

# Continental

by H. L. S.

In a banner headline the McGill Daily announces that the Quebec Government will route several million dollars of the Provincial income tax to Quebec Universities. The Daily further states that "the proposed aid, to which the Quebec Government is committed in both its Throne Speech and in a statement by Premier Duplessis, is expected to compensate to some extent for the loss of Federal subsidies."

On the lighter side of things the Daily tells of the Marriage of its Editor-in-Chief, Elohim Raman to Anne Irwin, a graduate of McGill, last June. The university chaplain performed the ceremony. Brian Goodwin, a second year Master student in Biology at McGill won one of the two Rhodes Scholarships offered in the province of Quebec.

A change has taken place, and the Argosy Weekly has expanded to the addition of two columns. It has, also, covered the front page with some breath-taking photos of their candidates for Campus Queen. Incidentally this is only the second year that Mount Allison has crowned a Queen of the Campus. To quote their Editorial "the girl who will win, will probably be the most popular, not because of her Venus-like beauty, but because she has personality, plus".

MacMaster has a woeful tale to tell. The MacMaster Marauders were voted out of the Intercollegiate football league on Saturday. They were voted out not because of their poor performance in the last season, nor because Mac's enrolment was too small to feed a team of Senior Calibre, but now because of the almighty BUCK\$. At least this is the reason given by the controlling powers,—Queens, Toronto and Western. To be more specific the students at MacMasters are mad. In addition the "big three" referred to the old clause in the original constitution that said "nothing shall interfere with the traditional games between McGill, Queens, and Toronto". Queens in particular was most emphatic that they could and would not give up their annual classic with the Blues at Varsity Stadium. In order to sum up the situation the Silhouette says — "Are we sad? The answer to this is an emphatic — No. MacMaster has always stressed and always will stress sportsmanship on an amateur basis — King Money has no throne here."

It is evident by reading the Sheaf, that the proud and happy editors of the student newspaper, haven't shed their light upon the editors of the Greystone Yearbook. You will remember that at the first of the college year the Yearbook was left "high and dry" by the editors which were scheduled to publish the book for this year. After much "campus combing" the Student Representative Council of the University of Saskatchewan finally secured editors for the Greystone. Now these editors have resigned and when the poor Yearbook will be brought to the admiring students is a mystery.

A Highland atmosphere is to be added to the "flatland demise", when Brigadoon hits the boards in March. The staging for the production is being brought in from Vancouver's "Theatre Under the Stars", and the orchestra for the production will consist of members from the Saskatoon Symphony Orchestra."

And from the Campus Cow comes a quiet note for Sadie Hawkins' Week; "A real ham is the guy who plays 'I Love You truly' looks in the mirror and laughs! Listen — they're playing our song."

Students at Western University are having lectures on Love. Dr. Harold J. Breen began his first lecture of the series for the S.C.M. by titling it "what is this thing called love". The Gazette states, that to the humanist, love is complex. It is not sentimentality or possessiveness. It comes from the subconscious and all human beings share the same subconscious. "Therefore, said Dr. Breen, people need not be glued together when they belong together. Every human being has the capacity to love; it is the achievement that is difficult." Any refuters on the Dal Campus?

## Red

Color is not real; it seems to shine  
And hover like a butterfly, above  
The flower, the book, the gown, whatever things  
Would like to claim the color as its own.  
The green of grass could thin like morning mist  
And vanish in the trembling heat of noon;  
A pitcher is inside its veil of blue,  
Its halo. As a fragrant pool of light,  
Of sunlight, lies, caressing every thing  
On which it falls, so colors: As that light,  
Elusive, central, elfin, fades and flees,  
So green, and grey, and lovely lighted gold.  
All colors, except red.  
Red, brisk, quick, look!  
With a flick of flame it wraps its tongue  
About a poppy petal:  
Soaks gladly onto a poppy petal:  
In fire, dances, throws out  
Sparks! Hot red.  
A rippling length of silk, of crimson,  
Crimson silk: cool red.  
Sky, growing slowly from pink  
To rose and scarlet, brightens,  
Stains  
Snowdrift and chimney, with its strength  
Overpowers even that, petal, flame, gown,  
Which is it.  
Red is more real than the rose.

—N. B.

## Set in Colorful Italy—

# "The Gondoliers!"

The Gondoliers or The King of Barataria is a comic opera in two acts which includes seventeen principals. The Glee Club is producing it this month by arrangement with Bridget D'Oly Carte. It will be directed by Harold Hamer, one of North America's leading authorities on Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It will include an overall cast of seventy, not including the orchestra of twenty. Students night will be February 24th.

### The Story of the Opera:

On the Piazzetta in Venice, four and twenty contadine (flower girls) are tying bouquets of roses which they plan to present to Marco and Giuseppe Palieri, handsomest of all the gondoliers, objects of every girl's adoration. The appearance of the gondoliers leaves them unmoved, but the arrival of the dashing brothers, Marco and Giuseppe, produces great excitement.

They have come to choose their brides, but feeling it would be indelicate to show partiality by choosing openly, they decided to bestow the privilege on those two girls they catch in a game of blindman's buff. By happy chance Marco catches Gianetta, and Giuseppe catches Tessa—the very girls they wanted. Off they hurry to the altar.

A gondola draws up, and there appears the Duke of Plaza Toro, a proud but penniless grandee of Spain, with the Duchess, their daughter Casilda, and their "suite," which consists solely of a drummer called Luiz. They have come to visit the Grand Inquisitor, Don Alambra. A secret is revealed to Casilda—the Duke informs his daughter that when she was a baby she was married by proxy to the infant son of the King of Barataria, who in turn was kidnapped by the Grand Inquisitor for political reasons. They have come to Venice after a lapse of twenty years, the Duke informs her to find the missing heir and hail Casilda as Queen. But as soon as the Duke and Duchess leave, Casilda and Luiz embrace; they are in love, but since Casilda is already married she must renounce him.

The Grand Inquisitor arrives, and explains how he stole the young prince and placed him in the home of a highly respectable gondolier who had a boy of his own of the same age. The two lads were brought up together, but since the old gondolier who reared them got the two mixed up, and is now dead, nobody knows which is the king and which the humbly-born lad.

Now Marco and Giuseppe and their brides, Gianetta and Tessa, return from their wedding. The Inquisitor, positive that one of them—though he does not know which—is the lost king, persuades them to leave their wives, return with him to Barataria, and reign as joint monarchs until he can ascertain from the King's old nurse which is which. The gondolier's consent on the condition that they may have a truly democratic court. After a tearful farewell, Marco and Giuseppe, accompanied by the other gondoliers, leave for Barataria.

The scene in Act II is a pavilion in the Court of Barataria where Marco and Giuseppe, clad in kingly robes, are leaning the crown and sceptre, while the servants and various ministers of state are chatting and playing games together, quite oblivious of social distinctions. The two monarchs are believers in Republican equality and apparently do most of the palace work themselves. But while being generally satisfied with conditions at court, they miss "the dear little wives left behind three months ago." However, the girls arrive, unable to bear the separation any longer, and their re-union is celebrated by a dance. The festivities are interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the Grand Inquisitor. He is shocked by the court's promiscuous democracy and warns Marco and Giuseppe that such methods will not work; since obviously, "when everybody is somebody, then no one's anybody." He then breaks the news that the gondolier who is actually the king was married to Casilda when a baby, and that having married again three months ago, is an unintentional

bigamist. This causes consternation, since it is now clear that two men are married to three women—"That's two-thirds of a husband to each wife," says Giuseppe; to which Tessa retorts that one can't marry a vulgar fraction.

The Duke and Duchess, with their daughter, Casilda, now arrive and after shedding some light on their own matrimonial affairs, meet the dual kings, Marco and Giuseppe. The Duke, sharing the Grand Inquisitor's disapproval of the court's informality, instructs the two kings in royal dignity and deportment. Following this, the two husbands and three wives are discussing their rather vague wedded state when the Inquisitor returns with the King's old nurse, Inez. The latter explains that when the Inquisitor came to kidnap the royal babe, she tricked him by substituting her own son and raised the king as her child—and that child, the King of Barataria, whom she brought up as her own, is none other than Luiz, the Duke's "suite." So the two gondoliers are really gondoliers. Casilda, who has loved Luiz in secret, is hailed as his Queen and Marco and Giuseppe are free to return with their brides to the republican life of their former profession.

## Campus Rambler

Senator Joe O-Bow has achieved some sort of prominence of late, as the prime mover in an action to investigate Student Council spending. The committee has already gone into action, but a lot of people on the campus will be very surprised if they come up with any sort of practical answer to the problem. Of course they could cut all student activities entirely (with the probable exception of the Ice-Mice) and really make the council a wealthy organization.

It would be a pity if the \$3.00 raise in Council fees were to be voted down. Are we at Dalhousie such tightwads that we will not notice the difference between an \$81. and an \$84. Registration fee? Such a small raise makes such a little bit of difference to the individual, but what a difference it would make collectively to the Student Council. Remember, in the long run, this money is for your benefit, and yours alone; if you do not get anything out of it, it is no one's fault but your own.

The literary circle has been agog for the past couple of weeks over the efforts of Dal's answer to Mickey Spillane—one Mr. Gee Muscled. The general opinion is that he should have stuck to his initial when signing his masterpieces. We are now anxiously awaiting a review of the works, by the eminent critic on the campus, Mr. Belchy Roomette.

Pressure of studies kept us from rambling too much this week but one thing that was quite noticeable in the nooks and crannies of the campus, was the way some of the fellows were making their availability known to the gals. Good shooting to you lads—hope you make it to the Sadie Hawkins Dance. By the way, we found out that the Engineer who started wearing a tie for a change, got results. It seems that he has already had three offers for social engagements for the week!

A. M. O.

## MED CORNER

While the hockey front was quite last week, basketball stole the spotlight. The Med B team, composed of players from first and third years, decidedly trounced the Med A team (second and fourth years) 33-37.

The contest was a rough affair with "bad man" Ollie Mallard of the A team fouling out late in the game. This Mallard, a quiet individual off the courts, becomes a mad menace once the game begins. We sincerely hope that this individual will be closely watched during the remainder of the schedule. "Baz" Palmer, former Law inter-fac "great," commented that though the game was very close, inept coaching cost the A team the game. The A team is coached by Arpie Robertson, the fellow whose name appears in the Mail-Star so

often. Chuck Randon led the B team with nine points. O'Neil had eight, while Kinley and Parker had 7 points. Randon, benched the week before because of poor eyesight, came back from oblivion. Miller with eight, Brown with seven, and Mallard with six points sparkheaded the A team. In volleyball, Law edged us in two straight games. Manager-coach Bob Parker expects that with practice the team may pull some surprises. Games are usually played Monday evenings at eight.

The ping-pong team got off to a fast start this year by defeating Commerce 5 games to 0. Bonuik, Dimock and Grantmyre handled the singles matches, while Goldberg and Presutti formed an effective doubles combination in sweeping their matches.

## THAT'S LIFE

or if you're thinking of phoning me, Fanny, don't.

There's something fascinatingly tragic about being a girl on Thursday night: like the central person in a drama, you can stalk hither and yon, raging at will; you affect attitudes ranging from bitter resignation to frantic excitement. And why? Because you're waiting for a phone call.

Oh, how the silence of the telephone contrasts with the merry chatter of people who are so dear at any other time of the week — mother, or sister, or even good old radio. Can't they ever be quiet? "Now, now," (you say to yourself), "Don't lose your temper. The last thing you want to do is appear anxious about a call. It's so much more sophisticated to affect a calm, above-all-this appearance. However, you don't need to sit beside the phone. Let's not be obvious about this." So you retire to your room with an eye on the history book, and both ears out in the hall.

Hmmm. You seem to be reading the same line over and over again and if someone asked you what you had just read, you know you would not be able to tell them. This will never do! Get down to work! After a great struggle the end of the page is reached. That's enough for now.

Tick, tick, tick. You can't sit here. Shall you go out for a walk? No, because he might phone while you are agitatedly strolling around.

After a long, long time of trying not to look at your watch you weaken, and discover that it is eight o'clock.

Ring!! Starting up from your chair with a wild leap you knock over a book, stumble on the carpet edge and clap your heart back into your chest.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Freeman, and how are you?" Says your mother. Grrrr.

Sighing dramatically, you return to the study table. He will never phone now. You know it. It is all so hopeless. Patiently you begin resigning yourself to a life of study, contemplation and African Violets. After all, what does it matter? You decide that you hate men in general and him in particular, and angrily open the dullest book you can find.

"My, he looked nice last Saturday night. O.K. Kid, stop thinking about him. He's not going to phone, remember?"

A lot has been written about Saturday night but it can't compare with Thursday. If by Saturday, you have no date, it is at least final. But to sit in your room on Thursday night and let your hope ebb out little by little, is the most agonizing torture.

Pace the floor. "Never shall I speak to him again, even if he does phone."

"Why did I ever go out with him in the first place?"

"How stupid I was—"

"How awful he is!"

"How I hate him and despise him, the low, filthy, mean, horrid —" Ring!!! (Calmly now! Let it ring twice before answering.) Ring!!!

"Oh, Hel-lo, John, I'm fine, thank you. Oh, aren't you sweet to ask me. Of course. I'd love to go!"

## Imagine That—

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when houses had low, overhanging eaves, anyone wishing to hear what was being spoken inside would have to stand under them; if it was raining, the water off the roof would necessarily run down onto him from these eaves, and hence, listening in the dip or rain, he was called an eaves-dropper.

Crimson, the name of one of our most admired colors, has a most un-beautiful source. It comes from the Arabic, "kermez" meaning "pertaining to a worm." It was from this insect that the color originally was made.

The expression "An exception proves the rule" was not really supposed to be taken in its most frequent modern usage. Nowadays, if a rule has one or two exceptions (and most of them do), we say, in order to preserve its validity as a rule, "Oh, well, an exception proves the rule." But when the expression was coined, the word "proved" meant "tests." An exception tested the rule, and certainly by its presence did not make the rule more valid.

"Grotesque" comes from the Italian "grottesca," caves. In Italy many of the caves were found by Renaissance men to be painted in strange and unusual designs, hence any similar design was called "grotesque."

"Nice," that adjective which is the bane of girls one and all, will startle them even more when they realize that its double origin is in the Latin "ne-scire," meaning "not to know," and the Old French "nice," meaning "foolish."

And speaking of fools, they get their name from the Latin "folis," a wind-bag. We all can bring to mind the mediaeval picture of a fool, with his cheeks blown out in the traditional buffoon tradition.

## By The Way—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

brother became regent. The new regime, dominated by the leaders of the Duma or Parliament was expected to prosecute the war more vigorously and efficiently.

Nothing was yet heard of the Communists.

Prohibition was coming on, in both Canada and the United States. The city of Washington went dry at this time. Nova Scotia was already dry, and the papers described the largest seizure of illicit liquor that had yet been made in the province. But Nova Scotians were up to other misdeeds than bootlegging. An Africville man shot his house-keeper's brother in the head after a row at five o'clock in the morning. An eager description of the rumpus. A man pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy, but avoided a sentence by agreeing to enlist. Going farther afield, we have all heard of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, that has been serving in Korea. The regiment was organized by major Hamilton Gault, at this time suing his wife for divorce in Montreal.

What else did the paper provide for Haligonians to talk about? Mutt and Jeff were going strong at this time. Then there was a series of daily sketches, like they'll do it every time. This was on the joys, and otherwise, of poker playing, called "Pennyante" by Gene Knott. I would like to see the Mail resurrect these old cartoons, they have lost nothing with age.

Advertisements. These were rather in the Dodd's Kidney Pills tradition, only more flamboyant. Dr. Chase's nerve food. Castoria. Eno's Fruit Salts. All with vigorous advertising and joyous testimonials. It was "Nuxated Iron" that took the cake, however, when it displayed a testimonial form, the American Senator that pushed through the Pure Food and Drug Act! Wrigley's Gum: Spearmint and Doublemint but no Juicy Fruit! So it went. The city in 1917 seems to have been a busy place, just as it is, now. There were differences, of course, but the modern world was already taking shape. The Nova Scotia legislature were discussing the great question: should women be given the right to vote in provincial elections.

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