

Dabblings

The Midway:

The Browning Version: Once in a decade this sort of film emerges. This picture hails from England and casts together the unexcelled acting of Michael Redgrave as the lifeless professor of an equally dead tongue, and Jean Kent, whose portrayal of the jealous, unfaithful and malicious wife of the Professor, was superlative. Showing that it is the little people of life that make great drama, in direct contravention to Shakespeare's twisted contention that the characters had to be kings or princes, this film revolved around a simple gift of the Browning version of the Agamemnon, whose ancient and appropriate plot was understated with remarkable effectiveness. Not just for professors of the Classical Faculties, but for all would-be educators, the film drives home the inescapable fact that to succeed in education is to succeed in living. The young boy (well played) taught this to the Prof.: that the subject could not be taught if it was divorced from life and reality as an inanimate complex of forgotten grammatical constructions. Thus the scene was set for the portrayal of a man whose life was but a shattered shell, a failure to his young wife, a failure to his pupils, a failure to his profession. As dusty as his books, he was the object of scorn, ridicule, mimicry; tired, sick and reduced to Spartan-like, methodical simplicity, he was impervious on the exterior to life around him, but the inner man was sensitive and tortured with the pain of failure, deceit and bewilderment. Wronged by life and a wife unkind and cruel, his lonely soul was slowly dying as he clung to the seeds of his greatness: honesty, fairness and quiet suffering, until the day when a small boy and the repentant and shameful lover of his wife, showed him the way to hope and light out of the darkness of his dead, classical past. The wound and vacuum left by his departing wife and unrequited love, was filled at last in final victory as he won the devotion of his pupils on the day of his retirement, after a touching valedictory speech confessing his failure. Without a doubt, this will go down as one of the finest films ever produced.

Miscellany:

At Western University, a new shackle to another 'freedom', which was promptly put under the investigation of the Canadian Council of Churches. Its form: barring from the Campus any representative of religious orders. Says Rev. H. L. Puxley, Secty. of S.C.M., that students can still join S.C.M. or profess their religion; that the ban means anyone with a religious message is not given access to the campus. Say we: it smells of more hypocritical discrimination and suppression by the avenues of intolerance.

The Tiger Smiles:

As of now, this section for the 'talk of college' and 'idle tears': By way of explanation, and preview, for this section, but not suggestive that the previous sections were combined, or will be altered, as a result of the following, a few sincere reflections: It has been reported that certain students, who have paid the price of fame by wandering into this column, are antagonized to no small degree. Greatly incensed over the use of specific qualifying adjectives they have risen in arms. Now, the views expressed in Dabblings are those of the writer and not the Gazette's officially or otherwise, nor is there any collaborator, direct or otherwise, on the staff. Thus full liability and responsibility is on one person alone. Your Editors run same because they feel the majority desire it. Disprove this, and your Editors will drop the column. To achieve this last a popularity petition, rather than heated discussion in dark corners, would suffice. The writer's purpose is not to engender contempt. If this has resulted only deep regret can be felt, but we wonder if the disdain is not the product of minds too narrow to see themselves as others see them and too sour to laugh at themselves, the true test of a sense of humour. Let them ask themselves why they laugh at the idiosyncrasies of others, the misfortune of Lil Abner or why Chaplin was a great comedian. It is because in others we can laugh at these things; but are not amused at our own infirmities.

Married: Dalhousie's immortal Tiger, to one bronze eagle, thus posing, as well as certain interesting speculations in genetics, a conflict of symbols. Suggested appellation for our teams henceforth: the Flying Tigers.

Frustrated: this columnist (the term used only for convenience) the dearth of material. See: Engaged.

Engaged: someone, we feel sure, either officially or unofficially, whose names are withheld in the pursuit of discretion or under the blind of ignorance.

Revived, in a burst of heartening glory, the spirit of Dalhousie, which awakened a slumbering city much in need of excitement; as a result of the commendable efforts of John Nichols, whose football prowess is no less commendable. Black and Gold, in paint and song, was seen and heard in city streets, so reminiscent of a few years back, and so demonstrative that the spirit there if duly enticed and aggravated.

Fame is the spur and rare is the one who can wear said laurels sans arrogance and blessed with equally rare modesty. So hail, Cluny we who can but sigh, salute you. What's this all about? Reg Cluny, of the Tiger's backfield, received the Duffus Trophy, emblematic of the football league's most valuable player. Similar praise to MacLaren, Stewart and MacCready of the line; plunger par excellence Davids; team-nucleous Mingo; passer MacKay; scorer Harrison; speedsters Henderson and Bryson; co Captain Goode; all the ones on stage during the historical 5 yd. line siege; the entire team who reached out of the mud and plucked the star of supremacy. In brief: high praise—we laud you!

Cold feet, amid the frenzy of burning effigies and the excitement of victory, to Pat Bredeur, who out did the cheerleaders' afternoon-long prancing in the lake that separated bleachers from field, without shoes (or socks) giving all, even his 'sole', for his college.

Received, at the legendary Hall, Delta Gamma President Nancy Briggs and escort Ron Macdonald, at the society's Open House, Sat. night.

Question of the week: since you don't go to a ladies' dry goods store to buy football padding, why is the Pan Hellenic tea, slated for next week, to be held at the Phi Kap house? No wild guesses, please.

And on that night when there was great joy at Studley, and dismay across the harbour, football heroes all, amongst sundry well wishers, danced, sang and replayed the game of games at Sigma Chi, while on the mantle rested the burning silver of the Purdy Trophy.

Festivities, once more, as if the students desired 'one more big do' before exams, as on Thursday night the legal eagles, Year No. 2, gave vent to the sound and the fury (and inevitable jokes) of a stag. Came Fri. A.M., at 10.45, and in a street car, carrying them to a class they remember little of, were a few of the stragglers, the debris, as it were, of the party, feeling in high spirits and holding up eyelids heavy with sleep by matches. Ah, wilderness, wert paradise enow!

In Closing: From Bill Shakespeare, a word: The man who has no music (or humour) in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, let no such man be trusted.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

Take a little advice from one who who has managed to pick up sixteen credits within reasonable time, start to study now. In the next week finish writing all the themes that you are supposed to, and READ the books suggested. A few hours spent now on a book, that you thought you'd just skip through the night before the exam may make the difference between 45 and 50. Of course, the easy way out is the association of your professors before they set your papers, but this course of action is not recommended in the best of circles.

Finish borrowing all the notes

from your neighbour. They might want them to study in the last week. Catch up on your sleep now. All good advisors say go to bed early the night before the exam, but since no one does, it is wiser to consort with Morpheus a wee bit now. That last hectic week, lay in a good supply of coffee and cigarettes and benzedrine. Remember the profs aren't out to make difficult exams, but just to examine with difficulty. If you thought that the course was going to be hard, you probably wouldn't really have taken it in the first place.

Remember if you know all that you should, you will have no difficulty. Remember that success is not a ladder to be climbed with your hands in your pockets, so GOOD LUCK.

LAW NOTES

Leonard W. Fraser, President of the Nova Scotia Bar Society, gave a series of three lectures on Divorce to second and third year Law students last week. A large turnout of students attended each of the lectures and the information learned will no doubt prove useful in practice, as much of what was said is not to be found in the textbooks.

A Law bloc attended the Student Forum Tuesday noon in the Gymnasium and pressed for an additional Council representatives for the faculty. This was voted down by a fairly large margin by Studley students and a few Law students who did not see eye-to-eye with their fellows. It has been suggested in some quarters that a reform along these lines is long overdue. It is to be hoped that the project will not be totally abandoned because of this preliminary setback.

It was inaccurately reported in this column last week that Law students had been more or less unsuccessful in their attempts to bring down big game. We have been informed that Don Good, of football fame, brought home a large buck after a trip to the hinterlands with two first-year students, names unknown. Is there anything this boy can't do?

A startling bit of information has just come out our way concerning a student in third year. Dave Nicholson is cutting a wisdom tooth. He does not think this will seriously interfere with his studies, though.

Dignity in Moot Court was shattered Monday when "Paddy" Fitzgerald, a dignified member of the Bench was presented with a neatly-constructed paper model of a cradle which Don Pharan and other gay wags alleged he had robbed the other night.

"Paddy" hotly denied the allegation and hinted darkly that jealousy was the sole motivation of this unwarranted invasion of his privacy.

For those who haven't heard, last day of lectures is Wednesday, Dec. 12. Christmas examinations will follow shortly afterward, as indicated by the timetable posted on the Law bulletin board. Time to think seriously about this.

P.S.—Question to a certain student in Second Year:
"Qu'est ce que, c' est un chien?"

Seasons

Mirrored in the depths of still waters
I see the tips of the willow, feathery green,
Tracing their pattern of delicacy against
A blue, like that of the Virgin's robe.

Later in the cool depths, I
Relax from the burning heat,
And am soothed by the calm shade of willows—
In streaming rivulets my worries pass.

Leaves become light shallops as,
Hurled by the tempests, they're
Launched on the sea and are
As quickly engulfed in the turbulent depths.

I see the tree, its stark limbs
Etched against a pearl-grey sky;
Glassy silence stretches into eternity
My very breath, I fear, will shatter the calm and bring
the end. —MEN

Unsung Heroes of Glee And Dramatic Club Honoured

Before the recent, successful presentation of "Captain Applejack" becomes only a pleasant chapter in the annals of the Glee and Dramatic Society, it seems only fitting to hand a bouquet to those members of the Society, who, though we hear so little about them, are nevertheless indispensable to the production of a hit. These "unhonoured and unsung" heroes include the stage crew, costume managers, make-up artists and many, many others.

Chiefly to be remembered is Bill ("Scratch") Strachan, who did such a grand job as Stage Manager, and without whose consent 'PU-lease, no smoking on stage', the Gym would have long since been naught but ashes. Wally Bergman, the Props Manager, also deserves orchids, for his magician-like power of rustling up obscure, but necessary objects, including a pistol for the hero, which had once actually belonged to Joe Howe. Wally also worked wonders in the change of scene in the second act. Although it was pure bedlam, he always managed to keep a clear head for the fine details of organization. Needless, to say, while compliment-

ing Wally, we include his numerous associates.

Mary Henderson and Joan Edwards, who handled the costumes, should be lauded for their unflinching patience, and their ability to find, fit, and remake the raiment of the actors. Joan, in particular, spent hours working on the ante bellum gown worn in the second act by Anne Valeska.

Not to be forgotten are the trusty electricians. Don Theakston and Ray Fiske, who, aided by such notables as Jack Fawcett, produced the right effects at (well, nearly always) the right time. Claudits go as well to Lucy Whitman, the receptionist; Margo Maclaren, who managed the publicity angle; and Nita Sederis, Make-up Manager.

Of course, it goes without saying, that nothing at all could have been produced without the organization of Hugh Vincent, Mary Chisholm, Pat Fownes, John Smallman and Carolyn Wiles, club officials.

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