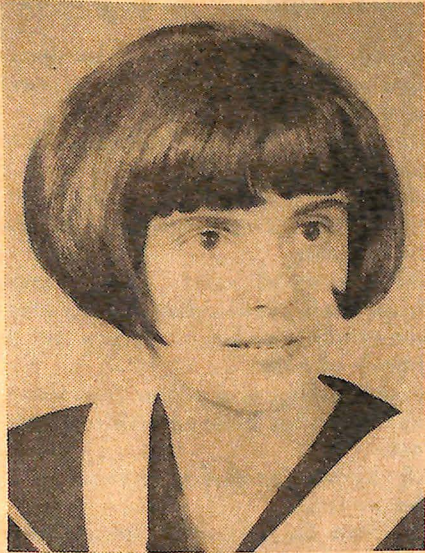


The Picaro

APRIL 1967

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY

VOL. 2 NO. 9

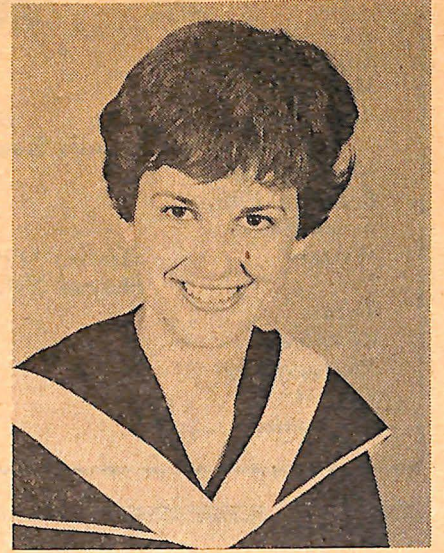


ANNE O'NEILL

GOLD V'S AWARDED

Six seniors were presented with the Gold V this year—Mary Lou Johnston, Jean Lovett, Martha Kennedy, Suzanne McKnight, Susan Oickle, and Anne O'Neill. The Gold V is awarded to the 10% of the graduating class which is most outstanding in extracurricular activities throughout the years spent at the Mount.

Sister Alice Michael presented the Gold V's at a general student assembly.



JEAN LOVETT



SUZANNE McKNIGHT



MARTHA KENNEDY

Phoenix Is Dead

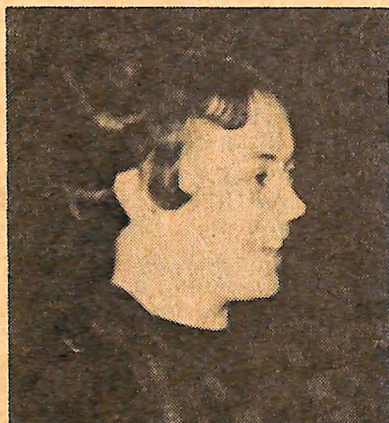
by Pat Gelhaus

The subject matter of A. J. Smith's famous poem, *The Flight of The Phoenix*, was realized on March 13, 1967 by a decision of the Students Council to discontinue the publication of the yearbook for 1968. Despite this decision, the Phoenix is dead, but not without issue. Our infamous yearbook will ascend with its first publication this year but it will descend again into the abyss of its volcano for the year 1968.

As chairman of the Students Council, I feel that an explanation of this action is due to the members of the Union. During the past year, those of us who viewed first hand the workings of the Phoenix experienced many moments of tension with regard to the financial position of this particular publication. The budgetary allowance for the Phoenix amounted to approximately 21.5% of the Unions' entire budget. Although brave attempts have been made by all, the expected revenue was excruciatingly difficult to collect and is down approximately \$1,500 from the original budgetary estimate.

Few people realize the work entailed in the production of a yearbook. This was a major spear in the side of our Phoenix. Initially, there were many willing but only a few able. When the

(Continued On Page 8)



MARY LOU JOHNSTON



SUE OICKLE

Man And His World At Expo

Reprint from *The Georgian*

To stimulate the intelligence and ingenuity of participants and prospective visitors alike, world exhibitions usually have a central unifying theme. Expo 67's theme, "Man and His World", was inspired by the title of the book "Terre des Hommes (published in English as "Wind, Sand and Stars") by the French author, poet and aviator, Antoine de Saint-Exupery. The underlying philosophy of this work, and of Expo's theme, is summed up in a passage in which Saint-Exupery wrote:

"To be a man . . . is to feel that through one's own contribution one helps to build the world."

In developing this theme and translating it into tangible form, Expo '67 will seek to present not merely a static commemoration of man and his achievements, but rather a dynamic portrait of man in action. "Man and His World" will tell the story of man's hopes and aspirations, his ideas and endeavors. The focus will be shifted from rivalries between nations to the interdependence of men of all nations. The exhibition will use the most modern display techniques to dramatize man's achievements in the realms of ideas, culture and science.

(Continued On Page 8)

Picaro '67 - '68

Reyno Reappointed

Judy Reyno, arts 3, was reappointed editor in chief for 1967-68 at the regular Council meeting.

New editorial members are Audrey O'Brien, arts 2, features ed., Sharon Nobles, arts 2, news ed., and Michele Farmer, arts 2, business manager.

Also remaining from last year are Mary Lou Dart, arts 3, layout chief, and Jan MacEachen, arts 3, literary ed.

The position of assistant editor is left vacant to be filled by a freshman in September.

Judy said that this year has really been the birth of the Picaro and a time of experiment and confusion. Next year she hopes to form a set policy and adopt a stable constitution.

She said, "Next year's staff is a good one, and I am very optimistic about the work we'll be able to do. There have been a lot of complaints this year, some warranted and some not, but we have many improvements for next year and probably as many complaints.

Other positions filled on the staff are Susie Cardoza, sec. 1, secretary, and Wendy Mulock, sec. 1, CUP staffer.

The Picaro

The Picaro is the official student newspaper of Mount Saint Vincent University published during the academic year. Its aim is to promote the best interests of this university, and serve as the student's voice. The opinions expressed herein are those of the editors and writers and not necessarily those of the Student Council or the University.

Associate Member in Canadian University Press

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Advertising	Donna Hayward, Linda Bartlow
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Features Editor	Barb Keith
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	Sharon Noble, Diane DeBaie, Nancy Ahern
Typist	Michele Farmer
Circulation	Wendy Mulock, Sheila Russell
Photography	Photopool
Layout	Mary Lou Dart, Lee Hogan
Cartoonist	Nancy Ahern

Our time has now come, staff . . . to work like dogs and try to pass a few of those (shudder) exams. those lbs. are almost gone, nor do they have permintas in europe, barb? sleep well, nanc . . . watch those bills, bartlo . . . thanx for so much, sharon, chris and audrey . . . but just wait till next year! you can put the rulers away finally, mary l. lee . . . hey jan, one more thing . . . da da da dum da da? thanx also to paula, chris, donna, linda, wendy, sheila, diane, pat, michele. it's been great to work with ya!

SEEK THE MERITORIOUS

Tears of happiness and pride welled in the eyes of the hundreds of students assembled in the gym as the lucky few stepped forward to receive their coveted Gold V's.

But for several of the students, the tears must have been ones of disappointment.

The system of awarding the Gold V's is unfair. Only 10% of the graduating class receive the award which is based on a student's participation in extra-curricular activities.

It appears to us that this year more than the 10% deserve the Golden Award. There are seniors who have done more for their fellow students and their university than most students know.

There are two reasons why the selective system is unfair.

It does not necessarily hold that 10% of the graduating class will always be eligible or deserving of the Gold V. And yet, will the 10% still be given the V's just to meet the set quota?

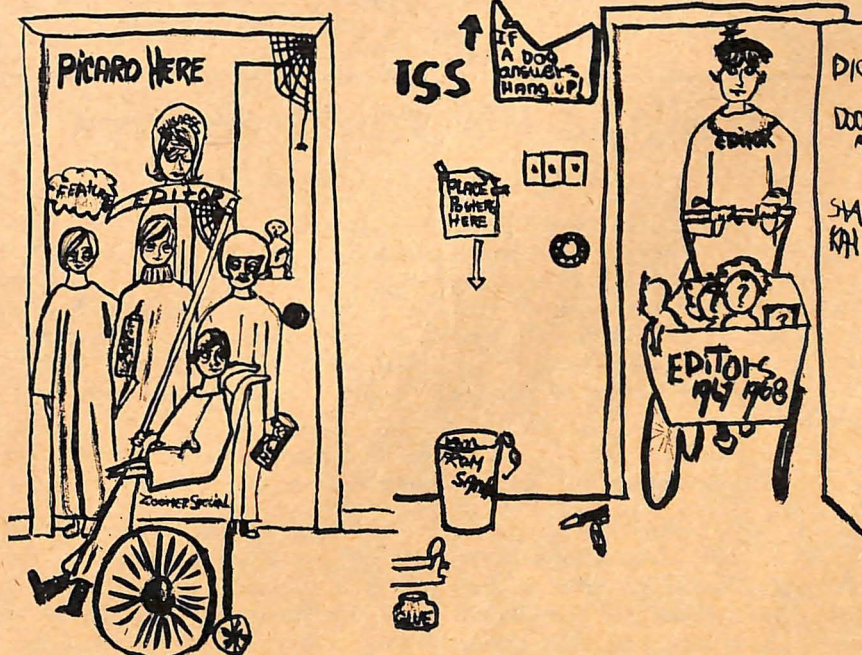
If only one student in a class of 100 is deserving, then give it to her and no one else. And if 10.5% of the class is deserving? Some worthy applicant(s) is just a loss to statistics. As it happened this year. And if 15 out of 50 are deserving, give them their Gold V's.

What if a student spends her first uncertain years at the college studying and getting settled academically, and then in her succeeding years, enters and works energetically in extra-curricular activities? She may do more work in her one year than others do in four years and yet must she be

eliminated from the awards lists because she killed herself for only a year?

Keep the judging severe and limit it to the deserving, but check carefully who the deserving are. Talk to the people who have worked with them, find out just what type of people they are, and just what they have done.

It is not the system of selection that is being condemned, but the strictness of the 10%. Merit cannot be judged by percentage. The Gold V's will still maintain the aura of honour and respect they now have, and the deserving 12.6% shall have them, not the stifling 10%.



Out with the OLD

In with the NEW?

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor;

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to all those who worked to make the Fashion Forecast the great success that it was, particularly Suzanne McKnight and Lorna Bishop. I would also like to thank everyone for their support in buying and selling tickets.

The proceeds amounted to approximately \$260.00. This money will be an invaluable aid to me—without it I would not be able to participate in Crossroads Africa this Summer.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Margaret Vorstermans

Dear Editor,

This year, a new perfume has been made available to students here. Put out by the House of Burntex, in Texas, the fragrance is to be had in the new Student Union Building and, unlike most perfumes, the scent stays with you for most of the day.

The repulsive odour permeates the halls in the SUB, the Student Council Office; the faculty offices; the coatrooms, the two classrooms off the hall and anyone who is unfortunately in the area of the ladies washroom.

Sister Mary Jean, Dean of Women said she was very surprised that the machines had been put in the building because they had not proved to be suitable when installed in the Motherhouse earlier.

When the Supervisor of Buildings, Sister Mary Gladys, was asked if anything could be done about our little incinerators she was very helpful when she said: "can't do anything about it now. They're in there now."

I don't like to come out of a washroom after washing my hands finding I smell indescribably foul and I've heard a few others don't either. Since it might be a little beyond some of us to change Mother Nature, I suggest a possible solution would be a couple of good old Sanctum Sanctoria.

Barb Keith



semore says...

semore being on his way to vacation says goodbye and leaves you with the joy of writing economics on tuesday, may 2nd the warm feeling of knowing that at least sr. francis delores reads his column the feeling of safety that comes from having said controversial and sometimes dangerous things to a bunch of dolts a sad feeling and not a few tears at leaving his beloved publications room the knowledge that next year can't be as futile an idea for use when something bothers you don't just do something—stand there and let someone else get the credit semore would rather write a term paper than an exam any day this is a great idea semore wonders if the professors have ever heard of open book exams, or prepared exams semore wonders what will happen next year at election time, will there be a clause not allowing a person to run for more than 2 positions semore wants to say good bye to miss macdonald and thanks for all her help and kind hints all through the year just one last word to mrs. st. peters is the mail out yet? semore can't wait till the pre exam panic hits the residence this should be a grand experience semore wishes that there would be some interest in the clubs on campus for next year did you know that the picaro scooped the informer

(Continued On Page 7)

STUDENTS TO RUN COLLEGE

VANCOUVER (CUP) — University of British Columbia president Dr. John Macdonald has come out in favor of a student-run experimental college at UBC.

The college, organized by two UBC arts students, will provide "a new way of looking at the educational process."

The students, Gerald Cannon and John Higginbotham, said while Dr. Macdonald appeared to approve of the college, he "seemed concerned that it would conflict with the new arts program" planned for UBC.

"He said he felt it might meet with some opposition from the faculty who would rather see the new arts program than a student proposed one," Cannon said.

But the student proposal is necessary because the new arts program is open to only a limited number of first-year students, Cannon said.

The experimental college would be run three days a week—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday in the afternoon.

"We're depending upon students having something to say," said Cannon.

"We thought most students were satisfied with their education, but by talking to many of them we found they were dissatisfied."

CHARLEY



Literary Supplement

Vol. 1 No. 1

What's a Charley?

The title of this, and future literary supplements, is Charley. The inspiration for this can be claimed by John Steinbeck's French poodle who accompanied him on his journey to rediscover America. The dog, as drawn in Steinbeck's novel, "Travels With Charley," was a sensitive observer and valuable companion. It is in this capacity that we hope our supplement will adequately serve: as a companion to the Picaro and an observer of literary talents. This first attempt is only a smattering of what potential we have at the

Mount. Plans for future supplements include more topical approaches.

Lit. Ed. Note:—I hope I have explained, particularly for the benefit of family and friends, that the supplement is not named for my father. Nor is it named for his eldest son, although I'd like to call a dog after him. However, Dad, if you like this issue, consider it named after you. If not, then just let it go to the dogs.

Your loving daughter,
Literary Editor.

SECOND CENTURY WEEK — ONE STEP FORWARD

by Audrey O'Brien

March 6-13 saw the fulfillment of the most ambitious of the university plans for Centennial celebration—Second Century Week. The University of Calgary hosted the drama festival, the debating competition, and several sports events; the literary and academic seminars and most of Olympiad '67 were held at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. As literary delegate for MSVU, I had the opportunity to meet with students from universities across Canada, to attend conferences given by leading figures on the Canadian literary scene, and to get a first-hand idea of the things that are going on in contemporary Canadian letters.

While the purpose of our seminar was to discover and discuss Canada's literary hopes for the Second Century, much discussion centered about Canadian literature at the present time. Considering the relatively meagre output of Canadian writers and their pseudo-American philosophy and style, many of the delegates were skeptical about the existence, much less the excellence of our "national" literature. The speakers, while agreeing with opinions to that effect, were unanimous in their claim that the problem facing Canada and her writers is the building up of a distinct literary tradition.

While politics did enter in to some of the discussions, the question of French-Canadian literature

and its effect on the future of Canadian letters raised no new controversy. It was generally agreed that the progress made by the French-Canadian writers was phenomenal, possibly because they gained recognition and acclaim much faster than any Canadian writer of English origin. These writers, while artists of great skill, play the dual role of politician for, though they disclaim any connection with the politics of the not-so-quiet revolution, they still express the thoughts of the new generation and are generally considered unofficial spokesman for the French-Canadian thinkers of the nouvelle vague. One of the questions that was raised at the seminar was the absence of French-Canadian writers from the impressive list of speakers. While officials claimed to have invited them and students demanded an explanation for their not showing up, no one seemed aware of the obvious reasons for the situation. All of the writers to whom an invitation had been extended were persons of nationalist leanings or persons who never made any public appearances. The former were not going to come to an elaborate affair glorifying Confederation (especially since UGEQ, for reasons which are too long and involved to enumerate, did not put in an appearance); the latter could hardly be expected to break precedent. Unfortunately, most French-Canadian writers who have achieved recent recognition fall

into one of the two categories.

The poets who did attend the seminar (with the exception of A. W. Purdy) were academics: Earle Birney, writer in residence at Scarborough College, author of *Turvey*, *David and Other Poems*, *Near False Creek Mouth*, *Selected Poems*; Jack Ludwig, formerly a teacher at Bard College and the Universities of Minnesota and New York State, author of *Confusions and Aboveground*; Ronald Sutherland, chairman of the department of English at the Université de Sherbrooke, author of *L'Esprit de la Langue Anglaise and Minou*; F. R. Scott, professor of law at McGill, author of *Signatures*. Other speakers included critic Naim Kattan, poet Eli Mandel, playwrights George Ryga, Barry Reckford, and Wilfrid Watson, Alfred Purdy (author of *The Enchanted Hero*, *The Caribou Horses* and *North of Summer*), and Henry Kreisel.

The discussions and the conferences covered as wide a variety of topics as one could possibly conceive. These included: racism in Canadian literature; the danger of regionalism in the establishment of a literary tradition; the relationship between a poet and his reader ("Would you write poetry on a desert isle?"); the conflict between the public voice and the private conscience; the lack of a hero in Canadian literature ("Uneasy lies the land that wants a hero"); the feasibility of a writer being an academic and re-

maining an artist in the fullest sense of the word (The Academy or the Cabin?).

In reading this over, I realize that neither the article or the agenda seems very impressive. Still I feel that the delegates gained a great deal from the week at the seminar. If some of the conferences proved overcrowded, pedantic, or dull, one could always look forward to the discussions that followed. (I should explain that we were not divided into definite groups like the academic seminar. Except for the formal question and answer period after each conference, the discussions were impromptu, debates that were held over lunch or dinner. On the bus back to the hotel, at the hotel or in the SCW coffee-house. Perhaps the thing that impressed me most about the seminar was the genuine concern that all the students felt about the future of Canadian writers. In his message to the delegates, Centennial Commissioner John Fisher said that he believes. "Our Centennial celebrations will indeed strengthen the unity of Canada and encourage her to become more culturally, academically and physically sound." Lofty words. Words to be expected from the man who heads "our Centennial celebrations." Strangely enough they rang true. Second Century Week has not and will not work a quick miracle. But it did do more than its share to help. Now, at least we know what we're up against.

IMPRESSIONS FROM SECOND CENTURY

Nora Barry

Editor's Note—the following article is written by Nora Barry, student in Science I, and contains her impressions of Second Century Week which she attended in Edmonton.

Second Century Week, March 6-11, though unheard of by many, was the major centennial programme for the students of Canadian universities, colleges, and technological institutes. This \$250,000 national project brought together 1,100 Canadian students on the campuses of the University of Alberta and the University of Calgary where they participated in academic, cultural and athletic activities.

As one young journalist described it, "Second Century Week is harnessing up to plough through the soil of Canadian culture."

The three Mount delegates went to Edmonton where the literary and academic seminars were held. The schedules included conferences in the mornings followed by a question period and usually discussion groups in the afternoons. Most benefit was derived from the latter two activities.

The academic delegates were fortunate enough to listen to, question, and sometimes meet some personages as Chester Ronning, Canada's Viet Nam envoy, U.S. President, Doug Ward, Professor A. P. Scott of U.B.C. and Dr. A. V. Bladen who in speaking on "The Automated Society and the Multiversity" made some interesting observations on small universities.

Aside from those events which directly pertained to the particu-

lar seminars, there was plenty of opportunity to explore other facets of Canadian culture. There was a photography and art exhibit by Canadian students, a concert of some of the newest Canadian compositions, and as well finals in sports events.

The French Canadian question arose almost immediately on arrival, having been pushed mainly by students from the University of Toronto.

The French Canadians themselves seemed, oddly enough, to have very little to say at the onset of the seminars except that as SCW was supposedly an assessment of Canada's problems, both internal and external, by omitting the French Canadian question, the SCW officials had committed an unforgivable blunder.

Actually, the officials feared that the discussion would never rise above the student government level, that is, the conflict between CUS and UGEC, Doug Ward versus Daniel LaTouche.

To appease both factions an extra seminar was scheduled for one evening and resulted in one of the best attended events of the week.

Though each student's benefit was mainly personal, I think many gained an entirely new concept of what an education consists.

Dr. Bladen who has had wide experience in the field of education seemed to express the sentiments of the times concerning this subject in a few very concise and

well-chosen statements.

Often thought of as a very dry speaker, Bladen nevertheless captured the attention of even the young radicals whose only aim it seemed at times was to challenge the speakers.

One of the great problems of today's education is that "courses are picked off the shelf like a package." Often, when skimmed through they are "shelved once more and not thought of again."

Instead, Bladen says, "a course should give a build-up for more learning and not be regarded as a terminal gathering up of knowledge."

After talking with many of the delegates from various universities, I received one main impression—the degrading attitude others have of such an institute as Mount Saint Vincent. They believe that the product of such an institution is narrow-minded, does not have the ability to think unhampered by pre-instilled dogmas, and lack an awareness of events occurring outside their own little world.

Frightening though it may seem, much of it is true. We are a small university but is this not all the more reason why we should find it easier to participate fully in university life? We cannot expect a widespread intellectual stimulus to infect the whole campus.

Rather, we must begin with small, student-organized groups.

One speaker had this to say, "A small college puts you under the care of a lot of people and protects

adolescent behaviour. A high school is easier to run."

We can fume that our real problem is lack of loyalty to the university but are we not a little tired of getting excited about a university for which we can have no different feelings than for a high school?

Sister Alice Michael, a tremendous president and an intelligent and well-informed woman, touched on those topics which, if expanded, might answer such questions as can we justify our position as a women's denominational institute?

Sister Alice Michael is completely tuned in with the times and anxious to bring to the Mount that which it sorely lacks.

The president herself expressed the desire to meet in small discussion groups with the students to answer any questions they might have.

Everything is there for the students to have—they need only ask.

You may still be asking "Just what is it the Mount is lacking?"

I cannot and will not coin a phrase or word for it but merely suggest that you ask yourself these questions. Why did you come to the Mount? Have you ever attended a lecture outside school time at Dalhousie, Saint Mary's, or for that matter, at the Mount?

Do you ever read Commentary, Saturday Review, New Yorker?

Perhaps we may take a kind of cynical consolation in the fact that we can't miss what we haven't had.

Book Review

O'THELLO AND TESS DAMONA AN DALL THAT

Twisted Tales From Shakespeare—by Richard Armour.

McGraw-Hill. 152 pp.

Long regarded as the standard reference by Shakespeare scholars, this slender volume by Richard Armour may have escaped the notice of some of the more serious students of English who have turned in their ignorance to that other classic in the familiar black and yellow binding (not the *Dalhousie Review*.) Immediately, the seasoned English student will anticipate one major advantage of a lesser-known work: there will be no cause whatsoever to skulk around in dark corners and broom closets when one has in one's possession a copy of *Twisted Tales*. (It is generally accepted fact that only a very naive student with latent self-destructive tendencies would risk having any professor see her carry or even touch a copy of . . . 's - otes.) Also to be considered is the fact that TTFS (as in PMLA, MLQ etc.) contains between two covers most of the up-to-the-minute scholarly research on six of Shakespeare's best known plays, thus eliminating the need to buy a separate tome for each play, and considerably reducing the problem of finding a suitable hiding place for six volumes of the previously mentioned work.

However, as this review is primarily aimed at true scholars to whom the above considerations would be secondary, let us turn to more pertinent aspects of the work. The author follows the familiar format by prefacing his book with brief notes on Shakespeare's life, the Elizabethan Theatre and Shakespeare's Development. Here the fresh outlook and unique style of the author will serve to capture the interest of even the most hardened student who never under any circumstances reads introductions. Who could fail to be intrigued by the revelation that "the theatre of Shakespeare's day was modeled on the Medieval innyard, as may be seen by the sign over the entrance, reading 'Inne'?"

Each of the plays is introduced by explanatory notes and a smattering of historical background. The plays are examined in some depth: the plot is presented in summary form, interpretations of controversial points are discussed, and little-known facts are brought to light. Are many full professors aware of the fact that a "trice" is a fairy tricycle? Has any English teacher had the intellectual integrity to bring to your attention the dilemma which would arise if Puck had annointed only one of the eyes of his victims with love potion? The succinct, perceptive commentary on *Hamlet* is typical of thought found throughout:

"Hamlet, the prince of Denmark, is known as the Melancholy Dane, capable of depressing anyone within sight or sound of him. The reason he mopes around all day is that his father has died and his father's brother has inherited both the throne and the Queen.

Thus the new King, who was Hamlet's uncle is now his stepfather as well, and relations are becoming both strained and numerous. The King and Queen try to get Hamlet to stop mourning the death of his father and to shake off his "inky cloak," on which as a student at Wittenberg he apparently kept wiping his pen. But Hamlet won't change either his clothes or his attitude."

TTFS is a boon to those who make a practice of "plotting" exams, (especially English exams). After each play the author suggests a series of probing, thought-provoking questions of the type frequently found on examinations: (Macbeth) Have you a weird sister? An odd brother?

Which would you prefer in your stew:

(a) Newt's eyes? (b) Dragon's scales? (c) A dash of baboon blood?

(The Merchant of Venice)—If the quality of mercy is not strained, how is it kept from being lumpy?

(Othello)—Make a detailed comparison of the following speeches by Othello:

(a) "The handkerchief!" (111,iv,92)

(b) "The handkerchief!" (111,iv,96)

(c) "The handkerchief!" (111,iv,96)

Richard Armour is, of course, an eminently quotable "source", being a bona fide Ph.D. from Harvard. (This is of special interest to writers of term papers who are madly casting about for at least ten footnotes, which difficulty is compounded by the fact that the entire paper should be foot-noted, if scholarly integrity still prevailed in this fair land).

Should none of this seem to be relevant to your present situation—if, in other words you have long since passed the point where only an all-out effort would save you; if you find that a note of hysteria creeps into your voice every time you say, "I honestly believe that examinations are an infringement upon the rights of the student"; if you have to go to the reading room to find someone to take the 5:30 bus home with you—then you too should investigate the possibilities of TTFS. Consider: it may help to relax your head muscles sufficiently to allow some lonely fact to wend its way onto the blue booklet.

(Note—Richard Armour is also the author of *Americans Lit. Relit. The Classics Reclassified*, and of several history references).

SMD



—reprinted from the ubyssey

hello dere, george and lurleen; welcome to heaven. i'se de lawd . . .

A Fable For Our Time

"What Ever Happened to Baby Vincentia?"

By Anne O'Neill

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a baby girl was born to a couple who had been longing for a child. They called her Vincentia because right from the beginning they intended for her to have the best of everything. Although her father was but a poor woodcutter and her mother had to take in sewing, they managed to cut enough wood and take in enough sewing to give her everything she desired.

As she grew in beauty and grace—indeed there were those, including their villainous landlord, Black Hart, who thought her the most beautiful girl in the kingdom—she was sent to an exclusive woman's college, the very one after which she had been named.

In her four years at the college she made many friends because of her sweet and studious nature. Consequently, when graduation time came, her classmates all agreed that they were only too glad to let darling Vincentia be class Valedictorian.

When the big day came, the woodcutter and his wife travelled to the college to see their daughter in the role in which they had always dreamed to see her.

An expectant hush settled over the audience as Vincentia took her place on the platform. With the blush of youth on her cheeks and the promise of the future in her carriage, she personified all that her parents hoped for in their woman's college graduate.

After addressing the university president, the faculty, families and friends, she began her noble and

stirring speech. In a voice tender with emotion, she expressed gratitude to the university and to her parents for helping to make her what she was today. She thanked the Holy Spirit for keeping her a strong and perfect Christian. She assured the touched gathering, "Our class will step forward fearlessly, for God and our country, and on behalf of our beloved Alma Mater. We will read good books, be kind to minorities, speak French on Bastille Day and send news notes to the Alumnae." The audience was obviously moved by her dedication. "In closing, we the graduating class, ask for your prayers as we set forth to take over as the leaders of our country."

So she lowered her eyes demurely and murmured "thank you." The audience applauded with what might have been termed 'gusto', had they not been so well-bred.

Then, in quiet dignity, she turned and stepped down from the platform. Perhaps it was that her eyes were too filled with promise or her head too high with confidence—we can never be really sure—but with a scrambling crash, (not so quiet, nor even very dignified), our lovely example of womanhood fell to the floor.

According the Alumnae News, she was a helpless cripple forever after and spent her days shelling peas for the cruel and merciless Black Hart.

Moral: They don't build platforms like they used to.

A
POEM

They met
And walked together
While each
Tried to
Understand their
Silent thoughts.

The night was calm
With an autumn moon
In the sky.
Leaves fast dying,
Fell with their every step.
They whispered secrets
And listened
As they rustled
Through the leaves.

They laughed
And talked of
Their Past and Future
And grew closer
With every word.
Then it grew late
And she had to leave.

They parted with
A promise for tomorrow
But each silently
Hoped they would
Find again
The feelings they shared
That night.

M.F.

Night
Etc.

Sing a song of bringalong
as bells toll twelve and ring
.along anemic day.
Presenting night, and fright and
thought and all whatnot.

Reverie on reverie
composes there a diary
that still unlocks gone,
longdrawn thoughts and builds
the time for future clocks.
And this is night and fright
and thought and all whatnot.

JAN MacEACHEN

THE
D
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The magic of a lonely moment;
Of a time when time stood still
Never to be recaptured.

A lonely moment but somehow
sublime,
For all thought was of beauty
On a stage, bare and harshly
bright.

A time when beauty lived.
For one long, breathless, aching
moment
A bird was poised on silver wings.

To the triumphant singing
Of a soundless symphony
Swelling to a soundless crescendo.

The music that bore her high,
The wave that lifted her,
The wave that washed her soul;
clean and shining.

The magic of a lonely moment
When she danced to perfection—
And the crowd, realizing her
moment,
Sat breathless and awed.

Sharon S. Nobles

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7

Alice in college-land
Wanders in wonder
Mini-skirt, ankle socks,
Locks parted asunder.

A cheshire cat grins at her
In SMU sweater
He evolves and dissolves
Some day he will get her.

White queens and red queens
In nightmare procession
Haunt her dreams, spoil her
pleasure,
With threats of regression.

Quizzies term papers,
Whiz by in confusion
Is hers psychotic, neurotic,
Or erotic delusion?

Doomsday approaches
Where will it send her?
She sleeps like a dormouse—
Good angels defend her!

Sister Mary Agnes

Note No. 37

I have no fear of death
because
my reborn soul shall
enter
a world of light
I feel but joy
joy unbounded
reverberating through my bones
joy beating a wild tempo
on my aching brain
soon
I shall be free
from the world's trivialities
then I
shall enter
a speck
in the eternity
that is
God.

Noreen T. Fraser

semore says...

(Continued From Page 2)

semore wishes that during dinner there were apples or oranges or some fruit available at dinner instead of dessert and not to be taken as well as dessert.

semore wants to make mention of mr. collins and the kitchen staff as being really considerate.

semore says that there are some highly qualified people on campus that certainly don't show it

semore wonders what happened to cus come on lucille you should have been getting the interest up for next year

semore thinks the noon break next year is going to be a great thing hope that it can be used for all sorts of things meetings a noon film festival drama club activities speakers

semore congratulates joan glode for her great work all year then there are thanks to go to jude ry and her crew for the work and the improvements that they did to the picaro this year next year should be even better all grads should remember that the small sum of one dollar is all they need to pay to get the picaro sent to them next year

semore says thanks to the person that saved his life and put the treads on the stairs and to the girls that continually block the stairs remember that the legs you save may be your own

semore nearly choked to death in the ladies room the other day some day some one not too bright will call the fire department gee girls use the trash cans

its been a gas to write this blurb all year i hope that you got something out of it there have been a lot of good times and a few hard.

our mount is in a period of transition these few years it is only now that we are losing the aura of the finishing school and becoming noticed for what we are mature intelligent women. It is during this time that the traditions are formed and are nurtured and flourish or they can die it is up to you as an individual making up a part of the whole to do what you feel should be done so that one day your daughters may say my mother told me how they started this and all they went through to get it done at first so that some day you can return and say i helped to start that. It is up to us, far more than the administration and our professors we are the mirror of the mount let's not smear it

once more it's been great

ps: semore forgot to thank noreen t fraser for her thoughts and lousy typing all year the end

WANTED: SUCCESSOR TO SEMORE WHO OFTEN SAWMORE THIS YEAR THAN ANYONE COULD AND SAIDMORE THAN ANYONE WOULD.

dear editor,

a word of praise should never be wasted and i feel that you and the picaro staff especially semore should be congratulated for your fine work all year especially semore. the picaro has changed this year and there is no doubt that with this experience behind you the paper will be even better next year especially semore.

especially yours,

semore

Those Crazy King's Students:

Banquet On Wheels

by JUDY REYNO

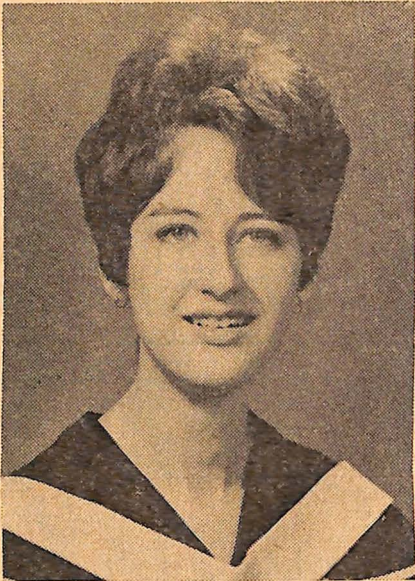
King's College is tiny, often mistaken for part of Dalhousie University, continuously in debt and threatened with extinction.

Yet if King's does ever disappear, it will be a sad day for ingeniousness, the fierce searing of loyalty, and the devil-may-care wish to try anything.

Because King's students are emblazoned with all of these qualities which too few students seemed to have.

This knowledge began to slowly unwind for me the day I along with S.C. President, Pat Gelhaus, received an invitation to attend a banquet at Prince Hall, Kings College, semi-formal, R.S.V.P.

The invitation, couched in formal terms, gave no indication as to eth purpose of the banquet, who was holding it, or why we were



Sandra MacDonald
C.U. Scholarship Winner
JAN MacEACHEN

If you've noticed a wide and uncompromising grin topping one of our illustrious P.G.'s lately, your attention has probably been drawn towards Sandra MacDonald, who has good cause to smile. It has recently been announced that Sandra, now working for her B.Ed., is the recipient of a full Scholarship to study for her Masters degree at Catholic University of America in Washington. The much sought after Knights of Columbus scholarship covers board and tuition and is valued at approximately \$2500.

Sandra's success came as no surprise to those familiar with her past achievements. She graduated from the Mount last year, Magna Cum Laude, with a major in English and received the Governor General's Medal for the highest aggregate in senior year. She was also one of two students enrolled in Kappa Gamma Phi, an honour society reserved for graduates of superior academic standing and who have made significant contributions in extra-curricular activities. Sandra was treasurer of Student Council last year and a recipient of the Gold V Award. She also delivered the valedictory speech at closing exercises.

Sandra will be studying for an M.A. in English with aspirations towards her doctorate. She plans to teach on a university level.

invited. Just Prince Hall, semi-formal, R.S.V.P.

With great curiosity and Mount St. Vincent dignity, Pat and I arrived at Prince Hall, in our semi-formal black crepe sheath and mod blue sparkling knit, to be greeted with even more dignity by tuxedo-toting Kingsmen.

"Ah! Now we can begin," greeted us as we joined 30 other semi-formal students from King's, St. Mary's and Dal.

Thereupon we were redirected to a waiting bus which would conduct us to the banquet.

As the bus wound out through the city in the general direction of the Bedford Basin and its environs, the questions poured from us, the mystified guests.

"Where are we going? What is this banquet? Hey, we're heading for the Mount again, aren't we?"

All these curiosities got were chuckled assurances from a charming, smiling Kingsman.

"You'll see. You'll soon know. Could be."

When our driver slowed down on Kempt Road and carefully wound his way through shocked stares of the parked patrons of the A & W Drive-In Restaurant, our curiosity turned to incredulity, and then to hilarious laughter.

The pleased Kingsmen explained between explosive laughter at the other puzzled patrons and the pleasure of a shared conspiracy that this was their annual Student Council banquet. They were tired of the traditional expensive, stuffy banquets which were "a waste of student funds for the self-glorification of student union members, and pats on the head by the administration and faculty."

This was their substitute: a banquet on wheels at the A & W with a menu of the favorite student meal . . . hamburgers and chips with root beer and sundaes for dessert.

We couldn't help but be caught up in the enthusiasm and enjoyment of those wacky kids. And so we stowed our coats on the back-rack provided, covered our semi-formals with napkins and munched on the juicy hamburgers stuffed with cheese and onions while watching the floor show in the car next to us.

After we had finished the main and only course, and while the driver was cruising over to the Tastee Freez next door for dessert. Past President King's Council, Wayne Hankey, set up the lectern he just "happened" to have with him and began the guest speech for the evening.

The main student award was given to incoming president Stephen Hart, a pair of earmuffs to keep from hearing faculty and administration telling him the things he shouldn't do.

As I look back now, it seems hard to believe, but there we were, sitting slurping our chocolate sundaes, parked on Kempt Road with Wayne standing at the lectern giving his eloquent essay on the madness of the student government, as Halifax's hell's angels roared around next to one side of the bus while the police bewilderingly questioned the bus driver on the other side.

But it did happen, even to the bus creeping quietly up the Mount hill and the Kingsmen escorting us to the door of Assisi. The banquet ended early for exams are near and they wanted to get back and study. Really.

(Continued On Page 8)

8 ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATIONS INCLUDING
BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

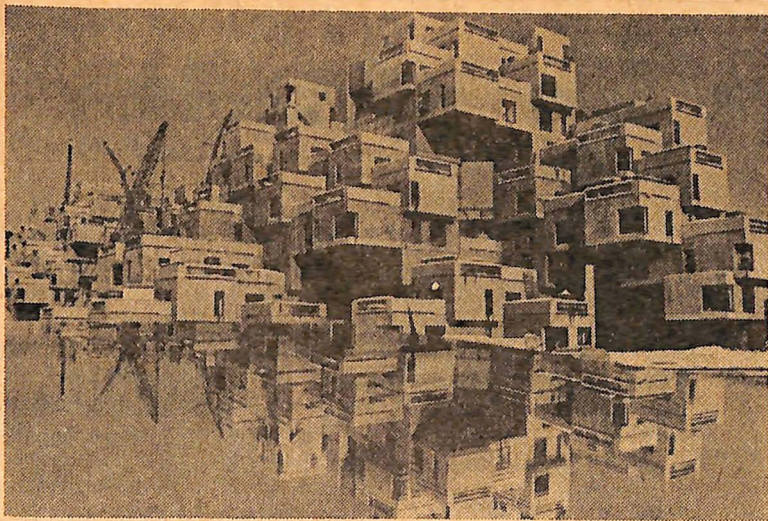
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HABITAT '67

Reprinted from *The Georgian*

One of the most exciting buildings at Expo that has stirred the imagination of architects, engineers and city planners is Habitat '67, a radically new concept of urban dwelling. It was designed by Israeli born architect Moshe Safdie of Montreal. Habitat's aim is to bring the advantages of suburban living to the heart of the city. The project consists of 354 modular construction units making up 158 dwellings arranged in staggered terraces so that the roofs at one level provide garden space for the level above.

The object of Habitat '67 is threefold; to provide within a high density urban development the essentials of a complete environment, to promote an experiment in construction techniques using mass production, and to further the development of new building materials.

The pre-stressed concrete units, manufactured at a plant on the site, are held together by post tensioning and are installed on an assembly line basis. They are then roofed and lifted into position by necra. The box-like units weigh between 70 and 90 tons. The complex measures 950 feet in length, 300 feet in width, and will rise to a height of 120 feet.

Expo's Commissioner General Pierre Drury says Habitat '67 will be the monument of the Exhibition. Engineers envisage that the project will eventually have the same ramifications on future city planning as the Eiffel Tower had for the steel frame building of skyscrapers.

Phoenix Is Dead

(Continued From Page 1)

crisis was reached, there were few willing to purchase the results of the very hard work of a few who readily admit that they are not qualified to produce a good yearbook of which they would be proud. This was the chief cry of the former editor who resigned on February 13.

With the appointment of the new editor, a last ditch attempt was made by the 1966-67 Students Council to complete publication.

Throughout the debate over the feasibility of a yearbook, I began to seriously question the priority given it by Council. Is the production of a yearbook (by 3 or 4 people) helping to improve the education of the students it represents? The 1967-68 Students Council said no on March 13; a decision for which I am personally most grateful.

What will come in the future appears to be in the hands of the graduating class of 1968. Efforts are being made to establish a Senior Class Memory Book in view of the fact that the only group interested in any type of a yearbook was the senior class. This would be a suitable substitute for the yearbook, would be less expensive and would be produced by an interested group.

I would like to thank those girls who have worked and those who continue to work on the yearbook, for although your efforts were not and are not appreciated by many, there are some who are most grateful.

Man And His World At Expo

(Continued From Page 1)

The Corporation has set aside more than 20 acres for strategically placed Theme pavilions in which the concept will be developed through exhibits grouped under the following headings:

"Man the Creator"

"Man the Explorer"

"Man in the Community"

"Man the Producer"

"Man the Provider"

Ten million people are expected to make the total of 35 million paid visits to Expo 67. Forty per cent of them will be residents of Canada, with half of them coming from the Greater Montreal area alone. Fifty per cent of the visitors will come from the U.S.A. and the rest of the world.

Banquet . . .

(Continued From Page 7)

There's no doubt about it. It was the best *banquet* we had ever attended, and the most unique!

The only thing we are still curious about is how they will top it next year, and whether or not we will be invited because we wouldn't want to miss it for all the *semi-formal* banquets in existence.

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