

Dabbings



Miscellany:

On a streetcar named 'perspire', this week, in Halifax, this weird drama: A man is sitting beside an arty gentleman in a blue beret. He's looking at a blank piece of paper and with a free hand jerking his collar. He sweats profusely. The blue beret is giving a long, rambling account of his masterly 'sketch'. Behind the rain of sweat, this voice: "But what is it?" "A cow eating grass", gurgled the beret. Faltered this: "But I don't see any grass!" "The cow ate it," was the answer. Silence. The next question was scarcely audible: "The cows" "Oh, you don't expect a cow to hang around where all the grass is gone, do you?" To surrealistic art, no limit?

At the recent Law Ball as in any similar function, a royalty had to be paid for all music played. How far can a thing like this go? Before you know it there'll be no bathtub singing without it costing something.

Wax Tracks:

Died last week, Sigmund Romberg, composer of world-famous Desert Song and over two thousand other tunes and melodies, of a cerebral hemorrhage. In his own words he wrote not the jazz of the low-brows, the opera of the high-brows, but all for the "middle-brow".

Just down the road a piece there is a hot spot where young Dalhousie meets. Called: The Med-O Club; officiated over by Jazz-man Donald (Gabriel) Warner. On Saturday night last the sound of revelry and levity unsurpassed was heard with the best part of the Sig Fraternity (and their sweethearts) contributing to the gaiety. Trumpeter Warner, in his own inimitable fashion, blew, danced and contorted through many a melody and novelty. A showman to the core Mr. Warner has a fine group of musicians and is especially to be congratulated on his saxophone unit. If you want to meet the gang all trying to let their hair down farther than the next person, that's the place to go.

Hollywood Would. Wouldn't It?

The Day the Earth Stood Still was the day that a C picture masqueraded as Class A. Packed with pseudo-scientific gadgets and equally scientific dialogue, it had everything, including an over-sized flying saucer (400 m.p.h.) and an incidental love interest whose participants had obviously taken night classes at the Parisian Academy of Osculation. Conspicuous by their absence: Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, though their presence was momentarily expected. Out of said saucer which conveniently landed in Washington, emerged one ordinary man plus an extraordinary robot, whose evil eye melted any stray tanks that got in the way. The picture failed in its purpose of trying to reveal man's immaturity, and his greeds and hatreds. After giving a dramatic father-to-child sermon of peace-or-destruction import, space man and robot disappeared into the cupless saucer and headed straight for the farthest star.

Talk of College:

Threats of the week: Perhaps the biggest of these is the display of sadism which is incorporated in posting of Exam time-tables. As in Nevada, we read and weep. Also in the line of a threat to basketball: that perhaps Arpie (Napoleon-was-small-also) Robinson will not be using his undisputed shooting for the glory of the basketballers this season. Reason: one leg well twisted. In Tiger Murphy lies a threat to all Dal's ice opposition. On the gridiron: the ominous threat of Air Station power which faces Dal on Saturday. Nothing but praise can go to the Tiger team; nothing but the best wishes of all can be given for a well-deserved victory.

To Joanne Murphy, last week, in a Captain Applejack rehearsal, much embarrassment. Omitting choice details and thus exercising discretion which is rare in this column, let us suffice to say that it all involved a fall to the stage by Miss Murphy, a group of by-standers looking innocently at the ceiling, and the most treacherous hoop-skirt you've ever seen.

Tears, Idle Tears:

Experimented, two Chem 2 students, whose names are withheld for reasons of security, and who were obviously under the affluence of an education in inkohol, in the art of distilling, a part of the course. As an extra-curricular innovation the impish two utilized 'Coke' in the operation much to their scientific satisfaction and Epicurean delight.

Landed, quite safely and for undisclosed reason, on the top of our architecturally amusing (at least to some students), tower, one large eagle, grasping with painful tenacity the predominant dome and looking with nerve-wracking scrutiny down on Studley.

Excited, to a point of instability, Prof. (of Philosophy) Grant, over the annoyingly unanswerable questions in the recently Gazette-published The Questioner.

Fallen, into the lives of Fraser Mooney and Donald McLeod, a little rain, as on to the reefs of Trouble their ship of romance was hurled. From the Weather Bureau, this communique: Tomorrow, conditions unchanged; but who believes the weatherman?

THE ROOM

The room was enormous. There seemed to be no beginning and no end to it. It was so large that one was not able to see the limits of its length, and it was almost impossible to see the walls ending its breadth, for its extremities were shrouded in deep and melancholy gloom.

A delirious atmosphere pervaded the chamber. The furnishings and ornamentations were very odd. In what seemed to be the centre of the floor there stood a small table of brilliant gold, elaborately wrought. Perched on the edge of the table was a shabby battered vase containing one flower. It was, or more correctly, had been a rose, but now it was only a single thorny stalk whose brown petals lay scattered on the floor, crackling mysteriously with every mournful breeze that passed over them. The floor was one huge mirror, with paintings of great but mystic significance imprinted upon it. The walls were completely devoid of ornament, save for one painting which disappeared into engulfing gloom. It was a very simple, poorly drawn picture of a tiny speck of a man, falling through a universe of madly revolving planets. It was difficult to make out the outlines of the painting for the dusty darkness seemed to drive away concentration. Opposite the table, and barely perceivable in the distance, were two tall French doors, one of which stood ajar. There was no other thing in that place.

Suddenly there was a man

shabbily dressed, somehow resembling the vague, struggling shape in the painting. He was standing in the doorway, his hand on the knob.

From the distance he had an ominous, detached look, and his eyes seemed glazed with a curious flashing light. He gazed hungrily at all that was to be seen in the room. His starved, expressionless eyes seemed to consume all that came under their searching gaze. Finally he relinquished the door-handle, and strode into the room.

It seemed to be daylight outside the door, and light that did not appear to come from anywhere at all, poured into the centre of the room. But, as the man stood there in the centre of the room, gazing at nothing, thinking of nothing, a mere blank in space, the light gradually began to dim, and a steady twilight stole around him, until at last there was only hollow gloom throughout the chamber.

Then with a quick startled movement, he turned and raced madly toward the door, but there was no light, and he could not see. He stumbled against some object in the dark. Rising, he glanced fearfully around as if pursued by some unknown, unutterable something; but there was nothing to see, nothing to hear.

Black horror gripped the man. There was something with him in that vile, insane den. What was it, what was it? He shrieked, and in that moment, his poor fuddled mind gave out. Like an idiot, he pounded on the object before him,

The Snoring Client

Recently I was reading an interesting story all about a burglar. They really do seem to lead the most fascinating life. The such gentleman stated that the only time that he was truly happy in his profession was when his 'clients' were snoring deeply. He was a domestic burglar who specialized in small jobs in suburban homes. Somehow it made me think that if a burglar could be happy when confronted by snores, why not the professors on our campus. Surely it is a mark of their greatest success when we are able to snore peacefully throughout the lecture. Our thoughts are raised to that high level of meditation, the wheels are working so busily, that we

sobbing and pleading for whole eternities, it seemed, but all to no avail.

At length, limp and bleeding, he crumpled in death to the floor. In that instant, essence of EVIL pervaded the atmosphere, and never again did the leering blackness lift from out of the Room.

give all the aspects of being bored. That is not really so. The 'clients' that are snoring, are really contemplating with awe the marvellous job of the burglar. If they dare to interrupt his work, it is only that they don't understand. Surely, also, it would make the gentleman most self-conscious if eyes followed his every move, and wrote notes of the wise things he was doing. The same burglar that was so pleased by the snores almost conducted classes in the art of burg-

Mourning

It is late, and I am cold
In the gloomy dusk
I mourn for you.
The wind is sighing among the trees
My soul is filled with the need of thee.

The soft rain mingles with my tears
Fragments of heavenly light
Penetrate the depth of night.
The drifting, flowing, shaggy clouds
Become my stifling, clammy shroud.

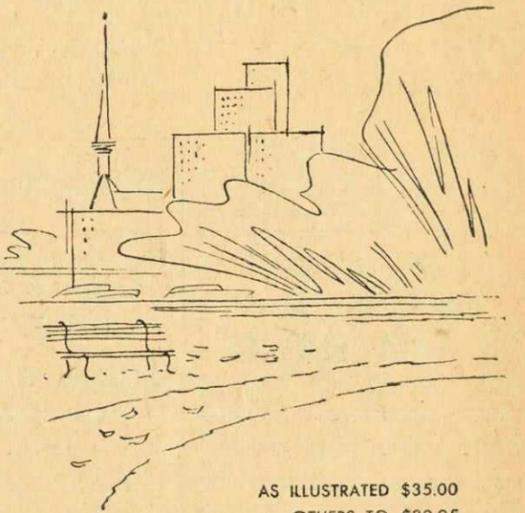
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