



NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS: The music was alright. The acting was very poor. As a matter of fact the music was terrific, and the acting was real poor. The production number of Alexander's Ragg-Time Band was the highlight of the show. Actress Munroe was there, need I say more?—Mitzi Gaynor was also there. She wasn't there quite as much as Marilyn but her dancing was a little better.

(By the way, my editor thinks that this review is not quite at par with the rest of her page, but she is stuck for material so she will print it just the same).

Ethel Merman was there too, for those who like the way she sings she was all right, but for those like myself who think that she is not quite as good as some might think she is, well she isn't.

The plot was there also, it was quite necessary, but it did not interfere at all with the music. By the way so was Johnny Ray in the same way as the plot, not necessary but not interfering too much.

It was a cute extravaganza of color. I hate to admit it, but some of the actors in the cast were good, two of them were even real good. They were Dan Daley, and Donald O'Connor. But I think Dan should have been given a little more dancing time.

All in all even with Marilyn, the plot and Johnny, it was a good picture worth while seeing.

Dragnet:

It was a picture, but there was no acting in it. It was good, true, factual account of how a large metropolitan police force goes about catching a murderer. There was not even any plot, but this does not mean that the show was no good. It did not need a plot, it was just a display of the various methods in crime detection.

So: anybody that had an interest in crime or criminal law probably thought it was a very good picture, but to those who went there hoping to see another Mickey Spillane probably were disappointed.

* * *

Arsinique & oll lasse!

Here are some comments:

"I thought it was the most salacious and (½*-0\$&%&*) production I ever saw."

"I hear the worst charge to a jury yesterday"—sorry this was for another column, but now that it is here, here it says.

"It was an outstanding success," and she was lost for words . . .

"It was free . . ."

"It was nice, but some of the words should have been deleted".

"I didn't like all the hells, bastards, god damn . . . etc . . ."

"I do not patronize profane plays".

"Being more than broad minded, and even a little wicked I enjoyed the play tremendously, specially those four letter words"—

"Some of the actors were probably ad-libbing too much profanity".

"It was dirty and good, or rather, good and dirty".

* * *

The Black Nite

Here is the story in a few words: This commoner falls in love with the earl's daughter (that is Allan Ladd) (she was Pat Madina). Of course this could not go on. He had to do something to become a 'noble' himself. So some not so nice people come and destroy the

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Did You Give Blood?

This was a common question around old Dal last week, And if you want to hear a story, then listen to me speak. I decided to go over and give my little pint, That was the error of the day—it really was a fright.

Well, to the Res. I gaily walked, and waltzed in through the door, The first thing I encountered was a body on the floor.

It seems that some poor fellow when he had his finger pricked,

Had keeled right over on the spot—he knew when he was licked.

My courage somewhat lessened by this grim and awful sight,

I changed my mind right there and then and tried to make a flight.

Alas! too late however, this thought came to my mind—

My passage out was blocked, and I fell back into the line.

A panic-stricken, shivering soul, I edged up to the nurse,

She jabbed me in the finger and made me feel much worse.

Then to the desk where I was asked some questions on my health,

My last hopes died—there was no one so healthy as myself.

So to the nearest desk I ran and fell down on the sack,

I though that if I gave some blood, I should be on my back.

The nurse came running over, cried, "Aha, what have we here?"

I thought that something was amiss—my heart was filled with fear.

It really was only nothing though, but just the nurses way,

Of showing she was friendly and had nothing else to say.

Then she brought over the bottle; when I saw it I was pained,

By the size of it I felt for sure that they would have me drained.

When I saw the doctor's needle and the fierce look in his eye

I said some hasty prayers for I felt sure that I would die.

He looked for the vein finding three instead of one

He tried them all for kicks—then the blood began to run

The doc said "This looks good", or something of that sort,

And right there he decided to let me give a quart.

So it ran and ran and ran—for how long I do not know

But when at last they let me up I couldn't move a toe.

They dragged me to another bed and pinned on me a tag,

Then I thought I would get up, but my knees began to sag.

I staggered from the exit to the cafeteria,

For my promised cup of coffee, with a feeling near hysteria.

Well this has been my story of the blood letting at Dal,

It was an awful thing and if you are my pal,

Never will you mention this ordeal of dread and pain,

For I firmly have decided that I'll never give again.

by A. Corpuscle.

Weep Thou of Little Work!

FINAL EXAMINATIONS

BEGIN

THREE MONTHS FROM

TODAY

Afternoon of a Prawn

Bryan O'Ryan had nothing to do So he went to the zoo;

And when he was there, he stood for a long time trying to decide which he liked worst,

And which of all the animals in the cages he would like to throw stones at first;

And when he had made his decision, he commenced making faces at a giraffe;

That wouldn't laugh;

Then suddenly he saw an animal outside the cages and it was a dog and it was a retriever;

So he pushed it into the water with the beaver;

And when he had finished doing that, he went over to the lion and roared,

But the lion looked bored;

And not one to balk by seeming to fail,

He decided he would enjoy removing a feather from the peacock's tail;

Which animal fussed and fumed,

Seeming for some reason or other not to take too kindly to being deplumed;

And though I cannot hope to do it like Mark Twain or Canada's own dear Stephen Leacock;

I would like to extend my sincere congratulations to you Mr. Peacock; For My Ryan Went home cryan.

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Square dancing's rugged . . .
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Spirit or Spirit(s)?

Unfortunately Charlie dropped in during the past week and was in a very distressing mood. He had just received word from the higher uppers that he hadn't done very well in the exams just passed. You see, Charlie is attending the University or Wedonothing in Lower Slobovia (you will find it on a world map), and it seems that there is a possibility of him getting the boot. However, I consoled him the best I could, telling him there were probably one or two around here in the same situation.

But I did have a problem for him deciding that, although his marks were not very good, his "experiences" were lessons from which we all could learn much. So I told him that once again on this campus, a discussion was raised concerning student apathy. I gave my views saying that I didn't think there was a lack of "spirit" on the campus — I see lots of it everywhere I go. Nevertheless he asked me a few questions to prove the point. How about the attendance of sporting events. No question there at all — at every hockey game the rink is jammed full to the rafters; at the basketball games, the gym almost busts out at seams. Why, even when Dal played St. Mary's at the Forum on Saturday afternoon, they had to turn students away — not even standing room!

"How about voting on the campus? Do students support the questions raised, and are they concerned how the Council spends their money?" "Absurd", I said, "to even think of such a thing. Why, the ballot boxes can't hold all the voting slips. Tremendous turnout — they are even thinking now of allotting two days for voting instead of the usual "few" hours.

The Neil MacKinnon Memorial Trophy

ED. NOTE: The features page will present a series of articles on the various awards to be presented on Munro Day, March 9. These are presented with the intention of acquainting our readers with the history and meaning of the award which is not always done when the award is presented.

-Article 2.—The Neil MacKinnon Memorial Trophy

One of the most important issues of the Arts and Science Society last year was the donation of a trophy in memory of their classmate Neil "Dusty" MacKinnon. Financed by the classes and sponsored by the Society as a whole, the award is given to the member on the Varsity football team, who, in the opinion of his teammates, the coach, and the executive of the Arts and Science Society embodies the highest qualities of Dusty MacKinnon. It is not meant for the fellow with the most touchdowns, or the most yards gained, or who has had his name in the headlines the most times, but for the boy who plays well every game and gets little or no recognition.

The MacKinnon Trophy is furthermore, a symbol of sportsmanship not only on the football field, but in life as well. It is a symbol of living well with one's fellow man. The person who receives the trophy embodies these requirements.

The trophy itself stands eighteen inches high and is of rose,

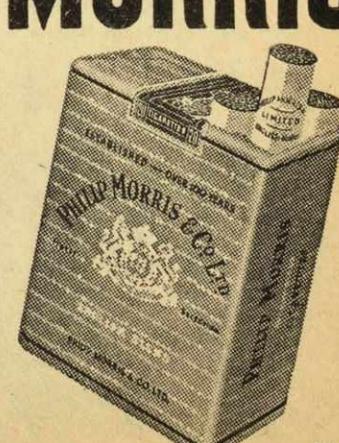
bronze. The center pillar is mounted with a statue of a football player, and the two shorter pillars at the side are mounted with the traditional victory figure. The names of the winners are engraved on the center pillar, with the remaining inscription engraved on the base. The MacKinnon Trophy is presented directly before the Malcolm Honor Award on Munro Day.

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