

The Picaro

DECEMBER 1966

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY

VOL. 2 NO. 5

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

"A Monkey On His Back"

by JUDY REYNO
Staff writer

One hundred and fifty students were taken a few steps closer to the reality of drug addiction when Father Hennessey, Dean of Men at Saint Mary's University, spoke here November 30th. Father Hennessey, who has worked with addicts in various parts of Canada, showed a film depicting the last futile years of a man with a "monkey on his back", and afterwards, spoke on the great problem of drug addiction.

People are used to thinking that drug addiction applies only to drugs such as marijuana and heroin, but it also includes addiction to barbiturates, tranquilizers, and stimulants (those pills many students use to keep awake during exams!), as well as the lately controversial L.S.D. Father Hennessey explained.

"The doctors say that addiction to barbiturates can be almost as severe as addiction to heroin." A person can become addicted to any medicine agent used to induce sleep, deaden perceptions, affect behaviour in any way.

What is a drug addict? Father explained that he is a person whose body "becomes chemically and emotionally adjusted to a state of existence in which life is intolerable unless his body is imbued with such substances as heroin." An addict is a person who "cannot roll with the punches!" The world's anxieties and problems become too much for him. He is immature, rebellious against society. He feels small, unimportant. He wants relief, escape, and he finds this escape in drugs.

"They run away from reality but there is always the coming back," continued Father.

He discussed the effects of the various drugs.

Marijuana brings a psychological but not physical addiction, with effects similar to alcohol. Those addicted lose their sense of honesty, decency. After a while they become tired of marijuana, building up a tolerance to it, and it loses its kick. They must have something stronger with more kick, and so they progress to heroin.

Heroin causes, among other things, slowness of heartbeat. Heroin addicts do not want to live alone, and they are continually on the move. Some addicts may require eight capsules of heroin a day at \$5.00 a capsule.



WHAT EXAMS?—Margie Mabey, Lynda McIntyre, and Susan Shea of tenth floor, Assisi Hall, take time out from their exam studies to decorate the Christmas tree. (Photo by Maureen Whelan).

Sister Alice Michael Attends Meeting

by ELAINE SHARP, Council Reporter

On November 14th, the Student Council was honored by the presence at their meeting of Sister Alice Michael, President of the University. Sister gave a very interesting talk on the structure of the University. Sister said that our charter is different from all other charters; "Our charter is equal to, or better than most." The Board of Governors has all final powers and the President executes aca-

L.S.D. is the drug that has aroused the curiosity of university students lately. Father told us of a psychiatrist friend who had taken the drug. During the experience, the psychiatrist grinned wickedly, but helplessly, and he believed that he died 18 times. Afterwards, he was very depressed.

L.S.D. has a severe psychotic reaction on some people and the danger of it is that there is no way to know for whom it is dangerous. The Alcoholic Drug Foundation in Toronto experimented with L.S.D. in treating alcoholics but dropped it after deciding that it had no therapeutic value.

Father Hennessey said that the people behind drug peddling are wealthy enough to afford it. He told us that the police know who they are but can do nothing about it as these people are never in direct contact with the dope.

Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver are the main Canadian cities for peddling drugs.

demic powers. After the meeting, Sister Alice Michael allowed the few observers and members of the Council to look at the future plans for the University. They were very impressive. Also at this meeting, the first plans for the Winter Carnival were discussed. The Carnival is being held in conjunction with St. Mary's University on the first weekend in February. This will be the event of the year. The Mount will be paying 23% of the expenses; St. Mary's is paying 57%.

Election dates for members of Council for the year 67-68 were set. The elections for President and Vice-President will be held on February 15th and the remainder of Council will be elected on the 22nd. These are the important points that one misses from not attending the Council meetings.

At the meeting of November 28th, Council was quite disturbed to hear the lack of progress with the yearbook. The expected amount to be taken in was \$3500.00; to date they have \$1053.00. If the yearbook is not well accepted this year, there will be no yearbook next year. Everyone's support is needed.

The Freshmen class is putting on a Christmas party for the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage and they are also going to have a sing-song for everyone on the 17th of December. Council wishes everyone a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a prosperous NEW YEAR.

W.U.S.C. on Campus

DONNA MacLELLAN

For second term W.U.S.C. at Mount Saint Vincent University will "resume" activities in three major areas.

1) *Book Drive*—Mount Saint Vincent and St. Mary's are co-ordinating a book drive whereby a large number of books from Maritime Universities will be shipped overseas via Halifax. See Peggy Ellis, Jean D'Entremont or Donna MacLellan if you wish to help. (If not they will probably come to you.)

2) *Shoe Campaign*—This campaign is an endeavour to educate students concerning W.U.S.C. International Program of Action in an intensified week long effort after which there is one day of fund raising. All contributions go to the I.P.A. See Donna Campbell or Donna MacLellan if you can help out.

3) *W.U.S.C. WEEK*—A week of education and activities (Dance, Shoe Shine, Skating Party etc.) See Peggy Bochoff. W.U.S.C. WEEK Co-Ordinator.

An exact chronological schedule of these events will be given out early in the second term. If at any time you have questions please see W.U.S.C. Chairman, Donna MacLellan, Secretary Treasurer, Ann Nolan or Publicity Manager, Jeanette Holland.

"Blood Flowed Freely.."

This year's at the Mount we started preparing for the Christmas season a little earlier than usual. On November 30, many students and sisters gave the greatest gift possible—a part of themselves at the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic. Also in keeping with the spirit of Christmas, all 148 pints of blood donated were a rich red colour.

The Red Cross staff set up their equipment in the gym and were assisted by the MSVU student nurses. The Clinic was scheduled to run from 2 to 4 in the afternoon but blood flowed freely and continually until 5 o'clock. It is interesting to note that the last person to rise from the 10 minute "recovery" rest was Judy O'Dea, President of the Nurses' Club.

We are all pleased that the Blood Donor Clinic was so successful and it is hoped that the next Clinic held here will cover a longer period of time and so permit more of us to give blood. The statistics are not known yet but they will be posted when available.

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.

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This was a zany time for putting out a paper, but it was fun! If we fail, we'll go together. Have a ball over the holiday, and we hope to see EVERYBODY back in the New Year.



Half a year has sneaked by. What have we got to show for it? Academically, the bell will toll in January when that official, white envelope arrives in our mail boxes. The contents will reveal if all those hours spent in the library, those notes taken word for word, all those classes we were tempted to skip but didn't, if all these were worthwhile.

Well, that is the plight of the individual. But let's look at the group—one group in particular—Council. What has Council done to make itself known on campus, or for that matter, anywhere, in their first four months of office? What are the tangible results of their "democratic" efforts?

We must say, although it is a well-hidden fact, Council is trying. It becomes a little enmeshed in parliamentary procedure and forgets what it is setting out to do, but it is trying.

One Solitary Life

Reprinted from Reader's Digest Dec. 1966 Issue

A child is born in an obscure village. He is brought up in another obscure village. He works in a carpenter shop until he is 30 and then for three brief years is an itinerant preacher, proclaiming a message and living a life. He never writes a book. He never holds an office. He never raises an army. He never has a family of his own. He never owns a home. He never goes to college. He never travels 200 miles from the place where he was born. He gathers a little group of friends about him and teaches them his way of life.

While still a young man, the tide of popular feeling turns against him. The band of followers forsake him. One denies him, an-

The evaluation questionnaire, Council's latest endeavour, is an attempt to find out what the students think about every activity on campus, getting advice on changes and improvements. This questionnaire should bring about a few revelations, and dare we hope, changes? It is something which has been needed for a long time. The clubs need revamping and what better way to get at them than through the students' opinions of them?

We hope that Council will not just arrange the questionnaire, gather the information, and then drop it. This could be one of their most effective undertakings and the shot in the arm several of our campus activities need. But nothing more has been heard of this quiz. Has it gone the way of so many other well-intended reforms? If not, we would like to hear the latest on it. What about it, Council?

other betrays him. He is turned over to his enemies. He goes through the mockery of a trial; He is nailed on a cross between two thieves, and when dead is laid in a borrowed grave by the kindness of a friend.

Those are the facts of his human life.

Today we look across nineteen hundred years and ask, what kind of a trail has he left across the centuries? When we try to sum up his influence, all the armies that ever marched, all the parliaments that ever sat, all the kings that ever reigned are absolutely picaresque in the influence on mankind compared with that of this one solitary life.

Letters to the Editor Shopping at Expo

French Acadian Seminar

by TEVIA ABRAMS

On November 20, I attended a French Acadian Seminar held here at Mount Saint Vincent University. Organized and conducted for the most part by Susan Oickle, French Club President, the seminar was patronized by more than thirty students (non-French as well as French) members of both the faculty and the administration and a number of invited guests from Nova Scotia's Acadian regions to act as resource persons for the seminar.

Although I knew very little about the French-Acadian situation before attending the seminar, I was able to derive much benefit from it. This was in part due to the fact that the first speaker, M. J. Alphonse Deveau, very appropriately provided worthwhile material for a discussion on the French-Acadian situation in general before any of the remaining guests speakers pursued in more depth points such as La Jeunesse Acadienne, La Femme Acadienne, and La Religion.

What confused me most about this vivacious minority group was their attitude of resignation to the inevitable flaws of majority rule, especially as regards to language rights, without any attempt to enact legislation or excite large scale support to favour the cause of preserving the French-Acadian language and culture. They indeed appeared to me singularly peaceful and co-operative Canadian citizens.

Donna MacLellan

Shadows On The Wall

by PAT PURCELL

It is late and quiet now:
Streets are silent, houses are dark.
The clock ticks swiftly, in cutting strokes
And the little lamp plays shadows
On the walls and the still furniture.
The theatre poster stands over the desk, a remembrance
Of that one night when childhood Crumbled.
Ballet dancers, framed, seem distant and sad,
And the rosary droops from the nail where it has
Hung for years, untouched and broken.
The sheets are white and fresh
and the
Bedspread a garden of blue daisies
In long, white grass.
The small red Persian clashes with the blue flowers
Of the larger rug, but does not destroy
The harmony of my room . . .
A room that comforts,
Secures in itself a kind of peace
and belonging.
Here I think, here I cry
And here, share with the pale blues
And greens, reds and browns,
happiness
Of these things.
Here is a haven, a place to run and
Force no hiding.
My room and my palace.

"Daddy, buy me something!"
A time-worn cry that will be echoed millions of times next year on the grounds of the 1967 World Exhibition. But Expo 67 planners aren't dismayed: they have answers, answers, answers.

Ask the man who knows—Frank Charmatz, head of the concessions and licensing division at Expo 67: "We think we're ready to meet the shopping needs, desires and fancies of visitors to Expo next year. Quite apart from the many restaurants, cafes, snack bars, cocktails lounges, and hot dog stands, we have set aside certain areas on La Ronde for the most dazzling array of retail shops and boutiques you can imagine."

The locations of the "dazzling shops and boutiques" are set in three major shopping areas: the International Carrefour, an old French Canadian town which will have a handicraft centre where goods will be made as well as sold; and Pioneerland-Fort Edmonton, a reconstruction of the old west, which will have a number of stores in addition to restaurants and saloons. And more: scattered novelty hat shops, souvenir shops; even a conveniently located toy store in "Children's World."

Mr. Charmatz describes the International Carrefour variously as "an intimate bazaar", a kind of international marketplace", and "an exotic, multi-racial, multi-cultural shopping centre."

Whichever description one chooses, 14 nations are now preparing to open 29 individually decorated shops. The countries are: France, Germany, Iran, Japan, Korea, Morocco, Netherlands, Switzerland, Thailand, Tunisia, USSR, Venezuela, Yugoslavia, and the State of Hawaii.

A leisurely stroll through the Carrefour might seduce the visitor, into such purchases as leather goods from Morocco, a teakwood chest from Thailand, French perfume, perhaps an Iranian shawl.

Pioneerland-Fort Edmonton and Le Village will offer a more domestic but no less interesting array of gifts.

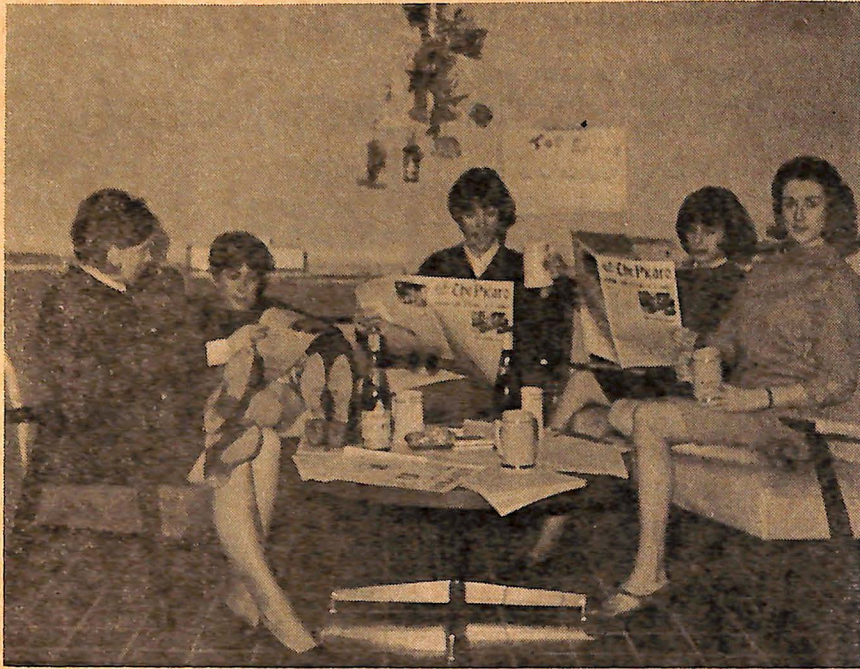
In the Fort will be found a barber shop, a studio for quick-sketch portrait artists, a novelty hat store, an official souvenir shop, film and camera shop, general store, old-time printing press shop, shooting gallery, and more restaurants and saloons.

"What is the visitor's pleasure?" asks Mr. Charmatz. "Fools' gold nuggets? Silver-inlaid saddles? Well, Fort Edmonton will have it."

And Le Village? "Handicrafts and actual demonstrations by artisans working with metals, clay, wood and other materials," says Mr. Charmatz. For the discerning gift-buyer, there would doubtless be such tempting items as finely-worked ceramics, jewellery, pottery, wood carvings, woven materials, and more.

All this in addition to the smaller souvenir in answer to "Daddy, buy me something".

Season's Greetings From The Staff —



Here you have the exalted(?) editorial staff hard at work on the next issue. Confering are Barb Keith, features editor Jan MacEachen, literary editor, Judy Reyno, editor in chief, Anne O'Neill, news editor, and Maureen Whelan, managing editor.

Psalm Of A Picaro Reporter

adopted from the Handbook of
the University of Western Ontario
The PICARO is my shepherd.
I am in want.
It maketh me to fail by examina-
tions,
Along with the rest of the staff.
But this restoreth the Paper.
It leadeth me into the paths of
Crime for Its names' sake.
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of ignorance
I desire to remain.
For it is beside me;
Its editor in chief she whippeth
me.
She employeth knowledge to em-
barass me in front of my
peers.
She annointeth my head with copy
Till my typewriter runneth over.
Surely ignorance and unemploy-
ment shall follow me all the
days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the House of
The PICARO forever.
Amen.

Christmas Carols

To the tune of "Deck the Halls."
Deck the halls with lots of lockers
Fa la la la la la la la la
Blue and lime green
Are such shockers
Fa la la la la la la la la
Don we now our gay deposits
Fa la la la la la la la la
But our clothes have
Nothing on our closets.
Fa la la la la la la la la

To the tune of "O Little Town of
Bethlehem."
Oh little town of Rockingham,
How still we see thee lie.
Above the gray and bleak highway
The speedy cars go by.
Yet in the dark Mount shineth,
An everlasting light.
Some stupid kid had left it on—
'Fore going home last night.

To the tune of "Winter Wonder-
land."
Class bells ring, no one's listening
In the tunnel, girls are whistling
Exams are all thru, holiday's due,
See you at the first of the year.
If we don't make it back academic-
ally
In our office we will still remain
Putting out the paper as a weekly
For classes now will cause us no
more pain.

We Want . . .

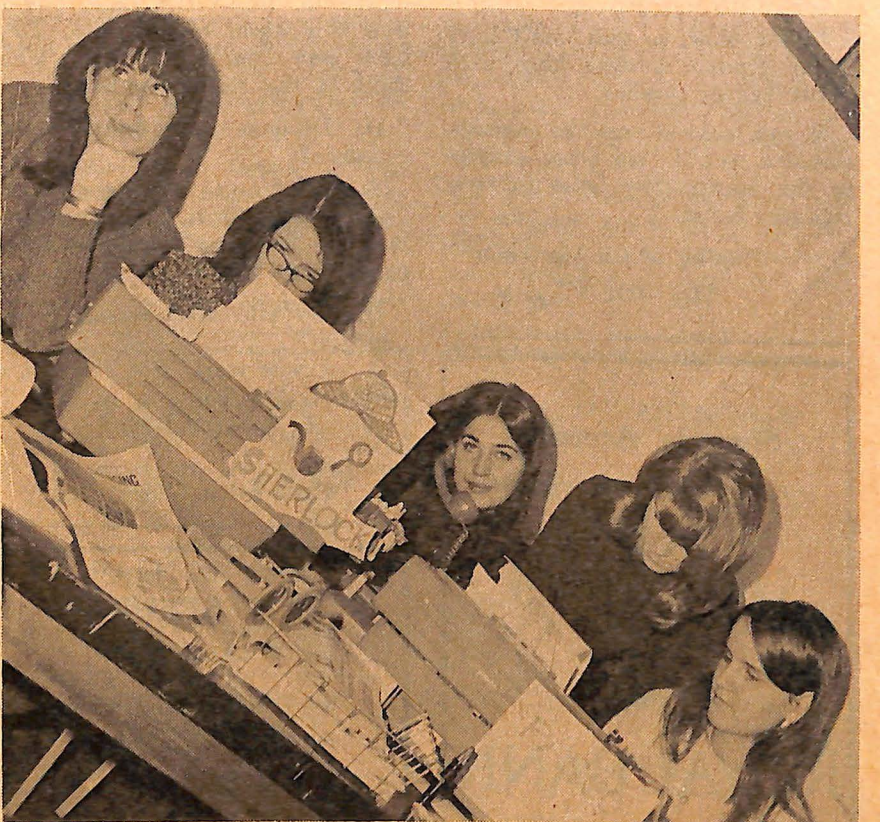
- At one of our gabby staff meet-
ings, we thought of some of the
things that we, as the Picaro staff,
want for Christmas. The following
list resulted:
- a washroom for the office
 - \$5000.00 in advertising
 - cigarette and coffee machines
 - nonremovable office supplies
 - electric typewriter and an elect-
ric carpet
 - a doorknob that works
 - lifetime supply of inspiration
 - 433 more ashtrays
 - a couple of DeVinci's for the bare
walls
 - 50 lb. box of permintas
 - a green light (Maureen Bishop
explains that since we have a red
light in the dark room, we must
have a green light in the office to
match it in view of the Christmas
season!)
 - a recipient for the KISS on the
wall
 - sanitation disposal unit for the
manifestations of our literary
and otherwise excess.
 - that every student learn to pro-
nounce the name of our news-
paper, the Picaro . . . PIC as in
choose; A as in an; RO is in pad-
dle, with the accent on PIC.



This hodgepodge is the business and circulation staff which is going to get us that \$5000.00 in advertising next term. Busy doing nothing are Linda Bartlow, Anne McCormick, Linda Shute, Chris Coolen, Paula Kane, Sheila Russell and Wendy Mulock (seated).



Who said photographers never smile? Other photographers . . . well, anyway, our staff does, and above, you see Maureen Bishop, smiling, Beatrice Gribble, smiling, and Carole A. Holmes, smiling. Taking the pix is Maureen Whelan, head of the Photopool.



Our down-trodden writers "wait" for inspiration (that never comes!) Using all their thinking energy induced by eating permintas continually are Nancy Ahern, Audrey O'Brien, Pat Purcell, Chris Bennett, and Kathy Hennessey. Oh yes, also Sherlock and Pasco!

Dear Santa . . .

Dear Santa,

Christmas is coming and so we are writing our annual letter. We've tried very hard to do our part: we haven't skipped too many classes; we haven't failed too many tests; we haven't been campused to many times. We feel we have done our best and so we don't feel we're asking for too much from you this year. We would like:

a mailman who will bring us mail every day, so we won't give up on the outside world;

a fresh set of blankets every so often, so our beds will be as clean as our rooms;

a cookbook for our cafeteria staff, so they will at least know what they're serving us;

an escalator, so the journey back to our rooms will be a little less painful;

at least one pretty Monet, so we can replace the pictures we now have;

the services of a little old clock-maker, so he can synchronize our clocks;

a real Father River's Mass, so we can sing *our* music;

a telephone that lights up instead of rings, so that we won't be disturbed on Saturday mornings;

a general heating system that works, so that we can have a uniform temperature in all the rooms;

clear water from the faucets, so we can tell just how much of the bath tub ring is really ours;

someone to bring home to mother for approval;

a less expensive mode of transportation, so we won't go broke in the pursuit of the above;

sound-proof walls, so that "quiet hours" will become obsolete;

the banning of unsigned publications, so we won't be subjected to the trivia of anonymous gossip;

your personal assurance that we will all pass our December exams (the Easter Bunny will take care of April's.)

a bit of snow, so you won't have any trouble getting here with the bag of goodies.

If you make it past the commissionaire, you'll find some cookies in the lounge. Say hello to your reindeer for us.

Hoping to see you soon,
The MOUNT girls

Students' Accounts
are always welcome
at the "Royal"



ROYAL BANK

Rockingham Branch
D. E. Estebrooks

An Interview With S. Claus

OR

How I Learned to Stop Being a Skeptic and Believe in Santa Baby

by KATHY HENNESSEY, Staff Writer

This interview took place in S. C.'s secret hide-away in Madrid. Here follows the conversation:

Q. Where were you originally born?

A. Originally? On some ice floe in the North Atlantic. Having achieved some degree of sophistication, I was then born in an igloo in a suburb of Nome.

Q. Do you mind not being believed in by everyone?

A. I look at it this way: if God can take it, so can I.

Q. Where do you find the capital to finance your enterprise?

A. There are always those willing to believe in myths. I tell convincing stories.

Q. You're avoiding the issue.

A. You would too, kid, if you had 15,000,000 toys to get out by December 25 and only 22 surly elves to make them.

Q. Why not resort to automation?

A. And put twenty-two elves out of work? They've got a union.

Q. What does Mrs. Claus think of your spending all your time on the children?

A. What Mrs. Claus?

Q. You don't have a wife?

A. No. That's another myth.

Q. You seem to be surrounded by myths.

A. Myths I can live with; it's reality I don't like.

Q. Is that why you live in the North Pole?

A. No. I work there because I'm wanted for tax evasion in Chicago.

Q. Isn't this hideout business a little melodramatic?

A. If you lived most of your life with twenty-two elves somewhere in the North Pole, you'd like this warm climate too. You have any complaints, kid, take them to the Easter bunny.

Q. Do you really have eight reindeer?

A. I did up to a few years ago. Now I have fifteen. They're unionized too. They work in shifts. Temperamental brutes.

Q. Do you like working for children?

A. I hate work. But you got a better way to live, kid?

Q. Where do you go from here?

A. Back to the North Pole.

Q. I take it you travel a lot.

A. When you've got as many people chasing you as I have, you've got to keep moving.

(At this point we were interrupted by an elf with a message for S.C.)

Q. Is it important?

A. Nothing unusual. They're picketing my Anchorage plant. I'll have to fly back this afternoon.

Q. Well, thank you very much for your time, Mr. Claus.

A. That's OK, kid. Anytime. Just call me Santa Baby.

Q. Before you go, Santa Baby, is there anything you'd like to say to your public?

A. Ho, ho, ho, kid, ho, ho, ho.

I Sing A Song Of Christmas

by AUDREY O'BRIEN
Staff Writer

The time: December 1966. The place: the home of three billion people. The world remembers the story of the shepherds. The world remembers the song of the angels.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

Twenty-five Americans and forty-two Vietnamese are killed in a minor skirmish in the Hai-phong Delta.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

A twenty year old dies of hunger in a New Delhi street.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

A group of civil rights workers are placed under arrest.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

West Berliners wave a Christmas greeting to relatives two hundred yards away.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

Two New York boys beat up a wino who stops them for a hand-out.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

The mayor's council of a Canadian city votes additional funds for the city's Christmas decorations.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

France tests another nuclear device.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

One of the top-ranking I.Q.'s in an American university takes his own life.

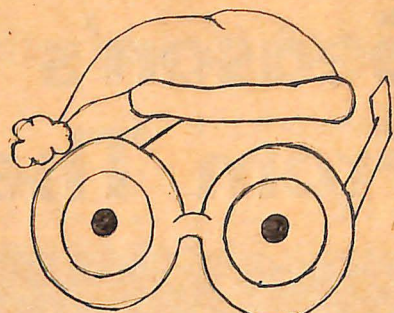
And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

In a Toronto department store, a five year old asks Santa why he never comes.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .

A Vancouver family wins four Christmas turkeys in raffle.

And peace on earth to men of good will . . .



SEMORE SAYS

. . . semore resents capitalization!
. . . semore says she who makes noise while others study, should be fast runner.

. . . exams are not fair to nervous students (and to others too).

. . . semore says that if you come in late you will be campused, who knows how long, and you may cause us to be campused too, we fought for those 1 o'clocks for a long while, respect them if you ever want any better.

. . . the new class rooms are great, too bad the students are still waiting for the hearing aids that are necessary.

. . . semore asks when are the seniors going to get their privileges, they aren't going to be here much longer.

. . . semore found out that mrs. little left a note in a kitchenette about the dirty dishes and did not lock it.

. . . the exam schedule is a bit much eh?

. . . what ever happened to the student government survey, if they want the kids to help then they had better let us know who they are, where they are, and what they want, semore said that.

. . . p.s., to what, semore can't understand.

. . . semore wonders what is the place of the administration in regard to the student government and those bodies that are controlled by the student govt.

. . . semore thanks the person who was slender minded enough to put tab in the coke machine, take a bow.

. . . semore says we are all girls here in residence but how about a little privacy, some doors of necessity have to have locks.

. . . semore gets so dry during the day and except at noon time he can't get any coffee.

. . . semore wishes that the classes would start on the half hour and end at 20 after, then he could catch his bus.

. . . semore wishes he could think.

. . . semore wonders about the rules that are not enforced and the enforcements that are not rules.

. . . semore says (borrowed from dickens) it is good to be children sometimes and never better than at christmas.

. . . see you after new year.

. . . remember save semore help stamp out apathy.

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Birch Cove

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VARIETY

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Rockingham 454-8566

That Was The Day . . .

by JOANNE DUNPHY, Staff Writer

To see or not to see, that is the question; Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the ulcers and worries that come with Christmas exams, or to take arms against them, With a Christmas song . . .

Thus was the scene on December 4th when the electricity shut off at Mount Saint Vincent University. The power was turned off at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the general reaction was, believe it or not, tremendous! With this stoppage of power, there came also a relieved atmosphere at our university. The strain that everyone seemed to be under, with the coming of Christmas exams, relaxed as everyone turned momentarily from their studies and joined in song to welcome the coming season.

Time seemed to have been turned back a decade as candles (mostly confiscated from the Junior Prom) were lit and with this lighting of candles there seemed to be a lighting of new spirit which permeated everywhere! Even the weather fitted the occasion as it let fall the season's first real snow.

Nothing could go wrong except one little problem—three girls—Diane Perrault, Louise D'Angelo, and Jackie Taylor—got caught in the elevator between first and second floors of Assisi Hall. But even this was taken light-heartedly, as well-wishers shouted to the girls, telling them that if they were lucky, they just might get out in four or five hours. But they weren't to worry because their buddies would take turns reading "Mad" magazines to them—wasn't that nice? But all was saved (much to the sorrow of the on-lookers who were really enjoying the misery of their friends!) when a key was found to open the elevator door on second floor. The door opened, Jackie giggled, and the three girls climbed to safety, after

one whole half-hour of teasing and laughing.

"Funny thing," Jackie recalled after, "we just finished saying, wouldn't it be funny if we got stuck? And then there was total darkness and wouldn't you know? We got stuck!"

The evening meal was next on the agenda, and following an afternoon of fun and games, what could be better than a warm supper? Warm, did I say? Well, as warm as coldcuts can be! The kitchen crew were perhaps the most perturbed about the whole situation. Well, wouldn't you be if you had three hundred hungry females to feed and no cooking facilities available to you, plus the added inconvenience of having a thousand or more plates and glasses, not to mention a ton or two of silverware, from dinner, to be cleaned? But despite all these setbacks, this courageous crew pushed on and provided us with a surprisingly delicious supper.

As we sat eating by candlelight, with the snow falling outside, total silence swept over the Mount cafeteria, and then it happened. No one seemed to know where the first voice came from as "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" floated across the dining-room. Before the "Dreaming" had finished the whole hall had joined in and from then on it was just one big Christmas "Sing Along With Mitch!" I'm sure every song was accounted for and after all the songs were sung and resung, the seniors (really children at heart) told us the great, old Santa story which ended inevitably with "Merry Christmas to All and to All a good night!" And it was a "good night" for then the lights came to life, killing the atmosphere, but creating a memory of a very "different" day at the Mount. But do you know something—it was great!

"A Month Before Christmas"

by SUZANNE McKNIGHT

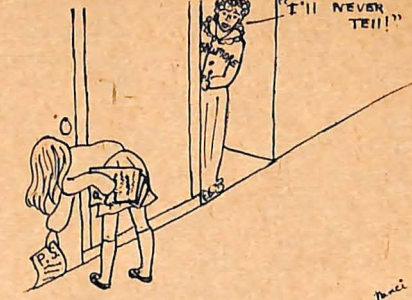
Twas a month before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
My text books were slung on the floor without care
In the hopes that by morning they wouldn't be there.
The nuns all nestled were snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.
I in my nightie, rollers and cap,
Had just settled my brains for a short night's nap,
When out in the corridor there rose a slight patter,
I perked up my ears to check on the matter.
A crack of a knee, a swish on the floor,
I tore off the bed and charged to the door
Lo and behold, crouched down on the floor
Was ??????
And we all know what she was doing,
But some of us can't quite figure out why.

The morning after this somewhat ludicrous scene saw our students madly clutching Vo. 1, No. 2 of the "P.S." Newsletter. Reactions varied from "Wow," "This is great", down to murmurs of amusement and annoyance.

I congratulate the authors of this circular on their spark of creativity and imagination, and feel that they are hitting at a problem common to all University campuses. The question I wish to pose to the readers is, are the anonymous authors sincerely interested in student affairs, or are they merely radical-minded trouble-shooters? After all, it is exciting to sneak around the residence corridors in the still of the night, slipping bits of propaganda under doors. It leaves them with an air of mystery, a spirit of adventure, and a slight flavor of conspiracy. But those who are intelligent enough to see both sides of a problem are left with a rather flat taste in their mouths.

By all means, strive to arouse student interest, if you feel that it can be done. However, this will require something for more earth-shattering than a snide newsletter slid under a door at 3:00 a.m. Granted it will arouse interest, just as any morsel of gossip or scandal will interest a woman. But don't just leave the interest dangling there only to have it fade after a week or so. If you are genuinely interested, come forth, offer your services and help direct this interest to purposeful ends.

But alas! Only friends of student council members are ever appointed to positions. Take heart radical-minded, free-thinking lovers of democracy. The "in-crowd" is moving out in February. Here



is your chance (should you be interested) to make the fifty yard dash through the doors of the Student Council Office and grab the reins of office.

In the meantime, here are a few tips on easy living on the MSVU campus.

1. When the Commissionaire decides to play "Peeping Tom" at your car window, invite him in for a cigarette and a dissertation on Existentialism.
2. When you can't decide whether the Liturgical Commission is "Liturgizing or Commissioning", ask. Do you really expect the Commission to tap each one of you on the shoulder and say "Look what we're doing?" Semore suggests that you go to Mass once in a while and watch for changes
3. When Mrs. Little leaves a note for an untidy room, clean it.
4. When you don't know why Student Council is following a particular course of action, attend one of their meetings, and again ask.
5. When a club dies, try to revive it before you send out obituary notices.
6. When you have a criticism dear student, make sure that its "source" is well grounded.
7. When headaches strikes, take aspirin.

You see, life really is not so complicated. But remain blissful in your affected ignorance and forever hold your peace, or make an honest effort to overcome it. Only after you have made this effort to no avail do you have the right to complain.

In conclusion, please note that the chronic complainers are usually the habitual absentees from any committee or organizational meetings.



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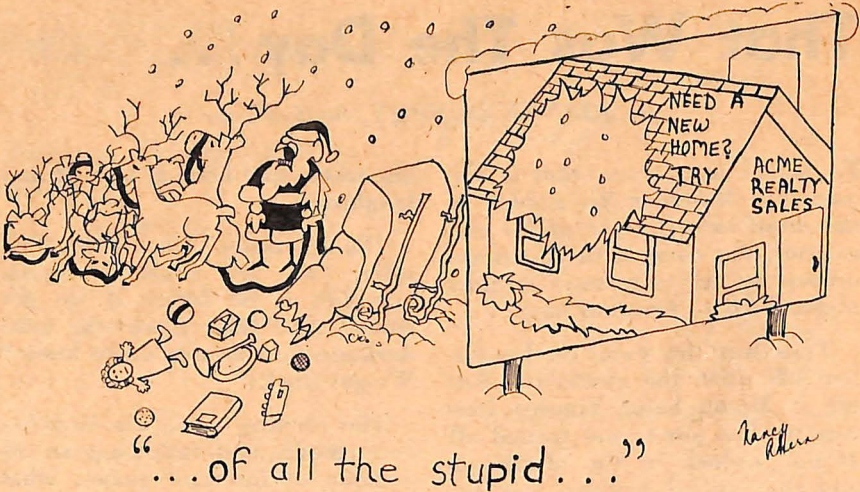
"Direct line to the Mount"

The night 'for Vacation

by JAN MacEACHERN

'Twas the night 'for vacation,
All packing was done.
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a nun.
I awoke in a daze
From my post-midnight bliss,
And I thought to myself,
"There is something amiss."
I slipped out of bed
And went straight to my door,
And surely enough,
Not a soul on the floor.
So I crept down the hall
To the old elevator
And arrived at the first floor
Not five minutes later.
The tunnel was dark,
Not a light to be seen,
Unless you could count
Iridescent green.
But I reached fair Assisi
With this to befall me,
The place was all covered
With snatches of holly.
And from the vicinity
Of the cafeteria,
I heard the faint traces
Of mass hysteria.
I went down the stairs and
All hellish and hearty,
In the faculty lounge
Was a faculty party.
The place was ablaze
With all colours so bright,
Some red and some green
And some black and some white.
The first person I saw
Made me stop for to pause,
Mr. Collins himself
Who was posing as Claus.
Red nose and red cheeks
And an adequate belly,
That flopped when he laughed,
Like his bowls full of jelly.
The effect he accomplished
With hardly a flaw,
But his ho, ho, ho
Made me ha, ha, ha.
And from his big bag,
As he comfortably sat,
He accorded to each
A free butter pat.
But alas poor Santa
Had been given the freeze
For the women were sitting
On Mr. Hartley's knees.

After this hanky panky,
The fun yet remaining
Consisted of talented
Ones entertaining.
First Paul MacIsaac
Was stealing the show,
He rethited from Pope,
But which one I don't know.
He made a good effort
Not to be outdone
By the rollicking act
Of "the singing nun."
But more competition,
The best yet no one doubts,
As our friend Mrs. Little
Reads some of her notes.
But now dawns the climax
Of every good party,
The food is approaching,
Eat first and eat hearty.
So what to my wor'ling eyes
Does betray,
A delectable sight,
"Sandwich plate flambé."
But the egg salad roasted
While it was in roast
And all that was left
Were two pieces of toast.
Soft now, and duck,
I fear I've been seen,
By the inevitable
Sister Mary Jean.
I've got to run,
If she sees that it's me,
I'll be campused from now
Till Epiphany.
I raced back to my room
And forgot for awhile,
As I slumbered in sleep
Like an innocent child.
An ended career
Was now mine to foresee,
As Secret Agent .00MSV.
But next day as I wandered
I searched for the traces
Of last night's damage
On this morning's faces.
But the faces I saw
Had nary to say
And things were as normal
As yesterday.
Perhaps a dream,
It would never be known,
So I called up a taxi
And then I went home.



STUDENT'S RETREAT

The annual non-resident students' retreat will be held on the fourth, fifth, and sixth of January. The retreat master will be the Reverend G. Tingley from Charlottetown, P.E.I. Also present will be the Reverend J. Buckley and the Reverend D. MacDonald, for confessions and discussions.

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