also the oriental type, which is usually the case.

The preferential type (named from the abundance of preferred stock which he possesses) plays around with preferred stock, bonded stock and livestock. Convertibles, speed boats, summer homes, sincerity, intelligence and lucre are among his assets. In short, he is a real live breathing doll and you can't hardly obtain them at present.

The sentimental type may include all or none of the above types and the less said about it the better.

Each and every female over the age of twenty is equipped with an automatic slide rule and type setter as a fifth internal sense. This enables her to pigeon-hole any available or unavailable male at twenty paces and act accordingly. Although this faculty exists, the usual procedure in the common garden variety of female results in the breakdown of males into two types—dead or alive. The direct result of this kind of breakdown (nervous) is marriage. Omne sole semper.

P.S.—On completion of this treatise, discovering our omission of two Grade C types, we hasten to add the whole truth concerning the experimental and ornamental types. The experimental type finds his field of operations in the cinema balcony, the Drive-In, crowded elevators, the Easter Parade and (this is strictly for the most experienced and subtle members of the type) seemingly casual conversations during which he sounds out a prospect for future manoevers.

If checked before becoming absolutely obnoxious by some bright girl who recognizes the species, he becomes outraged innocence itself. The only answer is to walk swiftly without words to the nearest exit, making sure he doesn't misunderstand the motives behind the strategic withdrawal.

The ornamental type may

- (1) Be and not have an inkling (only known specimen is Lil Abner);
- (2) Not be but can convince;
- (3) Be the Pretty Boy who is just that but doesn't realize it stops there;
- (4) Be a handsome intellectual, moral and modest.

The last type has been extinct for so long that experts in the field doubt that it ever existed as a result of wishful thinking on the part of some benighted female.

But don't try to check with the experts—there aren't any!

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## SPORTS CENTRE OF THE EAST



By THE WATCHDOG

JOHN WALSH has a hard time keeping his roommate down; the recent "pinning" was just the shot in the arm he needed. He calls her M.A. Does that mean "My Angel?" . . . EARL is sleeping just as much as usual . . . The TOE really Balled it up at the Engineers do but was kept under control by a Powerful hand . . . And our boy JUD is causing no trouble; his hardest job is keeping away from the bed, but maybe Newf LAWS could help him out . . . The DUKE of the fourth floor and his portly roomie put on a good exhibition at yon ball; I don't know how they kept up the pace . . . WHALEN is reforming—again. The world is filled with good intentions . . . O'CONNOR has found a heart-beat somewhere so McFLAGG is the last of the good old bachelors . . . Noisy BILL MURPHY is still teasing everyone, except when his better half is around; it's a different story then . . . It's wonderful to see that we have such an efficient postal service, so many of the little ones enjoying mail call and then fitting down to their cosy little rooms and privacy. NAUSE, CORNO, MURPHY, GAVIN, FRASER and RILEY are in complete agreement with me . . . HANNON has dumped the banana boat girl; his ship is now anchored across the harbor . . . And the big boy from Campbellton has not missed a social event yet . . . Cute little BOBBIE SHEA spends the odd hour on North Street; I wonder why . . . DOAK is still wound up, too; is it mutual, Erv? . . . CLEARY and FITZPATRICK are looking underfed as always . . . And for the benefit of relatives of the recently departed, we make this announcement: JOE is still unemployed . . . "Hey, you, got any sugar? Have you seen my roommate around?" These are the universal questions. And now it's thank-you time. I must express my deep gratitude to all the Boarders who so eagerly went to support both the hockey and basketball teams. Also to TV TURNER and CORNO for getting the repairman out last Sunday night. Also to BUTCH whose presence of 2½ years has given much opportunity for newsmaking. Now, just because I thanked you, don't just sit back and preen; get up in the mornings, rub your bed-sores most gently, and support the teams. And to all our female readers we send this message: Grab the boys quickly and hold them well, for soon they'll hibernate for Lent.

# BOLD JOURNEY

By DICK HURLEY

It was a rather bleak morning with about six inches of unexpected and unwanted snow on the ground, but spirit was at its peak on the St. F.X. campus. It was December 6, the day the Christmas vacation began.

I had come to Antigonish a few days previous to take part in a debate, and stayed so as to take advantage of an automobile ride home to Boston for the holidays with a friend of mine.

At the time of departure I did not realize the exact condition of the car. I discovered the exact condition the hard way: '49 Chevrolet, 4 bad tires, no chains, no radio, no heater, and one operative headlight with a low beam.

We started about 10:30 a.m. and had driven about five miles when we saw the first accident; one of the cars that had started before us was in a ditch. We, unhappily, did not interpret this as a premonition.

Approximately sixteen miles from Antigonish we encountered one of Nova Scotia's famous one-lane bridges set on a very slippery downhill curve. We hit the bridge rail head on. The accident wouldn't have been serious at all except that somebody had done the same thing before us and consequently a jagged rod went through our hood and radiator, like a hot knife pierces a blob of butter.

We had been six in the car, until one, not-so-hardy Yank boarded the special bus which Saint F.X. runs to Boston and which had come along while we were cogitating on our plight. The rest of us waited with bated breath for George, owner and driver of our "coffin-on-wheels", to make a decision. We stayed with the car.

There was a service garage at the bridge but naturally they didn't have a new radiator for us. We phoned some friends in New Glasgow who brought out a used radiator for us and helped us to install it. At 4:30 that afternoon, having bought a radiator for \$20 and a set of chains for \$15, we set out again on our reckless flight into adventure.

Our next mishap occurred about four miles down the road when we drove into a snow bank to avoid collision with a car and a truck. Again, after we dug and pushed ourselves out, we continued onward and upward.

We had about four hours of peaceful driving until we were on the Sunrise Trail about 9:00 p.m., heading for Amherst. It was snowing

but not heavily, yet the wind had drifted the snow in certain open spots making driving difficult. With our spanking new chains we had no trouble until we chanced upon a very large truck, about ten tons heavy, which, of course, had no chains, and of course was stuck in the middle of the road of course, so we couldn't get around it. While the truck driver was digging the snow and the wind was filling in where he dug, we quietly munched on thick frozen bologna and peanut butter sandwiches for about an hour. By some unexplained wonder, the truck driver finally got enough traction to move and we used him for a trail-blazer for about ten miles.

Beyond Amherst the roads were much clearer and as was inevitable the links on our chains gave way one at a time until, no longer able to stand the cacophonous roar, nor the thought of a punctured gas tank, we stopped and with many a skinned knuckle and colorful curse, succeeded in removing the little metal beasties by the light of the moon and a dim street lamp.

Forward Ho! We had had enough gas to reach Saint John, N. B., but hadn't counted on the gas used up in the snow drifts. Oh, bye the bye, I forgot to mention we also had neither speedometer nor gas gauge in this little tin gem. Ergo et ipso facto, about 2:30 a.m. Wednesday morning, December 17, 1958, guess who ran out of gas 30 miles from Saint John, 30 miles from anywhere! You guessed it. The temperature, we discovered some hours later, was 15 degrees below zero. As I mentioned, we had no heater, alas and alack. One of our compatriots flagged down a truck and sped with utmost urgency into Saint John to seek out any form of X-man he could find who would brave the journey to bring us some petrol. We had visions of our friend returning an hour or two later with much of the burning liquid, but meanwhile the two in the front seat and we two in the back seat sat facing each other and sitting on each others feet to keep some semblance of body temperature in our lower extremities.

At 5:30 a.m. we could stand it no longer. The driver of a newspaper truck drove us 12 miles to a little coffee shop that was just opening. It took about an hour for us to thaw out. We then got some gas and hitched a ride back to the car. The time was about 7:00 a.m. and the thermometer at the restaurant had read 20 degrees below zero. We put the gas in the tank and primed the

(Continued on Page 5)

## NOTES ON THINGS

by BOB O'CONNELL

The basement of the university has now become a garbage can, for the dubious artistic talents of all and sundry, as we are swamped by signs, signs, and more signs. You can find a sign in the basement for everything from the latest activities of the Mount, and the Infirmary, to where you should throw your waste paper. A few well done signs, or a central notice board, would produce better results and draw more notice.

\* \* \*

What I would like to hear from the pulpit is less dunts and more dos. The one sermon can be delivered in two ways, either positively or negatively. The positive approach is the better one since people are more apt to do things then they are not to do them.

\* \* \*

Despite the fact that the college student is normally pictured as a fun loving, oft drinking, panty stealing fool, it is a tough life. Most of the people in college, particularly those in post graduate and professional studies, do without a lot of things that make this life worth living. Money, marriage, and a home of your own are just a few of these things. We live a sort of, "pay now, collect later," life.

\* \* \*

It has been found that the non-smoker more frequently suffers from high blood pressure than does the smoker. This is a fact that should bring some joy to the hearts of the tobacco companies, who have been in desolation since it was found that smoking and lung cancer are related. Here is a chance to exercise that free will and pick your own poison.

\* \* \*

A friend of mine claims that we are now entering an age in which there will be a triumph of psychology. We will see the day when all our top executives, clergymen and statesmen will be versed in psychology. And why not? The only person who can make a watch run properly is the man who understands the workings of the watch and how to set about its repair.

\* \* \*

The same man who told me that he would not go on in his doctoral studies unless he could be assured of an income of \$3,000 a year even while he was doing his studies, told me, he thought that the teacher should receive less remuneration than the average man. This he felt would guarantee that we would have teachers with the highest ideals, since they would sort of have to pay to be a teacher. What is sauce for the goose is not necessarily sauce for the gander at least in this case.

\* \* \*

Work is one of the most misunderstood words in the English language. It bears with it a stigmata of hardship and back breaking labor. This misinterpretation of the word and its meaning, is particularly noticeable among the youth of today. Someone should point out that most of us work because we like the work that we are doing and that work is the backbone of our life. We have to work at everything, whether it is at studies, having a good time, reading a book or any other phase of life. It is true that those that work the hardest reap the most reward, even if it is only the sense of accomplishment that accompanies a task well done.

\* \* \*

Strange how much time people waste disliking a fellow member of the human race. Really, we never dislike the person only the trait. Besides life is much fuller and complete where there is no room for malice be it ever so slight. How incomplete is the painting in which there is a blob of foreign substance.

\* \* \*

I have heard complaints from students from other parts of Canada, about the lack of an intellectual atmosphere in the colleges and universities here in the Maritimes. When asked why they thought this situation was so they offered that there is no place available for an exchange of ideas amongst students, except perhaps at one of the local taverns. The moral of this story seems to be if you want an intellectual atmosphere, drink.

\* \* \*

Which would you rather have, five hundred dollars or a friend? Give me the friend every time, for long after momentary gain of the five hundred has passed on to play its small role in our economy, the friend will remain to enrich and encourage your life and times.

\* \* \*

The high standards, rigid course requirements and quality of instruction, in the education course here at Saint Mary's, will one day have far reaching effects on education in the Maritimes. Education as a "snap course" is on its way out.

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## Bold Journey—

(Continued from Page 4)

carburetor to no avail, our radiator was frozen. After a short trek to a farmhouse where George nearly passed out because of the transition from extreme cold to heat, we filled our radiator with hot water but it wouldn't unfreeze. Several pushes from passers-by didn't help until a farmer offered us a piece of cardboard to block the radiator and keep the wind from freezing it. We limped back to the gas station and filled the tank. While we were there, who would show up but our comrade who had gone in quest of gas. He had hitched a ride after finding out who his true friends were and had the audacity to set out for our stranded vehicle with one gallon of gas. That wouldn't even have primed the carburetor.

We drove into Saint John with about a four-inch square section of windshield to see through since an eighth inch thickness of it had formed during the night and we had nothing even faintly resembling a scraper.

It was about 10 a.m. now and the sun was high which made driving easier. As we sped along the highway for the border, our hood, damaged in the bridge collision, flew up and made our windshield look like a jig-saw puzzle. We tied it down.

Arriving at the border about 12:30 we had some stiff arguing to do. The American officers didn't want to let our car into the country. Eventually the five of us wore him down with a verbal barrage and we entered our native land.

We reached Portland, Maine at 11 p.m. that night. It had taken us 10 hours to go two hundred miles. We had broken down eight times, in and out of every major city in Maine. At one point we broke down in the busy intersection in Bangor, on a hill, at the height of rush hour traffic. Each time it was the same process: engine overheats, curse, go begging in gas stations and private homes for water, let the coffin rest its weary drive shaft, and then advance 3 giant steps to next breakdown point.

We stayed in Portland overnight with one of the fellows in the car who lived in that city. We were afraid to risk the ninety miles to Boston. When we got to bed, none of us had slept in forty-eight hours. We had each called our respective homes to announce we would be home by noon the next day.

Thursday, December 18 at 11 a.m. we woke up. By noon we had the car started, (after putting hot water in the radiator and pushing it down a hill) and we started off four-strong on the 90 miles to Boston, most likely a three-hour pleasurable drive but such was not our luck. Sixty miles from Boston we got our first, but inevitable flat tire. Surveying the situation we then discovered our jack wouldn't work and our spare had a six-inch square chunk of rubber missing from the outer tire. George then realized that he had thrown away two perfectly good tires in Antigonish to make room for luggage.

# The FELINE PARLIAMENT

by

REG MacDOUGALL

Yesterday marked the opening of the twenty-third session of the Feline Parliament. The speech from the throne was read by the honorable Prime Minister, "Mouser Catnip".

In general, the speech dealt with the many problems of the day and also touched upon the widely discussed free hospitalization plan as well as the rise in the price of Kitty-Kat Cat Food. The Prime Minister also gave an official report of the interest rates received by Parliament on the sale of Black Cat cigarettes. The speech having been read, Parliament was now open to debate.

The first to voice an opinion concerning the speech from the opposition bench, was the honorable member from Angora. He proposed that a clause should be inserted in the Hospital Act permitting cats to choose a veterinary of their own choice. The discussion on this subject grew and soon developed into a hot dispute. At this moment, the Speaker of the House, Sylvester Tomcat, stepped in and informed the members that nothing would be gained from arguments controlled by hot tempers. The debate then shifted to the increase in the price of Cat Food. The mention of this subject brought about a great number of catcalls from the public gallery which drowned out the discussion and forced it to be postponed.

After the parliamentary debate, the remainder of the proceedings dealt with the introduction of bills. The first bill to be introduced was that submitted by the honorable member from Persian West. The bill, entitled the Pipeline, provided that every modern home housing a cat should be equipped with a pipe line leading from refrigerator to saucer, and that milk be channelled continually through this line. This bill drew a round of applause from a group of cool cats seated in the front row of the gallery. Next came a private Bill of Divorce. When this bill was approved a sigh of relief could be heard from a pretty puss seated in the back row of the gallery. The Bill of Mortality was introduced by the member from Maltese. This provided Parliament with the official number of deaths which occurred in Catskill Junction as a result of the catalepsy epidemic. The final bill was introduced by the honorable member from Kitty-hawk. The main issue in this bill was that there should be an increase in the number of dog-catchers in order to protect and be a safeguard to the feline populace. Thus on this note did the Feline Parliament come to a close.

When the next session will convene nobody knows. However, we do know that it will be held in secrecy because all members have been informed not to let the cat out of the bag as to the time and place of the next meeting.

We jacked up the car with a jack borrowed from a flagged down car but the jack was ill-placed and the car slid off, but luckily while the tire was still on. With this the "flagged-down" gentleman became disgusted and drove off without his jack.

With the moth-eaten spare we staggered into the nearest gas station where we bought a completely bald tire for three dollars and drove the last sixty miles into Boston,

culminating our remarkable adventure by becoming hopelessly entangled in the 5:00 rush hour traffic.

Throughout the whole journey, whenever one of our mishaps occurred, five comments were heard. Joe: "Anybody wanna see my graduation pitchers?" Jim: "There is no Santa Claus!" Dick: "Br-r-r-r! (Plucking lips with fingers.)" Jack: "If you guys hadda listened to me . . ." George: (due to a certain sense of propriety, George's comments cannot be printed.)

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## POET'S CORNER

Down life's lonely lane we mortals wander  
With but one awesome aim: eternal life.  
But that aim's distorted, t hrown asunder  
By dark despair, and greed, and harrowingk strife;  
And we search in the world for happiness  
That can't be found in this poor finite place,  
And as we grope 'mid sin and hopelessness  
With this despondent and impious race  
We fast discern how we shall never know  
A lasting peace here, we shall never win  
On earth that which we seek; and then we know  
The cause of all man's suffering is sin.  
So let us pray to God for strength to face  
The trials of temptation unafraid;  
And His unbounding love will give us Grace  
To reach that great goal for which we were made.

## NEWS BRIEFS

The Dean of Men, Father MacKenna, took his final vows as a Jesuit in a service held last week at the University Chapel.

Dick Hurley, second year Artsman, won the speaking contest held Sunday in the Debating Theatre. Runner-up was Guy Gallagher. Fred Walker won the radio-speaking contest, which was part of the program sponsored by the Debating Society.

The Engineers' Annual Talent Show will take place at the Saint Mary's Auditorium on Sunday evening, March 8. The show last year played to a packed house and this year's presentation is expected to be better than ever before.

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CANADA



# SPORTS

## CHIPPED BITS

by PETER FRASER

Sheriff "Shotter" Mullane and his deputies have beaten to the draw every team in league play at least once. The mere presence of "Shooter", who shot fifty points in one night (the record), made some basketball fives despair, especially with Riley and Ross riding at his side. Any one of the three is capable of rounding-up the intercollegiate scoring title. Freddie Walker is riding in the direction of the "Most Improved Player" award... Wayne and Shuster are scouting the basketball coach as a comedy writer. Wonder what choice phrases Frank Baldwin would initiate to describe his quintet if they lost a game or two? He brings down the house with destructive criticism issued at his proteges while winning. But we are proud of your team, Frank.

Five to one odds the hockey team wins the Pennant Race—misprint—it should read the Penalty Race.

The Athletic Director, Bob Hayes contacted several New Englanders with football reputations. Correspondence followed... Coach Hayes is also striving to erect a new field house in readiness for next grid season... A.A.A. Moderator is now a full fledged citizen of the Jesuit community. Father McKenna took his final vows at a quiet, simple ceremony in the University Chapel. Faculty and student body were in attendance.

After S.M.U. decisively beat Tech in their first basketball meeting, the congenial engineers placed a novel poster in their common room. The sign advertised the second meeting of these two clubs. In lieu of the cliché, "Come to the game and SUPPORT your team", they used, "Come to the game and PROTECT your team."

Jim Warner, S.M.U. alumnus, professor and hockey coach at Tech, has a spirited and scrappy team—more so than any other coach could assemble at the Spring Garden Road Institution.

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First Game

DAL 65  
SMU 61



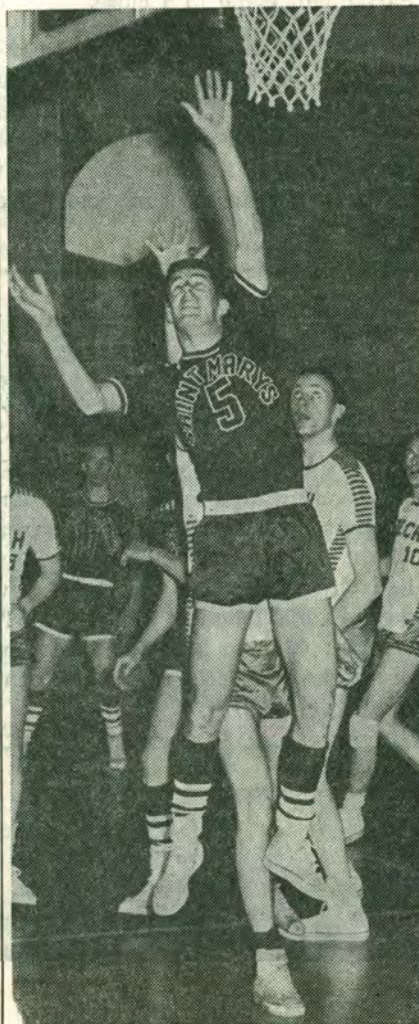
Second Game

SMU 59  
DAL 48



Third Game

SMU 60  
DAL 52



Pictured above is Bill Mullane, 1958-59 scoring champion in the N.S.I.B.L.

## OPINION POLL

WHAT ABOUT MID-YEAR EXAMS?—

Are you satisfied with your examination results? Some students feel that an exam schedule beginning in mid-January would produce better marks for all concerned. Others believe that the mental sweat period should commence and end prior to Christmas holidays. In any event no one was satisfied with the dates of mid year tests, whether the results were successful or otherwise.

The Journal staff decided to conduct a poll to discover student opinion on the topic. Faculty and learners buzzed for weeks on the renovated time for tests brought into operation this academic year. However the group selected to participate in the poll composed as many variations to the question as there were participants.

Which view meets with your approval?

Greg McClare, Arts 3, writes, "The idea of having exams after Christmas is a good one. First, it enables students to work before Christmas. Secondly, it gives students the holidays to study."

It is not such a good idea to have examinations immediately after the holidays as was the case this year. On the other hand if they were scheduled a week after the holidays it would enable students to settle down."

Frank Cronin, Arts 4, is quoted, "Firstly; for those who wish to study and can do so, the Christmas holidays is an ideal time. With the examinations so close after the holidays, one can finish his review during vacation and be ready to begin his papers immediately."

Secondly; we are being a bit too idealistic. The rare student will study enough to make his review in the best way worthwhile. What with the festivities, visiting of friends and relatives, a noticeable amount of study is not going to be done.

Thirdly; I would like to see examinations held before the holidays, or, at least, two weeks after the recess."

Stephen Ho Asjoe, Science 4, stated, "Mid-year examinations of other years produced much better results than those of January. Still I would prefer to write exams before Christmas vacation. Why? Most students planned to catch up on their studies during vacation, but only a few could carry out their plans successfully, and those who did probably had little or no enjoyment from the holidays. I am sure we would have a much more pleasant vacation and improved academic success if we write the tests before Christmas."

Brian Halligan, Arts 2, asserts, "Holidays are given in the business world to refresh the employees, and retreats are held to revive men and women's spiritual lives. If a student was able to return refreshed from a holiday in which he did not have to think of his books, I believe more successful achievements would be attained. Why not schedule the papers to commence two weeks after the termination of the Christmas recess."

Jim Flagg, Commerce 3, expresses, "They should be after Christmas. The holiday affords a wonderful opportunity to 'clean up' on the studies. Even three hours a day spent in real study would be more than sufficient. It also makes for a shorter second term. But they should not start immediately upon return to university on account of the different psychological circumstances that confront a student as a result of the change of environment."

Mike McGrath, Arts 2 declares, "Fully realizing some possible objections to a later date for exams, it is my opinion that mid-year exams should be held at least one full week after Christmas vacation. Examining the setup this year we find part of the Christmas recess taken up by necessary work and a part taken up with religious celebrations, which after all are the reasons for the season, leaving very little time for review. We must also recognize the need for the recreation and social affairs which the period brings. Thus the student is in no shape to face a week of heavy examinations immediately after returning from this busy season of the year. I feel that these exams could be easily delayed at least a week, without too much difficulty, with the favorable result of more passes."

## Standings

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY FINAL

	W	L	T	F	A	Pts.
Dalhousie	6	1	1	43	22	13
*N.S. Tech	5	1	2	32	26	12
St. F.X.	5	2	1	51	21	11
*St. Mary's	2	6	0	29	45	4
Acadia	0	8	0	23	64	0

\*St. Mary's forfeited final game of schedule to Tech to allow playoffs to start in time to comply with MIAU dates.

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