

S.M.U. LOSE IN BID FOR THE EASTERN CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

A WELCOME TO REMEMBER



Tragedy, Heroism at Springhill

At 5.07 p.m., November 1, an explosion rocked the mining town of Springhill. Flames were reported, by eye-witnesses, to have shot three hundred feet into the air destroying the pithead and entomping 113 miners working at the "face" all close to the one mile depth.

Word was flashed around the world minutes after the explosion, there was little hope held for the safety of those in the pit.

While the Russian Army was organizing to take lives in Hungary, an army of a different kind was being organized to save lives. The stories of heroism which were told around the world, concerning the Springhill disaster, made people all but forget the blaring headlines of other history-making events which the papers carried the day before.

An example of the type of "stuff" of which the miners are made of was evidenced by the number of volunteers who fought to be permitted to enter the gas-filled depths to aid their buddies. Not only the miners of Springhill but others from many mining towns in Nova Scotia sped to the pit-head to offer their services, even their lives, to their fellows.

A town, which usually made the news only in accident reports, became the focal point for the attention of millions of people overnight.

The Canadian Armed Forces offered their assistance in the form of ambulances, planes, helicopters, nurses, medical supplies, etc. Three submarines based in Halifax from the British Navy sent escape equipment to the draggermen crews as did several large companies producing mine survival equipment. Hospitals in the Maritimes supplied urgently needed oxygen, nurses and doctors; Salvation Army, Canadian Red Cross, Saint John Ambulance all offered their services. Not only this, immediately donations started to pour in for the assistance of the mining families of Springhill.

While the rest of Canada and the world initiated relief action, the people of Springhill stood silently at the mine entrance not caring to eat, sleep, with one common prayer for the safety of "their men".

Down in the black of the mine Draggermen crews, the volunteer rescue men of the Nova Scotia pits, fought their way through the gas-choked veins of the mine to bring the blood of rescue to the trapped miners.

Finally, as the last thread of hope was at the snapping point, word was passed back to the pit-head that a number of the trapped men had been located. The relatives at the opening to the shaft prayed, cried and hoped that their loved ones would be among those to first emerge.

By early Sunday morning all survivors of the disaster had been brought to the surface.

The stories of heroism are too numerous to recount; the number of

(Continued on Page 4)

Final Dance Held

The last Arts Society Football Dance was held in the gym last Friday and another success for the Society was chalked up.

The Football Dances, started to arouse interest in the team, were held on Fridays preceding the games throughout the season.

The crowd at the "do" enjoyed the excellent music of the orchestra and showed their appreciation to the football team for the extraordinary type of sport we have been fortunate enough to enjoy on the campus this year.

"O When the Saints..."

Once again the familiar strains of college songs pouring from the brass-throated instruments of our band accompany the cheerleaders in urging our team to victory.

The band, re-organized last year after a merciful period of silence, is bigger and better than it ever was. It is not, of course, on a par with the Black Watch's band, but such a degree of skill is not essential. What is important is the spirit which it instills in the boys at a game, on a bus or in the locker room.

If you happen to be a nervous type, you might conceivably be soothed by this music. At any rate, it's there for a good cause.

This year there were about 13 members present at the games. Despite the difficulty of getting together for practices, they have done admirably well. Let's hope they will continue to grace our functions with their presence.

M.I.D.L. Debaters Here

What promises to be a debate of high interest is scheduled to take place here at Saint Mary's for the 30th of November.

Graham Walker, veteran and previous winner of two MIDL debates, and rookie Art Donahoe will uphold the affirmative of the resolution "Resolved that the change of Provincial Government will be beneficial to Nova Scotia." Mount Allison University will furnish the opposition.

MONTREAL.—The Big Red Team went down to defeat here Sunday at the hands of a smaller, but superior football unit, the Notre Dame de Grace Maple Leafs.

Sparked by two outstanding footballers, Ray Milley and Milan Zipay, the Montreal team rolled to a 56-0 win over the Maritime representatives, Saint Mary's University.

The N.D.G. squad took possession of the pigskin from the opening whistle and kept it through most of the afternoon's play.

Saint Mary's came to life in the second quarter of play and held the home-town team scoreless while threatening to bust the game wide open with some fancy stepping by Barnes, Leach and O'Leary.

The Saints proved to be an excellent defensive club and the S.M.U. fans went hysterical when Bob Hartlan recovered a fumble on the Saints' 40-yard line and trotted over centre, when he was finally stopped by two N.D.G. tacklers. Then George Leach started on a number of end runs. However the explosive line of the Montrealers proved too lethal and the Santamarians found themselves bottled up on practically every play.

Milley, of the Leafs, drew oohs! from the large crowd when he picked a handout on the third play of the game and ran wild through the Saint Mary's team for thirty yards before being brought down. Minutes later Milley again went around left end and scooted thirty yards for N.D.G.'s first TD.

The Leafs scored two more majors before the whistle sounded ending the first quarter. However, the Saints managed to block the convert attempts.

As the second quarter progressed it looked like S.M.U. had got their sights set on the N.D.G. goal line. The team from Halifax played at their best but couldn't find an opening in the Montreal line. Defensively the Saint, holding their hosts scoreless in this period of play, played their best during this quarter. But even their best was not enough to break the power-packed N.D.G. team.

As the second half got underway there was no doubt about the outcome. The Montreal squad rolled over the goal line six times before the final whistle. The big one this time was a 95-yard run by Ray Milley for a touchdown on another handout. Dickey, Wilkens, Skilvas, Dunnigan and Dory also sped over the Saint Mary's line during the last half of the game.

Despite the misleading score, the game was an exciting one with both teams playing superb ball. Secret of the N.D.G. attack is the fast break. Within one minute and five seconds after the ball is snapped, the ball-carrier must be going through the line. This rue they carried out, leaving the Saints stunned by their speed. The Montreal plays, said to be the same as the Allouettes, were carried out by an unbelievably fast backfield.

To pick the star for Saint Mary's is something we wouldn't care to do; they were all stars. Singled out for special mention would be: Ed Burke, Ron Barnes and George Leach.

The game is now in the record books and the final score was 56-0 for Montreal. The Saint Mary's team readily admits they ran into a better club and the loss is not credited to bad breaks. But it should be noted that the N.D.G. team has the cream of the Montreal crop from which to choose and most of the players have been at the game since grammar school. All in all Saint Mary's provided good competition and there was no member of the audience who went away feeling he had seen poor football. The calibre of play was very good, despite the high score, and the Saints were praised for fine sportsmanship as well as the manner in which they played the game.

High School Still Trying

A meeting of all those interested in publishing a high school paper was held recently. Nothing of any importance was decided by the participants of the meeting, although everyone agreed that something should be done.

To date, the publication remains in a lethargic state of potency with no staff, no ambition and an overhead of \$40.00 cheerfully donated by the graduating staff of 1955-56. This debt comprises some 800 phone calls, business and otherwise, placed by the paper last year and presently owing to the "Journal."

For monetary reasons if nothing else, the "Journal" hopes to see the publication reappear on the literary scene here at Saint Mary's.



LITERARY "M" WINNERS—(Left to right): John Reyno, John Whelly, Dan MacDonald and Ed Burke.

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WE REMEMBER

Remembrance Day, 1956, and once again we are so close to inviting the cream of the World's Youth to fight and die; to inscribe their names in the Book of Heroes.

On this Remembrance Day it is difficult not to think of the horrors of the battlefield or of the anguish felt by those more acutely aware of the heartache of war.

Should we take a walk through the military graveyards of Europe, we would find it easier yet to remember.

Here lie the best men of our country, for the God of War will accept only those in the prime of their lives.

What great person sleeps here under a simple, white cross? Here, a promising scientist, a brilliant young man of twenty, killed as a private doing an unfamiliar (and distasteful) work. There, probably an engineer, a fine high school athlete. He was "one, across-the-board". He was fit for sacrifice, so we gave him. And farther along, under another white cross, a father. His children knew him long enough to realise their loss, but not to understand why he went away.

Yes, we remember. For a generation that has lived through two major conflicts, and constant threats of another, it is difficult to forget.

And now, on another Remembrance Day, we are faced once again with the symptoms of the disease of war. And, as we remember those who have fallen for our country, we cannot but think whether there will be others added to the long list of heroes who are being especially thought of now.

We hope not. We would like to have a truly peaceful Remembrance Day in 1957. In remembering our dead we would like to feel that their sacrifice has brought a good peace; we would like to think that there can be no more war, that there is no longer hatred among nations in the World.

They have not died in vain. We have had a short taste of peace. But this peace has not been lasting. Let us not forget why they gave their lives; but remember the principles for which they fought. Let us not take false pride in the large numbers we have given, and then sit idly by, thinking we have done all we can in their cause. While we still do not have peace we cannot be satisfied merely to remember just on November 11. Let us complete the task for which they have offered all they could give; let us find peace. We shall work ahead; and we shall remember.

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IN GOD'S CORNER

We commonly read in our Catholic newspapers or books of the actions of famous sporting teams concerning their religion. For example there is the whole Notre Dame Football Team attending Mass in a body on the days of the games. We read these things and admire them for it, but we never consider such a practice for our own teams.

The first move in this matter was made by Saint Mary's Football Team. It is a practice which should be given prime consideration by all our coaches and practiced as much as possible.

As mentioned in our last column, since Religion is the most important thing in our lives it must permeate all our actions. Usually amongst our teams we see a wonderful spirit of friendships and such an atmosphere helps to make the team a unit. But the spiritual means would be the most effective tie in uniting the men; the practice of attendance at Mass and receiving of Holy Communion as a body, at least on the day of the game, is a wonderful showing of the team's true spirit and unity.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY

It has been said that a person is not a true Christian unless he has a firm, positive devotion to Our Lady. This should be doubly strong for all Catholics. We are constantly reading and hearing about devotions to Our Lady, which have become, in our time, innumerable. But usually we collegemen are so involved in the life of our University that we think such a practice for ourselves a frill. The answer to this frame of mind is the first sentence of this paragraph.

Now we might ask of what should a devotion to Our Lady consist. Basic in all Devotions to Our Lady, is the fact of our dependence on Her, such a de-

pendence that whenever we have need of graces, our first thought will be of Our Lady, the Mediatrix of All Graces.

Also, since we are, by the very name of our school, under the patronage of Our Lady, we should have a devotion to Her. Such a practice should come to be the basis of our spiritual life and if it does we shall come to a better understanding and love of Our Lord. Our lives will then be a fulfillment of the motto "To Jesus, through Mary."



CATHOLIC YOUTH WEEK
OCT. 28-NOV. 4
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC YOUTH-WASHINGTON D. C.

A Widow's Last Hour

*She looked about her, and her sky was black
And old as night, crawling like a wood-tick
Into her heart. And the snivelling hours,
Empty as the coffin, less life, wrung salt
From her vein-strung body, while the moon raged
In sullen sov'reignty on a cold bed
Awaiting weight of a soul's last struggle
With a desperate heart. The sheets opened—
The sick patient flesh started the yellow pane.
And, rid of a restive fear, she scanned the night,
The smiling meadows and the sleeping hills,
And a little girl skipped o'er the dusty road
To her Grandmother's. By an old red school,
A young woman wept of joys newly lost;
And two lovers kissed with wise, gentle lips.
A fierce fire mellowed. The sad goodbyes
Of conceited children grieved the selfless heart
Of a mother but newly saddened by the pangs
Of death. The lonely, empty, wordless years
Did send a frantic mind to Doom's dim edge.
But the wind is heartless. The curious moon
Has looked with time on death with craven eyes.
And on a throbbing bed, won by that hope
That lives even in a dying breast,
A fleeting breath, yet in a dry, rusty throat,
Stole out and left her weary life to Death!*

—Danny McCarron.

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"Va T'en Bebe,
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I'm not going to say, "Hello" or "Well, well I'm back again this issue", because I say that all the time and it's bad for circulation, the boss tells me. So let's dispense with the diatribe and get right down to cases, and speaking of cases I notice quite a few bad ones around the corridors these days.

Take for instance the Baldwin, McGuire, Carew set, something must have hit them in the head while they were away. I passed them in the hall the other day and overheard a bit of their conversation, know what they were saying, AB-A-DAB-A, that's all, just AB-A-DAB-A, I wonder if they had their medical yet, or does the school doctor take care of such things.

And then there are cases of a different sort, like the ones found at the annual engineers' stag. The senate of the University still hasn't found out who burned the nasal appendage of one of the faculty members. Ask an engineer, maybe he can tell you, and if that doesn't work, ask the Dean.

Then again there are other types of cases, like mysteries for example, and one mystery which the girls from the Mount are still trying to solve is how on earth a girl from the V.G. could have won a beauty contest against the competition of a Mount girl. The answer is very simple girls, but keep guessing, you know even I won't press my luck that far.

True love is a wonderful thing, ask Donnie Warner. His girl apparently followed him all the way to Montreal just to see him off when he boarded the train. Of course I don't know if this is the same girl. Tell me Don, is the Halifax friend, a nice looking brunette, if she is O.K., if she isn't Look Out.

One of the Artsmen suggested in a letter to the editor that the name of the A.A.A. be changed to the I.I.I. meaning of course, The Idiotic Imbeciles Incorporated. Seems he was incensed over the recent football victories Commerce and Engineers had picked over the last weekend. According to him the Engineers had broken into the locker room, busted open the gear room and taken out the gear so they could dress for the game. Then, according to this Artsman, they had appointed a referee to declare the game forfeited. Now wasn't that a nasty accusation, ask any engineer. He'll tell you that it was all official. (The opinions expressed in this column are not mine).

Thought perhaps you might like to hear the opinion of a few of the students on recent affairs. Dan McCarron thinks the Journal ought to concentrate on poetry and forget the news stuff, Why? Well Danny's a poet. Come to think of it Dan it might not be a bad idea after all. Mooney Munroe wants the senate and the faculty of the University to consider the possibility of integrating with the Mount. The question Mooney asks is, which one shall we make co-education? Looks like there's only one solution to your problem, Mooney. Go to Vocational.

Then of course there are annual affairs which always provide me with such an interesting number of anecdotes. Take for instance Commerce Ball. Oops, Tom Muise told me I couldn't print that, O.K. Tom, you win, I won't tell 'em what she said to you after the dance.

Seems the local cool room agitators are dying out. I crawled into the room the other day and heard L.J.G. (for the benefit of the uniformed that means, Leonard Grant MacDonald) saying to one of his compatriots, "You can have my game I have to go to class." What has become of the old common room spirit?

And while I'm on the subject of the common room it seems only fitting to say that never have I been in a place that so fitted my temperament, dirt everywhere. Seems the boys are complaining about having to wear ties and suitcoats when they are engaged in the battles of sandwiches, (stale of course) and uneaten cake. Bear up boys, there's always refuge in the clubroom, that is if you can dislodge Muise, Hanrahan and Frazer.

Well, that's all the acts of infamy to which I was a witness during the past fortnight. It seems that the old College just isn't what is used to be, it must be the rigid cut system in force by the new Dean, or maybe we're just getting old, or ready to graduate. Whatever it is I'm sure it will not last. I'm not going to say goodbye or close with some corny quotation this week, I have completely revamped my policy. By the way I could use the co-operation of the student body in selecting material, you certainly don't seem to be giving much of it to the Journal proper so I thought maybe You would like to help me. If you do just send your misdeeds to the Jotter, c/o the Journal, S.M.U. . . . Until then.

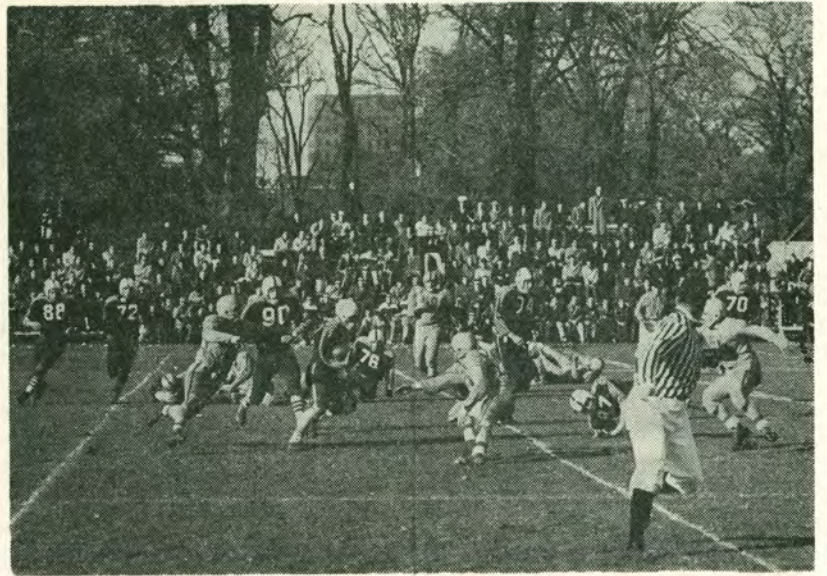
G. B. MURPHY

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SMU Wins Maritime Junior Football Crown

Tommies Defeated For Title

CHATHAM: The Big Red Team from Saint Mary's University captured the Maritime Junior Football Title by defeating St. Thomas College Tommies 33-20 after two overtime periods. Greg "Moose" MacLare led the way for the Saints with three majors which came at the most crucial point of the game. The Santamarians were trailing 20-7 with only five minutes remaining in regulation time; then it happened. MacLare went over the Tommies' line twice, and Murphy split the uprights to tie the score and force the game into overtime play. In the first minutes of the overtime Ron Barnes went over the line, dragging three Tommies with him, for the winning TD.



Saints Sink Navy 49-0

Heaven favored St. Mary's with another excellent day for football as they took the field against HMCS Cape Breton on the afternoon of October 25th. The students were granted a half-holiday, and they responded by giving full support to the University's pride and joy.

SMU kicked off to the Zulus who were forced to kick after two downs. On the second play, McClare made a long gain off tackle and Barnes followed it up by romping to pay dirt. The convert was blocked. Shortly after, Don Warner intercepted a spot pass within ten yards of Navy's goal line. Gervais then took the ball and step danced through the Cape Breton team for the second major. Murphy made this convert good. Before the quarter ended, Leach took the ball on a quarterback keep and carried over on a picture play. Murphy kicked his second point.

In the second quarter, George Leach took to the air and clicked on a nice toss to Murphy for six points. Murphy converted his own major. As soon as the collegians regained the ball, Leach again threw complete to Murphy and followed with a 35-yard toss to O'Leary who romped the rest of the way for a TD. Shades of Tom Dublinsky! Murphy's attempt at the single point failed but before the half ended, his overworked toe was called on to kick a field goal from the 30-yard stripe and came through in fine style.

Before the third quarter was very far advanced, Leach let go with his longest heave of the game—a 45-yard pass to O'Leary. This was followed by a 20-yard gain by McClare, then, Barnes took the ball and stepped around a number of Zulus for his second major. The convert was good giving Murphy 13 points for the game.

Brian Flemming scored the only touchdown in the last quarter on an end run. The convert was blocked. The game ended with the Saints very handy the Navy's goal line, and the point-thirsty fans hollering for fifty or more.

Flyers Topped

Father MacGillivray's rampaging Saints made it three in a row, as they downed the hapless Shearwater Flyers 20-6 at Little Brooklyn in a regular NSJFL game.

The Saints' "golden backfield" of Barnes, McClare, Heffernan and O'Leary furnished enough power as they bowled over for two TDs in the first quarter and one in the second.

Greg McClare was the busiest man on the field and collected all three touchdowns for a great afternoon's work. Early in the first quarter Graham MacDonald recovered a Shearwater fumble on the Flyers 25-yard line. Two plays later McClare found a hole off tackle and the Saints went six points up. From then on the Saints showed their heels to the winless Flyers.

Saint Mary's defensive squad, which appeared to be weak in the previous game with Cape Breton, played a fine brand of ball. Not once did the Flyers cross the centre line in the first quarter and they hit the Shearwater line with plenty of drive causing them to fumble on many occasions. The Saints played without the services of starry George Leach, who was out with an ankle injury. Ted O'Leary, subbing for Leach, called a good game and had his backs running wild throughout the game. Ron Barnes made some fine runs despite the fact that he had been injured in the game against Cape Breton.

In the kicking department Tom Murphy of the High School got away some fine boots and kicked two converts.

On the Shearwater side of the ledger Rowland and MacLean were the only bright stars the Flyers could point to. MacLean made a couple of fine runs and gathered in all the Navy completed passes. Rowland went over for their only touchdown late in the final stanza.

SCORING:

First Quarter
 TD—SMU—McClare
 TD—SMU—McClare
 Con—SMU—Murphy
 Second Quarter
 TD—SMU—McClare
 Con—SMU—Murphy
 Third Quarter
 None
 Fourth Quarter
 TD—CB—Rowland



By Fred Dockrill

A CREDIT TO S.M.U.

In most unfavorable circumstances Saint Mary's lost to a power-packed Notre Dame de Grace team at Verdun, Quebec. Some of the players felt badly, others felt they could have given a better showing. I feel that they deserved a great deal of praise. They are a history making team and if they are a losing team let's say they lost like "saints". What history did they make? They were the first Maritime Junior team to venture westward and dare to tackle a Montreal team on their home ground. Congratulations, team!

THERE ARE MORE TO BE CONGRATULATED

Congratulations, also, to the members of the team who don't wear gear. To Father O'Donnell, who developed the idea of an all S.M.U. team, which proved to be such a huge success. To Father Elmer MacGillivray, a bouquet for his great effort in putting enthusiasm as well as football know-how and stamina into, as he put it himself, "a great bunch of guys". To the fans, to those who got out and yelled themselves hoarse, especially to those who were able to follow the players to Chatham and Montreal, and did.

MORE FOOTBALL YET!

The smoke has not yet cleared, however. Although we are Maritime victors, and possess a fine trophy to prove it, we remain uncrowned Halifax champs until defeating Cape Breton. All in all it is a most successful season on the varsity level. On the inter-fac scene is it a different picture. It appears that because the Artsmen greatly supported the Bid Red Team at Montreal they are doomed to disqualification regardless of the fact that they are the only winners in the league this year. Nevertheless they intend to fight the situation to the limit of their powers. Let's decide this year's inter-fac champions on the gridiron as has been the procedure in previous seasons.

BOWLING LEAGUE OUT

The Inter-faculty Bowling League is defunct. It died fighting in the hands of Roy Sing, a very capable man who ran into some insurmountable obstacles. The fact of its cessation is definitely a loss to the university. It was a very active organization consisting of six teams last year. Its importance rested in offering a sports-wise activity to those who otherwise may never have taken part in such activities.

The members of the C.O.T.C. on this campus were given a break in this respect when it was announced that the Garrison Bowling Alleys would be at their disposal on Saturdays. All University Contingents in Halifax are invited to take part. No doubt, Saint Mary's will be well represented.

HOOPSTERS WORK OUT

In between running the canteen and travelling as trainer of the football team, Frank Baldwin is shaping up the hoopsters. With last year's very successful season under his belt, Frank is out to go all the way this year. The boys are rounding into shape with little difficulty. The long ones — Don Clarke and Brian Ross are back to lead the squad this year. There are a lot of new and old faces out, and Frank should have a tough time narrowing down the team.

HOCKEY SEASON OPENS THIS MONTH

The puck chasers are on the move again. After the one-goal loss in a stirring semi-final series with Acadia last year, the Maroon and White are confident of a better season this year. Again, under the direction of "Dugger" McNeil, the team has got off to an early start with several practices already under their belt. There are some big holes, created by the loss of such men as "Chess" Chaisson and Bob Cashem to the world of business and "Bulleit" Kelly to the Jesuits, to be filled. The freshmen think they have the answer to this problem in such players as the St. Patrick's High School graduates Reg MacDougald and Terry McGrath. There will be some faces back from the nucleus of the club. Expected to appear again are Don Reardon, Roger LeBlanc and "Duck" Scarfe among others. The Intercollegiate League opens on November 29 with Acadia at Dalhousie, so save some cheers for the hockey season.

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BY THE WATCHDOG

The old adage, "While the cat's away the mice will play" was exemplified by the Boards last week while the occupant of room 209 was away on a little jaunt to his birthus placeus (Latin yet! with the football team. Unfortunately the Watchdog could not have anything to do with that beautiful trip, but I did send one of my watch "pups" to cover it. We hoped to have quite an exposé on the doings of the team in the big city, but "the best laid plans of mice and men"—well, that's what happened to us. My confrere became so wrapped up in the events at the Downbeat, All American (and a number of other places) that he went away, leaving his crib notes in the nightclub. As a result we now have to rely on intrigues and mean tricks to make this column be of value to my blackmailing friends.

The Engineers' Stag added to the chaotic state of affairs in the school, with SHERRY and HAVERY contributing little touches of originality to the general theme. But it was fun, wasn't it, boys?

It seems that FLAGG and CUCIA began to hitch-hike to Montreal. They very suspiciously ended up at home in St. Stephens, after spending the night in most peculiar places. "Can I help it if my sister hates light-poles?" asks Jim. A likely story; the car looked in good shape to us.

MACNEIL was blasting away at the Commerce Ball the other night. Let's hope he got pictures of more than the balloons.

Love troubles are facing O'BRIEN and little does he know what's in store for him. But we know, don't we fellows?

JOHN, KEV, and DAN are still attempting to discover how all those lights can go on so fast just as the door of the car slammed shut. The whole mountain was as bright as day, so I hear. If you care to negotiate, you might be able to have some of that excess power piped into the north wing after eleven each night.

Getting back to the subject of stags (they always fascinated me), Cyril was acting a bit peculiar after a little outing last week!!! Of course he's still a candidate.

BEN is worried about his hometown team. It looks like they are the only ones in Newfie with a Senior A Hockey team. Why not advise them to enter a team in the N.H.L., eh, Ben?

We realise it is only a short column, but with everyone away on football trips, conventions, or those strange holidays, it is difficult to find anyone stepping out of line. We did receive one scrap of news from Montreal. It concerns the unique way which PETE and LIP picked to invite females to the Ball. Then again, night letters are quite inexpensive—when the C.R.U. foots the bill.

We close with a word to the wise: Nothing makes a Boarder's life happier than a team to win a championship; conversely, nothing saddens it more than the team to lose, especially since the Dean of Men and the Director of Athletics are one and the same.

Tragedy, Heroism

(Continued from Page 1)

those who offered their services, in every conceivable way, is unbelievable. Everyone tried to do something "for the miners in Springhill". The accident proved the strong unity the people of Nova Scotia, the Maritimes, the rest of Canada and the United States.

We salute the miners, dragermen and all those who were involved in the rescue operations in Springhill. Especially we would like commend the relatives of the trapped miners, and extend our sympathy to those who have lost loved ones in the disaster.

SMU Shows School Spirit

Never in the history of this university has there been anything like this. That seems to have been the general opinion of everything about the Universities' 1956 football team. This feeling was gloriously exemplified on the night the team returned from their championship trip to Chatham, N. B., with the cup, emblematic of Maritime football superiority.

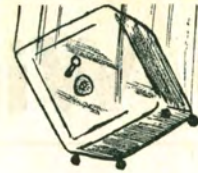
The students of both the College and the High School turned out to welcome the champs. Bugles blew, banners waved and hoarse throats sang out the refrain, 'Oh When the Saints'. There is also a very interesting story connected with what went on behind the scenes. When the news of the victory at Chatham spread through the college a number of students hit upon the idea of staging a reception, complete with a victory dance. The plans were set in motion by members of the Engineering Society and the Students' Council granted a sufficient amount of money to take care of the financial end. Students volunteered to decorate the gym and a few courageous souls volunteered to phone the various feminine institutions in the city to ask the young ladies if they would like to share in the celebration.

Came eight o'clock that evening and the massed student body waited

in a state of near riot at the corner of Robie and Inglis streets. After one false alarm (the bus turned out to be merely the convoy from the Mount) the bus came into sight, and as it drew to a halt it was immediately surrounded, and the players carried into the school on willing shoulders. In the gymnasium the stars were formally crowned with an appropriate amount of ceremony. The crowning was followed by the victory dance during which the girls from the Mount and the Infirmary displayed their charms in a beauty contest. Miss Jean Stewart, of the V.G., was crowned Queen of the occasion and her king was Greg McLare, who had scored 18 points in the Chatham affair.

The dance concluded at eleven and all the war weary veterans returned home, confident that the spirit at Saint Mary's University for the past few years had not been dead, merely dormant.

* I, PERSONALLY, CANNOT SEE THIS FRIVOLOUS WASTE OF MONEY, SENDING 28 MEN TO MONT...



* THIS IS NOT THE OPINION OF THE CARTOONIST.

LES WALKER/56

B. Comm. ?

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