



The Picaro

*Awards
Day*
APRIL 6
3:30

Volume 6 No. 11

MT. ST. VINCENT UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX, N.S.

March 24, 1971

Opportunities for Youth



Hon. Gerard Pelletier, secretary of state, talks to University Newspaper editors re: summer employment

Council Rejects Staff Choice For Editor

by Stephen

Two weeks ago Council opened nominations for various executive positions of student organizations. Among those positions which were to be filled was that of Picaro editor. According to the council constitution the applications were accepted from any registered student of The Mount for the council of this year and next years executive to make a final decision under recommendations from this years editor. This years editor and all his staff supported Vina Moses for the editorship, but council rejected their choice and chose Nettie Isaacs who is this years yearbook editor. Even though Nettie was not

the staff's choice they will support her next year.

"Greek Week"

by Vina

Mount Saint Vincent Univ. can now, in the minds of those who feel we are not culturally enough involved, be upheld as having one of the most enlightened weeks of culture to have been held in Halifax. I am referring to our successful and enjoyable "GREEK WEEK". If this is an indication of the work the Cultural Affairs Committee produces, I am sure Students, Faculty, and the Com-

by Stephen

Last Friday the Hon. Gerard Pelletier, secretary of state, announced a government program for student employment and activities for this coming summer. This program will involve up to half a million students and cost about \$50,000,000. Students, especially post secondary students are asked to put forth and operate imaginative projects which will benefit the community such as urban redevelopment, clean-up campaigns, community research projects and pollution probes. Special consideration will be given to projects set in high student unemployment areas.

Applications should be made immediately to Opportunities for Youth, Dept of the Sec-

retary of State. Applications should state purpose of project, duration (must be completed by Sept. 30, 1971) Number of people involved, budget and objectives to be Achieved. Forms are available on page 2 of this issue of the Picaro and additional information is available in the Picaro office and the Campus Manpower Office.

Another service being offered this summer is that of a Transient Youth Service where by hostels and roadside kiosks will be established to aid those travelling and seeing Canada by hitch-hiking.

Other services to be provided are group travel programs and language training both in and outside Canada.

New Format

by Kathy and Clare

As you may have noticed in the last edition of the Picaro, there were a number of problems which occurred in the lay-up and printing of the paper. By using the new format, many problems can and are being overcome. More of our own work is being displayed. We are typing up our own articles and doing paste-ups. This may not mean much to some, but it does reduce the cost of each edition and assures us of getting exactly what we want printed.

We can't complain about previous editions, but certain problems arose in the last printing. You will notice by given examples, the difference in printing. We now are leaving rough right hand margins instead of having the words unevenly spaced so that a complete line can be filled.

headquarters somewhere in the province with a

The Picaro is experimenting with these last editions by "doing their own thing".

munity in general will benefit and our attitudes to other cultures broaden. One of the prominent features of our "Greek Week" programs was the participation from not only those of us interested in Greek culture and in higher learning, but also the people of the Greek community who gave their time, help, and created the prevalent atmosphere of culture. Reviewing this week, one could not successfully hope to include each and every activity with the space provided in our newspaper, but I am sure any who attended even one activity during "Greek Week" would agree that this has been a

highlight of our University year. The lectures presented by our own Professors and by visiting Professors and the many illustrated lectures, films, and displays, were well attended with enthusiasm. The Drama presented by Saint Thomas University Drama on Monday, March 15 was well attended by students, faculty and many from the local community. Throughout the week, the same attendance was seen at other activities. This is a definite indication of the success of "Greek Week". I have touched briefly on the events but hope that many will know from their attendance the feeling created.

Inside



Neptune

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*A Soliloquy of a
First Citizen*

page 4-5

DEPARTMENT OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH - APPLICATION FORM

(1) NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
(Organization)

CONTACT PERSON _____

TELEPHONE NO. _____

(2) PROJECT TITLE _____

(3) SUMMARY OF ATTACHED PROJECT DESCRIPTION

(4) DATE OF COMMENCEMENT _____ DATE OF COMPLETION _____
OF PROJECT

(5) ESTIMATE OF: (a) No. of jobs to be created _____

(b) No. of people to benefit _____

(c) Age ranges of people served _____

(6) BUDGET REQUEST SUMMARY: (a) Personnel Salaries _____

(b) Fringe Benefits (if any) _____

(c) Evaluation expenses (if any) _____

Sub Total _____

(7) OTHER EXPENSES (if any): (a) Program expenses
(rent, telephone, etc.) _____(b) Transportation _____ (c) Supplies to be used in
project _____

(d) Equipment rental _____ (e) Special costs _____

Sub Total _____

TOTAL _____

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE _____

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The

Picaro

The Picaro is a bi-monthly publication
of the students of Mount Saint Vincent
University and is a member of the
Canadian University Press.

Editor-in-chief
Business Manager
Fine Arts
Ad Manager
Photography

Stephen Ord
Liz Mackinnon
Ann Fothergill
Paulette Henneberry
Stephen Ord

AND

Lucie, joy, Kathy, Ann, Dianne, Dawn, and
last but not least, Vina.



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Feedback

— IN DISGUST —

To the Editor of the Picaro
Mount St. Vincent University
Halifax, N.S.

It has always been my impression that people who are trusted with putting out a Paper, of any kind, had a certain amount of good taste, good literature, and a sense of decency.

However, having read the last 3 issues of your paper I'm beginning to wonder just what kind of students the Mount is turning out these days.

The Christmas issue, I'm referring to the back page, was bad enough, but this we took with a grain of salt. BUT, then came the next issue with the letter to home from Susie (I believe that was the name).

If this was an attempt at humor, then I would suggest you look up the meaning in the dictionary. To add insult to injury, it was not an original letter. It has been published and read long before you entered University. You have done your school a great injustice. The Mount has always been noted for its originality and you have knocked that down.

However, the crowning glory (and I use the term very loosely) of your so-called literary paper was in your last issue.

To publish not one, but two adver-

tisements giving addresses for Abortions is incomprehensible. For the students of Mount St. Vincent University to aid and abet Murder is something that is unforgivable.

When one leaves University they are supposed to leave some mark of decency, and kindness and a sense of honour for the new Students to carry on. I'm very much afraid that you have done none of these things and you will have much to account for.

If it will make you feel any better, your paper has been widely read and discussed with a great feeling of revulsion by a great many people who

Dear Editor:

Just a few words to congratulate you for opening your paper to all different views on life, value-conflict and structures. I am thinking especially of Carl Dexter's articles against socialism, and of other articles about Women's Lib., the abortion problem and University education.

It is important that your readers are presented with many differing viewpoints, from right, left or centre, so as to develop a well-informed opinion. That is what the President, Sr. Catherine Wallace, said in her T.V. interview, namely that radicals should be present

are thinking twice about sending their children to the Mount.

We all know that you are paid a great deal of money for these advertisements. If you need money so badly that you have to condone Murder I would strongly suggest that you either find another way to raise money or discontinue the paper.

Sincerely in disgust,

Mrs. Cecil F. Howell
15 Irving Street,
Dartmouth, N.S.,
March 9, 1971

and heard on a University campus, so that all students become more open to the world outside.

Keep that up!

Yours truly,

J. Goulet.

Inherit the Wind

by Kathy

Those who have seen "Inherit the Wind" must agree that it was a play well presented and the audience actually became involved in the trial and activities in the small town of Hillsboro.

The play under the skilful direction of D. Ray Pierce was highly enjoyed by both the young and old who attended. The setting was mostly of a courtroom. The townspeople sat with the audience and the two lawyers, Drummond, (Donald Grant) and Brady, (Danny Varverikos) did a fantastic job of stimulating the people and making the story so real and actual.

"Inherit the Wind" is an event which took place in Dayton, Tennessee during July, 1925. Some of the phrases used are taken from the actual transcript of the famous Scopes trial.

Rev. Jeremiah Brown (Greg Yarrow) and E. K. Hornback (Hank Fliesser) are two more noteworthy characters. Each stood up for their own beliefs and strongly expressed either Religious or evolutionary aspects. The play was based on the unusual beliefs, for that time, of school-teacher, Harold (John Neville). He stood up for his rights, believing in evolution, and landed in jail by doing so.

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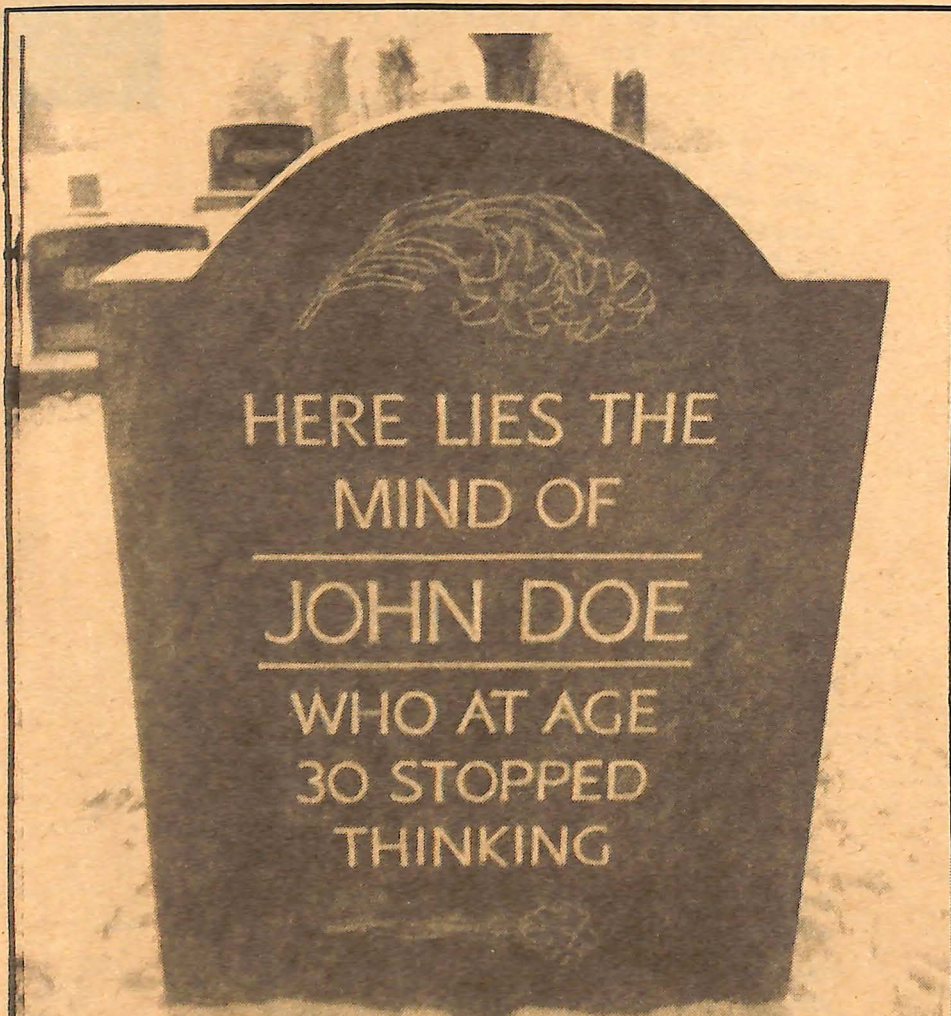
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MIND OF
JOHN DOE
WHO AT AGE
30 STOPPED
THINKING

Some people die at 30.
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A SOLILOQUY OF A FIRST CITIZEN

By CHIEF DAN GEORGE

Was it only yesterday that men sailed around the moon...And is it today they stood up on its barren surface? You and I marvel that man should travel so far and so fast...Yet, if they have travelled far, then I have travelled farther...and if they have travelled fast, then I have travelled faster...for I was born a thousand years ago...born in a culture of bows and arrows. But within the span of half a lifetime I was flung across the ages to the culture of the atom bomb...and from bows and arrows to atom bombs is a distance far beyond a flight to the moon.

I was born in an age that loved the things of nature and gave them beautiful names like Tes-wai-u-wit instead of dried up name like Burrard Inlet.

I was born when people loved all nature and spoke to it as though it has a soul...I can remember going up the north arm to Indian River with my father when I was very young...I can remember him watching the sunlight fires on Mount Pay-nay-nay as it rose above its peak. I can remember him singing his thanks to it as he often did...singing the Indian word "thanks" so very very softly.

And then the people came...more and more people came...like a crushing rushing wave they came...hurling the years aside...and suddenly I found myself a young man in the midst of the twentieth century.

I found myself and my people adrift in this new age...but not a part of it.

Engulfed by its rushing tide, but only as a captive eddy...going round and round. On little reserves, on plots of land we floated in a kind of grey unreality...ashamed of our culture which you ridiculed...unsure of who we were or where we were going...uncertain of our grip on the present...weak in our hope of the future...And that is where we pretty well stand today.

I had a glimpse of something better than this. For a few brief years I knew my people when they (we?) lived the old life...I knew them when there was still dignity in their (our?) lives and a feeling of worth in their (our?) lives and a feeling of worth in their (our?) outlook. I knew them when there was unspoken confidence in the home and a certain knowledge of the path they (we?) walked upon. But they (we?) were living on the dying energy of a dying culture...a culture that was slowly losing its forward thrust.

I think it was the suddenness of it all that hurt us so. We did not have time to adjust to the startling upheaval around us. We seemed to have lost what we had without a replacement for it. We did not have time to take your 20th century progress and eat it little by little and digest it. It was forced feeding from the start and our stomach turned sick and we vomited.

Do you know what it is like to be without moorings? Do you know what it is like to live in surroundings that are ugly and everywhere you look you see ugly things...strange things...strange and ugly things. It depresses man, for man must be surrounded by the beautiful if his soul is to grow.

What did we see in the new surroundings you brought us? Laughing faces, pitying faces, sneering faces, conning faces. Faces that ridiculed faces that stole from us. It is no wonder we turned to the only people who did not steal and who did not sneer, who came with love. They were the missionaries and they came with love and I for one will ever return that love.

Do you know what it is like to feel you are of no value to society and those around you? To know that people came to help you but not to work with you knew that they knew you had nothing to offer...?

Do you know what it is like to have your race belittled and to be aware of the fact that you are only a burden to the country? Maybe we did not have the skills to make a meaningful contribution but no one would



wait for us to catch up. We were shoved aside because we were dumb and could never learn.

What is it like to be without pride in your race, pride in your family, pride and confidence in yourself. What is it like? You don't know for you never tasted its bitterness.

I shall tell you what it is like. It is like not caring about tomorrow for what does tomorrow matter. It is like having a reserve that looks like a junk yard because the beauty in the soul is dead and why should the soul express an external beauty that does not match it? It is like getting drunk and for a few brief moments an escaping from ugly reality and feeling a sense of importance. It is most of all like awaking next morning to the guilt of betrayal. For the alcohol did not fill the emptiness but only dug it deeper.

And now you hold out your hand and you beckon to me to come over... come and integrate you say...But how can I come...I am naked and ashamed. How can I come in dignity? I have no presents...I have no gifts.

What is there in my culture you value...my poor treasure you can only scorn.

Am I then to come as a beggar and receive all from your omnipotent hand? Somehow I must wait...I must delay. I must find myself. I must find my treasure. I must wait until you want something of me...until you need something that is me. Then I can raise my head and say to my wife and family...listen...they are calling...they need me...I must go.

Then I can walk across the street and I will hold my head high for I will meet you as an equal. I will not scorn you for your deeming gifts and you will not receive me in pity. Pity I can do without...my manhood I cannot do without.

You talk big words of Integration of the schools. Does it really exist? Can we talk of integration until there is social integration.. unless there is integration of hearts and minds you have only a physical presence...and the walls are as high as the mountain range.

Come with me to the playgrounds of an integrated high school...see how level and flat and ugly the black top is...but look...now it is recess time...the students pour through

doors...soon over here is a group of white students...and see...over there near the fence...a group of native students...and look again...the black is no longer level...mountain ranges rising...valley falling...a great chasm seems to be opening up between the two groups...yours and mine...and no one seems capable of crossing over. But wait...soon the bell will ring and the students will leave the play yard. Integration has moved indoors. There isn't much room in a classroom to dig chasms so there are only little ones there.. only little ones...for we won't allow bit ones...at least, not right under our noses...so we will cover it all over with black top...cold...black...flat...and full of ugliness in its sameness.

I know you must be saying...tell us what DO you want. What do we want? We want first of all to be respected and to feel we are people of worth. We want an equal opportunity to succeed in life...but we cannot succeed on your terms... we cannot raise ourselves on your norms. We need specialized help in education...specialized help in the formative years...special courses in English. We need guidance counselling...we need equal job opportunities for our graduates, otherwise our students will lose courage and ask what is the use of it all.

Let no one forget it...we are a people with special rights guaranteed to us by promises and treaties. We do not beg for these rights, nor do we thank you...we do not thank you for them because we paid for them... and God help us the price we paid was exorbitant. We paid for them with our culture, our dignity, and self-respect. We paid and paid and paid until we became a beaten race, poverty stricken and conquered.

But you have been kind to listen to me, and I know that in your heart you wished you could help. I wonder if there is much you can do...when you meet my children in your classroom respect each one for what he is...a child of our Father in heaven, and your brother. Maybe it all boils down to just that.

And now it is the end. May I say thanks to you for the warmth of your understanding and may I thank you in the words my father used to thank the sun for its light and its warmth....(song)

REPRINTED FROM THE
KAINAI NEWS, CARDSTON, ALBERTA

The Caretaker

Neptune



by joy

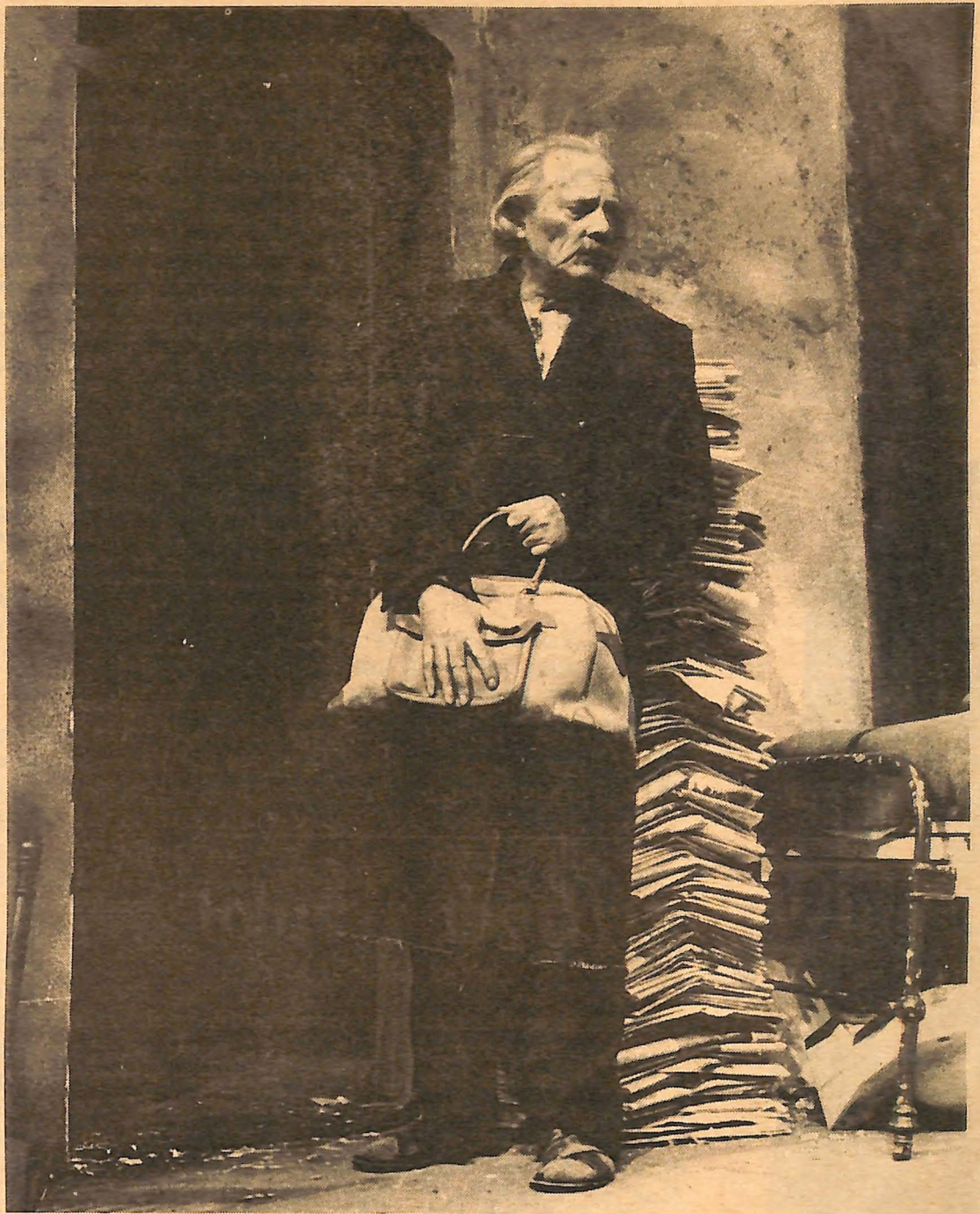
Neptune Theatre opened it's current production of Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker" under the direction of Eric Salmon on Thursday, March 11. Those who are already fans of Pinter will thoroughly enjoy the skill and warmth with which this play is directed. As an introduction of Pinter to theatregoers who are yet unfamiliar with him, this performance is excellent.

Patrick Boxill's "Davies, an old man" is superb. The depth of understanding which Mr. Boxill exhibits in his portrayal of this pathetic old man endears the character to the audience in spite of the weaknesses that have plagued his life. Though the old man is a "down and outer", his attitudes and comments are found among people from all walks of life. Even if there were no other characters in the play, this performance alone would be worth attending.

The vague, detached Aston is admirably played by David Renton. The mystery of this man's existence keeps the audience puzzling, with only a few hints about his odd behavior, until one scene of soliloquy which reveals his hidden secrets. That scene, a masterful combination of artistic lighting and acting kept the audience gripingly aware of nothing but the actor, his voice, and his revelation.

Mick, Aston's younger brother was undertaken by Kenneth Pogue. One is left with a somewhat confused impression of this role and cannot help wondering if the playwright intended Mick to be such a startlingly incohesive character.

The introductory and occasionally background music for this performance, regrettably unacknowledged in the program notes, was a delightful blend of pathos and humor and did much to enhance the total effect of the evening. David Hinks lighting deserves special mention for its artistic excellence. The light-



Patrick Boxill, as Davies, in Neptune Theatre's production of "THE CARETAKER". Directed by Eric Salmon, head of the drama department of the University of Saskatchewan.

ing of Aston's soliloquy was a forceful integral part of that scene and did much to enhance its intensity.

The costumes of Olga Dimitrov and the set by Antony Dimitrov, as usual, did much to initiate and maintain the atmosphere of the play. The efforts of these two artists is so consistently competent that there is a danger of "taking them for granted" and overlooking the vast amount of painstaking work they must do for each production.

On the whole, Neptune has come up with a fine evening of theatre. Their production has wide audience appeal and I, personally, hope this run of "The Caretaker" will be as well attended as it deserves.

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FREE FOOD

BY WU



DANDELION

This column was introduced into the Picaro for all those who will be travelling this summer.

The first thing I'd like to introduce in this column is a group of edible wild plants found in almost all parts of the United States and Canada. They grow in dry soil in open waste areas like roadsides and yards, as well as in country fields. Look for them from now till late fall. They are all very rich in vitamins and minerals, organically grown, free from pesticides, and really delicious. Here they are:

Creamed dandelion: Boil one quart of young leaves, strain and chop. Save the water. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter, and mixing in a tablespoon of flour, as well as some salt and pepper. Slowly add the water in which the dandelions have been cooked. Stir in the chopped dandelion leaves. You can serve them with fried croutons and sour cream.

Sauteed dandelion: Saute dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Boiled wild mustard: You can pick the lower leaves from any of the ten species of wild mustard. Boil them for about 30 minutes. Strain and season with butter, salt and lemon.

Boiled dandelion: Make the same way as plantain, below.

Sorrel soup: Cook approximately 1 lb. of sorrel with 2 cups of diced potato in salted water for about 30 minutes. Mash it through a strainer or use a food mill or blender. Put back on stove and slowly add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a cup of sweet cream. Cook for 10 minutes. Serve with sour cream.

Lambs Quarters Fritters: Boil one quart of lamb's quarters. Strain them and chop. Add one tablespoon of butter, two egg yolks, tablespoon of grated parmesan, some nutmeg and some salt. Mix well and leave to cool. When almost ready to serve, add beaten egg whites. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot deep fat or oil. Fry till golden on both sides.

Boiled lamb's quarters: Pick only the young leaves from plants less than one foot high. Boil them for about 10 minutes. Drain and season with lemon, butter and salt. Fry just long enough to dry out slightly and allow the seasoning to permeate them.

Boiled plantain: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.

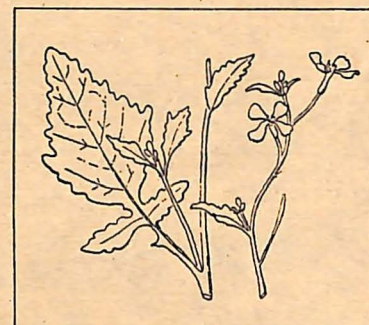
Dandelion Salad: Make it with any dressing you like. Use only young leaves.



LAMB'S QUARTER



PLANTAIN



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"We don't care if it is a good single" said our accountants. "It's a waste of money advertising a single to the college market". "Probably", said we, "but we want everyone to know about it because we really like it". "Okay" said they, "but it will have to be a small ad."

So here it is —

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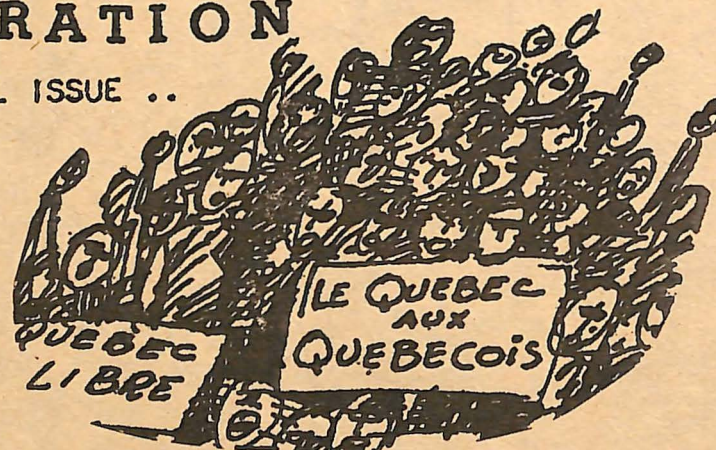
Oh to be,
to be a bee,
Oh to be a bee;
Oh to be a really great bee
And still be free to be "me".

-Debbie Bezanson



OUR GENERATION

.. SPECIAL ISSUE ..



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OUR GENERATION
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The Middle Class Dream



-Peter wilkinson, the chevron