

Engineers
Talent
Night
March 22

Saint Mary's JOURNAL

"The Voice
of the
Students"

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No. 8

NOMINATIONS

RELEASED

SMU MASCOT

?

By DICK HURLEY

Over a month ago, the NFCUS Committee placed an article in the Journal containing an explanation of the need for a mascot for the athletic teams at the University. Also in that article were a few suggestions for such a mascot as a PLEA for suggestions from the student body.

As a result, a grand total of two people offered their ideas for what the mascot should be. Despite this significant lack of co-operation or interest, the NFCUS Committee continued its efforts sifting through several ideas produced within the committee.

The type of mascot sought was some symbol that had a real connection with the university or this area. It was thought that the symbol of some larger university should not be transplanted and grafted on to the teams. This would have no connection with our particular college background.

After a few weeks one suitable idea remained. It was suggested by a member of the athletic directors at SMU. This was a "Belted Kingfisher," a medium-sized, blue and white bird that is native to Nova Scotia. Its real connection however, lay in the fact that it is a symbol of Halifax and is the main figure on the official heraldic crest of the City of Halifax. Having studied the background and the appearance of this specimen, the NFCUS Committee decided to present the idea to the Students Council. It was accepted by the Council and voted as the official mascot of Saint Mary's University.

One week later, the NFCUS Committee asked the withdrawal of the motion! Why? After the news got out that the mascot had been accepted, the members of the NFCUS Committee listened to an endless number of students ridiculing the idea presented and also presenting their own ideas of what the mascot should be! Now, many of these ideas were good but the committee had one question: Why had all these people waited so long to produce an idea?

The question remains unanswered but the result remains.. SMU has no mascot. The plans for obtaining one this year have been scrapped simply because there is no time to do any more work on this. In two weeks, extra-curricular activities will have come to a close.

There is still a chance that the NFCUS Committee for next year might achieve its purpose in the early fall, if the student body co-operates. By order of the Students' Council a separate ballot will be used during the Council selections concerning the mascot. It will contain a few suggestions for a mascot so that each voter can check off the ones of which he approves. There will also be a blank space for your own suggestions. No doubt some jokers will put in some flagrantly silly ideas, but the NFCUS Committee trusts that the great majority of the students will use their own intelligence and imagination to help SMU obtain a suitable and acceptable mascot.

Existentialism And The Beats

Sunday, March 6, saw a very successful symposium on the topic, "Existentialism, Background of the Beats." The symposium took the form of papers delivered by Gordon MacLean and Guy Gallagher. Chairing the talks and a lively discussion afterward was Mr. James Flagg. Mr. MacLean concentrated on the thought, feeling, and mores of the Beatniks and showed how the Beatniks have taken over many of the tenets of Existentialism and Zen Buddhism and interpolated them into their own philosophy. Mr. Gallagher outlined the main conclusions and tenets of the Aristotelian-Thomistic Synthesis leading to a morality grounded in the very nature of man himself.

A gratifying crowd filled the debating theatre with about twenty standing at the back. Special guests included Very Reverend C. J. Fisher, Fr. Stewart, and members of the Jesuit Community; Fr. Hayes, Chancellor of the Archdiocese; Dr. Monahan, Department of Philosophy, Mt. St. Vincent; and members of the St. Mary's University Lay Faculty.

An interesting feature of the Symposium was the question and discussion period afterward, where many interesting questions and a diversity of opinions were aired. Special guests were invited to the faculty room for refreshments and further discussion.

CHARTER DAY MARCH 24

At 7:00 p.m. on the night of March 13, the gun will fire and the campaign will be on. The basement will dissolve into another Broadway, the walls plastered with posters, pictures, and promises. Speaker systems will be set up, from which will blare the voices of expectant candidates. Gentlemen, this is election week.

This blitz will last for two solid days, terminating in the casting of votes, 9 to 5:30, Wednesday, March 16. For eight and one half hours the polls will be open, offering you maximum time to vote. On that evening, your new student council will be known, and will be made official on Charter Day, March 24, 1960.

On Monday and Tuesday following, you will also be able to vote for your representatives on the other organizations. Candidates for these positions are:

NFCUS: James Drysdale—
Alan Connors
WUSC: Brian Ross—
David Hope
CFCCS: Bill Murphy—
John O'Connor

The results of these elections will be made public on Charter Day along with the results of the society elections, Sodality and Journal.

Charter Day, which originated April 8, 1841 is recognized as the day when Saint Mary's, by an official charter, became a university. It has now come to be the terminating point of all extra curricular activities on the campus. It will begin this year at eleven o'clock, the morning of Thursday, March 24,

with a talk by our president, Rev. Fr. Fischer, S.J. Following that will be the announcement of all election results, and the introduction of the new council. The "Freshman of the Year" and the "Man of the Year" will be announced and introduced. The awarding of M's will then take the spotlight. It has been released by Gordon MacLean that eight Gold M's, nine Silver M's and by the Editor of the "Journal" five Literary M's will be awarded.

In regard to the controversy over the mascot, this will be settled during election week. The idea of the Kingfisher has been dropped, and it will be put to a vote.

Extra curricular activities will cease. On this day students will take a more serious attitude; that of studies. For in 21 actual school days after Charter Day, the first exams will be written, and another university year will have ended.

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Frank O'Connor

TREASURER



Reg MacDougall



Charlie Leonard



Jim Kent

TREASURER

IDENTITIES OF "WATCHDOG" AND

"JOTTER" REVEALED — Page 7 Col. 1 and 3

SAINT MARY'S JOURNAL

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"My Fra - - -inds"

Next week the basement will take on the appearance of a cross between the Mardi Gras in New Orleans and the stock market in New York. Election week, will be heralded in with macabre posters adorning the walls, blasting loudspeakers begging allegiance for so and so, and grand stand plays of all sizes and proportions.

Hot air will float in great quantities enveloping the student body in its wake. This is all good. Besides lending a carnival air to the university, these moments of levity will help snap the air of forbidding prior to examination time.

But these activities will culminate at the end of the week with the actual election days. This is the time to glean all the pledges and promises (hot air) from the mind and to pause momentarily and decide who the BEST MAN is for the listed position. In this decision there are several factors to be considered and a few not to be considered to insure that SMU gets "A1" candidates for its Student Council 1960-61.

"A hard worker" should be one of the main prerequisites of a successful candidate, not only in one thing but in every thing that the candidate has undertaken in the past. For without hard work nothing more (and usually less) can be accomplished than the previous years. The least likely quality for the job should be that of being a "personality kid." Ability to get along with fellow students and other people is an admirable trait, and when it is coupled with the attribute of a hard worker the combination results in a near perfect candidate.

Too much in the past, however, affability and superficial concern have been mistaken or replaced for sincerity and frankness and as a result the university as a composite body has suffered. Because, as students, our minds have been exercised a little more, we often comment on large masses of people outside who seemed to be rooked into beliefs by dynamic, lucre-seeking people, yet we fall prey to a watered down version of the same thing in our own university!

Shortly after the executive elections the students will be asked again to decide on chairmen for their various national and international representative committees, and finally as members of different societies and organizations to pick a man to represent them on the Student Council. At the same time we are selecting a member for the good of the society, we should bear in mind, an often forgotten fact—that this man is going to represent the student body FIRST! Too many members of the Student Council in the past have been more concerned over their various societies and organizations, and not interested enough in the student body as a whole that they represent. This apathy in time seeps into the executive of the council, who usually, fearing to lose a little popularity (if "personality kids") quickly conform to the general air of complacency. Anyone who disagrees with this mood is branded as a "subversive," or sometimes becomes the butt of ridicule.

Promises of change are not likely to evolve unless the candidate has proven his ability to work hard in the past. Smiles and pleasantries will not bring about a dedicated Student Council striving for the betterment of the welfare of the GENERAL STUDENT BODY. Hard work, sincerity, frankness and concern have been the proven factors before, and they will work again.

Above all, the polls should be packed by the students to give a 100% turnout. Choose your own man, but vote!

Letters To The Editor

The Editor:

During the past few months at St. Mary's there have been made many noteworthy accomplishments by the various groups, clubs, teams and individuals. But, for a moment, let us take a walk around the college and perhaps examine the various highlights, particularly on the basement floor.

Firstly, there has been an improvement in the management and operation of the canteen—for this, we tip our hats.

Then there is the common room. Now, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that you are a day student and live away from the college a distance too great to commute at lunch time. You, my friend, are in for a treat, because, for your convenience, etc. etc, there has been supplied a very luxurious dining-lounge room in which you may satisfy your hunger.

But, again for the sake of argument, let us suppose that you aren't the proud owner of a cast-iron stomach, an atomic death ray mask, and a few more of the essentials of happy living. So, since you are the average college student which means you don't have a half-dollar to eat lunch in the cafeteria each day, you naturally must turn to this common-room for a place to sit down, if one could use the term loosely.

However, with the coming of student council elections, it is felt that special consideration should be made to this matter of the commonroom.

Perhaps, the graduating class of 1960 could present something more tangible to this institution by financing a "do it now" campaign to outfit the commonroom as it should be, with a few features such as tables, chairs, couches, etc.

The present disrespect for 'our room' is only natural. If the place was in a fitting and respectable fashion, there would not be the mess, etc., that exists at this time. A bit of effort put into straightening out this problem would result in a much appreciated state of affairs for everyone concerned.

A COMMONER

To The Editor
 Dear Sir:

On behalf of the basketball team, I would like to thank the students of Saint Mary's University for the wonderful support shown this year.

Sincerely,
 FRANK BALDWIN

Antiquity and Propinquity

Dehydrated potatoes nowadays turn up in such fancy packaging as to give the impression they are a modern invention. It is disillusioning to learn from a dispatch that the process goes back to the Incas, whose origin, like that of the potato itself, goes back to antiquity. What a good many people, especially highway travellers, must wonder is not how we first came by dried potatoes but who invented the omnipresent French-fried.

Poet's Corner

*To walk again thru' Colin's Glen
 as I did when I was a lad
 And watch the trout in the glistening stream
 these thoughts they make me glad.*

*I sit on the bridge where it crosses the brook
 and watch the mayflies dance
 As they swoop and dive and hover
 as they spin their short romance.*

*The sound of the lark calls loud and clear
 as it rises in the sky
 And the chirp of the robins is music
 in the hawthorn trees nearby.*

*To sit on a mossy couch of leaves
 down among the trees
 and watch the water ripple
 as the surface catches the breeze.*

*I would like to do these things again
 and if I have my way
 I will walk thru' Colin's Glen
 though it may be far away.*

—M. P. MARTIN.

CANADA (COSEC)

Scholarships for Algerian students, who, in increasing numbers, are studying behind the Iron Curtain, is the aim of a campaign recently begun by the National Federation of Canadian University Students (NFCUS). At present about 4,000 Algerians are studying in various foreign countries, but only 500 are on scholarships, 300 are behind the Iron Curtain. More than 1,000 of the remainder are in Northern Africa, 850 in Tunisia, 250 in Morocco. These are the students who now live in refugee camps at subsistence level, and will be the first to receive Canadian Scholarships. These scholarships will pay for travel to and from North Africa, plus tuition fees. The scholarship committee of UGEMA will choose the students. (McGill Daily, Montreal)

"Boys get in the Act"

Not too long ago a University of Toronto female student offered her services (read poetry) at parties for a small fee. With such an ad it landed Miss R. K. on the Dave Garraway show in New York and is scheduled for a reprint in Life Magazine. Last week a Dalhousie male student ran a similar add. We must be entering a new age.

Its the Law

Under the Penitentiary Act no convict shall be discharged from prison on the termination of his sentence, unless at his own request, during the months of December, January or February. On March 1, those prisoners whose sentences have expired during the three preceding months are released on a set timetable of one man per day.



"I gave up eating six meals a day, I only eat four now."

SOCIETY NEWS

Arts

As was foretold in the last edition of this illustrious paper, the Arts Mardi Gras Ball was a huge success. This was due to the hard work of the executive and members. Among those to be congratulated are Louis Cassivi, Waldo Karkling, Frank Pottie, Tom Sampson, Ron Beazley, and Derek Shanks.

The feature attraction was the selection of Shirley Beaulieu, who was crowned as queen of the ball. She came all the way from Lewistown, Maine to attend this highlight and was escorted by Mike Cox.

An added attraction was the variety of multi-coloured masks, which added immensely to the Mardi Gras mood. These decorations were provided by Giles Gaudet.

Artsmen! The pins will soon be here! Have patience.

Commerce

The first informal discussion between SMU Commerce Society and MSVC dealing with current economic topics was held at SMVC, Feb. 25th, and was quite successful. After the meeting refreshments were provided by the girls in the Common Room. Taking part in the discussion from the Society were Terry McGrath, Louis Langlois, Ronald Cox, Gil Frechette, Pat Oldfield, John Stewart and John Romans. A second meeting is slated for March 22 at SMU with our position being that there should be more governmental intervention as regards free enterprises. The executive would like to see more members join this discussion group. It is hoped that next year things of this nature will be a basic part to the activities of the Commerce Society.

Louis Langlois has been chosen to assume the responsibilities of the Placement Officer for next year. An assistant placement officer has yet to be chosen.

The bowling league is nearing a close and a vote of appreciation should be extended to Henry O'Shea and Alex Morrison who organized the teams and kept records for the year. It is hoped that the names of the winning teams and bowlers will be announced on Charter Day.

Engineering

On Monday, February 22, the Jubilee Boat Club was the scene of one of the most successful events ever sponsored by the Engineering Society. This affair was in the form of a banquet-dance, open only to Engineers and invited guests.

The evening began at 7 p.m. with a reception line during which time those attending met and conversed with the guests and faculty members. The banquet started at 7:30. Toastmaster for the occasion was Cyril Hannon who also introduced the guest speaker, Mr. James Ternan, B.E., Registrar at Nova Scotia Technical College. He spoke to those students present on the pitfalls of student engineers and the prosperous future of graduates. Dean J. Ryan acknowledged the speaker and thanked both he and Father

Stewart for their very complimentary remarks about the Saint Mary's Engineers. Grace was said, before and after the banquet, by Father Fischer—president of Saint Mary's.

Most of the credit for this successful evening goes to James Trainor and Ross Wayland, and, in this respect, we, the members of the society, wish to extend our congratulations and thanks.

Remember March 22. The Engineers are holding their annual talent show. Application forms may be obtained from members of the executive. Present trends forecast the biggest and best show ever.

Science

First of all the Science Society would like to offer its sincere thanks to the members of those teams, which represented St. Mary's University so well in the Intercollegiate sports finals, in the past few weeks. Also a special vote of thanks to those ardent SMU fans, who have supported the Maroon and White.

The Science Society interfac basketball team has finally caught fire and won their last three games, thanks to the stalwart efforts of a few. A win this Sunday will put us in first place, so support this society venture.

Just a reminder that extra-curricular activities cease, on Saturday, March 26. Hence the Executive for the school year 1960-1961 will be voted into office in the week prior to that date. All members of the Science Society are urged to attend the meeting for the election of officers for the coming year.

Choir

The choir is putting the finishing touches to the polyphonic music to be sung at the Baccalureate Ceremony, Sunday May 15.

This polyphonic (many sounds) music is about the most beautiful type of choir music to listen to. But, it is really meant to be sung by a group of at least thirty members. Our choir would be happy to have twenty more volunteers. This would at least give the graduates something to remember and it would also form a foundation for next year's choir.

This lent, the choir members will sing the Tuesday noon hour masses, as they did last year. This practice, which began last year, proved successful both to the choir members and those attending mass. It is hoped that the student body will give its fullest support to this practice each Tuesday.

Why couldn't the Glee Club members give a hand? Why couldn't the whole university give a hand? It takes one hour a week. Tuesday evening, seven to eight. Come on and join in the fun.

VOTE
Dan McGrath
for
PRESIDENT

TO ISRAEL



Congratulations are being extended to Dave Hope, third year Commerce student, on his recent selection as representative of Saint Mary's University to the annual World University Service of Canada's International summer seminar, to be held this year in Israel. Delegates from all parts of the world will be in attendance, including four Nova Scotians and 61 other Canadians.

The seminar, lasting about six weeks, aims at strengthening the ties of friendship and understanding that bind the world university community, through participation in an international programme of material assistance, student exchange, and interchange of ideas.

Dave is expected to leave Halifax on June 23, for Toronto where he will undergo a three day period of orientation, prior to his departure to Israel.

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SECOND PLACE OLAND'S SHORT STORY (Contest)



THE GOLD WATCH

By R. J. WHITE

It was just half past six Sunday morning when Capt. Caleb Martin, better known as "Cabe," had finished his coffee. Pushing his chair away from the table, he began fumbling in his vest for his watch to check the time. Although this was not necessary for he had been following the same schedule—every Sunday morning since he had retired, and every Sunday morning at half past six he was finished his coffee. Slowly, he moved across the room, putting his watch away in his vest pocket. When he had reached the coat rack by the kitchen door he took down his sea cap and coat. He first set the cap at a jaunty angle on his head and then put on the loose coat. He shuffled quietly to the door and let himself out.

As he walked down the flagstone path toward Lunenburg Harbour, he could see the sun well above the horizon and already it was sparkling on the blue-green water. In the air he smelled the fragrance of the now blooming mayflowers, the rich smell of mud caused by the melting of last winter's snow, he smelled the salt air and the remains of the odors of yesterday's catch now in the storage houses being smoked and salted. He breathed deeply, for all these smells were his life and without them in his last days on earth, he felt he would be lost. For they were like an opium to him, he'd grown up, worked, lived and now was prepared to die smelling the same smells. Cabe was seventy-seven and he thought, "you can't teach an old sea-dog new tricks."

He reached the foot of the path and slowly but steadily walked down High Street to Water Street. Finally he reached Dunne's Wharf. Now he moved more briskly and his step belied his age. At the end of the jetty he sat upon a bollard. Slowly, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his pipe and tobacco. He filled the pipe, lit it, then looked around the harbour, first to the left and then to the right. He noted

that the harbour hadn't changed but the ships had, for instead of the rugged, tall masted schooners, brigs and yawls he had been used to in his day, were now the wooden and steel-hulled druggers, trawlers and swordfishing boats. His heart swelled with sadness as he thought of the ships with their sails billowed and gliding through the ocean, as if they were to be mastered by none. Now they were all dead and the fishing and coastal trading were carried out in larger less romantic ships.

He let his mind flash back over his life, the first time he'd gone to sea when he was ten, and the beautiful gold watch his uncle had given him on returning from his first voyage, this he treasured dearly. He thought of his marriage and his family and that this had been the happiest time of his life. Though his wife had been gone for seven years now he always thought of her, and his boys all good men with families of their own, but it pained him to think that not one of his four sons had taken to the seas for an occupation. He thought of the first time he sailed as a skipper, how great it was to stand on a pitching deck, looking up at the cloud of canvass billowed out, the

ship plunging onward and not bothered by waves, wind or elements. Then he thought of that terrible night when the ship ran hard up on a reef and he lost most of his crew. The ship was pounded to pieces on the treacherous shoals; it was as if someone was hurting him as he watched her die from the dory in which he'd escaped. These thoughts chilled him and a wave of melancholy swept over him. To break this feeling he thought of all the amusing happenings that went on during prohibition time, the days he ran rum to the States and all the skippers were doing it. He thought in particular of the time they passed out bottles to the hands of the Coast Guard cutter which had stopped them and why they let them pass they were cheered by its officers and men.

Suddenly a kingfisher, swooping near, brought him back to reality and he reached into his pocket for his watch, he opened the lid and stared at the face, it was 7:15, he closed it but did not put it away, he sat there fondling it in his big hand. All of a sudden he felt tired all over, so he closed his eyes.

It seemed to him that he opened his eyes and on looking around he noticed on the horizon the set of sails approaching the harbour. He watched the sight intently, thinking that the schooner looked like the "Mary Jane K." the ship he had skippered the one that had floundered on the rocks. Closer and closer it came until he could make out the men on board rushing to their stations for coming alongside the jetty. He was overjoyed by this sight and waited anxiously for her to come alongside. He wanted to see the ship closer, to step aboard her, to meet her skipper. When at last she was secured to the jetty, he saw that something was wrong. They were too familiar, this ship and its faces, yes, that was it—it was the "Mary Jane K." and the faces were those of the men who had gone down with the ship, Eisnor, Westhaver, the Churchill brothers, the skipper—it was himself, Capt. Caleb Martin . . .

Two boys going fishing off the wharf later that Sunday morning, found the body of Cabe Martin lying on the jetty and a gold watch, its lid sprung open, its crystal smashed and its hands stopped at 7:17, near his outstretched hand.



Headtable at recent Engineers' Banquet Dance at the Jubilee Boat Club. Mrs. Ryan, Rev. C. L. Fischer, S.J., Cy Hannon, and Guest Speaker J. B. Ternan, Registrar, Nova Scotia Technical College.

A Student Committee at the University of British Columbia is preparing a brief on the financial problems of university students to be presented to federal government early next fall. Areas of study include: scholarships, bursaries, loans, and tax exemptions. According to figures published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in 1957, the average student is able to save only \$443 from summer and part-time employment. The cost of one year at university is, on the average, \$1,212. * * *

VENEZUELA

The first Inter-University Festival was held recently in Caracas. It was a general cultural Festival of drama, dance and poetry expressing the culture of each of the regions where the four Venezuelan universities are situated. A very important item on the programme was the concert given by the world famous violincellist Pablo Casals with the Orchestra of the Casals Festivals from Puerto Rico. In addition, the University Choir of the Universidad Central is touring Central America and the Caribbean to make known several aspects of autochthonous music.

GERMANY

A large oil company intends to open what would be the first German "student filling station" in Erlangen soon. All the work at the gas station is to be done by students, who can contribute to the financing of their studies in this way. It is provided, that the students working there can adjust their work periods according to their lecture schedule, so that no courses will be missed. The University has approved this plan. (Akademischer Dienst, Bonn)

ARGENTINA (COSEC)

The Catholic University of Salvador was officially recognized in a decree of the Argentine government. The University which has been in existence for three years has faculties for arts, medicine, law, psychology, history and literature. It also has three other institutes at its disposal, for political science, psychopedagogy, and teachers' training. The University is administered by Jesuits, and has 100 professors and 1,500 students. (Informacion Catholica Ibero-Americana)

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During these months prior to graduation, more and more time is being devoted to thoughts of the future: to a life to be lived, to ideals to be achieved. From the various commercial and industrial institutions, from federal and social agencies, representatives and appeals come for trained and qualified young men to embark upon careers which run the gamut of human endeavor. This, too, is an appeal, a humble and sincere appeal from yet another quarter, that of education.

Perhaps I am being presumptuous in taking upon myself the task of extending to you the invitation to ponder deeply the possibility of a life dedicated to the education of youth; however, so convinced am I of its inherent worth and nobility that I am moved to attempt some small service in its behalf.

Reflect, if you will, on the countless ways in which men and women can dedicate their minds and bodies to the work of benefitting mankind. There is the field of medicine, law, social work, science, and business, to mention but a few. Despite their apparent differences, they have one thing in common; namely, man's material welfare. With the exception of the priestly and religious vocation, none of these professions is dedicated **per se** to man's spiritual life; yet, there is one profession which concerns itself primarily with the whole man, with man as a composite of body and soul. This is the profession of teaching, for its goal is the intellectual and physical development of men and women who will one day go forth into the world and make it a better place for their having lived.

Why will these men and women better the world? Because they will have acquired, perhaps from you, that love of truth, that capacity to reason, that desire for good, that spark of divine fervor for one's fellowman which can revolutionize the world. One teacher can exert an influence the extent of which can be compared to a chain reaction, a chain reaction that will extend into eternity itself.

Lest you think these are the ravings of an incurable idealist, contemplate what could result if a teacher influenced but one human being in the manner described above. This single product of such an education would transmit in the course of an average lifetime the fruits of his development with an almost geometric progression, with those so influenced doing the same. The possibilities are staggering. Needless to say, a teacher worthy of so sublime a task would influence far more than one pupil within the span of his or her career.

Though my life has been more or less restricted to either side of a teacher's desk, I feel confident that I can assert without contradiction the fact that there are few experiences in one life time more exciting, more exhilarating, more

wonderful than witnessing the intellectual growth of a young boy or girl. This is especially true when it is realized that in some small, imperfect way, you played a role in the life-drama of this human being.

That there are sacrifices and trials involved cannot be denied, but may I quote the words of Theodor Haecker, a contemporary German philosopher, who once wrote:

"Men are so often made unspeakably unhappy by looking in the wrong direction. They make the great sacrifice that their eternal salvation, that is God, requires. But they fix their gaze upon the sacrifice, as though hypnotized. And in that way it grows to giant proportions, and becomes unendurable. But God is surely 'more' than any sacrifice, however great the sacrifice may be, and one look at God, in exchange for that hypnotic gaze, will often save a man from torture."

I have quoted this passage, not to frighten you with the obligations a life dedicated to service entails (for any life not based on selfishness requires the giving of one's self), but to impress upon you the realization that teaching goes beyond mere humanitarianism. It is a vocation, a **vocation** to a life which is explicitly given over to serving both man and God; and at such, it is a means of achieving your ultimate goal, as well as helping others in the achievement of the same. Each one of our lives must be planned in the light of eternity, and we must choose that way which will give meaning and purpose to our existence. I sincerely believe that the life of a teacher is just such a way. It is my hope that you too will think so.

"Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the
difference."

—Frost

VINCENT POIRIER,
St. Mary's School of Education

Impressions

by DOUGLAS LAHEY

Remember the "There You Are" show? It really wasn't too bad. I remember one real good show entitled, "Expert From Uncle John's Cabin".

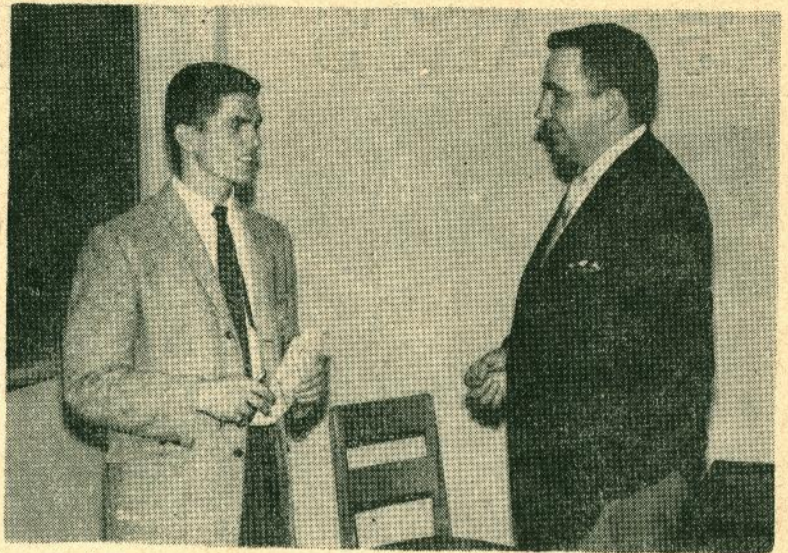
Walter Bronkite announced in his confidential manner, "We take you back to the year 1960, three years before the Emancipation Act. Uncle John is being led into a gymnasium at S.M.U. with three others. Yes my dear people, we are about to witness the soliciting of votes for the Best Man of the year. And there you are."

A large, congenial man, dressed in black, pulled a beaming lad to the block. The sale had started. The seller begins: "This is Sammy, we all know Sammy. Sammy is a good boy. Sammy is a great athlete and a fine sportsman. Sammy is one of you. He failed four mid-term tests. Note his gentle expression and friendly eyes. (I did just that and thought they much resembled a cow's.) I needn't mention his outstanding showing in sports. In that wonderful field he has been a great success, as you all are undoubtedly aware. Now a word from Sammy:" "Duh, Well... I... wish I..." "So much for Sammy."

A tall and skinny auctioneer next emerges from behind the curtain and confides, "You gentlemen are indeed privileged to be able to choose a person of such high caliber as my candidate. Bob, an exemplary scholar, has set an example for all of us to follow. Like shipwrecked brothers, seeing his footsteps in the sand of time, we may take heart again. Only recently he devoured such books as 'Lolita', 'Advanced Theory of Relativity', 'Bridge, a Game for Children' and 'Cooking Made Easy'. As you can glimpse from these titles, he is an all-round scholar. I regret that he is now incapacitated with the Grippe. We all feel he is here in spirit. He wishes me to extend his condolences to those who failed more than one mid-term test. He feels for you unfortunates and he knows that being the majority of electorate you doubtlessly appreciate his glowing example."

A real charmer comes to the block and cheerfully announces, "Jack Ashburn will obligingly run for the title of the best man of the year. Jack needs this title, he only has six others. I believe that we should all get behind Jack and give him our support. (Such a fine person who has done so much for our institution deserves a title for every day of the week. Of course, we expect that all you wonderful people who voted for Jack as your society president will again cast your vote wisely. I have arranged that Jack come visit us between his meetings. Ah, here he comes now. Bow to the audience Jack. There he goes, Isn't he a wonderful chap? Let's all give him a hand."

Uncle John is now brought to the block. His campaign manager sobs quietly into a large handkerchief and then begins: "Boys, John Doe is just an average person like you. He comes only fifth in his class. He has failed many a test in his day. True, he isn't a great athlete, but he loves to cheer for the team."



Brian Halligan, Campus Chairman of CFCCS, meets new permanent Secretary of CFCCS.



"THE 7 SAINTS"—First Row: Pat Murphy, Dave Thornton, Leo Murphy and Harley Day. Rear: Elbert White, Levis, McIntyre and Steve O'Brien.

The Future Not Ours To See

by BILL GORMAN

Never in the history of mankind have there been so many changes in so many fields in such a short period of time. Today we are making history like nobody made history before. Our buildings reach to the very clouds; we fly through the air "with the greatest of ease", we are aiming at the stars; we have already hit the moon.

This new decade is ours. It is the decision decade of present day university students. It will be during this time that we will start to make our tiny mark on the universe, before we fade into the everlasting and, most likely, be soon forgotten.

Progress is the word now. That saying always found on Saint Patrick's High School report cards, "The future is for those who prepare for it" applies to us.

Many envy the man who can plan ahead. Some say it is a rare gift. The fathers of our fair city do not believe in hiding their talents. They have recognized the value in planning for the days ahead and have formed a group headed by the Mayor

to play cards, but he is always losing, but then aren't we all. Vote for John, the average man's man. And now a word from John: "Humble little ol' me would be humbled if I was elected best man of the year. Alas, I do not deserve to be elected. I am not humble enough. Give your vote to someone more humble."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was how Uncle John became the year's best man. None could find anyone more humble.

and made up of a cross-section of leading businessmen. They are the Halifax 1980 Committee.

Now we realize that Halifax is not the most beautiful city in Canada, but as port cities go, Halifax is not a dark, dirty one. How many cities in North America have a public gardens that can compare with ours? This is not an idle boast! The tourist attraction power of the city fort on Citadel Hill is tremendous, and what a blessing the North West Arm is in the summer.

The Nova Scotian Capital is getting its second wind. Our new 15 million dollar International Airport is nearing completion. To many Nova Scotian farmers the completion of the modern meat packing and processing plant on North Barrington Street in Halifax is the realization of dreams of over half a century. This abattoir is expected to open before the end of the month. This past week saw the opening of our new Incinerator, the size of which is second only to New York's. That's a fact! Two new bridges are expected to span our surrounding waters in the next 10 years. A vacation centre and recreation park just short of Disneyland is being developed on the mile long Silver Sands Beach just outside the city.

The Premier, Hon. Robert L. Stanfield says "The future rests with the ambitions and endeavors of each one of us.

Let's not drop that old torch that is being placed with confidence in our hands. Progress is our most important product; Halifax and Nova Scotia will not fail us!

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'59 ARTS SOCIETY '60



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Arts Society

presents

MARDI GRAS BALL



Guests meets Chaperones

"Mardi Gras"

The Arts Society held their Annual Ball on 'Shrove Tuesday', in the Ball-room of the Lord Nelson Hotel.

The members and guests were received by Mr. Greg McClare and Miss Helen Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dorrance, Dr. H. Simpson, Mr. Claude McLean and Miss Marianne McGuinness.

The Ball-room was decorated with paintings of masks ranging from Popeye to Mr. McGoo and including our friend across the border, Alfred E. Neuman. Such fine paintings were the work of Giles Gaudet under the guidance of Mr. Julius Zarand. Many thanks to both.

The crowning of the Queen marked the highlights of the evening. By anonymous judges (UP, CP, AP) Miss Shirley Beaulieu, from Lewiston, Maine and escorted by Michael Clox, received her crown from Claude McLean and presented a bouquet by Greg McLare. Congratulations to Miss Beaulieu.

Eddie Richards Orchestra provided music ranging from Glenn Miller to Benny Goodman and including all the latests hits.

Special thanks to Louis Cassivi and Frank Pottie for decorating the Ball-room and also to Bill Gorman, Ron Beazley, Waldo Karkling, Richard Hurley, Claude McLean and Greg McClare for making 'The Evening' a great success. The gala affair was enjoyed pleasantly by a large crowd in attendance.

World Refugee Year developed from an idea of four Englishmen—the former four-minute-miler Chris Chataway and three friends, Colin Jones, Trevor Philpott and Timothy Raison.



The Line-up!!!



QUEEN BEAULIEU is crowned by Claude MacLean as Greg McLare lends a hand in placing crown.



Saints dance amidst gala surroundings

World Refugee Year was proclaimed by the United Nations in a concerted effort to solve the plight of all refugees, whether they are internationally recognized as such or not. World Refugee Year runs to June 30, 1960.

NEWS in BRIEF

NEW YORK . . . Statistics released on the fatalities in Football for 1959, show that out of the reported 29 dead, four came from heat exhaustion—a danger never previously recognized. The American Football Coaches Association in commenting on the highest fatality list since 1947, recommends.

The other deaths were caused by football injuries, most of them to the head and neck.

NORTH BAY . . . Plans are in the offing for a new university in this area, to open with freshmen courses in September 1960. Rev. Norman Weaver of North Bay College (Scollard Hall) said in a statement, "North Bay College, (Scollard Hall) in conjunction with the Northeastern University Committee, will offer first year university courses in the arts, commerce and sciences."

"All Ontario universities including Queen's, Toronto and Western have assured us they will accept our graduates into their second year courses. Our plan has not changed . . . to provide the area with first-class university facilities, courses, staff and library.

OTTAWA . . . Two Japanese women students, one a Roman Catholic Nun, the other the daughter of a diplomat, find campus life is friendlier than in their own country. Both are students of University of Ottawa's school of domestic sciences.

"The atmosphere around Canadian universities, if the Ottawa campus is any indication, is friendlier than in our country's institutions," they agreed in a recent interview. "Canadian students—of whatever race, creed, or background in life they may be—work together in a friendly way."

Sister St. Cecilia, who entered religious life at the age of 28, after conversion from Buddhism, is an accomplished musician and taught piano in a Catholic school in Nigata where she also conducted a Japanese rhythm band.

Miss Hagwara who has studied in Switzerland, and at Waseda University in Tokyo, commenting on the emancipation of womanhood in Japan said, "It is growing rapidly and they are coming closer to their western counterpart even to the way they dress.

While at the university the two women live entirely different social lives . . . While Miss Hagiwara may be attending diplomatic receptions, Sister Cecilia retires to her religious orders' home in Ottawa for English language novices.

ENGLAND (GOSEC)

British educational experts recommended that classical Latin and Greek should be quietly downgraded by Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Committees set up by the two leading universities made the recommendation in a joint report entitled "Entrance to Oxford and Cambridge". Cambridge proposes to do away with both Latin and Greek as compulsory subjects in the entrance examination. They would be replaced by any two languages other than English. Oxford plans to do away with Latin and Greek for science candidates if they have sufficient knowledge of mathematics or a science subject. Greek and Latin would still be required from candidates not taking scientific subjects. The recommendations will

have to be approved by the university authorities. Oxford and Cambridge are practically the last strongholds of the two dead languages.

FRANCE (COSEC)

250 people without high school diplomas were accepted at the French universities this year. For two years now it has been possible to be accepted at a French university without having acquired this diploma, if one can prove in an examination that he possesses the knowledge needed to follow a lecture in law, arts, science, medicine, or pharmacy successfully. Most of the applicants were between the ages of 20 and 30; there were only a few women among them. Among the applicants this year were 26 laborers, of whom only 15 were accepted.

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HALIFAX



By WATCH DOG



JIM FLAGG

Well, its time to say goodbye, as much as I hate to. I've enjoyed this bantering with you and prying into your personal affairs. Its been fun and right down my alley. Funny, have you noticed that five of our boys have been nice to everyone lately. There is talk of elections but that wouldn't bother them a bit. It's good that Tony Manning still is playing hockey, keeps him away from Tower Road. Prized for lovers go to Mike B. Cox and John Kelleher; they've wasted no time. Hooligan ran a close second. Gifts to those who were put out into the cold because of their blunders, are water bottles. They went to Surley, Hannon, Dipp, Spain, Gaszo and many others but I don't want to embarrass them. The special prize goes to Polygamus Paul for his unselfish efforts that enabled those in the outer parts of the city to learn of Halifax. Paul's WIDE shoulders (don't you think so daddy) never drooped once as he put out every effort of this task. Good work Paul.

With that I'll toddle off with a tear in each peeper but with many fond memories of two years of this column.

Winslow Boy Proves Successful

On March 5, Saint Mary's Dramatic Society presented, "The Winslow Boy" for the enjoyment of the nuns of the city. The play, under the capable direction of, Don Wetmore, assisted by Miss Genni Archibald, proved very successful in its premiere performance before a limited audience and it will prove just as successful in its debut to the public.

The entire cast was outstanding. The lead, Sir Robert Morton, is played by Paul Neidermayer. Paul is the lawyer defending Ronnie Winslow who is played by Helmut. The rest of the Winslow family include, Arthur Winslow, Grace Winslow, Catherine and Dickie Winslow. The entire family worked together with the unison and precision of a real family. Michael Carter, Claire Brean, Norah Pelham and Peter Landry respectively comprised the three day family.

Judith Simms appears as Violet, the maid, whose unusual knack for putting her foot into things adds a touch of humor to the play.

Michael Lushington has the role of John Watherstone, he plays the lover of Catherine Winslow.

The eternal triangle is completed by Desmond Curry portrayed by John Burke.

Patricia Arthur and James McDevitt, together play Miss Barnes, a reporter, and the photographer from a daily paper.

Ronnie is the "Winslow Boy." He is a cadet at Osborne Naval Academy. He is accused of stealing, and is dismissed from the academy. Arthur, his father, is very upset for his son tells him that he is innocent. He decides to defend him.

Sir Robert Morton, the best lawyer of the times, is hired to clear the boy. There is much trouble involved from all angles.

In comparison to last year's play this one shows a well balanced cast, whose chief asset is superb acting.

I could tell you the outcome, but it would spoil your enjoyment of the fine play.

"The Winslow Boy" is being presented March 10, 11, 12, in Saint Mary's Gymnasium.

The Jotter



TERRY McGRATH

First of all I want to thank all you beatniks for your cooperation in providing material during the year for this column. There was an ample supply. I know the identity of the Jotter, comes as quite a surprise to all of you. Before I leave town, this being the last column, the Jotter presents the following awards knowing that you will agree.

1. Man of the Year—Eddie Barrett
2. Freshman of the Year—Henri St. Jean
3. Athlete of the year—Bob Martin
4. Lover of the Year—Bob Dauphinee
5. Most Popular Student—Bill the Janitor
6. Most Lazy Student—Dave Hope
7. Most Industrious Student—Bob McTague
8. The Year's Greatest Ladies Man—Oh look at Bernie! McCluskey
9. Most Romantic Love Affair—Allie Hartlen and friend?
10. Alcoholic Trophy—Earl Tubby Walsh
11. Public Speaking Award—Claude McLean
12. Most Crooked Card Player—Paul Cable
13. Most Popular Recreation Spot—Lord Nelson Coffee Shop
14. Most UNpopular Student — The Jotter

IS YOUR NAME JOHN?

by MIKE SPAIN

To the thousands of those—our fellow students who have left their homes to fight the battle of the books and returned once again to the girls they knew, and cared for, only to find themselves forgotten men — this column is most solemnly dedicated.

The renowned long, hot and sometimes not so hot summer had finally drawn to a close. To the many fellows who would be departing shortly for schools on unknown soils it was the end of a beautiful dream and the beginning of a romantic nightmare. But as fate will have it, there is no stopping father time. So we resigned ourselves to kiss the girls good bye and murmur something about how much we were going to miss them, and then leave.

The blue, broken hearted rhapsody we hear at this time of departure plagues most of us for nearly twenty-four hours. That's about the length of time it takes the train to rumble from the States to the Canadian border. Then the glum one suddenly becomes aware of the sly, sheepish grin that creeps slowly from ear to ear as he wakes up to the fact that there are girls in Canada as well as at home. At this point, however, he is confronted with the age old question, "Can you have your cake, and eat it to?" Well maybe not but friend, you can sure try hard. And try hard they do. After all, here we are seven hundred miles from home, and no girl, regardless of how strong her female intuition, is ever going to know what sort of capers her "Johnny" is pulling out of his romantic bag of tricks up here. If there ever was a famous last line of thought, I would be willing to bet my last dollar that that's it.

I hope that all the 'Johnnys' in the school will be kind and forgiving toward my use of their name in this, which may very well be my epitaph. I feel it my duty to inform them that I chose this name not because I'm overly fond of it, or because it was the name of the high school chemistry teacher who flunked me four consecutive times, but rather for the simple reason that when that brief, unexpected, climatic letter from Jane arrives, it makes a little or no difference whether your name is Frank, Red or Duncan, that letter always reads, "Dear John".

Needless to say that I've strayed considerably from the topic at hand, so why not get back to Johnny's downfall. To him, his downfall, is the epitome of all treacherous deeds on the part of the girl. What in the world could a swell fellow, such as himself, ever done to merit the finality of a "Dear John". Sure, maybe it was a mutual agreement that she would stay in nights and knit, and his lonely nights would be spent reading Mickey Spillane. Now if I were forced to take sides in this John vs. Jane case, my sympathy would lie justly with John. After all, is it his fault if Mickey Spillane only wrote seven books, and John doesn't like any other kind? Of course not. I fail to see how even the most narrow minded girl could accuse him of doing her any injustice

just because he went out with someone else a few times. Besides, if girls are so narrow minded (ahem) how can she be sure that John isn't a slow reader? There must be a leak here somewhere.

There I go, jumping way ahead of myself again. The best part of the story is when John opens that unperfumed manuscript. The scene is usually set in a crowded, smoke filled room. The room belongs to John, but he has gone down the hall to pick up the morning mail. Ordinarily it has been a fortnight since Jane has written, but his confidence goes on undaunted. Even before the door of the room bursts open, the happy fool can be heard shouting, "I got a letter! I got a letter!" in the hall. His appearance in the room wearing an "I told you she would write" smile, is answered by a chorus of "it must be a Dear John" from the gang that congregates there. This last remark affects the victim in only one way. It causes him to throw back his head and laugh until his throat and lungs are exhausted. But it's a short lived laugh. In fact it last only as long as it takes the reader to tear open the envelope and glance at the caption. In place of the expected, "Hi Sweetie, Honey or Sugar," there staring up at him, are the two most ugly words ever to be put on paper, "Dear John." The robust laugh is replaced by a feeble excuse for a smile. The voice that says, "I guess you guys were right," is a bit on the shaky side, somewhat resembling the squeak of new chalk on a damp blackboard, and the last trace of healthy coloring is suddenly drained from the face of our hero. John has stopped laughing, but everyone else in the room is just beginning to enjoy himself, and unless one of them can regain his senses long enough to grab John before he can reach the sleeping pills in the medicine cabinet, it's entirely possible that they may have an extremely burdensome corpse on their hands.

They say that time heals all wounds, and after a lengthy period of two or three minutes John appears in full control of the situation now confronting him. Down comes the picture on the shelf, and out of the trunk come the many letters of happier days gone by. Some of them are torn to scraps. The more interesting along with the final letter are posted on the bulletin board for all to observe and compare. Then up go the sleeves, and out of the lockers come the visor caps. The gamblers are giving odds on who the next lucky loser will be.

To John, it's all a memory now. He has taken the punch on the chin and come out smiling. Of course it's not for us to say, but is that smile a smile or a clever front? I could probably answer that question now, but I'm not sure my explanation would be accepted as entirely correct. However, maybe in a week or two I will be a little better qualified to answer it. For you see, today, I too was christened "John" and the numbness hasn't worn off as yet.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MASCOT

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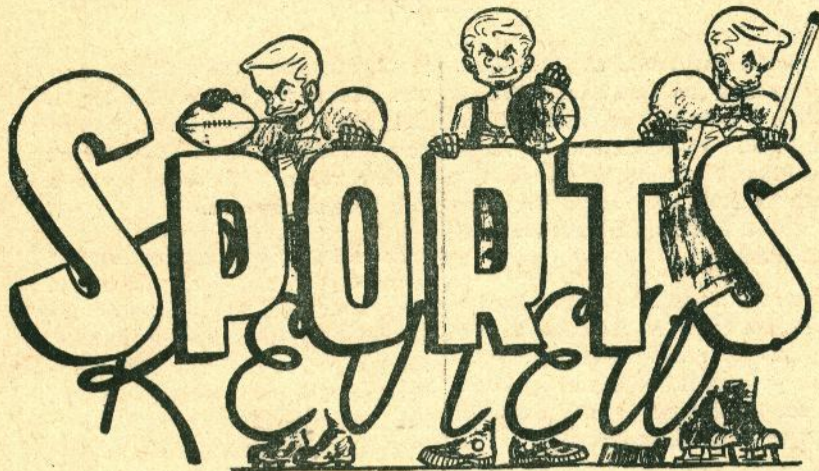
EAGLES

RAMS

BEARS

254 SHOPPING DAYS TILL
CHRISTMAS

SAINTS SUNK 9-3—HAD 2 GOAL LEAD



By FRANK POTTIE

After some 20 years away from the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate Hockey final playoffs, St. Mary's University finally did it. They coasted past Dal in the semi-finals and then met St. FX in the crucial finals. In the first game the battling Santamarians looked very sharp, as they opened up a two goal lead going into the final game of the two game total goal series in Antigonish. After the first game it looked as though the Saints might dethrone the X men from an 11-year stand, however the Antigonish crew were not to be outdone. They came back and handed St. Mary's a 9-3 beating, and held on to their crown.

A big pat on the back should go to the SMU squad for their valiant effort this year. They were a team packed full of determination, spirit and drive, installed in them by Coach Bob Hayes. Hayes, in his second year as pilot, proved what could be done with a hockey team, which is not so much improved over last year, as far as player strength is concerned. There shouldn't be too much of a letdown feeling amongst the team or the supporters, for they proved to be a threat all year, and we think that this is something for a University of this size, as compared with that of St. FX and Dalhousie. So with all this behind us let's start looking to the future and next year especially, and keep in mind that the leaders can't hold on forever.

* * *

As long as we are passing out best wishes let's not forget our two fine basketball teams. St. Mary's, this year having a freshman packed Varsity team, did hold their own even though they were beaten out in the semi-finals by a 100% improved Acadia team. The new faces, although some of them were standouts in their own right, had to make the jump from High School ball to College ball and in a new league. Now that they have the feel of the Nova Scotia circuit, we are sure that much better things are forthcoming. Another factor was that St. Mary's had a major rebuilding job, while the powerhouse from St. FX were still at full strength and Acadia came up with the most powerful team that we have seen come out of Wolfville for a very long time. Next year it looks like "X" will have the job of restocking also, as they stand to lose two of the finest players the league has ever seen in Bob Moran and Davenport.

The Junior Varsity should also be congratulated for their fine display in SMU's first attempt at a JV team. They stayed around the top all year, and at one time had a six-game winning streak to their credit. Play is still going on in the Senior "C" League, but whatever the outcome St. Mary's can say that they made their mark in every thing they entered this year, even though they did not cop any honors of note, to date.

A.A.A.

The first Intercollegiate Volleyball Tournament was held at the Stadacona Gymnasium on March 4 and 5 with Saint Mary's placing third out of a field of five. Mount Allison clinched 1st place but, lost their only game to Saint Mary's.

Turning to Interfac Sports the Basketball league schedule finished March 6 with the Arts squad taking first place with 5 wins and one loss. The squad lost their only game to a rejuvenated Science quintet by the score of 43-28. In the other league game Engineers won by default over Commerce. The semi-finals start next Sunday with Arts playing off with Commerce and Science with Engineers.

Engineers and Science are in a neck and neck battle for first place as they tangle on March 10 in the final game of the hockey schedule. On March 1 Engineers beat Commerce 7-5 and on March 7 Commerce beat Arts 12-6.

In volleyball Arts and Engineers are in a tie for first place and it is quite hard to pick a winner now as

DROP TITLE TO X

By G. D. FRECHETTE

With their backs to the wall as they were two points behind going into the final game, Saint Francis Xavier poured on everything they had to whip the Saints 9-3, to retain the NSIHL championship for the 11th consecutive year. The loss was a hard blow for the Saints as this marked the first time since the early 40's that they have reached the finals.

HOCKEY				
	G	W	L	Pts.
Engineers	4	3	1	6
Commerce	4	2	2	4
Arts	4	1	3	2

Volleyball				
	G	W	L	Pts.
Arts	10	7	3	7
Engineers	8	7	1	7
Commerce	6	2	4	2
Science	8	0	8	0

Basketball (Final)				
	G	W	L	Pts.
Arts	6	5	1	10
Science	6	3	3	6
Engineers	6	2	4	4
Commerce	6	2	4	4

The X men had the advantage as they played on their home ice which is an unofficial size rink. The Saints being used to a lot of room around the nets found themselves very crowded in the small rink.

The X men led all the way, in one of the hardest fought battles of the season. Netminders Stirling and MacDougall highlighted the game with many good saves.

The Xaverians jumped into a quick lead when Dube scored from a scramble with the period less than two minutes old. By the end of the period X led 3-1, tying the round at 6-6.

A repeat of the first period marked the second as X again outscored the Saints 3-1 as the latter couldn't control the puck and were hit hard, and in the final session X added three more to the Saints' one.

Marcel Dube led the assault with a hat trick and Greg McDougall short a pair and singles to Hicks, Kennedy, Hughes and MacIntyre. Manning, Dauphinee and Sullivan scored for SMU in that order, one in each period.

NOTES:

Congratulations to coach Bob Hayes for the fine work he done with the team and reaching the finals of the league. He provided some great hockey games which has not been witnessed by the fans for a long time and we hope to see a lot more in the future. Congratulations also to the team for the great thrillers we have witnessed and although you have not won the championship you have gained the respect of the University. May we see you all next season.

In first game, won by Saints 5-3, MacDougall gets a hand from K. Kelly and Gorman.



In second game at Antigonish, Scanlon waits for a rebound as Stirling eyes puck.

A successful World Refugee Year could mean the re-establishment of some 28,000 handicapped refugees. World Refugee Year is their great hope.

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'59-'60 SAINTS, Front Row: Bob Dauphinee, Carl "Souple" Kelly, Jim Sullivan, Dave Cashen, Robert Hayes (Coach), Reg MacDougall, Clary Flemming, Ernest Page, John Kelleher, John Roach. Back row (left to right): Dewey O'Neil, Trainer, Joe Scanlon, Bill Gorman, Roy Velemirovich, Gerry Power, Ken Kelly, Tony Manning, Pat Furlong, Dick Connolly, Mike Driscoll, Gerry West, Ass. Trainer.