

# Awards Day *by Vina*

all and left us with these parting words...  
"I wish you peace."

The realistic attitude of our University President, Sister Catherine Wallace seems to have epitomized the total effect of our 1970-71 Awards Day Assembly. Truly a versatile personality who succeeded with a futuristic speech to enlighten all who attended. Sister Catherine's remarks concerning the education crises really hit home-----especially for those who are as yet undecided about their future and are in their Senior year. Mentioning the united University here where we have Students, Faculty, and Administration working successfully together-----especially strange in the world we live in, Sister Catherine factually accounted for our high standards which could bring about the kind of living and learning experience to give us a power to live most successfully in the real world. Realism was the basis of her speech especially the true, real world not only of today but of tomorrow. A degree, she stated, must be acquired because the students want to enlighten themselves and gain richer experiences-----not because it is legislated they need a degree. "These awards today are given to these students because they have worked hard and given of themselves in their case the M.S.V.U. Award means something!" Certainly anyone who knows these students will agree they are competent, reliable and have given much to M.S.V.U. They deserve many congratulations and best wishes for the future.

Our Council President, Mary Martin, was honored by her fellow council members and by incoming President Margaret During. Much can be said about the total involvement of Mary to M.S.V.U. activities. She gave her

The highlight of the assembly came when Andy Winstanley, past President of Dalhousie Student Union, presented Sister Catherine Wallace with the famed Dalhousie Gold "D". His remarks about the close co-operation between Mary as President and Sister Catherine Wallace seemed alien to him as he remembered the sparks that flew between Dr. Hicks and himself during his term in office. He noted how the Mount and Dal were progressing through their mutual efforts and co-operations.

The awards were as follows:

COUNCIL PINS-(Student Activity) presented by Mary Martin.

Cathy Selby----Student Council; Mary Cody----Athletics; Edward Donovaro---Education Society; Donna Fraser---Home Economics; Linda Jacobs---Student Council; Maureen Laffin---Student Council; Patty Nugent---Student Council; Stephen Ord---Picaro Newspaper; Diane O'Neill---Nursing Society; Karen Sparks---General Involvement.

SILVER V AWARDS-(4 Years General Involvement) presented by Sister Mary Jean Burns. Nancy Baglole; Sally Irving; Maureen Murphy; and Su Sainsbury.

GOLD V AWARDS-(Most outstanding in 4 years at M.S.V.U.) Liz McKinnon and Mary Martin.

BASKETBALL AWARD- presented by Mr. R. Whitman to Martha Bellefontaine.

VOLLEYBALL AWARD- presented by Miss C. MacDonald, Alumnae Association to Beverley Kennah.

SENIOR OF YEAR- presented by Mrs. Murphy, Alumnae Association to Geraldine White.

NURSING AWARD- presented by Miss Muise, Alumnae Association to Pamela Bochoff.

One should invest  
in taxes.  
They're always  
going up.



# The Picaro

## You've got your Degree... Now What?

Finally, the breath of release is expelled and those four years of work and exams are over. A joyous occasion and everyone congratulates the students in their caps and gowns and of course their degrees.

Ready to gear forward a beginning into the world heard of in the news or read about in the papers. A world of unemployment, hunger and frustration. The outside society where they shake hands with the jobless and join the demonstration parades. But what happens to the degrees?

50% of Mount St. Vincent graduates have not lined up jobs or are going around in circles making up their minds on what to do. Why? because the job

markets are either overemployed or jobs simply are not available. It appears that even the secretary market has closed down on demands of typists.

The graduates who have no jobs set up are in a depressing situation. Most of them will be very disappointed and disgusted that their degrees will not lead as a straight, forward path into a job.

Are degrees that easy to come by? In the past years, university seemed to have been geared toward the upper class only and a few intelligent middle class people. Today, this no longer exists because loans and grants are more easy to come by. Many more young people's goal is geared toward doing the in-thing with the

in-crowd----that is attending university. So now there are thousands of degree-granted students graduating each year. This makes for a shortage of jobs and this leads to a rise in unemployment.

Arts students are termed by definition "somebody who does not know what she wants." (Weekend Magazine, Feb.13). This indeed appears to be truthful enough. The Art student wants a degree and where does this degree lead her? Into teaching, or an office clerk, sales lady or one that will take a year to finally decide what she wants to do.

Many students will return to university to obtain a higher degree, their M.A. and still maybe a third, PH.D. They receive all of the degrees, so what?

A Manpower study shows a drop in demand this year of between 15 and 30 percent for pass and honour students in Arts and Science. For those with Master's degrees, however, the decrease in demand was 20 percent and for PH.D. holders, 25 percent. (Weekend Magazine, Feb.13)

### WHAT ARE GRADUATES DOING TODAY?

From very little to nothing at all. They begin from street cleaners, to waitresses, to gas station attendants to something more sophisticated like teaching high school or employed in an office. If you don't wish to be put into the same situation you will have to begin now by doing something about jobs or rather make up your minds on exactly what you would like to do after you graduate. It is a 50/50 chance that you land the chance but at least you would have made up your mind and decided on what direction to take.

*cont. page 2*



# A FRESHMAN SPEAKS

by Kathy

When we look back on the year 1970-71 we can add up all the experiences we've had, the friends we discovered, the work we did or didn't do.

We as Freshmen are still under the influence of our parents and our home life. This year may have been hard academically for some, difficult to get up every morning, to make that 9:00 class or stand patiently in that long line-up behind seniors waiting for breakfast, lunch or dinner. But, there were interesting activities, few here, but there was always Dal, where we all got involved---we have spirit, at least those who want to can have a good time, those who sit and complain constantly shouldn't be here.

I arrived at the Mount not quite sure just how I felt towards life here, wondering if people would be friendly and easy to get to know. Now as I look back, I realize how easy it really was and that I am glad I'm here where everything seems to be much closer than other university campuses.

Up at Vincent Hall we seem to be one big happy family, sure we have our ups and downs especially when they concern the hours we're out but it's the same everywhere. Most of us are returning to the top of the l-o-n-g hill next year when we will no longer be freshmen but climb one step further..



*Kathy-home ecer.*

From the very beginning of the year we were helped along to find ourselves, we may have gotten frustrated with course selection or business office routine but we all learned something this year and will always be grateful to the people we met and learned to respect and love.

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### a small record ad

"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 — Karen Young has a new single on reprise called Garden of Ursh (CR4000) which we would like you to buy and ask your local radio station to play. Who knows, maybe if you buy enough of them, even our accountants will be happy. Warner Bros. Records of Canada Ltd.

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YOU'RE DIRTY

*cont. from p.1*

So you've got your degree, now what? Maybe now the traditional status of attending university and leaving with a piece of paper, your degree will one day become a myth; and Trade school will raise its standards into the University

status and then the statement will be "You've got your trade, now what? WORK!"



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# MEN WHO MAKE WOUNDS

What was the Cause of the War ?...

THE kerosene lamp overhead makes a steady buzzing sound like an incandescent hive of bees. Mud wall. Mud floor. Mud bed. White paper windows. Smell of blood and chloroform. Cold. Three o'clock in the morning, December 1, North China, near Lin Chu, with the 8th Route Army.

Men with wounds.

Wounds like little dried pools, caked with black-brown earth; wounds with torn edges frilled with black gangrene; neat wounds, concealing beneath the abscess in their depths, burrowing into and around the great firm muscles like a dammed-back river, running around and between the muscles like a hot stream; wounds, expanding outward, decaying orchids or crushed carnations, terrible flowers of flesh; wounds from which the dark blood is spewed out in clots, mixed with the ominous gas bubbles, floating on the fresh flood of the still-continuing secondary hemorrhage.

Old filthy bandages stuck to the skin with blood-glue. Careful. Better Moisten first. Through the the thigh. Pick the leg up. Why it's like a bag, a long, loose, red stocking. What kind of stocking? A Christmas stocking. Where's the fine strong rod of bone now? In a dozen pieces. Pick them out with your fingers; white as a dog's teeth, sharp and jagged. Now feel. Any more left? Yes, here. All? Yes; no, here's another piece. Is this muscle dead. Cut it out. How can that heal? How can those muscles, once so strong, now so torn, so devastated, so ruined, resume their proud tension? Pull, relax. Pul, relax. What fun it was! Now that is finished. Now that's done. Now we are destroyed. Now what will we do with ourselves?

NEXT. What an infant! Seventeen. Shot through the belly. Chloroform. Ready? Gas rushes out of the peritoneal cavity. Odor of feces. Pink coils of distended intestine. Four perforations. Close them. Purse string suture. Sponge out the pelvis. Three tubes. Hard to close. Keep him warm. How? Dip those bricks into hot water.

Gangrene is a cunning, creeping fellow. Is this one alive? Yes, he lives. Technically speaking, he is alive. Give him saline intravenously. Perhaps the innumerable tiny cells of his body will remember. They may remember the hot salty sea, their ancestral home, their first food. With the memory of a million years, they may remember other tides, other oceans, and life being born of the sea and the sun. It may make them raise their tired little heads, drink deep and struggle back into life again. It may do that.

*Norman Bethune, a Canadian doctor, was in the medical corps during the Spanish Civil War and later was a medical officer in the Red Army in the Sino-Japanese War. He died there in 1939 after writing Wounds which is reprinted from New Frontiers.*



ANOTHER PIECE . . . it's like a bag

And this one. Will he run along the road beside his mule at another harvest, with cries of pleasure and happiness? No, that one will never run again. How can you run with one leg? What will he do? Why, he'll sit and watch the other boys run. What will he think? He'll think what you and I would think. What's the good of pity? Don't pity him! Pity would diminish his sacrifice. He did this for the defence of China. Help him. Lift him off the table. Carry him in your arms. Why, he's as light as a child! Yes, your child, my child.

How beautiful the body is; how perfect its parts; with what precision it moves; how obedient, proud and strong. How terrible when torn. The little flame of life sinks lower and lower, and with a flicker, goes out. It goes out like a candle goes out. Quietly and gently. It makes its protest at extinction, then submits. It has its say, then is silent.

only wanted cheaper raw materials, more markets and more profit? No. they told them that this brutal war was "The Destiny of the Race," it was for the "Glory of the Emperor," it was for the "Honor of the State," it was for their "King and Country."

False. False as hell!

It would seem inescapable that the militarists and the capitalists of Japan are the only class likely to gain by this mass murder, this authorized madness, this sanctified butchery. That ruling class, the true state, stands accused.

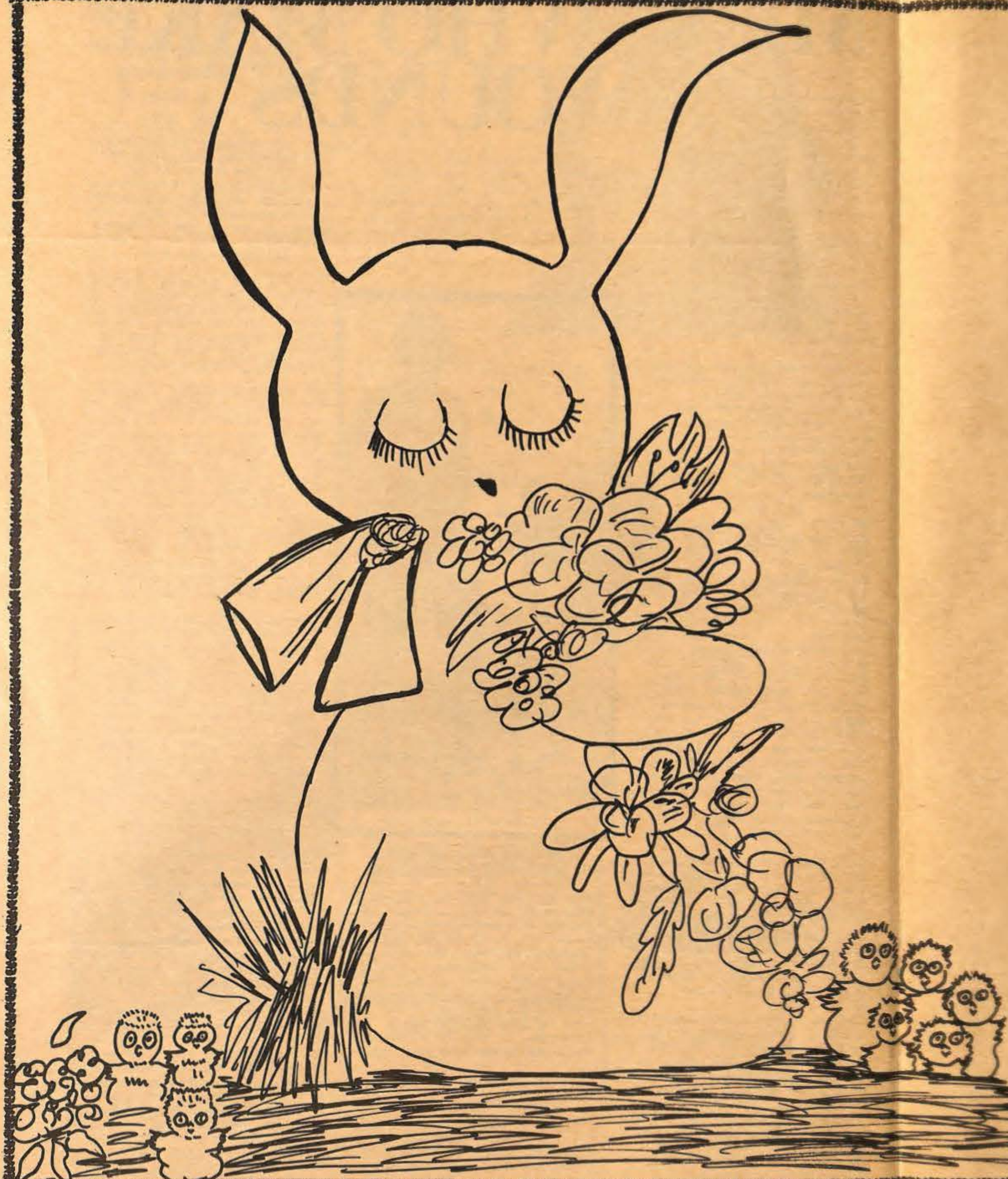
Are wars of aggression, wars for the conquest of colonies, then, just big business? Yes, it would seem so, however much the perpetrators of such national crimes seek to hide their true purpose under banners of high-sounding abstractions and ideals. They make war to capture markets by murder; raw materials by rape. They find it cheaper to steal than to exchange; easier to butcher than to buy. This is the secret of war. This is the secret of all wars. Profit. Business. Profit. Blood money.

Behind all stands that terrible, implacable God of Business and Blood, whose name is Profit. Money, like an insatiable Moloch, demands its interest, its return, and will stop at nothing, not even the murder of millions, to satisfy its greed. Behind the army stand the militarists. Behind the militarists stand finance capital and the capitalist. Brothers in blood; companions in crime.

WHAT do these enemies of the human race look like? Do they wear on their foreheads a sign so that they may be told, shunned and condemned as criminals? No. On the contrary, they are respectable ones. They are honored. They call themselves, and are called, gentlemen. What a travesty on the name, Gentlemen! They are the pillars of the state, of the church, of society. They support private and public charity out of the excess of their wealth. They endow institutions. In their private lives they are kind and considerate. They obey the law, their law, the law of property. But there is one sign by which these gentle gunmen can be told. Threaten a reduction on the profit of their money and the beast in them awakes with a snarl. They become ruthless as savages, brutal as madmen, remorseless as executioners. Such men as these must perish if the human race is to continue. There can be no permanent peace in the world while they live. Such an organization of human society as permits them to exist must be abolished.

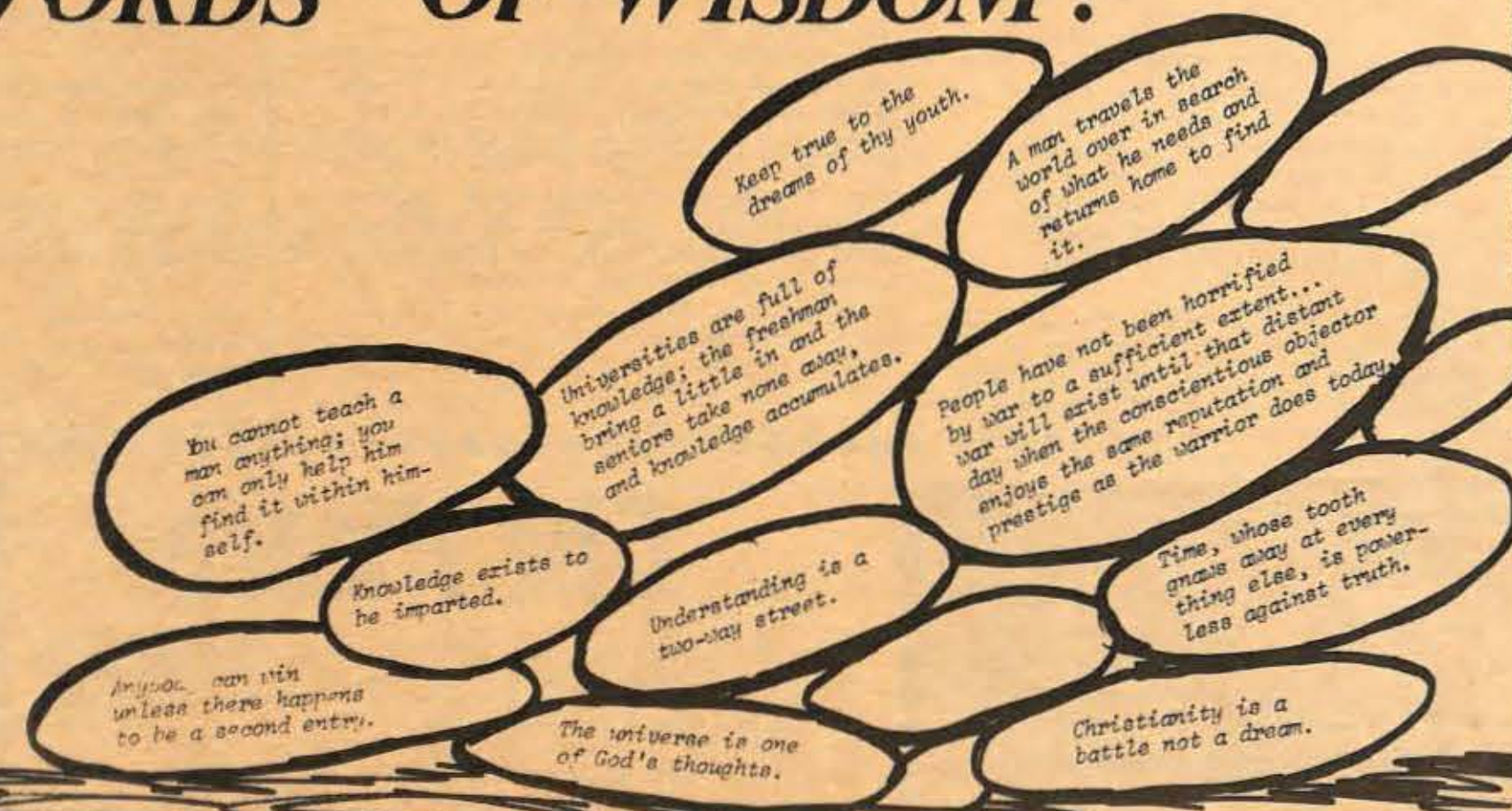
These men make the wounds.





*HAPPY EASTER*

**TO OLD FOR BUNNIES?  
HOW ABOUT  
WORDS OF WISDOM!**







# EDITORIAL

Elbert Hubbard once said, "to avoid criticism do nothing, say nothing, be nothing." Well, I am sorry, I consider myself somebody and I intend to say much. Tomorrow, if the world stands, man will inevitably stand with it. The world today is no more than a mass of trivial tribulations and antagonism. And every turn of that globe penetrates into the ever explorations of mans' mind.

Ignorance could easily be said to be "bliss" and "tis folly to be wise" but I cannot excuse ignorance that is tormented for an unjust purpose nor can I disregard the consequences of an ignorant blame. I was chosen to be the new editor of the Picaro----your university paper, and only a fool would put his hands into a pot of boiling water, for the honour, the glory or the name has yet to be conceived. The outcome is harshness, criticism, and unfavourable disliking of many articles; but this is to be expected.

Steven Ord, the past editor of the Picaro, did not support my

wishes, but I did not require of him this unclaimed generosity. Needless to say, his issues of the Picaro have indeed proved to be picturesque, a duplicate, and at times a waste of reading leisure. However, many times, in many issues the articles lived up to the expectations of the purpose of the newspaper that was submitted by persons who were not employed on the Picaro Staff----I am hardly an ungrateful person, or a forgetful one, for Steven has done a tremendous job on making the office a comfortable and workable place.

Now that the past editor has folded his blossomed leaves ----we are about to continue to produce a paper. Let us begin a new start and express through writing the integrity and respectability that a newspaper should convey. "The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants". (Samuel Johnson)

If the paper was not being read, no one would object, but because it is being read, we find criticisms. This is good.

Let us remember, that not all things please everyone and life goes on with all its displeasures and dislikings. Our part is that we make the community look in at us and say that we are the youths of tomorrow that will make our dreams come true.

## here & there

Don't hope to get a room next school year if you're not paid up! So find another school!

Exams are coming up! If you're failing, quit now!

Got poor blood? Drink orange juice from the cafeteria.

If you're borrowing books from the bookstore, observe the sign on the wall, "Shop lifters will be persecuted!"

Worrying about exams? Take an overdose of Happy Pills---prescribed by the Nutty Professor.

Still complaining? Remember, there are as many trains leaving as are coming in.

Business Office, are you coming or going?

# DURING, SALUTE the FUTURE

Since this is the first opportunity I have had of addressing myself to the student body, I would like to begin by thanking the 55.3% of the students who came out to vote. To the remaining 44.7% who obviously couldn't be bothered, I offer my sympathies.....you are well on your way to becoming typical citizens.

As you are all probably aware, the 1971-72 year at the Mount is going to be one of great change and hopefully a year of a new image for the Mount. It seems that we are considered by many to be a small and insignificant wheel in the great cog of higher learning. However, we are growing and it is my feeling that students shall have to become increasingly involved in the affairs of this university. To say that M.S.V.U. is too small to count, is simply inhibiting our ability to play a part in the student affairs of this Province. We DO count. We have a voice which is uniquely our own and we must make our presence felt.

Many students are concerned that we are being lost in the shuffle. i.e. that we are losing our identity. That is not true! We are simply behaving as if we had nothing to loose. The greater majority of us are here because we chose to attend the Mount. We did not think then that the Mount was small and insignificant. We must not be permitted to take that attitude now; nor must we allow others to believe that we doubt ourselves!

Shalom,

M.E. During.

Buy your order for your yearbook any time at the picaro office. Submit any ideas you or your friends may have, concerning the layout of YOUR year book. Come and help us to work together for a while.

## 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. It is prepared to uphold its stand.

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# NEPTUNE THEATRE

by Joy

The Fantastiks, directed by Alan Lund, opened at Neptune Theatre Thursday, April 1. A musical in two acts, it will be presented nightly until April 24.

The first act of this production is a delight. There's a lot of action, colour, movement, music, and laughter--all the ingredients for a good musical. Act II appears to be an exercise in contrast: the actors no longer seem to be enjoying their roles, the pace is slow, the songs seem overly forced, and the audience yawned.

Bob Ainslie's character of The Mute, who runs the gamut of being everything from a co-operative wall to an efficient stage hand, is charming. I'm sure all who see him in this play hope he will soon be in a production in which we may admire his vocal talents as well as his ability as a mime. Bill Cole, narrator cum bandit, gave a slick, professional performance. The Girl, played by Beth Ann Cole, was "very nice" but a bit too mature and sophisticated for The Boy. Jeff Hyslop's portrayal of The Boy carried our attention through several otherwise dull scenes. We hope this talented young actor will return to Neptune for another performance in the near future.



## THE FANTASTICKS

Douglas Chamberlain and Jack Northmore, the Girl's and Boy's Fathers, were good fun all through the play. Their routines were delightful and their characters were laughable and lovable. David Renton, The Old Actor, and his "side kick" Kenneth Wickes--The Man Who Dies (remember Thisbe?!)--also contributed much to the colour and laughter in the play. Kenneth Wickes has outdone himself--again.

The set by Antony Dimitrov was adequate and functional but didn't add much to the play as his sets usually do. Oga Dimitrov's costumes and

David Hinks lighting were good, but again not up to the high standards we have come to expect from Neptune. Errol

Gay, Musical Director, and his musicians gave a very fine performance.

Perhaps it's Spring Fever; perhaps some people need holidays, perhaps the staff just isn't keen on musicals: I don't know. Perhaps it was just "bad luck" that Act II was so slow opening night. In any case, for lovers of musicals, the evening is worthwhile for the brightness and spirit of the first act.

## Witches Off To Flying Start

by Joy

With its March 25 and 26 production of Witches the M.S.V.U. Drama Society is off to a flying start. Mrs. Una Way has brought her young actors a long way since the beginning of the year and they are all budding Thespians now. Those who saw Witches recently performed in the gymnasium, are looking forward to attending the fall production of it in the improved facilities of our new theatre.

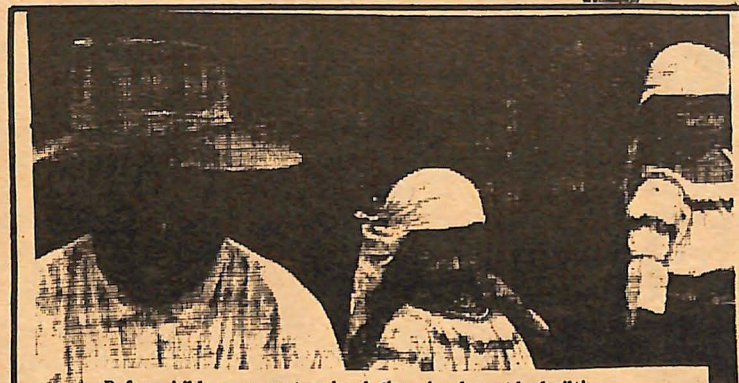
The company, consisting of Brenda Goff, Jane Lockhart, Lynn MacKenzie, Nancy Stone, Patrice Thomas, Peter Guildford, Linda Dean, Cathv Stevens, and Ann Fothergill, was enthusiastic and excited about this developed improvisation and they communicated these feelings to their audience. With the assistance of masks, cape-like costumes, steaming cauldron, and giant

wall-covering slides (by Edd Orr) it was a "turned-on" performance. Anyone who missed this play should regret it--and make a special effort to attend the September production.

Since the Drama Society has attained the degree of competence shown in Witches in the space of only one school year, we know that next year will be an exciting one for the group as the "veterans" will be learning new techniques and helping to acquaint new members with the boards. If you have a yen to find out more about theatre work, be sure to contact Mrs. Way. Don't forget, the actors are only the people you see--workers are also needed for lighting, costume designing and painting, prompters, dressers, publicity, and don't forget the inevitable "go-fers". If you've

got a case of shyness you'd like to get rid of--this is the place to start.

SEE YOU AT THE THEATRE!



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"DIARY OF AN UNBORN CHILD"

(Higher Education Assistance Agency)

- October 5: Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet, I'm as small as an appleseed, but it is I already. And I'm to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and blue eyes. Just about everything is settled, even that I'll love flowers.
- October 19: I have grown a little, but I'm still too small to do anything by myself. My Mother does just about everything for me. And she still doesn't even know that she is carrying me here under her heart, and that she is helping me already, that she's even feeding me with her own blood. She is so good.
- October 23: My mouth is beginning to open now. Just think, in a year or so, I shall be laughing, and later talking. I know what my first word will be: MAMA
- October 25: My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on, it will beat for the rest of my life, without even stopping to rest. And after many years, it will grow tired, and stop, and then I shall die.
- November 2: I am growing a bit every day. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I have to wait a long time yet before those little legs will raise me to my Mother's arms, before my arms will be able to gather flowers, and hug Daddy.
- November 12: Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are. I'll be able to stroke my mother's hair with them.
- November 20: It wasn't until today that the Doctor told Mom that I'm living here under her heart. Oh how happy she must be! Are you happy Mom?
- November 25: My Mom and Dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I'm a little girl. I want to be called Cathy.
- December 10: My hair is growing. It is smooth and bright and shiny. I wonder what kind of hair Mom has.
- December 13: I am just about able to see. It is dark around me. When Mom brings me into the world, it will be full of sunshine and flowers. But what I want more than anything is to see my Mom. How do you look, Mom?
- December 24: I wonder if Mom hears the whispering beat of my heart. Some children come into the world a little sick. But, my heart is strong and healthy. It beats so evenly: tup-tup, tup-tup. You'll have a healthy little daughter, Mom!
- December 28: Today, my mother killed me!!!