

THE JOURNAL

TO STRIVE,
TO SEEK,
TO FIND

VOL. 55 NO. 18

SAINT MARY'S

MARCH 1, 1990

Election Results

Morrison Moves Up, Bond Steps In, Kesebi Repeats



Executive Elections on February 13 & 14th drew a surprising number of voters

By Sarah Eaton

On February 14 and 15 elections were held for SMUSA Executive positions

resulting in wins for Ian Morrison, Dave Bond, and Oktay Kesebi.

The races were close with all candidates tramping the

hustings hard during their campaign week.

A total of 1123 of a possible 7008 students voted in the elections. This represented approximately 16% of all students who were eligible to vote; a 3% increase in voter participation over last year. An increase in student population and very competitive campaigns were credited with the increase.

It is believed that a higher increase was not achieved because of the days chosen for the elections. This year ballots were cast on Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday saw 800 people voting while only 323 voted on Thursday.

Elections next year are expected to take place on Tuesday and Wednesday.

There were a total of four polling stations around campus: Loyola Collonade,

Science building catwalk, Patrick Power Library, and the Students' Centre lobby.

Ian Morrison, VP Administration and President Elect stated that the Loyola poll is always the most popular as it is the one at which many of the residence students vote on their way to or from classes.

Morrison stated, "It's a very nerve-wracking experience but [the elections] were very fairly run. As a candidate, I was satisfied with the elections themselves. The competitiveness of the campaigns added a flavor and spirit that SMU has lacked over the past few elections."

"As for my win, I am honoured to have been given the mandate as President for the coming year. I have worked with a team for two years that has contributed a great deal but there remains a lot to be

accomplished...Now we must get on resolving the issues and facing the challenges."



President Elect Ian Morrison

accomplished...Now we must get on resolving the issues and facing the challenges."

Dave Bond was elected Vice President Administration, replacing Morrison, and Oktay Kesebi was re-elected to the position of Vice-President Student Affairs.

See Election Results
Page 7

Iona Campagnolo Speaks At SMU

By Ryan Van Horne

Iona Campagnolo, former President of the Liberal Party of Canada, spoke to a modest crowd in the Alumni Lounge last Monday afternoon. Campagnolo is touring in support of Liberal leadership candidate Paul Martin, Jr.

"Leadership campaigns are usually not done in this way," said Campagnolo who said Martin's previous obscurity was one reason why she is campaigning on his behalf.

"Two months ago, he (Martin) was at eleven percent in the polls, now he is at forty-one percent," Campagnolo said.

She repeatedly stressed Martin's business experience in his own multinational shipping firm that was

struggling until Martin decided to tap into the international market. "This is the course we must take as Canadians," Campagnolo said, "we must start our own international companies to compete" in the burgeoning international market.

Campagnolo also commented on the rejuvenation of the Liberal Party which hit an all-time low in September 1984. "The Conservative's move to the right has allowed the Liberal party to reoccupy the political centre," she said. Not one to be one-sided, she also commented on the New Democratic Party saying that governments cannot only be distributors of money, they must also be generators. "If Canadians only wanted a redistributor of income, we would have elected Ed Broadbent a long time ago."

The Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement, which dominated the last federal election campaign, is still a point of contention with the leadership hopefuls.

Martin, should he be elected Prime Minister, would seek renegotiation in at least five areas of the agreement. The two major ones are a mechanism that would prevent U.S. takeover of companies vital to the Canadian economy and a definition of subsidies that is acceptable to Canadians.

Another contentious issue in the last campaign was the Meech Lake Constitutional Accord.

Paul Martin, Jr., who is a Member of Parliament for Lasalle-Emard in working class Montreal, supports the accord. Campagnolo, said Martin is concerned about the survival of the French language in North



America. She called Quebec "an island and that there are definite fears that Quebec may end up like Louisiana." When asked about a province such as Newfoundland, which has a very distinct culture, she said "they don't consider their culture as being under any threat because it is a vital and strong culture."

Martin was the first person

to bring up the idea of a parallel accord last February in Newfoundland and "was shot down" according to Campagnolo. Now the idea is gaining support.

Martin will be in Halifax, April 22 and 23, for the Atlantic Forum, one in a series of debates the Liberal Party is holding in its quest for a new leader.

Registrar's Notes

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

The final edition of the Final Formal Examination schedule for 1989-90 is now being prepared and will soon be posted on the Information Board located at several dif-

ferent locations on campus. Please check carefully, especially for revisions which have occurred since the draft of the schedule was posted. automatically awarded upon withdrawal from a course. The same pivotal date for second semester courses (i.e. designated as .2) is Monday, March 12.

COURSES IN SUMMER SESSIONS

The tentative timetable for the two summer sessions at Saint

Mary's is now available from the Office of Continuing Education, MM101. As soon as the final edition is published, registration will commence. The dates for Summer Session I are 14th May to 29th June; for Summer Session II, 3rd July to 17th August.

Students who intend to take a course or courses at another institution during the summer months in the hopes of transferring the credit earned back to Saint Mary's are

referred to academic regulation #21, page 27 of the Academic Calendar. The necessary forms to request a Letter of Permission are available in the Registrar's Office.

GRADUATION

The graduation fee of \$20.00 can be paid from now to 27 April 1990 at the Business Office. Please obtain a receipt and take that receipt to the Registrar's Office in order for the number to be retained on file. The receipt itself is to be presented at the time when the academic gowns are distributed to eligible graduating students.

Students who do not plan to participate in Convocation are asked to file an Application to Graduate in Absentia with the Registrar no later than Friday, April 22, 1990.

A very special feature of Convocation 1990 will be a **CAMPUS AT HOME** on Monday afternoon, 7 May 1990 from 2:30 to 4:00 p.m. Graduates are invited to bring their guests back to campus to meet with faculty and administrative officers, to enjoy light refreshments, and to wander around the facility. Watch for more details closer to graduation.

NO MORE EARLY REGISTRATION

Early registration is a thing of the past at Saint Mary's. Although the August and September registration periods will remain the same, the title "Early Registration" will be replaced with "August Registration" to differentiate it from "September Registration."

There will still be a small late registration period to help students who were unable to attend either of the regular registration sessions, such as international students who have problems with immigration.

MARKETING SOCIETY ELECTIONS

Open to all Marketing Students. Nomination Forms available at the SUB Info Desk (Marketing Society mailbox)

Positions:

- * President
- * Vice President (2)
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- * Secretary

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March 7, 7:30 p.m. Loyola L-155

All students welcome

THE JOURNAL

"The Race is not always to the swiftest, but to those who keep on running."

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Ryan Van Horne

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Sarah Eaton

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ARTS EDITOR

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The Journal is the official student newspaper of Saint Mary's University and receives funding from you, the students, through the Saint Mary's University Student's Association (SMUSA).

The Journal is a non-partisan newspaper dedicated to serving the university community. The opinions expressed in this newspaper, whether explicit or implied, are those of the individual writers and not necessarily those of The Journal, its members, or its advertisers.

The Journal welcomes submissions from any member of the university community, provided they are typed. The Journal reserves the right to refuse or edit submissions that contain: racist, sexist, or libellous remarks; or written attacks of a strictly personal nature.

THE DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS IS MONDAY AT NOON, FRIDAY AT NOON FOR PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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SMUSA To Provide FAX Service

By Sarah Eaton

On February 12, 1990 the Students' Association added a little technology to its offices: it purchased a Facimile (FAX) Machine. The \$2500.00 investment is expected to have paid for itself in two and a half years. The machine is accessible to all students and societies and it is hoped that students will take advantage of the opportunity to use the FAX to relay and receive any information that is needed, said SMUSA VP Administration Ian Morrison.

By now, most other universities' student unions and associations, already have a FAX machine and SMU is behind in this capacity. Morrison states, however, that the FAX machine is already being used extensively and much time and money has been saved by not having to mail out information or having to call people to get a message to them. The FAX machine saves money on courier bills and photocopies and saves time in phone calls and the typing of letters and documents. The machine was paid for by

SMUSA and any student can send or receive from the FAX.

Morrison stated that the machine will be particularly useful for international students who FAX material to their parents or friends in their home country. Also, inter-city and

metro FAXes are fast, efficient methods of getting information to and from various businesses. That can mean the difference between getting a job or contract or not getting it.

All FAXes sent from the SMUSA office cost \$1.00 per

page and international FAXes will be a slightly higher price. All FAXes received will be free. Material to be FAXed can be dropped off to Rosemary Stanislaw, SMUSA Executive Secretary during regular business hours.

Condom Machines Installed

By Colin MacMillan

A drive by the Students' Representative Council to have condom dispensers installed on campus has been successful. Two machines were installed during the Spring Break; one in

each of the washrooms of the Gorsebrook Lounge.

Keith Hotchkiss, Director of Student Services, was not surprised.

"We re-assessed our position on it [the machines],"

he explained. "We had introduced a policy on AIDS last year and despite some misgivings we feel that, given the issue today, we thought we should give it a go and see how it worked out."

Environmental Group Formed

By Colin MacMillan

A number of Saint Mary's students serious in their concerns for the environment have formed a campus group urging people to become involved in protecting the environment.

"Our object is to promote environmental awareness and action on and around the campus," says Thea Wilson-Hammond, a member of the infant society. Wilson-Hammond's concern stems partially from the history she and her family have in organic farming.

A release from group representative, Lisa Mitchell, outlines the aims of the Environmental Concern Group and urges other interested people to act.

"On February 9, 1990 a group of Saint Mary's students go together and decided that they were concerned enough to act. Concerned about what? These students are concerned about their environment; they're concerned about the ozone layer, the destruction the rain forest, global warming, and acid rain. However, there was an even stronger concern for what they could do to help. The decision made was that the best place to start is in their own backyard. So here we are and we need your help," Mitchell writes.

She stresses that there is a lot that can be done right here at Saint Mary's.

"We need awareness and education," she says, "we need to cut down on our consumption of disposable waste; we need to recycle; we need to reduce our use of

chemicals, such as commercial cleaning products; most importantly we need to cooperate."

"We are far from perfect, but every little bit counts and if there are enough of us that will take a step toward a healthier environment than that little bit will grow and it will make a difference. So, if the big picture depresses you because you feel it is too big for you to do anything, stop looking at the big picture and start thinking about how much you can do right in your own backyard."

The group is presently discussing an affiliation with the national student association Canadian Students Pugwash, but is unsure that the Pugwash primary goal of promoting the responsible use of science agrees with their own.

Plans for this semester include speakers, such as environmentalist Lois Corbett, who will speak on March 15th at 7:00 pm in Room L246, and regular meetings. The next gathering of the group will be March 5 in the Special Functions Room of the Student Centre.



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NEWS

Acid Rain Continues To Plague Nova Scotia

By Jacqueline Langille

Nova Scotia has the worst case of acid rain in North America and 70 percent of it comes from New England, says Lois Corbett, co-director of the Ecology Action Centre, in Halifax. Corbett is also part of a committee monitoring the progress of the Canada-U.S. acid rain agreement, which has been stalled for many months.

"It sounds like normal rain and it looks like normal rain, so it's an invisible problem, but everyone in Nova Scotia knows about it," says Corbett, who has been involved in the campaign to stop acid rain for six years. Just knowing about this environmental threat is not enough.

One way to spur the public into action is through

graphic illustration of the pollution and its consequences such as in the National Film Board of Canada production "Acid Rain Requiem." This film, which Corbett showed recently at the Halifax Regional Library, has been banned in the United States and was labelled as foreign propaganda.

"Earth did not come with a book of instructions. We're learning by trial and error and acid rain is one of our miscalculations," says the narrator, as images of flowing streams, forests and wildlife fill the screen. It is a well-made film with some startling things to say.

Acid precipitation: dew, drizzle, sleet, snow and rain, started when man learned how to burn. North Americans consume more energy than any other continent and this releases pollutants containing sulfur dioxides and oxides of nitrogen into the air. These oxides react with water vapor in the air to form sulfuric and nitric acids.

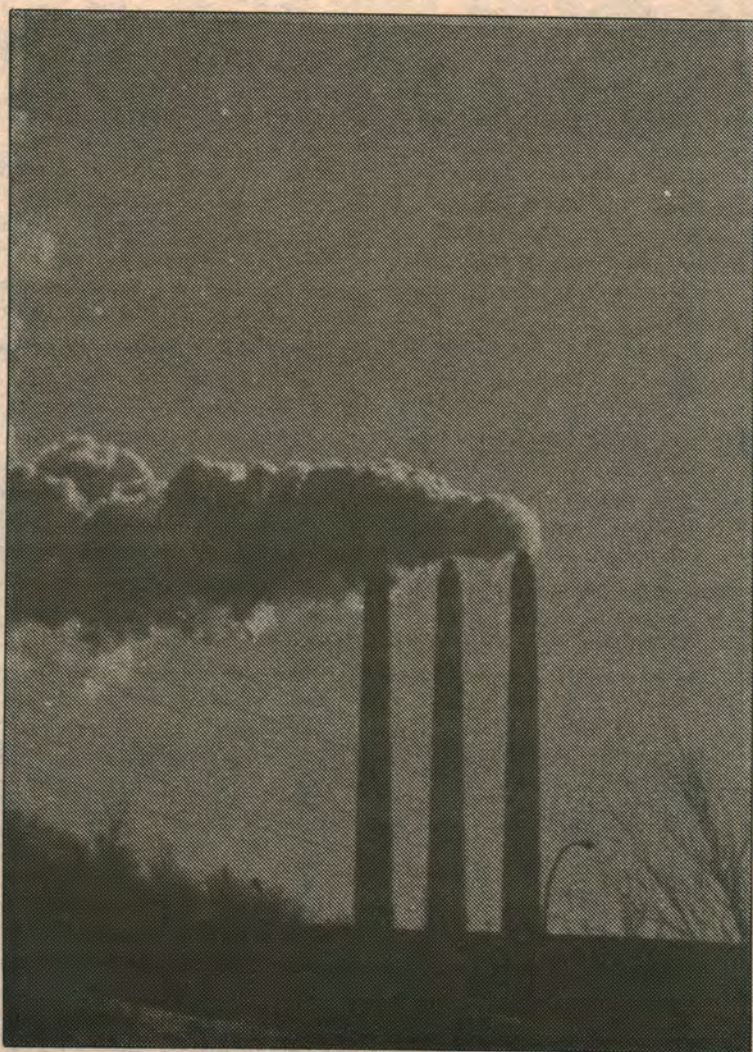
Both Canada and the USA have been using the sky as a garbage dump for generations. The two countries combined pump 60 million tons of pollution into the air each year.

"Unlike cancer, we know the cause and cure for acid rain," continues the narrator. The American Lung Association recently released a study which states that 50,000 deaths per year in the United States are attributed to acid rain, added Corbett.

The disappearance of life because of the acid accumulation in lakes and streams is the first signal that something is terribly wrong. Ironically acid lakes are clear and blue and empty: a wet desert. Nine rivers in Nova Scotia no longer support populations of Atlantic Salmon.

"We have the technology to clean it up, but it won't be solved by technology alone," says Corbett. "It's not only a problem of science, but of politics. We must have a dialogue on this subject between the two countries."

Acid rain is not just an environmental problem anymore. It has become a political and social issue between Canada and the United States. People know about it, but they must change this knowledge into action which will help find a solution to the pollution that is killing Nova Scotia's lakes and forests.



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Novanet: New Catalogue System Catching On

By Terrilee Bulger

Novanet, the fully integrated, automated cataloguing system is an 'on-line' catalogue listing the books, serials, government documents, and electronic media material held by the five Halifax universities: Saint Mary's, Dalhousie, Mount Saint Vincent, Technical University of Nova Scotia, and Nova Scotia College of Art and Design.

Ron Lewis, Saint Mary's librarian, states that there is no other system like it in Canada.

"We have five universities using one shared system. That is unique," he boasts.

Since Novanet is a shared system the costs of maintenance are shared by the five institutes using it. The purchasing and operating costs are based on a percentage formula where universities pay on a cost per student ratio.

The cost is reviewed each year as student population increases.

"Students are catching on to this two year old system very well," Lewis feels. "They can find what they are looking for easier. The card catalogue was intimidating; with the computer, they don't have to know the whole cataloguing process."

All acquisitions since

1977 are in the Novanet system. Created over the last thirteen years, the Novanet system has gone from card catalogues to micro-fiche to on-line public access and is looking at compact disks for the future.

While Lewis finds the system "exciting", he feels that response time is not as fast as desirable.

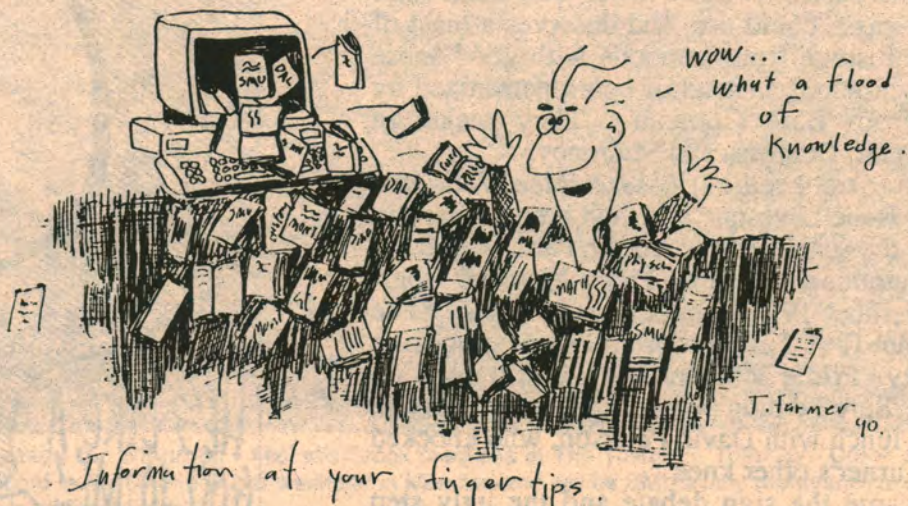
"The maximum is excluded," he states. "We are looking to get an additional process which would increase response time". This additional system, known as Boolean searching, accesses a mammoth data base.

"It pulls two things together to really narrow down your search," Lewis explained. "Unfortunately, we don't have the computing power yet. We will probably have it in the next year."

Novanet is a simple system to use, Lewis believes, explaining that it provides traditional points of access as well as access by key word and number. Lewis would like to encourage students to get the full benefit of such a system.

"We're always concerned that students aren't getting the full advantage," Lewis says, encouraging students who have questions not to hesitate to ask.

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EDITORIALS

Meech Lake: A Can Of Worms

Once again the debate over the Meech Lake Constitutional Accord has reared its ugly head--this time in the Liberal Leadership race.

Where is Pierre Trudeau when you need him. Robert Bourassa could use, and deserves a blast of fire and brimstone from someone with good sense and a French name, instead of being patronized by the boy from Baie Comeau. They make an interesting pair: Bourassa and Mulroney.

Bourassa, trounced out *L'Assemblée Nationale* in 1976 by René Levesque and then brought back in 1985 from the scrap heap when the Parti Québécois could field nothing better than Pierre-Marc Johnson.

In November 1988 Bourassa made history as he became the first Liberal premier to support a Conservative Prime Minister in a Federal Election campaign. Sure he didn't come right out and say it, but he had lunch with David Peterson, who knocked out John Turner's other knee.

Then came the sign debate and the ugly step sister of Levesque's language bill, Bill 178. It's wonder Bourassa was able to take credit for this absurdity and still defeat Claude Parizeau. Not that Parizeau is anything special, but you have to wonder--even the average Quebecer--whether someone who comes up a piece of legislation such as Bill 178 has his head screwed on right.

Then there is Mulroney. Yes, the boy who used to sing on the knee of the President of the Iron Ore Company, who later became President of said company and oversaw the closure of the mine and the town. You have to wonder about the "mettle" of someone like this. Sure there wasn't a hell of a lot he could do about the plant, but you wouldn't catch me singing "Dearie" on an American's knee, no matter how much they paid me.

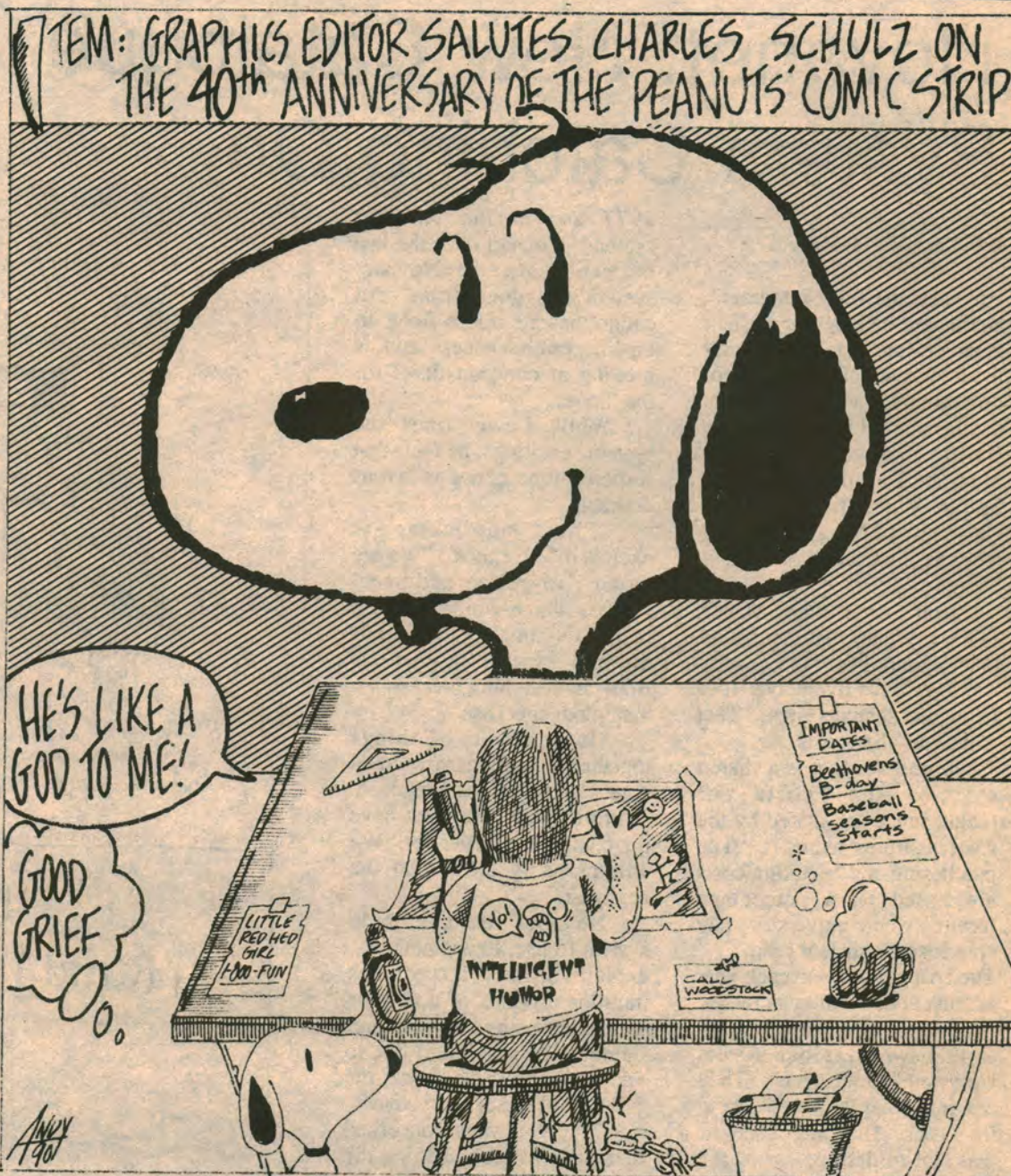
If ever two politicians were in "cahoots", these two are. Quebec has gone Conservative, overwhelmingly, in the last two federal elections; the first time because everyone wanted the Liberals out, the second time because Mulroney promised them Meech Lake.

No matter what anyone tells you, do not believe for a second that Quebec is a distinct society deserving of special constitutional status. I lived there for ten years and they watch "Dallas", with English dubbing, vacation in Wildwood, New Jersey, and go shopping in Plattsburgh, New York. They drink Pepsi, eat hot dogs 'toasté' or 'steamé' and they love American Football.

Yes they have their own Civil Code, but what significance does that have? It means law students have to buy books printed by the Quebec government instead of Carswell. Big Deal, the Civil Code is so archaic and influenced by seventeenth century catholic laws that it makes the Vatican look like a biker gang.

Paul Martin, Jr. is Jean Chretien's closest rival for the Liberal leadership. Chretien is a holdover from Trudeau's era, while Martin is part of the new breed. Canada needs Jean Chretien.

Ryan Van Horne
Editor



Letters

Dear Editor,

It is astounding that the last issue of *The Journal* featured the great condom dispenser debate over the release of freedom fighter Nelson Mandela. Mr. Mandela was jailed twenty-seven years ago for fighting back against the South African whites who have subjected men, women, and children to the indignities of poverty and physical violence for centuries now. But this is old news, surely the world looks upon this type of system based on ethnic segregation with loathing and disgust by now...

At the rally in Halifax celebrating Mr. Mandela's release, the predominant theme among the crowd (as was expressed in an article last issue by Ayesha Adhawi) was "Freedom in South Africa and

in Nova Scotia." It is a potent statement of truth and one which must be acted upon. While few of us possess the courage and staunch determination of Mr. Mandela, we can become aware of our prejudices and try to change them. Often North Americans brag about being civilized, sophisticated, and intelligent while they alternately harbour views of ethnic hatred and ignorance. Such hypocrisy must be eliminated before anyone can boast about possessing intellectual sophistication.

In short, I commend those who have discovered their ethnic prejudices and have stamped them out; now I dare those who haven't to search for the courage to try. *Vivre Mandela!*

Robin Oakley

Dear Editor,

Saint Mary's Arts Association sponsored a food drive and information week on behalf of Adsum House, a shelter for homeless women, February 6-8. The response from students, faculty and staff was enormous, raising over \$2000.00 in food and large cash donations for the facility.

The student turnout and participation was incredible. We never expected anything like this.

The Arts Association would like to thank all volunteers and donors for their time and efforts, it was very greatly appreciated. Santamarians have proven they care and are concerned about the community they live in. It is hoped they will keep the spirit soaring.

Trish Jessome

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Ian Morrison	148	127	55	247	577
Spoiled	3	1	1	7	12

Vice-President Administration

Dave Bond	150	135	87	397	769
John Webber	76	66	35	120	297
Spoiled	13	13	2	29	57

Vice-President Student Affairs

Wendy Brookhouse	50	60	48	199	357
Mike Hubley	41	52	21	109	223
Oktay Kesebi	140	96	55	223	514
Spoiled	8	6	0	15	29



This week has been a special week for West Indians at home, especially on the island of Trinidad and Tobago. The island had its annual Carnival this past Monday and Tuesday. Although the main core of Carnival is centered around the costumes and the parade of the bands, the sweetest and most melodious part of Carnival is the Steel Pan. A West Indian Carnival is almost useless without the sound of the pan.

The Steel Pan originated in Trinidad and Tobago and is the only instrument to be invented in the twentieth century. Through the years the music played has evolved from mainly Calypso to the symphonies of Bach and Beethoven as well as the Top 40 music. Almost any contemporary type of music can be played on the instrument.

The pan is still made in the traditional fashion where the main material consists of discarded oil drums. The Steel

Pan is what is known as a poor man's instrument since oil drums are plentiful in Trinidad and Tobago, and it doesn't take much to find one. The base of the drum is hammered into a concave shape so a smooth rounded surface is formed. Once the desired depth is reached the notes and their positions are sketched out with chalk using a template on the surface. Once the shapes have been drawn out they are then etched using a hammer and chisel to make distinct grooves. To provide a Bass pan, the oil drum is left as is. If you remove the top five inches you will get a Tenor

pan which usually carries the main tune of the sound in a band. Other ranges such as Double Tenor, Guitar, and Cello pans can be made with amounts being cut off in varying sizes. After the pan has been cut away the pan is heated and tempered over a fire which stretches the steel that

will later allow the tuner to give the quality required.

Once the pan is cool then the tuning of each note begins. With a hammer in one hand and rubber-tipped pan stick (which is also used to play pan after it is finished) the tuner taps each note until the pan echoes a crisp and tight note. After this the entire pan is chrome-plated and the fine tuning occurs with the use of tuning forks, or more modern equipment. The pan is now ready to play.

Every Carnival there is a competition to decide who is the best band. There are approximately one to two hundred members in a band, and a perfect performance depends on how well the pan is tuned, the synchronization of all the players, and the vitality put into each performance. It is as if the player and pan become one with the result being a harmonious sound that distinctly belongs to the Steel Pan.

Profile

AIESEC's Atlantic Regional Conference

will be held

March 9, 10, 11

at the Glengarry Best Western in Truro.

Entertainment by

Lambert and James and the Swell Guys

Registration forms are available starting March 1 at 8:00 p.m. in L-256 or Room 516, Student Centre
Costs are \$75.00 per person and \$10.00 damage deposit.

By Colin MacMillan



Accepted to Saint Mary's in 1961 as a part-time lecturer in the history department, Elizabeth Chard could have had no idea that she would remain at this university for the next twenty-nine years, let alone spend seventeen of them in a top administrative post in one of the campus' busiest offices.

She has been Registrar since 1973, but has held many other posts as well including History Department Chair, Dean of

Women, and Dean of Residence for Women. She has seen changes in almost every facet of the school and remains one of the most recognized names, if not faces, of Saint Mary's.

The Journal talked with Mrs. Chard about her history with the school. Following are excerpts from that interview.

When Elizabeth Chard came to Saint Mary's she instantly became a part of its history, both as a woman at an almost exclusively male institution and as a non-Catholic staff member in a Jesuit run school. These two factors were overlooked more often than not she says and she quickly cemented herself into the fabric of the place.

The memories of her earlier years at Saint Mary's are peppered with tales which hold interest even for people with little or no affiliation with SMU. Among these is the tale she tells, with some relish, of J. Graftsby, the first full-time female student, who was accepted partly because no one could tell from her name that she was a woman.

"Imagine the horror," she says with a grin.

Chard has witnessed a tremendous number of changes over the years, but says the most notable concern the student population.

The number of students has mushroomed from the roughly 300 when she started here to about 7500 today, and, although the increase has been beneficial, Chard feels that something has been lost in the growth.

"One of the sad things is that I don't know most of the students," she says. "I often say I spend 90 percent of my time on 10 percent of the students." The small numbers in the 60's allowed for more personal interaction between students and faculty, she explains.

She feels that the level of service presently provided to students is starting to slip, in part as a result of insufficient staff increases over the years, but is unsure what could be done to return it to the previous level. Also of concern to her are the students who don't become involved with the school in pursuits other than scholastic. This leaves her wondering how much benefit can be derived from an education that ignores all extra-curricular interests. One of the few times Chard does get a chance to interact with the students comes every year when she undertakes high school recruiting in the Caribbean.

"The last few years one of the things we've been trying to do is to bring together our alumni...with the parents of students who are currently at the university. Some of the parents have, of course, had an opportunity to visit the campus, but many of them haven't. What we've tried to do, with the assistance of the audio-visual department, is show a little bit of Halifax, a little bit of the campus, and, insofar as the students will co-operate the last few years, we've had them taping very brief messages - mostly 'send money' or 'it's so cold here'. The parents really seem to appreciate it. It's also good for our alumni to see the changes on the campus," she says.

One of the subjects on which Chard has definite opinions is sports, and she quickly supports Saint Mary's on the question of its image as a 'jock' university.

"Any university that is going to have a lot of success in one area, regardless of what it is, is going to get a particular label," she says. "There are people who feel that any label for a university that gets them in the public eye is a good label."

"Jock image, or jock label, has a negative image or negative connotation, but I ask you why? Why are we so worried about it?" she questions.

Paramount in her thoughts about the future of Saint Mary's is the idea of the growth of the student population and the overcrowding of departments. Included in this are her concerns regarding the number of disabled students that the school can effectively provide for with the present size physical plant, limited facilities, and present level of commitment by the university.

Although Chard can see areas for improvement and restructuring within the school it is evident that she is, and will remain, a person very dedicated to Saint Mary's.

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Nova Scotia's Chartered Accountants

Leaving With A Lukewarm Reaction

by Suzanne Methôt

Saturday, February 17 saw the concert version performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's *Pirates Of Penzance*. The voices were in top form, Symphony Nova Scotia played excellently as usual, and the material was standard comic fare, such is usually found in Gilbert & Sullivan operettas. The problem was that the concert was hopelessly boring.

The Dalhousie Chorale, joined by members of the Nova Scotia Gilbert & Sullivan Society, was directed by Dr. Walter Kemp, the renowned Halifax choral conductor. The choir filled the back part of the stage, with Symphony Nova Scotia playing directly in front of them. Cramped up at the front of the stage were the solo singers.

The story of the *Pirates Of Penzance* revolves around the pirate apprentice, Frederic, and his upcoming release from a life of piracy (he was mistakenly apprenticed to the pirates until the age of 21, instead of being apprenticed to a pilot, by his nurse, Ruth -- who mistook the word "pilot" for "pirate"). Ruth wishes to marry Frederic, but Frederic has misgivings, as he has never known another woman. Some rather comedic moments in the operetta arise when Frederic questions Ruth as to her beauty in comparison to others -- Ruth is 47, and Frederic is but 21. Frederic soon lays eyes on Mabel, the ward of Major-General Stanley, on her visit to the seashore. Frederic falls in love and cannot wait to renounce his apprenticeship, to marry Mabel and defeat the pirates.

However, several plot-twists later, we discover that Frederic was born on a leap year, on February 29. As such, the pirates say that he is only five birthdays old, and still a pirate. Frederic agrees to honour his duty as apprentice, and returns to their service.

After a few misunderstandings, mistaken identities, and the little white lies that are standard fare in

comic operettas, the ending sees the surrender of the pirates and the pairing off of the couples involved in the story.

The role of Frederic was sung by well-known tenor Glyn Evans; the Pirate King by Ronald Birmingham (bass); Lieutenant Samuel by bass Paul Moreau; Major-General Stanley by Adrian Sly (baritone), and the role of Sergeant of Police was sung by Alan Riches. Soprano Lorna MacDonald, a Nova Scotian now living in New Jersey, performed the role of Mabel, Jane Howlett was Edith, Diane Ashworth was Kate, and the role of nurse Ruth was sung by alto Sharon DeWolfe.

Although all the performers are worthy of praise, coloratura soprano Lorna MacDonald was extremely pleasing in her performance as Mabel. It is no wonder that MacDonald has been the recipient of many awards in the past, and has travelled across the United States and Canada with her singing.

Adrian Sly, as Major-General Stanley, made his humorous way through the tongue-twisting "I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General", sounding every bit like Eliza Doolittle taking a crash course from Professor Higgins.

By far, the amusing and interesting performance came from Alan Riches as the Sergeant of Police. His mannerisms and actions -- such as seeking a hiding place within the orchestra -- were extremely comedic.

The golden voices of tenor Glyn Evans and bass Paul Moreau soared high above the rest of the cast, however. Evans is one of Canada's most renowned tenors, with a long list of past accomplishments, and Moreau is a local performer who has won many awards and accolades for his vocal work. Moreau was recently featured as a soloist with the Dalhousie Chamber Orchestra and Dartmouth Choral Society in a performance of Handel's *Messiah* (Part I).

The singers were all extremely pleasing. However, some technical aspects of the performance made it difficult to appreciate them fully. The strong voices of Lorna MacDonald and Sharon DeWolfe made it easy for their work to be the focus of the female performances, while the other females in the cast were literally drowned out by the sheer volume of the Symphony. It is easy to see how the operatic training and experience both performers possess as being the prime reason as to why they were capable of holding their own against the Symphony. The other women literally sank under the weight of Symphony Nova Scotia.

One aspect of the performance that was particularly galling was the fact that none of the principal performers memorized their singing roles, nor the dramatic speeches in between. The dramatic dialogues were stilted and the performers were sneaking looks in their books in the middle of monologues. Not very professional looking.

The performers tried injecting action into the concert performance. It would have been better had they refrained. There was no operetta set, no costumes, and no dramatic background. If this was to be a concert performance, it should have stayed a concert performance. In fact, the dramatic bits in between the songs could easily have been discarded, as the songs are self-explanatory.

All in all, the performance was a capable one, but still, a luke-warm reaction persists. One found oneself staring at the choir, staring at the orchestra, admiring the dresses of the female leads, and the suits of the males. Gilbert & Sullivan operettas are light fare, as the title "operetta" implies. As such, one finds it difficult to imagine that the music can stand capably on its own. A full-fledged production might have been better, but such as it was, it was still worthy of a night out at the Cohn.



I'm back in the saddle again, kids, riding off into the sunset...but I'm leaving all you faithful readers with, once again, more reviews to leave you amazed that some Graphics Editor with a crappy Sprint can get my wank opinions in print. But believe it, its true, and as long as the videos keep getting released, I'll be here to either trash 'em or praise 'em.

Howling V: The Rebirth, 1989, Restricted, 99 Minutes. Stars: Philip Davis, Victoria Catlin.

I was certainly expecting massive disappointment from this over-sequelized series, which has been retreaded to death. I mean, the original *Howling* is a classic, but Parts II-IV bite the big, silver bullet. In this flick, 500 years after a violent, savage slaughter in a European castle took place, a diverse and mysteriously selected group of people are invited to partake in the castle's re-opening. But as a snow storm isolates the group from any help, and many unholy deaths ensue, the survivors must race to kill the beast that has dwelled in them for centuries. The gore in this movie is terminally low, but the high feeling of pervading doom and tension make up for that. However, these folks in the movie have to be the most moronic I've ever seen. Unfortunately, the only thing that was actually good was me pressing 'stop'. **Rated C+.**

Relentless, 1989, Restricted, 92 Minutes. Stars: Judd Nelson, Robert Loggia, Leo Rossi.

Thank God, finally a role tailor-made for Judd Nelson (*Breakfast Club, From The Hip*). I mean, if he doesn't play a psychotic nutcase to perfection, I don't know who does. He even comes close to Anthony Perkins' Norman Bates. If I might say, Buck Taylor (Nelson) is finally pushed over the edge of sanity after having been rejected by the police force, combined with his deep-rooted wanting to be like his dear old deceased dad (another psycho and a cop at that). Good old Buck goes on a killing spree -- hacking, stabbing, and strangling people that he looks up in the phone book (and grotesquely "helping" them partake in the morbid death). Enter veteran detective Sam Malloy (Loggia) and newly-transferred rookie Sam Dietz (Rossi) who are taking the case and entering into a spiralling chase of trying to outguess Taylor and his twisted, disillusioned acts of terror. A gripping thriller with only one minor plot screw-up (thanks Cathy). *Relentless* is my pick of the week. **Rated A.**

The Package, 1989, Restricted, 108 Minutes. Stars: Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy, Tommy Lee Jones.

It all seemed perfectly simple: Sergeant Zack Gallagher (Hackman) has to escort a package back to the States from Russia. The package in question is one wayward officer to be prosecuted in the States for a simple assault charge. But when Gallagher loses his package by means of a suspicious attack, the trail he follows culminates into his realization that there is an assassination plot in his midst, and it centres around the arrival of Soviet Minister Gorbachev in Chicago. The only problem is, there is no one to trust since this devious plan has been masterminded by high ranking officials who are taking no chances that their plot will be uncovered. So only Gallagher, his wife, and a friend stand between a sniper and a marked man. So-so action flick, Hackman (who seems to make films like sandwiches) skips through another. This one just doesn't cut the mustard. Not recommended, kids. **Rated D+.**

So once again, before I yell "hi ho silver away", I'd just like to wish all you happy penguin lovers "good day" and be good (and if you can't be good, don't name it after me), be bad, but please oh please brush and floss daily. Aloha!

1 AISLE ROW CC SEAT 2	<p>SYMPHONY NOVA SCOTIA Rebecca Cohn Auditorium DALHOUSIE ARTS CENTRE</p>	<p>RETAIN AND GOOD ONLY SATURDAY EVE. FEB. 17 Kerr-Argue - Cambridge</p>	LEFT BALCONY	<p>SYMPHONY NOVA SCOTIA Rebecca Cohn Auditorium DALHOUSIE ARTS CENTRE</p>	<p>RETAIN AND GOOD ONLY SATURDAY EVE. FEB. 17 Kerr-Argue - Cambridge</p>	LEFT BALCONY	<p>1 AISLE ROW CC SEAT 2</p>

Till Death Do You Part

By Marcel Bellussi

It had been warm these past few days in June, both in the day and evening. They slept with the windows open, it was quiet and you could hear the sounds of all the movements from outside. The street they lived on, if you could call it that, was only half-paved and the rest of the road which led to their homes was a dirt road. Each house in the area was more or less the same, built in haste with little care or attention for contemporary design. Four walls and a roof, it was enough. Their house was on top of the hill, it had two bedrooms and a kitchen. Their eldest son lived with them. (Down the road in a one bedroom version of the same house lived their daughter with her husband.)

She couldn't sleep, so she just lay there, watching her husband's large gut go up and down as he inhaled and exhaled. The red digital numbers on the clock radio showed it was four, in two more hours it would be time to get up and start the daily routine.

The open window allowed voices from the outside to enter and catch her attention. They weren't the voices of people walking by in the early morning, even at this small distance she could hear and recognize the voice of her son-in-law yelling at her daughter. She knew this to be so, because it was a frequent event, also knowing that in a few more seconds that he would hit her, as he always did, maybe as he always had.

"They're fighting again," she said aloud, but no one heard her.

Getting up from his bed, her eldest son went to the washroom and urinated with the door open. He wouldn't think anyone was awake at this hour, so why bother to close the door, she thought to herself.

"They at it again?" he said as he walked back to his room.

"They at it again?" he said a little louder.

"Yes," she replied.

She focused her eyes on the two red dots on the clock radio

that separated the numbers from each other. In a few more seconds she knew what was to come, the sound of her daughter screaming and something being broken in their house. Sometimes he hit her so hard it sounded the same as when you get hit with a wet towel across the legs.

The next morning the three of them sat at the table drinking coffee, no one said anything to the others for a time.

"What was all that commotion last night?" her husband asked.

"Nothing," she replied, staring out the window.

"Musta been something, the way the both of you were chattering."

"He was beatin' her up again," the eldest son said.

His father didn't say anything else, he only sighed and rolled a cigarette.

Around eight a.m., the eldest son saw his brother-in-law drive by in his pick-up truck that had only one cap. He often did extra work on Saturdays, but the extra money was usually gone by Sunday morning. Not too long after he had driven by, the daughter came and knocked on the door, then entered. She tried to hide her face with her long hair, but the bruises on her left arm gave her away. They stood up and looked at her.

"Come 'ere," her father said. She didn't move.

"Come 'ere!" he yelled.

"Don't yell at her!" The mother came between the two.

"Come here dear, and let me look at you." When she walked around the table, her father moved the hair away from her face, revealing, where there should have been an eye, a large blue and purple bruise that was inflated. And there was dry blood stuck to her ear which led a trail down her neck. (Through her open blouse he could see the bruises on her breast.)

Her mother could only embrace her daughter as they both began to cry. The father and son could only look at each other and search for the proper response, which neither could find.

"I'm taking her to the hospital."

Her mother grabbed her coat and the keys to the old Chevrolet, and took her daughter by the hand and led the way for her.

The father and son sat at the table, the third chair was empty and there was no Holy Ghost. It would be easy to do, a simple phone call, get him to come out of the house; he wouldn't even know what hit him.

Finally, his truck came around the corner, faster than anyone should have been driving on that road, everyone knew he drove too fast, and everyone saw him that day.

"Call him," he said to the father.

"You ready?"

"Yup."

"Go."

He picked up the phone and dialed the number. It rang four times before he got an answer.

"What?" answered an angry voice.

"I wanna talk to you, come out in the front and I'll meet you there."

"What for?"

"Just do what I say, or else I'll come down there and drag you out." He slammed the phone down.

He looked up and saw his son in the doorway holding his .303 in his hands. The brother-in-law came out of his house and looked around. When he looked up he saw his wife's brother pointing a gun at him. There was only a small flash, and a rippling pain that went through his skull, blowing out the back of his head and splattering parts of his brain over the side of his truck. His body lay there, flat, motionless, dead.

When the police arrived, the body was still there, and everybody agreed that no one had seen anything.

A young man of about 22 sat outside his small house that looked the same as the others; he only had one bedroom. He wore dark sunglasses and a doberman pinscher sat next to him. A police officer approached him and began to question him.

"Hello," the officer said.

The young man looked in the direction the voice was coming from.

"Man was shot up here today, you see anything?"

"I didn't see nuthin'," the young man replied.

"How long have you been sitting out here?"

"Since early this morning."

"Well, I find it real hard to believe that you didn't see anything if you've been out here all day."

The young man looked in the direction of where the voice was coming from, and removed his glasses.

"I can't see anything, I'm blind."

The officer could feel his face turn blood red, as he looked at the young man's eyes that were badly scarred and bruised, robbed of their vision.

"Lost my sight in what the labour union called an 'industrial accident'. But I think they lied to me when they sent me down in the hole, that fuckin' fuse wasn't dead. Labour union ain't got no jobs for blind men."

He leaned over in his chair and stuck his head at the officer. "They ain't got no jobs for dead men either."

The police found the mother and daughter at the hospital, she was in intensive care. Her mother sat by her bed. She stood up when she saw the police.

The officer took off his cap and stepped quietly into the room.

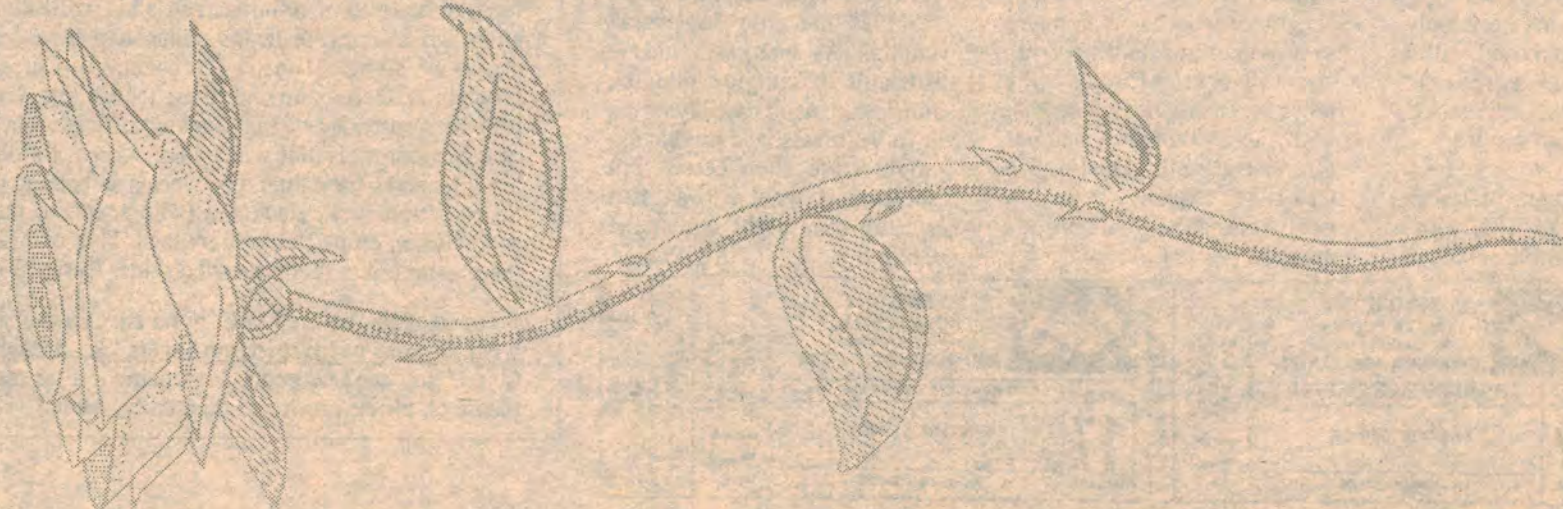
"Ma'am, are you Marie Millward?"

The daughter only nodded her head.

"I'm sorry to tell you your husband was shot dead this afternoon."

She only turned her head away and looked out the window. The officer asked her mother to step out of the room, to ask her a few questions.

Back on the dirt road that was half-paved, a doberman pinscher led the way for a blind man, the youngest son, to his family's house at the top of the hill. ■



Stranger In Suburbia

By Marcel Bellussi

That particular morning was cold, he really wasn't sure if it was the climate or his imagination, but one thing he was sure of was that it was cold. He walked up to the doors of the mall and went into Zeller's, it was his first job in a long time, and it wasn't much of a job, anyway. Just delivering flyers for a few days, it was better than nothing. Passing by the menswear section, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looked old and ragged, scarred. He still greased his hair back the same way as when he was a teenager in the '50s, all slicked back with a ducktail.

Jeannie had gotten him the job, she was a kind-hearted girl, did volunteer work at the church on Sunday evening. That's where she met him, on Sunday night free dinner. He couldn't understand why a pretty young girl would waste time with a bunch of old fools. She went through the trouble to get him the job, so he showed up, he didn't want to let her down. He found the door that said "Manager", and knocked on it.

"Yeah, come in," the voice behind it bellowed.

He opened the door slowly and silently, letting his boots carry him in.

"You the guy Jeannie said'd be comin' for the job?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

The manager sat behind his desk with his arms resting behind his head. His uplifted armpits showed the yellow sweat stains on his white shirt. He was a fat man, with bad teeth and a large black moustache. Getting up from his chair, he looked him up and down.

"You a drunk or somethin'?"

"No sir, I'm on the wagon."

"Is that so? Okay, here's the bag and there are the fliers, you know where to start, when you run out, come back for more. I'll pay you at the end of the day. Jeannie said you probably didn't have a bank account, so I'll pay you in cash."

"Yes, that's right, thank you sir."

He took the bag and filled it with fliers; it looked a little cold and it began to snow outside.

"Pardon me, sir," he said to the manager.

"What."

"You don't have a pair of gloves, do you? It looks a little cold outside."

"A pair of gloves, Jesus Christ! What do I look like, the Salvation Army? Buy a pair when I pay you!"

He got ready to walk out into the cold and start his work, when Jeannie came in and saw him.

"Hi. You came, I'm so glad."

"Yeah well, I thought I'd give it a try."

"It will only be for a few days, but at least it's a start."

"Yeah, I'd better get out there."

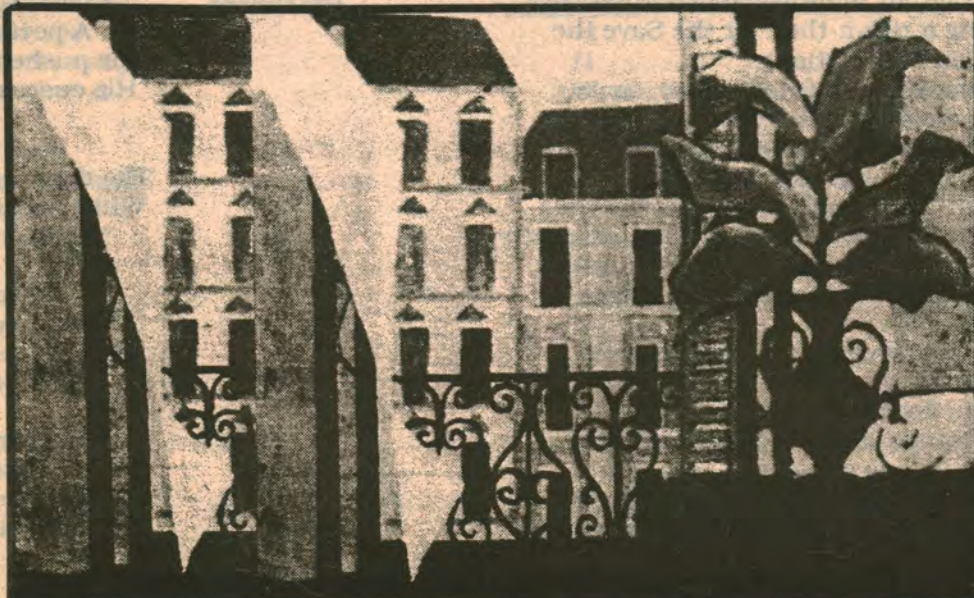
"Okay. Good luck."

The shopping mall wasn't far from the suburban areas, in fact that's why it was built, to serve the suburban areas. He began walking slowly but surely down the street, stuffing fliers into mailboxes. Each home he thought looked the same, even the cars in the driveways looked the same. At times he got confused, and wasn't sure if he had been down the same street twice until he looked in the mailboxes to check.

He didn't see the group of small boys hiding behind the fence, only the dull thud of snowballs which hit him in the head and the back. A woman yelled at them from a doorstep and they scattered.

He repeated the task a few more times until it was late afternoon, he only wanted to collect his money and be off.

Sitting on the little bed at the shelter, he could hear a bus pull away from the corner and a dog bark in the next alley. It just wasn't worth it. He didn't want to disappoint Jeannie, but even a person who has nothing still has a little God-given dignity. He rolled a cigarette and took a drink from a whisky bottle he hid under his pillow. It was the first one he had bought in a long time. Tomorrow he promised himself he would quit again. ■



please be advised

i love you madly
i can't help myself
i have always loved you
i watched you naked every nite
i have no honour
i would have talked you into bed
every time i met you if i had the chance
i am passion's lieutenant for you
i am the sorcerer of lust
don't ever ask me into your house late at nite
i would dissolve off all your clothes
with my majik
while your children nd husband were sleeping
i would give up my black mountain bike
to lie between your thighs for one nite
i would enshrine your body
with a thousand candles nd caresses
i would drink your beauty until i passed out
i am more psychotic than your craziest client
i can never be cured
i will be like this forever
so i hope this is perfectly clear to you
locking your door at nite won't help
i can astral travel nd doors mean
nothing to me
i will be the closet ghost at your death bed
the only way you can save yourself
is to become a shaman like me
only then will you learn to love me
only then can you know all about me
only then can you possibly get free of me
you might even have more power than me
but i doubt it
for i am a raven
trickster and magician
i don't practice high majik
i am high majik
no one talks to you like this
i am the only one who talks to you like this
no one is entranced with you like this
you know who wrote this
you know who i am
i know you are smiling
nd you'll never be the same again

wayne keon

Autumn's Bride

by November lake shore
her handsome groom waits
the altar is dressed in roses
and the preacher floats there freely
music of the morning
signals the beginning of the rite
with gracious steps she walks
in a flowing gown of white
coloured leaves dance around her
as her train rustles through the grass
for an instant
he is weakened by her beauty
and he feels his soul
will burst
softly she reaches for his hand
he forces her
to his chest
and before his heart
can crack
he thrusts her
into the icy water

under the glaze of ice
he sees her ivory face
a tear frozen to her cheek

jill campbell

Gravedigger

From afar, leaning on his shovel,
He stares at the dark, scattered,
cluster.
Does he ever wonder if
Dying can be justified?
(He gets paid so little
How can it)
He's a faithful man,
Always the first to arrive,
And the last to leave,
But the mourners never
Know him.
He'll dig you a home where
You'll spend the rest of
Your dead, decaying, existence.
Never thanked;
Only left alone with
A corpse and a coffin.
A new friend that
Never talks back.

joe deal

Oh Gee!

Plastic seal
for a throw away meal
wrapped in foil
for decreased toil
disposable diaper with convenient elastic
satisfies our love for ease and plastic
a styrofoam cup for your drink
and no more dishes in the sink
everything must be sterile
share your germs, what mental peril!
oh Gee, oh Gee, can you keep this pace?
or is there hope for the sanitary race?

jill campbell

Untitled Poem

Writing a poem is difficult
You don't know quite where to begin
At first you want to write something
meaningful, yet abstract
(I dreamt I saw Suzanne at a
Nicaraguan feminist abortion clinic
having a run-a-thon for the Save the
Whales Foundation)
But the abstract is too prosey, so you
try the old standard rhyming poem
(Fred looked at the arid plain;
He knew then he loved Lois Lane)
But rhyming is obviously not for you,
so you try some descriptive nature poetry
(The azure dolphins weaved in and out
of the tall proud oaks in the silent
wheatfield)
You realize your city environment
has dulled your feeling for nature
So you lay down your pen
And you decide not to write a poem.
You get a cup of coffee
And watch Matt Houston
And ponder angora sweaters in
the Texas heat.

jill punch 1968-1987

Walk In Th

Images from memory fill
An embrace I give mys
Nights talked away in fr
Days of laughter and

Walks in the rain thro
Teeth gleaming in gentle smi
Hands held like they would
Wet hair matted upon
Soogy socks and wet pant

I search for th
To fill the crevice in me th
Has my desire turr
Rainy days aren't so pl

Walks made alone see
Head turned down, h
No veil of emotion up
I walk to where we
My heart shatters as I look upon

peter she

Tribute

Her skilled and beaten hands
grasp another flower - and br
and place the good half in the
the other half lands on the fl
useless. - She reaches for an
puts it aside - reaches for a th
it to fit - "We need the symme
and stuffs the greens along th
carefully - examines her crea
flower - doing - nothing) - and
to the cruel outdoors - to die -
like the person it's being sent
Some tribute.

kelly osborne

Real

Some people can go
Not even being b
Seeing the pain a
On others they hav

A child screams and
A poet dreams an
The pusher pushes an
His customers smile l

I can walk alone
The darkness not hind
While people walk in t
Needing others to sl

A man can sta
Not worrying about
Others look at him b
Look at him with

Some people can go
Not even being
Staying inside all
Wondering if it's

peter she

The Rain

fill me with warmth
myself on cold days
in front of a fireplace
and cool lemonade

through city streets
smiles through the drizzle
could be unnatural apart
upon our foreheads
pays the price we pay

for this now
that itches and burns
turned to dust?
so pleasant anymore

seem much longer
in hand in pocket
upon my features
we last parted
upon the cold, grey headstone

shea

ends
I break the stem - in two -
the arrangement - and
the floor - cast aside -
another - thinks again -
a third - and - shapes
symmetry," she explains -
g the bottom -
creation - (fixes a
and sends it out
lie -
sent to.

go through life
ing bothered
in and strife
have fathered

and a baby cries
and a liar lies
and wonders why
le before they die

one at night
inding my sight
in the light of day
o show the way

stand tall
out falling down
n before they slip
with a frown

go through life
eing seen
all the time
it's a dream

shea

Prayer of the Mystic Warrior

Oh great mystery
and man above,
Hear me now
For I stand before you
Humble and obedient.
Make me strong
to fight my enemies.
Give me strength
to protect my loved ones.
Help me
overcome my weaknesses.

Make
Me
Worthy

wayne keon

Does it really matter
so much
that you look away
when I walk by
or that you cannot
return my smile
or simply acknowledge
that I'm there?
Why is it
when I'm around
you're so defensive
almost afraid
as if by word
or thought or action
I would intend
to harm you
And why can't you
join in
when I laugh
at myself, at what I am
at what people are
and how they react
to each other
Are you so very conscious
of yourself
that you cannot see beyond
the realm of your tiny, tiny existence
into the world as it was really meant to be?
Tell me, does it really make a difference
What colour I am?

ayesha s. adhami

One

What you see and what I see
Have a measure that cannot be
For it is only to one soul
That the breath of life will hold

What I am and what you are
Travellers near and wanderers far
For it is only time and space
That marks our being in the place.

patricia gail hopey

A Deist's Plea For The Future

I
Millions of tires
Like Troy they burn
Their black milk running
Soaking the earth
Mother Earth, life force of all
Drowning beneath the weight
of smokestacks, landfills,
chemicals, and tires
Mother Earth, dead by 2050
If we chose not to act

II
Eliot's Waste Land, trying to die
A wasted world without life
So much beauty ruined
Made dirty from careless abuse
The Rape of Civilization.
Sterility is not important
But continued victimization
Of Her gift means death
"Here is no water but only rock"
And what the Thunder says is

III
If Life is the meeting of past and future
Then we must work together
With memory and desire
To fulfill our promise of a future
For those who have yet to exist.

suzanne methôt

Leaves, Like Soldiers

Leaves
Like soldiers
Fall. Dying
Dead before earth spread
Their veins, drained
Of life's greenness.
They lay
In rotting heaps and bags,
Nourishing the thirsty earth.

Leaves
Like soldier's souls
Windspin upwards
Neither ascending fully,
For heaven already holds
Too many soldiers
And too many
Bleeding leaves.

joe deal

A Measure Of Worthiness

my worth as a person
does not need to be measured
through your eyes
I am strong, I am capable
of more, perhaps, than you
(and this is precisely why
you are frightened)
my worth as a person
does not hinge upon
acceptance of any sort
which you care to give
if playing a role and attaching
myself to you as a dependent appendage
means you'll want me
and will give you a feeling of strength
then I refuse
(and this is precisely why
I am a single woman)

suzanne methôt

Cosmic Wormholes

by Suzanne Methôt

She leaned into the mirror and gazed at the reflection of her face, absently running a finger across one cheek. She didn't agree with her mother's assertion that she was beautiful -- after all, from the time of birth, didn't all mothers think their children were the most beautiful? -- but she did think the face in front of her was marginally okay. It held promise, at least.

Anna has always thought that "beautiful" was a category reserved for those select few who fit the stereotypical dreamboat mode: light hair, blue eyes, fair skin, perfect teeth, round breasts, and a flat stomach. Not to forget long legs and a slight womanly curve of hip or buttock. The Aryan dream. Brown hair (even if it *did* have red and copper highlights), dark eyes, olive skin, and a body made for the farm just didn't cut it in the 1990's, babe. So sorry. Anna cursed her Russian and Lithuanian extraction for the umpteenth time, thinking that she had little use for a body that was made to be in front of a plow. Her mother's voice crept into her head again, with her belief that 'you may have the body of a workhorse, dear, but just remember that the workhorse is healthier and lives longer than the thoroughbred'. Oh shut up, Mother, Anna thought. I don't want to live to be ninety. I want to be beautiful.

Growing up, Anna had noticed that her family was... well, *different*. She grew up with a slightly neurotic Parent From Hell; you know the type, the mother who dusted, vacuumed, scrubbed, and mowed from sun-up to sundown. Anna's mother was a self-professed "smart cookie". (Where *did* mother's get those clichés from, Anna wondered. When Anna had her first child, she automatically assumed that her dialogue would begin to sound like a cross between supermarket romance novels and Mr. Rogers on 'ludes: oh, won't you be my neighbour?) This "smart cookie" of a mother used to delight in making Anna wear a bright red snowsuit when she went out in the cold. So off Anna would trudge, Bugs Bunny lunchkit in hand, on her way to school. Only Canadian kids have the memory: the "wheep, wheep" sound of your legs as you walk in a snowsuit.

So, Anna wheep wheeped happily through her early years, and memorized every single one of her mother's well-worn phrases. Not that she'd want to repeat them to her future children, mind you. She memorized the worst ones so that she would remember *never* to repeat them. Even after all these years of living on her own, Anna's mother would still write her incredibly disorganized letters -- apparently her mother had never mastered the use of the period or of dividing thoughts into paragraphs -- full of recipes,

newspaper clippings, and strange pieces of advice. (Such as how to get grease stains off wallpaper. Anna's flat didn't even *have* wallpaper.)

Anna's major problem was that she worried a lot. She wasn't exactly neurotic... oh come on, just where is the boundary between hypochondria and neuroses?... but she did things like read the health sections in magazines and imprint the stories into her memory for eternity, worrying about them all the while. She had recently read that the aluminum in anti-perspirant caused Alzheimer's Disease. She'd even gone to the health-food and supply store and bought natural roll-on, but it didn't do much of anything. Anna finally decided that she would rather use BAN and risk the possibility of dying a horrible death than smell. Hell, she thought, no major diseases run in our family -- she pictured again the workhorse -- so I'm pretty safe. We had one diabetic marry into the family and she didn't have kids.

Anna had recently realized that she would really have to stop worrying. Her main goal in life was to be successful. You couldn't be successful, at anything, if you were constantly worrying. She worried about her appearance, her work, and her future. She owed her sister the entire GNP of the Western hemisphere. She looked at other women on the street; their clothes, their hair, their men. And worried even more. Anna had terrible hair, old clothes, and no man. So she got out her VISA (she had put it away to discourage its use, but couldn't quite manage to go all the way and cut it up), got a haircut and bought some clothes. Two out of three wasn't bad.

Anna had a few good friends. She continually assured herself that this was enough, and that she didn't need a man. What she really desperately wished for was an exciting life that would sound good when she talked to old acquaintances on the street.

'Oh, Anna, how are you doing lately?'

'Uh, pretty good.'

'How is work?'

'Work? Well. Work is good, yeah, it's steady.' *Steady?* Major dumb word, she thought. Sounds like I'm a clerk at Smart Set.

'That's good, Anna. Good. Well, I'm working for the *Globe And Mail* now, second to the Editor-In-Chief, and I own a condo in the Beaches, my husband is a broker for the exchange, I cook a wholesome meal every night, don't you know, and I have three wonderful children, all blonde. Did I mention that I returned to work three hours after giving birth to Timmy?'

'Uh, no. No, you didn't. Well, have to run now. Bye bye.'

Horrific scenes like that played themselves through Anna's mind constantly. She usually called one

of the aforementioned friends when it got bad.

"Hi, Karen. Talk to me. I'm entering into my 'please world, just disappear' phase and I'm under the covers. Talk me out of bed and into reality."

"I can't. I'm right in the middle of the good part. I'm writing in my journal, all about last weekend with Kevin."

That did it.

"I'm never in anybody's journal," Anna moaned.

Anna decided that she would have to escape her cubby-hole in life and get out there and get into circulation. She was going to start working out at the gym.

When she got there, she had absolutely no idea what she should be doing, so she asked for the 'FREE! One week of free instruction by a certified weight technician, with payment of regular club fees.' Anna wondered what a weight technician was.

"Would you like to take off some of that stuff?" the trainer asked.

Anna had agonized for days over what she should wear to the gym. She finally decided that *nobody* would ever get her into a leotard, so she wore a pair of tights, old track pants that she had stolen from her brother about a decade ago, a man's white v-neck undergarment, a Visit Sunny Mexico t-shirt on top of that, and a sweat-top. Anna was not taking the chance that someone might see her actual flesh -- and her sneakers were definitely not Nike.

"Uh..no, that's okay. Thanks."

A quizzical look from the trainer and she was off.

Four months later, she was replaying the same scene, while her trainer was admonishing her about her eating habits.

"Anna, look. You can work out all you want, but if you don't eat properly, then you're just going to get bigger. The muscle will be underneath everything else."

Anna imagined actual muscle fibre, submerged under her February flesh. She resolved to do better. Then she went to lunch. She pondered the salads; she pondered the fruit plates. Then she ordered fettucini, and chocolate crepes for dessert.

She phoned her mother. Anna always knew that when she needed to make herself feel totally useless as a human being, she could phone her mother. Actually, Anna's 'Parent From Hell' was pretty funny at times. Eccentric, maybe.

"Hi, Mum. Just thought I'd call since I have the time."

"Oh, nice of you to find the time in that busy life of yours." Dig number one.

"Mum, I'm just feeling a little, well, I don't know. A little down. Can I come visit for awhile? I have some holidays coming, and I need to relax."

"Well, of course you know

that you're always welcome, dear. I'll have to bake and put some things away for you. Or are you on another one of those diets of yours?" Mum, two; Anna, zero.

"No, Mum, I'm not on 'another one of those diets of mine.' I'm trying to lose weight sensibly by exercising."

"Sensibly? There is no such thing as losing weight sensibly. If your body needed to lose weight, it would do it. You look fine. Remember, you may have the body of a workhorse, dear, but..."

"AARRGGHH!"

So, Anna took the train to see her mother. She packed a few books in her carry-on bag, and some poems that she had been working on for what seemed like years, and decided that she would at least make a half-hearted effort at looking like a young, professional woman who was on a 'getaway weekend' -- maybe later to meet up with her lover in the country -- instead of a slightly depressed woman who was running away to Mummy.

They were sixty miles into the journey when the train made its first stop. The small town had never looked to Anna to be an exciting place, and lord knows she had traveled past it enough during the years. Of course, as is also wont to happen, somebody wanted to sit down on the empty seat next to Anna. Why, of all seats, Anna thought, do you want this particular one? Look, there's one two rows ahead...what's wrong with that one?

"Sorry about your bag. Here, I'll put it up above for you so you won't have to put it on the floor."

"Uh, no thanks. I mean, I'd rather have it close to me."

Anna looked up and made her best effort to smile. Hey, he wasn't bad. Could be an interesting trip after all.

He introduced himself. Ted. Ugh, *Ted*. She wondered if his real name was Theodore. She was going to ask, but decided not to. He looked married, anyway. No point in small talk. Then he launched into an exhaustive account of his trip to the east and his new job. He was a lawyer. Anna's mood was getting steadily worse.

They got off at the same stop. He was, he said, visiting an aunt. An aunt? *Oy vey*. And not only did he help her with her bags, but then he asked her if she wanted to share a taxi. Anna was broke, so she decided it couldn't hurt. She was totally surprised when he asked her to meet him for lunch the next afternoon, "that is, if you don't already have plans."

"Plans?" Oh, good move. Now he knows you have no friends, stupid. "Uh, no, no plans for *tomorrow*." She hoped that it sounded like she had plans until 2025, but tomorrow was a free day. Gee, what a fluke.

"Great. Shall I pick you up? Where is it that you're staying?"

No way in heaven was she letting him near her mother. "No, I have some things to do, you know, in and out all day, so why don't I meet you?" That sounded good.

"It's settled." He said it with an ominous tone of finality. Anna was already planning what she was going to wear.

As Anna walked up the drive to her mother's house -- she never thought of it anymore as her old house -- she realized that she must look simply awful. He probably asked her out because he felt sorry for her.

Anna's mother answered the door and collected Anna in her arms. Anna didn't feel any better. The first thing her mother asked was "okay, miss, what's wrong?"

"Ah, Mum, I really hate climates that mess with my appearance."

The next day, she tried on several outfits, ranging from ultra-slut miniskirts (Anna did like her legs) to business suits. After two hours, her mother having long given up the battle, she decided on the Bohemian look. After all, this is what I usually wear when I'm not in the office, she thought. If he asked me out yesterday when I had train-head (the condition that occurs when one side of your hair is plastered down from sleeping in train seats), he'll think I'm gorgeous today, no matter what I wear. Besides, her desert boots were comfortable. And, after all, it was February, and she needed thick socks. Everything was black, as a matter of course.

So Anna went to lunch. She had pangs of terror on her way to the cafe where they had arranged to meet. I met this man once, and I'm having lunch with him? I look awful when I eat. What if I don't recognize him?

She recognized him. He was sitting in the non-smoking section -- point number one -- and he looked a lot better than she remembered from the day before. He was wearing an open-necked shirt, black jeans, and he smelled wonderful. He leaned over to pull her chair in, and she nearly jumped him then and there. Oops, can't think that anymore, this is the AIDS era. Anna didn't usually go for blondes, but this one was nice. Good teeth, too. Wonder if he paid the dentist to do that, or are they the work of Mother Nature?

So, they ate lunch. Anna always hated ordering first. Like, what if he orders a sandwich and I order a five-course meal? I'll look like a pig. It all turned out okay -- this guy eats like a Roman, Anna thought -- and best of all, Anna managed not to spill anything down her shirt or on her lap during the entire meal. A first. And, he paid. It was getting better, but the old defenses came up. Like: I'm not ready for commitment. Or: I'm too set in my ways, I'm too independent; too aggressive. (And to prove the point, she played the aggressive role to the hilt, pushing her men ever farther until they finally gave up. Then,

she'd blame them for not 'trying to make the relationship work', because they 'didn't want to look behind that facade of aggression into my inner soul, the part of me that likes sappy love songs.' The truth is, Anna never gave them a chance. At least, that's what Anna's therapist said.) And as for commitment: the guy takes you out to lunch, shows some friendly interest, and you're talking *commitment*? Paranoia, my friend. Big time.

As soon as Anna walked in her mother's door, she was bombarded by questions. Among Anna's favourite -- she knew it was coming -- was the familiar "are you using condoms?"

"Mother! I went to lunch with the man. I did not run off with him to the nearest motel and make passionate love to him! Relax. And besides, I'm old enough to know about condoms now, you know. You do not have to remind me."

Anna made it comfortably through a week with her mother and then threatened suicide, murder, or both, if she wasn't allowed to leave gracefully.

Before she caught her train, Ted called. Anna tried to remain non-chalant, but thought she succeeded in sounding more like an airhead. He promised to call her the next time he got to the city. His vacation with his aunt -- or so he still maintained -- was over in another week, and he'd be heading back to the boring town on the train route. But he assured Anna that he was in the city quite a bit for his clients. Could they make a lunch date for next month?

"Yeah, sure, we'll compare income brackets." Ohmigod, did she really say that? She did. He laughed.

Anna was a writer. She hoped. Whenever anybody asked her what she did for a living, she would say something like 'oh, I freelance', without specifying what it was that she freelanced in. Anna's sister said that it sounded like she was a 'porno film director or something', but Anna hoped that it sounded as if she was at least making some money and was in charge of a burgeoning career of which she had total control over...when really it meant that she wrote for several local newspapers at a slave wage and got the occasional poem published in a magazine.

Ted called exactly four weeks after Anna returned from her mother's place. When she answered the phone, she made it sound like she had to drag his memory up from the recesses of her brain, as if she had never expected him to call.

"Oh, Ted! What a surprise."

Ted was in town. He wanted to see her. A big dinner, he said. Expensive, Anna thought. Ted said that he was only in possession of one business suit, and that she was not to go all out with her attire. Attire? He said *attire*?

That Saturday night, Karen was over at Anna's flat helping her

prepare for the big night. After bickering for hours, they both could agree on the black velvet skirt, which was short enough that people would notice but long enough to wear in public. Barely. And on top, a simple black satin shirt. With pumps or without?

"With," Karen said.

"But I can't remember how tall he is. I better not. Besides, what if I drink too much wine? I'll trip."

He picked her up. Anna was amazed that he was still pretty good looking. She had wondered before if maybe she was romanticizing him in her memory. They ate at a restaurant that Anna had worked in as a student, and Anna was very grateful that nobody she knew still worked there. That evening made twice that she had been out to eat with the same man without spilling anything on herself. Truly an omen, Anna thought. Nibbling on the last of her chocolate cheesecake, Ted informed her that she was an interesting date. Now what was that supposed to mean, Anna wondered wryly.

"Yeah, sorta like the ugly girl you get on a blind date, right? She's always described as *interesting*."

With a smile, Ted asked her why she always put herself down. "You really don't need that armour around me, you know. I like women who are independent. I meant that as a compliment."

"Independent? Yup, that's me. I grew up in a family where the supper table sounded like *Family Feud* meets the *Three Stooges*. You fended for yourself most of the time, especially if a certain lovely brother tried to throw mashed potatoes at you or came after you to spit on your glasses. Thus, you see the reason why I got contacts as soon as I could afford them." She stopped, shocked. She really didn't think Ted wanted to hear this over his Spanish coffee.

Except that Ted wanted to hear this, and more. They started up quite a comfortable companionship. (Anna couldn't bear to think of it as a relationship.) The first time he tried to do more than kiss her, Anna recoiled in horror. Ted thought he had offended her. Anna had actually just remembered that she had not shaved her legs before their date.

Ted was being transferred up to the law office in the city. Great, Anna thought. Now we'll see too much of one another and we'll end up hating each other within a month. Watch.

They did not end up hating each other. Ted was sweet, warm, intelligent, and very attractive. He loved hearing Anna babble about her life and thought she was very funny. He said he thought she was beautiful -- sensual was his word -- so Anna went out and bought a coffeetable book on the Italian painter, Ruben, and his voluptuous subjects. At last, a man who liked her thighs!

Anna was just waiting for the

bubble to burst. But it didn't. He even wrote her love letters and posted them, so that she would get surprises in the mailbox. He was so *nice*. But Anna couldn't quite break her habit of photocopying letters before she posted them. It was just something that she had to be sure of: that nobody could ever twist her words. Romantic, no?

Her mother liked him. It was starting to bug Anna, that she was so damned lucky. She liked having stress; she thrived on crisis. She always told herself that it was good for her writing.

She stopped going to her therapist, but she stayed on at the gym. She got a better job at a magazine. But still, Ted never mentioned marriage. Anna secretly told herself that it was her fault, while professing great relief to her family and friends. Privately, Ted had mentioned living together, but Anna rebelled. No way was she giving up her flat, with its vomit-yellow bathroom with the ancient clawfoot-tub, and the hardwood floors that were down for the count.

"No way."

"But why? Half the time one of us is staying over at the other's place, and I feel that we have the stuff to make this thing work."

He sounded ever so slightly like a TV drama. In the end, Anna gave up and moved her stuff into his place. He made her get rid of the red swag lamp, which Anna had affectionately come to refer to as her 'whore lamp.' But she kept the dented brass umbrella holder that she got for two dollars at a yard sale. That she was not parting with.

They lived together, the lawyer and the writer, for many years before deciding that the protests of Anna's mother were getting too loud. So they got married. Anna still wore her desert boots most of the time and Ted still went to visit his aunt, who did exist. Just goes to show you what a little compromise and a lot of humour can do for two people who had never had much luck with relationships before. Ted's never lasted because he picked boring girls who wore too much makeup from the office pool, and Anna's never lasted because she either talked them to death or they didn't understand her humour and they tried to change the way she dressed.

Anna, still thinking of the illustrious family lineage, asked Ted if he carried any inherited diseases. The answer was no. Workhorses of the world, unite! Anna pictured the children they might have: sturdy little blondes who read Philip Roth novels for entertainment, and actually *laughed*.

Oh yes. His name wasn't Theodore, it was Ted. Just plain Ted. ■

SPORTS

Huskies stay alive with win over Tigers Playoff position up for grabs Sunday at Dalplex

by T. Paul Woodford

The Huskies still have a pulse.

The Saint Mary's Huskies kept their playoff hopes alive with a crucial 90-86 win over the Dalhousie Tigers in front of 900 fans last Thursday at the Tower. A loss would have eliminated the Huskies from post season play.

The win upped SMU's record to 8-8, good for 24 points while the Tigers also sit at 8-8 after their 92-78 win over Memorial on Sunday. The Tigers have 26 points. A win by the fourth place Tigers over SMU on March 4 at the Dalplex will ensure them of a playoff berth.

On Thursday the Tigers were all over the Huskies early in the game and led 20-12 with 12:25 left in the opening half. Dalhousie ruled the paint in the first half but it didn't cost the Huskies.

The Tigers continuously missed easy layups and close range jump shots. Willem Verbeek was the most futile of Dal shooters in the opening half going a dismal 3 for 13 from the field with most misses coming from underneath the hoop. As a team Dal was 12 for 37 from the field in the first half.

Dalhousie's early eight point lead didn't bother the Huskies because they weren't aware of the lead said Tom McCutcheon.

"I didn't realize the lead got to eight points," said McCutcheon. "Tonight we tried to stay away from looking up at the scoreboard, we just went out and tried to win each series. We try to treat every trip down the floor as an individual game."

The Huskies took advantage of the Tigers' poor shooting and grabbed the lead with 6:40 remaining. A Dale Stevens jumper put SMU ahead for the first time 24-22. Saint Mary's hung on for a slim 37-35 halftime lead.

The Tigers drew even with the Huskies on two occasions midway through the second half but couldn't sink the go ahead basket. Brian Thompson's jam with 9:44 left took the life out of the Tigers and sent SMU on a 10-0 run to give them a commanding 71-61 lead with eight minutes left.

The Huskies offence was more balanced than in any other game this season. Thompson's 24 points led five Huskies who reached double digits. McCutcheon poured in 20, while Jason Darling, Chris Rowarth and Dale Stevens each added 10. Player of the game Richard Sullivan scored 9 points but did most of his work at point guard running SMU's potent offence.

Verbeek found his shooting touch in the second half and led the Tigers with 27 points and 12 rebounds, Oscar Martens contributed 20 points, while Dean Thibodeau struck for 15 points and grabbed 10 rebounds for the losers.

Saint Mary's coach Ross Quackenbush was impressed with Sullivan's second strong performance in as many starts.

"Richard has come on gangbusters for us. I may have made a mistake in not giving him more of a shot earlier in the season but on the other side of the coin as a freshman he has now picked up the necessary experience and I think it's beginning to show. Earlier in the year I think he lacked that experience but now he is playing like a real veteran," said the rookie head coach.

McCutcheon's 20 points marked the second consecutive game the fifth year forward has reached that number after scoring in the 10 point range for most of the season. McCutcheon's hot shooting has not gone unnoticed to teammate Dean Durnford.

"I don't know what Tommy has been eating lately but he has really come to life in the second half of the season," said Durnford "He's just been amazing in our last five games. Last year he was pretty inconsistent but this year he comes to play every night and is having a damn good year."

Friday night the Tigers visit Acadia while the Huskies entertain St. F.X at the Tower at 8:00pm. A Dalhousie win combined with a SMU loss on Friday will eliminate the Huskies from the playoffs. Otherwise Sunday's game at the Dalplex will decide fourth place. Tip-off for Sunday's game is scheduled for 3:00pm.

SMU guard Chris Rowarth pleaded for fan



On a mission - Tom McCutcheon (34) drives for the basket during action last Thursday night at The Tower. McCutcheon scored 20 points as the Huskies defeated the Dalhousie Tigers 92-78 to keep their playoff hopes alive. Saint Mary's will host nationally ranked St. F.X. this Friday. (Ken Moore - Photo)

support after Thursday's win over Dal.

"I really hope a lot of SMU fans make the trip to

Dalhousie on Sunday," said Rowarth. "If we go in there and the place is packed with nothing but a bunch of Dal

fans it will seem like we're alone and it will be tougher for us so I'd really like to see some support."

SMU's West End Boys

Halifax West High – SMU pipeline fuels Huskies with hoop talent

by T. Paul Woodford

While most university basketball programs rely on nationwide recruiting to supply them with players, the Saint Mary's Huskies mush along on a healthy appetite of local talent.

The Huskies have found a goldmine in their own backyard— Halifax West High School, steeped in basketball tradition, has supplied Saint Mary's with some of the top players in the AUBC.

Six of the twelve players on SMU's roster are graduates of 'The West.' Former Halifax West graduates now with the Huskies include: Dean Durnford, Tom McCutcheon, Brian Thompson, Chris Rowarth, Dan Parolin and Sean Awalt. Four of SMU's five starters against Dalhousie last Thursday were Halifax West grads.

The 1990 Halifax West Warriors begin their quest of a provincial championship today in Truro as they take part in the eight-team provincial playoffs. The Warriors are ranked third and will be looking for their first provincial title in over ten years.

Fifth year players Tom McCutcheon and Dean Durnford represent the old breed of Warrior on the Huskies. The two have played together for the past eight years but are now facing the end of the line as graduation approaches. SMU's game against Dalhousie on March 4 could be their last game together.

Durnford would like nothing more than to grab a playoff berth in his final season.

"Considering the situation we were in back in September it would really be nice to make

the playoffs," said the 6'4" forward. "It would be a great way to end my career but if we don't get in I'll be able to live with it because I know the guys busted their butts and you can't ask for any more than that."

"I've only played for one semester this year but I'm having the most fun I've had in my career. The team has great chemistry on and off the court," added Durnford.

McCutcheon has become very familiar with the moves of his old Halifax West teammates.

"Sometimes I just have to look at the expression on their faces and I know exactly what they're gonna do. It really helps out to have played with these guys for so many years," said McCutcheon.

Chris Rowarth and Brian Thompson have been the most impressive of the Halifax West grads to don the Maroon and White. The two former AUBC all-stars have provided SMU with arguably the best one-two scoring punch in the AUBC.

Point guard Rowarth has perennially been one of the best ball handlers in the conference while Thompson has found his shooting touch this season and is second in league scoring with a 22.6 ppg average.

Rowarth is happy to be surrounded by so many old friends on the court.

"This year is really special to me. I've been playing together with Tommy for eleven years and with Dean for almost nine years. That's a lot of games together so it gets pretty emotional for us when we get a big win or a tough loss," said Rowarth.

One thing all the Halifax West graduates have in common is a love for the game of basketball and a deep respect for Warrior coach Nick Morash.

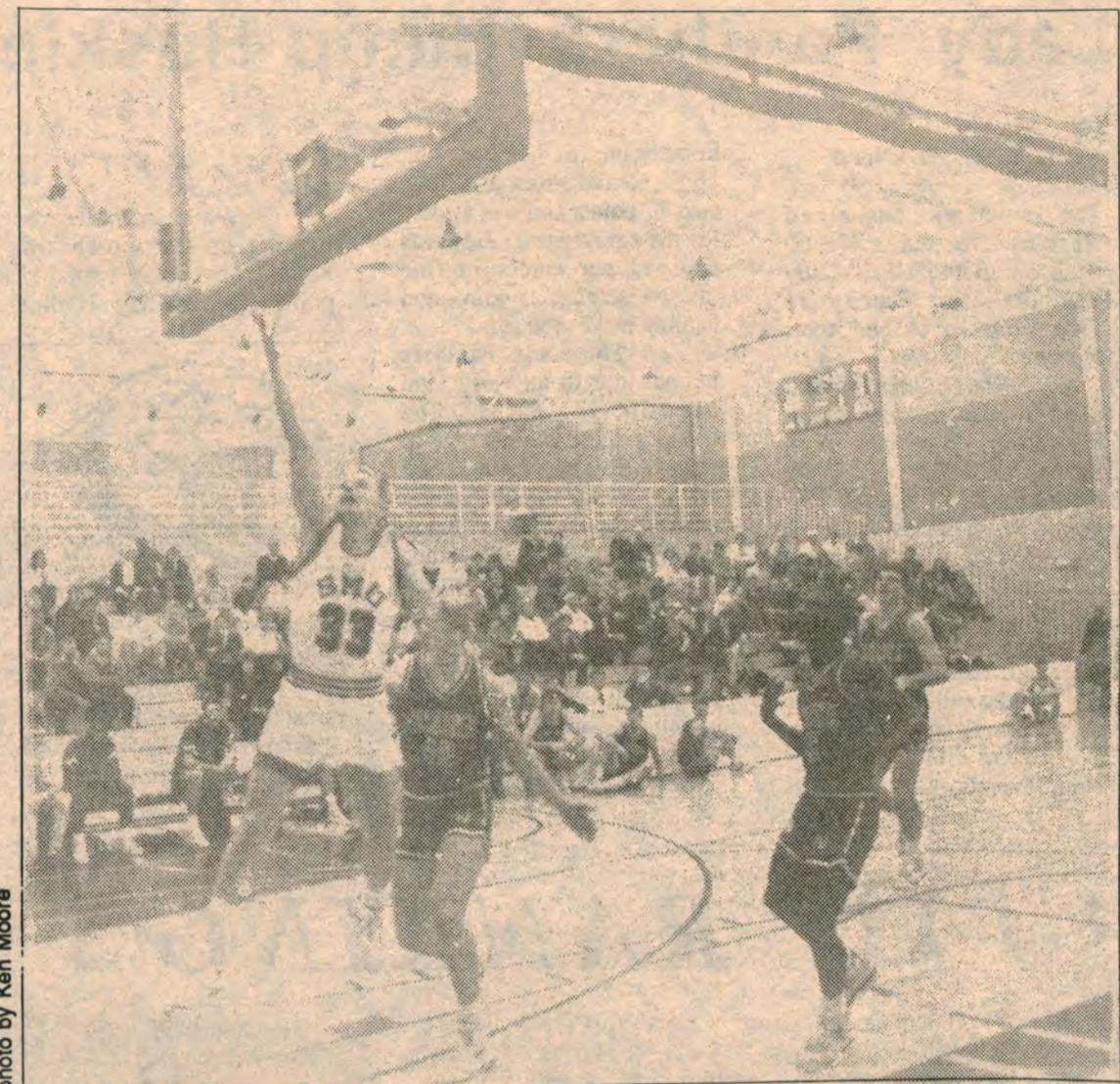


photo by Ken Moore

Best of the West - Chris Rowarth (33) has proven to be one of the most talented players to ever come out of Halifax West High School. Rowarth is one of six former Warriors on the Huskies roster.

"Nick Morash was a great influence on me," said McCutcheon. "He has been a great coach at Halifax West for about the last ten years. He's an excellent coach and is great at developing young players, he has a great knowledge of the game and passes it on to his players."

Morash gives his players more than a solid grasp of the fundamentals says Rowarth.

"He put a lot of enthusiasm into the game and we all just fell in love with the sport. He was a great coach to play for," said the fourth year Arts student.

In Morash's ten years at Halifax West the Warriors have made the Provincial Finals on three occasions and have claimed 15 tournament titles. Morash gives much of the credit for his team's success to the work ethic of his players.

"The players I've had over the years at Halifax West have been a very committed and hard working group of young men. A lot of these kids didn't have a whole lot of talent when they came to us but their drive and determination got them to a level where they were good enough to play university basketball," said the 35 year old court boss.

"At Halifax West we have always emphasized academics over basketball and I guess some of those qualities we stress off the court help the players on the court," added Morash.

Morash feels the success of McCutcheon and Durnford at SMU paved the way for the rest of the Warriors.

"After Tom McCutcheon and Dean Durnford got a chance to play at Saint Mary's a lot of our guys followed in their footsteps. I guess it was kind of like a snowball effect."

While the Huskies' roster was once filled with players from Ontario and the U.S., the 1990 edition boasts more local talent than any other team in the conference.

Look for the Halifax West—Saint Mary's pipeline to continue to flow.

"Saint Mary's has a really good name at Halifax West. Some of our guys are really interested in playing for SMU in the future. Tom Dobson in particular is definitely looking to attend Saint Mary's next year," said Morash.

The 1990 edition of the hoop Huskies is a far cry from the SMU teams of the mid-eighties. Those Husky teams were plagued with a number of player eligibility violations and

practiced some questionable recruiting.

The basketball team was required to sit out the 1984-85 season due to the use of an illegal player— Ron Large. Large was recruited from Florida and had already played college basketball in the U.S. before coming to SMU.

While the Huskies' roster was once filled with players from Ontario and the U.S., the 1990 edition boasts more local talent than any other team in the conference. The Dalhousie Tigers have three native

Haligonians on their roster compared to SMU's seven. There are four Americans and 19 Ontario natives in the AUBC. Saint Mary's is the only team in the conference without a player from the U.S. or Ontario.

As long as Halifax West continues to produce quality basketball players the Huskies' recruiting will not take them far from home. After all, it's always good to have a few good Warriors on your side when you go into battle on the court.

Warriors turned Huskies

Former Halifax West Warriors now with the basketball Huskies:

	Ht.	Pos.	Yr.
Dean Durnford	6'4"	F	5
Tom McCutcheon	6'4"	F	5
Chris Rowarth	6'1"	G	4
Brian Thompson	6'6"	F	3
Dan Parolin	5'11"	G	1
Sean Awalt	6'1"	G	1

SPORTS

Lady Panthers dump Huskies in season finale

by T. Paul Woodford

The women's basketball Huskies dropped a 76-60 decision to the UPEI Lady Panthers last Sunday in Charlottetown to end their season.

The Huskies finished in a fifth place tie with the St. F.X. Lady Xavierians, both teams finished with 6-8 records and 12 points, two behind fourth place Acadia.

The UNB Red Bloomers, who finished first in the standings, will host the AUA championships this weekend. UPEI, Dalhousie and Acadia will compete for the title along with UNB.

On Sunday UPEI's Paul Edwards, playing the last

home game of her career at UPEI, scored seven of UPEI's first 11 points and was a force for the entire game. Edwards finished her career in fine fashion, scoring 25 points and hauling in 12 rebounds.

The Lady Panthers jumped out to an early lead and led 43-32 at the half. The Huskies could not manage to erase UPEI's healthy lead and never got back into the game.

Saint Mary's coach Jill Healy felt the Huskies lack of consistency cost them a chance at a .500 record.

"We didn't play poorly but they shot the ball extremely well. We had the same problem we've been having all year, not everybody

shows up to play every game," said Healy.

While Edwards was lighting up the scoreboard, Kathy Quinn put in a solid 15 point effort, while Nadine



Enman added 12 for the winners.

Tina Creelman, the most impressive Husky this season, finished off a strong sophomore campaign by

acing the SMU attack with 14 points. Rookie Christina Chadwick poured in 13, Cindy Flynn meshed 12, Allyson Cushing contributed 8 and Suzanne Muir added 6 in a losing effort.

Despite the loss Healy is pleased with the Huskies' season.

"I'm very pleased with our season, it's the best one we've had in three years," said Healy. "We had a lot of chances to make the playoffs this season, we had six one point games and three overtime games so it was a tight schedule. We lost three of those close games and it cost us."

Healy is optimistic looking ahead to next season.

"We still have a very young team but we are now much more experienced after all these close games. The tail end of the season went very quickly and we're already looking forward to next season."

Healy has cause for optimism. All of this year's team are eligible to play next season so a playoff spot should be well within the grasp of the Huskies next year.

The Huskies finished off with an overall record of 15-13 including tournaments. Saint Mary's claimed consolation titles at two tournaments this year: one at Concordia and the other at St. F.X.

CIAU RANKINGS

Men

Basketball

1. Victoria (1)
2. Western (3)
3. Alberta (5)
4. Guelph (8)
5. St. FX (4)
6. B.C. (2)
7. P.E.I. (9)
8. Concordia (6)
9. Brandon (10)
10. Toronto (NR)

Hockey

1. Calgary (1)
2. Alberta (3)
3. UQTR (4)
4. Waterloo (2)
5. Moncton (5)
6. Laurier (7)
7. Acadia (6)
8. York (NR)
9. P.E.I. (9)
10. B.C. (NR)

Women

Basketball

1. Calgary (1)
2. Laurentian (2)
3. Regina (3)
4. McMaster (5)
5. Victoria (6)
6. Winnipeg (7)
7. Lethbridge (4)
8. Lakehead (8)
9. Western (10)
10. UNB (NR)

Volleyball

1. Victoria (1)
2. Regina (2)
3. Manitoba (3)
4. B.C. (4)
5. Calgary (5)
6. Saskatchewan (6)

7. York (7)
8. Laval (8)

9. Ottawa (9)
10. Alberta (10)



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ATHLETES OF THE WEEK



Tina Creelman

Tina Creelman of the women's basketball Huskies is this week's female athlete of the week. Creelman finished off an impressive

season with 14 points in SMU's 76-60 loss to UPEI on Sunday. The 5'6" sophomore was a picture of consistency on an otherwise inconsistent SMU squad this season.



Richard Sullivan

Richard Sullivan is this week's male athlete of the week. The 6'0" rookie has come off the bench to become the centerpiece of the hoop Huskies' offence. The former Fredericton High standout quarterbacked SMU's attack and scored nine points from his point guard position in SMU's 90-86 win over Dal last Thursday. Sullivan was named player of the game.

SPORTS

Crook shines at Track Championships

by Joe Meahan

Last weekend the Saint Mary's men's and women's track and field teams headed for the University of Moncton to compete in the AUAA Track and Field Championships. The men's team finished in a mediocre fourth place while the women did very well, placing a surprising third in the five team event. That's quite an achievement considering that Saint Mary's was represented by only one female, Michelle Crook.

Crook had the race of her life last weekend as she not only captured the 60m race well ahead of her nearest competitor but shattered the AUAA record in the process. Crook will now travel to the University of Winnipeg later this month to compete in the CIAU championships. The Essex, England native set the new record with a time of 7.8 seconds breaking the previous mark of 7.97.

The second year student was surprised with her record breaking performance. "I wasn't pushed in the race at all and while I was running I thought it was a fairly slow race," said Crook. "I was really surprised I broke the record and I honestly don't think that time was my personal best."

"I had finished the race and someone came up to me and asked me what my time was and I didn't know, I was just happy that I was going to

Manitoba," added Crook. "Then when they told me that I had set a new record, I was shocked."

Crook almost made it two in a row when she came ever so close to upsetting Kim Raynard of Dalhousie in the final of the 300m race, pretty good for someone who had never competed in a 300m race before in her life. The Santamarian was leading the event until the final turn when Raynard made her move to win the race in a time of 44.0 seconds. Crook felt that the timing of the race may of cost her back-to-back victories. "I was really pleased with the result of the 300 because I never competed in it before," Crook added. "But I think I may have had a better chance of winning the race if it (300m) had come sooner after the 60m because I started to cool off and wasn't really in top form."

Crook is silently confident that she can do some damage at the nationals. "I'm just going to go out and go for it," the

sophomore Science student added. "If I practice hard and remain confident I know I won't be disappointed."

The men's team was lead by Steve Wohlmut. Wohlmut placed second in the Shot Put event while staking a third place finish in the 60m hurdles. Wohlmut was seeking an AUAA record third consecutive Shot Put title but was denied as Dalhousie's Steve Wiseman upset the



Getting ready for Winnipeg - Michelle Crook practices at The Tower on Tuesday. Crook set an AUAA record in the 60m race last weekend in Moncton and will be SMU's only representative at the CIAU finals (Moore-Photo)

defending champion in the final. "I really wanted the record," said Wohlmut. "Unfortunately I was shaken up in the hurdles and that definitely affected my

performance in the Shot Put, which was run after the hurdles."

The final standings in the women's division read: Dalhousie, Moncton, Saint

Mary's, Memorial, and St. Thomas. On the men's side Memorial captured first place followed by Dalhousie, Moncton, Saint Mary's and St. Thomas.

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SAINT MARY'S VS DALHOUSIE

SUNDAY 3:00PM AT THE DALPLEX
MARCH ON DAL!!!

SPORTS

...and then there were four

Women's Volleyball title up for grabs on weekend

by Joe Meahan

This season's AUAA women's volleyball championships, being staged this weekend, promises to be one of the most competitive ever. All four teams who qualified are confident that they can bring home the AUVC banner and all four teams are more than capable. Mount Allison University in Sackville N.B., will be the sight for this year's showdown.

The defending champion Moncton Blue Angels (15-1), will face the defensive minded Memorial Seahawks (9-6) in one semi-final while the Dalhousie Tigers (14-2) will have the dubious honour of facing the host Mt. Allison Mounties (13-3) in the other. Here is The Journal's breakdown of each of the final four squads.

Moncton

Moncton finished the year with a 15-1 first place record but had problems late in the season and the team that at one time seemed unbeatable looks very vulnerable heading into the playoffs. Dalhousie walked all over the Blue Angels in their final match of the season sweeping Moncton 3-0, snapping Moncton's gigantic thirty-eight game regular season winning streak.

Moncton is lead by all-star Manon Dalliare and hard hitting Dianne Harvey which headline the most potent offence in the AUAA. However, Moncton's starting lineup is hurting. Injury

problems have hampered the Blue Angel starters and if ever the Monctonians can be stopped it is now.

Unless Dany O'Carroll's bench can supply some serious defense, Moncton can kiss their conference chances goodbye. Memorial is ready, willing and able and Moncton better come prepared.

Dalhousie

Some say the Dalhousie Tigers are unpredictable, but one thing is for sure and that is Dalhousie is a volleyball powerhouse. When Dal gets serious the Tigers seem unstoppable.

Dalhousie got their game going against Moncton last Friday and made the defending conference champs look like mince-meat, clobbering Moncton 3-0. The Tigers will rely on strong performances from April Delorme and all-star Sandra Rice.

Cathy Bill and Sylvia Colley lead a strong Tiger bench that should give Mt. Allison some serious problems in the semi-finals. Dalhousie split the season series with Mt. A. winning 3-0 in Sackville while blowing a 2-0 set lead to lose 3-2 to Mt. A. at Studley Gym.

If Dalhousie plays intense volleyball, chances are they'll win but if the Tigers don't, they will be beaten.

Mount Allison

The hottest team entering the playoffs is the host Mount Allison Mounties.



A view to a kill - Dalhousie's Sandra Rice (9) and Deanne Delvallet (6) attempt to block a Moncton kill attempt last Friday at Studley Gym. The Tigers swept the Blue Angels 3-0 in a possible AUVC final preview. (Joe Meahan- Photo)

Mount A finished the season beating Moncton at the Dal Classic Tourney, Dalhousie and sweeping two matches from Memorial, not an easy task.

Led by setter Sheri Robson, and hard hitting Cathy Raimer, Mt. A., who were favoured in pre-season to win this year's title, will be in tough.

Mt. A. has the home court, a healthy attitude, and if ever there was a year the Mounties were capable of

winning a title, this is the year.

Memorial

The Seahawks are not favoured to win this season's championship, but don't sell them short. Memorial pushed Moncton to five sets two weeks ago and MUN has reason to believe they are capable.

Joanne Panting, Andrea Daive and Elaine Collins lead a youthful Seahawk squad versus Moncton

in the semi's. If the defense plays to its potential there is a strong possibility Memorial can very well upset the top teams when it counts. Memorial may not be the best on paper but the Seahawks never quit.

The men's volleyball championships go this weekend as well. The UNB Rebels will battle the undefeated Dalhousie Tigers in a best of three final. All matches are to be held at Studley Gym.

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MacLean Drafted

Offensive tackle Richard MacLean of the Saint Mary's Football Huskies was chosen 52nd overall by the Toronto Argonauts in the annual CFL draft held last weekend. MacLean was the first of three Atlantic Universities players to be selected in the draft. Calgary selected Mount Allison's Randy Power while former X-Men Maki Katsube was chosen by Grey Cup champion Saskatchewan.

JOURNAL Sports

SPORTS

AUHC Semi-finals Underway

by Journal Sports

The Acadia Axemen, Dalhousie Tigers, UPEI Panthers, and the defending AUHC champion Moncton Blue Eagles have advanced to the conference semi-finals following first round playoff wins last weekend. No upsets were posted but three of the four series went the distance. Moncton now faces the Tigers in one semi-final while the Axemen battle the Panthers in the other.

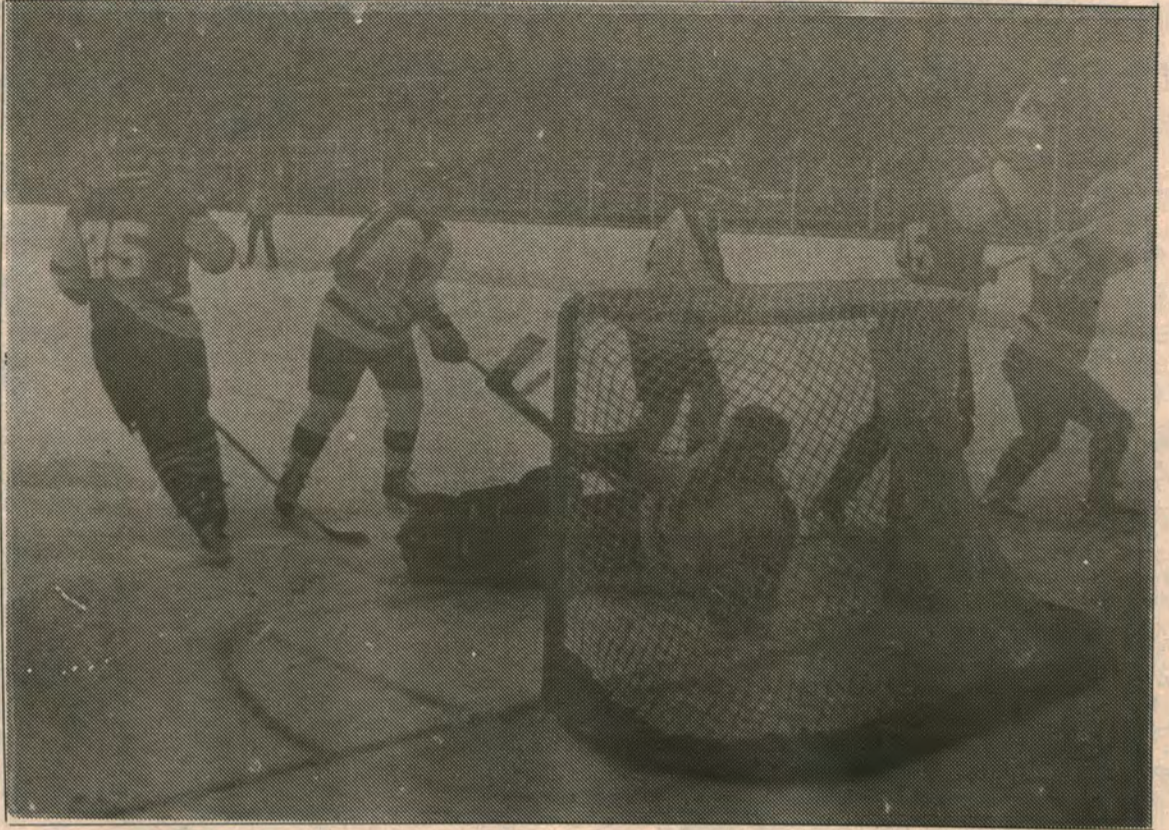
Acadia had all kinds of problems with the stubborn Cape Breton Capers in the first Kelly Division semi-final. The Capers, who ended the Saint Mary's Huskies campaign with a late season win, took the Axemen the distance as Acadia claimed a 2-1 series win. Cape Breton won the opening game in Sydney but were beaten soundly in back to back weekend games in Wolfville. Acadia, who were defeated by the St. Thomas

Tommies in last season's semi-finals, was led by Ward Carlson and Dan Holden, both had six points in three games versus the Capers.

The Dalhousie Tigers, meanwhile, had no trouble with the St. Francis Xavier X-Men. The Tigers, who could only muster up one win over X in four tries in the regular season, swept the Xavierians 2-0. Dal won the opener 6-5 in overtime while taking the series with a convincing 7-3 win.

In the MacAdam Division the Panthers defeated the New Brunswick Red Devils in three games as did Moncton to St. Thomas.

The semi-finals began last night (stories not available at press time) and will continue on the weekend. Last year Moncton defeated the Tigers in three while last season's Cinderella story, the St. Thomas Tommies, nipped Acadia in three.



The Dalhousie Tigers dumped the St. F.X. X-Men 7-3 last Saturday night to win the best of three Kelly Division semi-final 2-0. (Ken Moore - Photo)



Unique Summer Job The Halifax Citadel

Students are needed to portray nineteenth-century British soldiers at the Halifax Citadel National Historic Park this summer. The program offers several summers of employment and advancement opportunities.

At 7:00 p.m. Tuesday, March 6, 1990 there will be a briefing session for all interested applicants in Room 224 of the Dalhousie Student Union Building.

Applications and information packages are available at your Canada Employment Centre on Campus. Deadline for applications is March 9, 1990.

This program is sponsored by the Halifax Citadel Foundation.

Starting wages for Pte. II and Piper II are \$6.00 and \$6.55 respectively.

For more information contact the Canda Employment Centre on Campus or phone the Halifax Citadel at 426-1998 or 426-8485.



INTRAMURAL SCENE

Basketball

Recreational

Bo Knows Basketball defeated the Heat 53-22. Dan Lajeunesse led his team to victory with 20 points and 7 rebounds. Top scorers for The Heat were Merni Marcelli, Mike D'Arcy and Greg Barro with 6 points each.

The Timberdudes won the next game by default and in the last game the Smart Asses defeated the Egyptians 49-39. Kenzie MacDonald led the

Smart Asses with 26 points and Tom Griffen added 15. Scott McKenna had 14 points for the losers.

Competitive

In the only game of the night The Glee Club defeated the 69ers 69-45. Matt Nealon had 19 points to lead the Glee Club. Dennis Dedrick had 17 points for the losers. Both the Alumni and The Bruins won by default.

Co-Ed Basketball

Friday, March 2

A. Runnin rebels vs. Sex Pistols (11:00 a.m.)
B. Labatt's Dry vs. AIESEC

C. Bouncing Balls vs. winner A (1:00 p.m.)
D. Old Hags vs. winner B



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INTRAMURAL UPDATE

BASKET BALL SMART ASSES 49	EGYPTIANS 39
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Co-ed Volleyball Playoffs Sunday, March 4 start at 5:30

Crossovers

Court 1

5:30
6:30

#1 Nobody's vs. Commerce
#2 Squealing Hogs vs. Soaring Eagles

Quarters

7:30

#9 Winner #1 vs. Winner #6

Semis

8:30

#13 Winner #9 vs. Winner #12

Finals

9:30

#15 Winner #13 vs. Winner #14

Court 2

#3 Hooter vs. AIESEC
#4 Past/Present vs. Shipt Dist.

#10 Winner #2 vs. Winner #5

#14 Winner #10 vs. Winner #11

Court 3

#5 A-holes vs. Biology
#6 FUBAR vs. Bims

#11 Winner #3 vs. Winner #8

Court 4

#7 MBA vs. B-ed Heads
#8 Dirty Dozen vs. Benzene

#12 Winner #4 vs. Winner #7

WE WANT YOU!!!!!!!

Applications for the Intramural Co-ordinators for 1990-91 are now available at the Athletics and Recreation Department, 2nd floor of The Tower.

Six Intramural Co-ordinators will be hired to run the various intramural programs for the coming year.

To be considered for the position, the student should have been involved in the Intramural Program in previous years as an official, sport co-ordinator, score keeper or participant. The Co-ordinators receive an honorarium of \$600.00 per year for their responsibilities carried out between September 1 and March 31. Their duties usually include organizing and running

at least three different leagues or tournaments, as well as helping with special events.

A new position was created for Publicity Co-ordinator in 1989-90. This position will be responsible for publicizing and promoting the start of all leagues plus producing a weekly intramural newsletter.

Students interested in applying for a Co-ordinator position should return the completed application forms to the Athletics and Recreation department by March 23, 1990. Additional information can be obtained by calling Kathy Mullane at 420-5551 or dropping into the department office.

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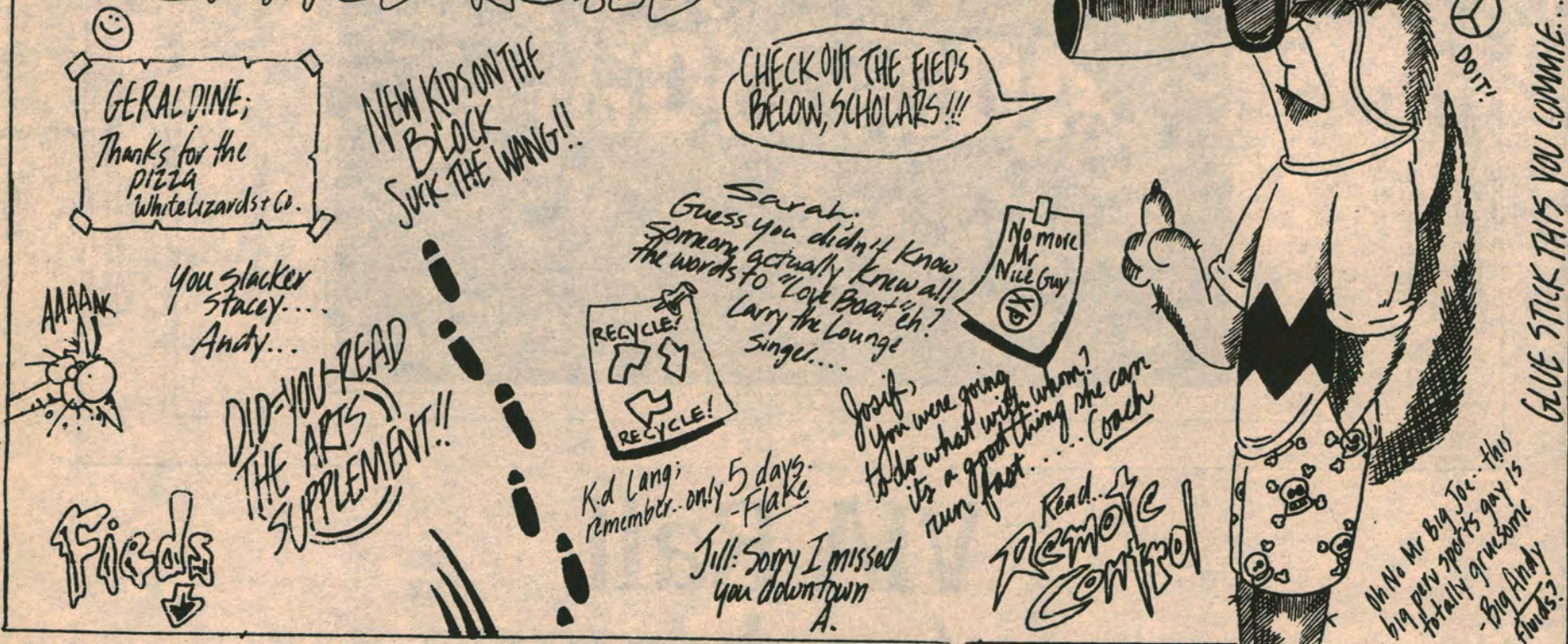
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S & S

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What's this about my hair??
K.D. Lang

K.D. Lang
"See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!"
Flake

K.D. Lang,
Anything, even the Caramilk secret.
Flake

Penguin from Hell
Yeah, thanks. Let's frolic in the dandelion patch. Set phasers on stun!
Arts Ed.

Flake,
Thanks for dinner! It was wonderful.
K.D. Lang

Heather B,
Happy Birthday to You, Happy Birthday to You... Well, after hearing it so often you must know the words by now!!
US

Rosemary
A kiss from the Editor, what a shocker!
Hennessy

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- March 7, Residence Cafeteria, 9:00 p.m.
- March 8, Student Centre Caf, noon
- March 13, Loyola Colonade, 2:15 p.m.

Deadline for application for SMUSA Employment

Friday, March 2 at 4:00 p.m.
Canada Employment Centre
4th Floor, Student Centre

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SRC Rep Positions
Senate
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Close Friday, March 2
at 4:00 p.m.

GRAD WEEK

May 1 - President's Reception - Farewell Party at the Atrium	May 3 - Grad Ceremony Rehearsal Featuring the Swell Guys	May 4 - Grad Ball Halifax Sheraton Featuring "The Syndicate Band"	May 6 - Mother's Day Brunch Residence Cafeteria - Baccalaureate Service Canadian Martyrs Church	May 7 - Convocation Metro Centre - At Home SMU Campus
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