

Fresh Out of Ether

by ARCADES AMBO

A MISSION AT DAL

The University Student Christian Mission has come and gone and appears to have been an outstanding success. Response by the student body generally was good, and many city residents also availed themselves of this opportunity of hearing the main speaker, Dr. J. S. Bonnell, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. The Mission was under the sponsorship of the University Christian Mission Committee, composed of faculty and students and was also endorsed by the Students Council. The committee is to be congratulated on its achievements.

Dr. Bonnell's topic, "A Design for Living," was very appropriate to a University Mission and his remarks were particularly stimulating.

In the October 26 edition of the Gazette, a contributed editorial made varying references to the Mission as first, a "Student Mission" and secondly as a "Christian Mission." Last spring, there was some discussion by interested groups, both faculty and students, of sponsoring a campus religious revival in October of this year. The University Christian Mission was so well received that we hope that it may be extended to include the entire student body next year if it was intended to be all-inclusive.

NEED A PAINT JOB, MISTER?

Noticed, with raised eyebrow, the smear job that several inspired (?) individuals performed on the west side of the Dalhousie Ice Rink prior to the Dal - St. F. X. football game. We haven't anything against a good, down-to-earth display of exuberant "Joe College" rah-rah, in fact, we're all for it; however, we think the "clots" who painted the Dal rink with huge blue "X's" might have thought about it twice.

Not only did the university have to go to considerable expense (and you know how broke the school is!) to repaint portions of the rink, but the repair job is definitely an eye-sore. And furthermore, university authorities were so disturbed by the incident that last weekend's game was almost cancelled. There isn't much doubt that there will be complaints heard from the St. F.X. campus following Saturday's invasion. We trust that these complaints will be made with tongue in cheek in view of the offensive already undertaken by the blue-and-white.

BACK TO NFCUS AGAIN

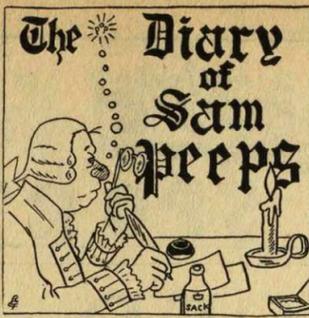
It's rumored that the Council may toss the NFCUS problem into the lap of the student body. In other words, the Council proposes to call a referendum on whether Dal should or should not remain a member of NFCUS (at a fee of fifty cents per student per year.) The recently concluded national conference has decided by an overwhelming majority to do away with the 20-cent-per-student "observer membership" which Dal has been enjoying for the past year.

All universities in the latter category have been given until December 15 to decide whether they wish to remain with NFCUS under the new financial arrangement. You can expect to hear a lot about NFCUS during the next six weeks with the campus representative planning a concentrated program of student indoctrination. Why not give NFCUS a break and approach the subject with at least an open mind — there may be more to it than most of us think.

MORE ROOM FOR MORE DENTS?

Prospects for a new dental building in the near future appear to be very dim at present. Last year the Forrest campus was abuzz with talk of the new dental building and plans were even drawn up for the proposed edifice. However, it appears that the almighty dollar has again reared its ugly head and the possibility of the dents now getting a new home hinges on an unexpected windfall unless the powers-that-be decide to give a new dental building priority over other equally as pressing needs.

And by other pressing needs we mean a new Men's Residence to replace the "temporary structure" put up during the last World War (II). We trust that a third similar conflagration won't be required to remove it.



Oct. 22. Up betimes and to my office, and at my business very close all morning. A most pleasant day with but one interruption. Rind and Saddles didst joust concerning copy space on the Spectator. The former championes the news, while the latter didst cry out in favor of his clients whose products are displayed in the Spectator. By and by to dinner with my wife after which I spent a quiet day resting for the great ball forthcoming. In the evening to my great patrons' to attend the mash. A most successful entertainment, accompanied by great mirth and merry-making, throughout which the less hardy were carried out as from a field of battle. A goodly crowd amongst whom, many of my vintage didst disport themselves. Cautioner's crew provided the noise for many strange dances after the manner of the Southern savage. Gentlemen and their ladies didst throw, each one the other, about with great gusto and thus espying my chance didst give my miserable wife such a toss as to be rid of her for the remainder of the evening.

Oct. 23rd. Didst arise in great spirits my wife having suffered great shock in seeing my reflection in the glass. Stricken with a strange malady, my nose swollen and scarlet and my tongue bespotted with green. Upon availing myself of a healthy portion of XXX didst venture forth to the plains of Studleigh there to see my Tabbies perform against a roving band whose speech is most strange accented. A most passing strange dialect from which I could decipher nothing. One of this band didst hail me and spoke thus: "Suh, could you tell me wheah I am? Its sho powful cold in these heah pahts." Making signs that I could not understand I quickly departed pondering all the while as to their origin. A great multitude in attendance and I unable to find a place was forced over to the enemy side. Didst find a small band of friends who exhorted the Tabbies with a strange cry of; 'On Canada.' At first this didst seem most strange but I was soon led to realize that this contest was international. Truly a pitched battle between the Dominion and Republic to the South. A great tourney but alas, naught resolved, for each didst counteract the other, thrust for thrust; thence all departed confused, wondering that so great a spectacle could be quit whilst undecided. A great knight, who seemeth of late from prison, for he doth wear a striped shirt, didst seem to rally the forces of the enemy when they were most sorely pressed and advance against the Tabbies with the bladder. A great general who couldst stop the rushing scholars with his horn whenever they didst threaten to overthrow the gypsy band. Later to the James, wherein great confusion many Tabbies did shout about the fray. Knight subject of great criticism having thwarted the scholars at several points. My Lord Leopard greatly incensed at being halted upon seizing the bladder firmly believing he would surely advance fiercely in foreign territory. All was not gloom for Turiney didst perform with former skills, whist Howboy didst commit a great

TRI-SERVICE COLUMN

409 (DAL) SQUADRON—RCAF

Flight Cadet Andy Burns, Commerce '57, was one of 350 students from 20 universities across Canada who attended the Reserve Officers School at Kingston, Ont., last summer. Here is Andy's report on his summer:

"In the beautiful setting of the Royal Military College, we all attended classes, practiced parade drill, played various sports, and lived together in a spirit of friendliness for nine weeks.

Classes were given in Air Force History and organization, Law, Effective Speaking and Writing, Current Affairs, and Service Management and Leadership. Facilities were available at RMC for swimming, softball, sailing, soccer, skeet shooting and other sports. Dances for the boys were held weekly at RMC, and others at the Kingston YWCA.

Several long distance tours were arranged for the flight cadets to Montreal, New York and Toronto and through the Thousand Islands.

It was a terrific summer — lots of fun, plenty of work, and the remembrance of many new friends.

Other F/Cs who were also at ROS this summer included Jim Faulds, Don Oxner, Al Keddy and Yale Kanter.

CONTINGENT—COTC

For the benefit of one or two second year members of the Contingent who have apparently not yet discovered where the weekly second year lectures are being held, they take place in Room 133 at Saint Mary's University every Thursday evening at 1900 hrs. Let us have a one hundred per cent turnout.

Third year weekly lectures are given by Brig. Reg Roome, in Room 234 in the Arts and Administration Building here at Dal on Thursday evenings at the same time.

First year lectures will start on 11 January, 1955 in Room 234.

felony which brought great glee from the Tabbies.

Oct. 25th. With my wife only to take the air, it being warm and pleasant to Old Carleton, home of soothsayers and pseudo-athletes. Didst hear great cries emitting within and do discover a band of stale lad by Highanne Old and bet More Fee who didst revel in the halls and stumble through any portal upon which they did come. They didst scream mightily and run horrified from a room bodily marked Surface Anatomy. Didst depart wondering at what they saw, couldst have been Dumbick or maybe Goodyuh, two frightful subspecies of humanity who do luck about the building like pootpads and do leap out at poor innocents who must frequent this domain of the mad. Lord Otto must needs correct this base situation for many state do wear a wan and furtive look in apprehension of passing through these evil, ill-lighted passages. Thus greatly concerned over this to home, a poorly prepared meal and so to bed.

Oct. 26th. A most dull day, nothing stirring; a mild fracas on the plain, whence the legal scholars emerged victorious. One Bachwater fearful of advancing to the fields didst raise a shout from his perch among the rabble while Palaceboy didst run amok abetted in his evil designs on the Latin scholars by such crass friends as Scrapsteel and Brian's Son late of His Majesty's School who didst arrive at Dull over water from foreign countries. Thus home and being greatly bored to my cellars to partake of wines and count my monies freed from the savagery of my wife.

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NFCUS Highlights '54 '55

The following is a list of the major NFCUS projects adopted at the 18th Conference of Canadian University Students held at the University of Toronto this month.

1. NFCUS will carry out a National Campaign for more government scholarships, the objective is to have federal aid for 10,000 students based on scholarship and necessity. This plan is similar to the successful D.V.A. programme and will cost the government 5½ million dollars.

2. NFCUS will press the government to reduce STUDENT INCOME TAX exemptions from the present \$1,000 to \$1,000 plus tuition; in the event a student does not make more than \$1,000 the tuition fee will be added to his parents income tax exemptions.

3. A delegation approached the Canadian Institute of Educational Book Publishers last week urging them to use new and cheaper methods of printing. University authorities across Canada will be notified of this proposal.

4. The NFCUS National Office will contact the government and other employment agencies to provide students with complete information on summer employment opportunities.

5. The National Office will carry out a survey of Canadian University students social and economic status in the Canadian economy, in co-operation with the Department of Labor.

6. NFCUS will conduct a survey of student relationships between students and university officials.

7. NFCUS will set a full time Travel Bureau to enable more university students to travel to Europe. 250 students travelled abroad last year under the NFCUS plan, with a \$6,000 profit to NFUS, this amount is expected to be doubled this year.

8. NFCUS has compiled a list of scholarships available to students across Canada. This booklet will be published by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in November.

9. NFCUS will continue to play a leading role in international student affairs through international conferences and COSEC.

TWO SEATS in the Back Row Please

Walt Disney finding that he cannot buck the new trend in cartoons started by Bosustow & Co., has apparently decided to join it. triking evidences of this intention are now on public view. Ben and Me, a sort of Mickey Mouse with social conscientiousness, takes a few sly nibbles out of a big cheese in United States history: Benjamin Franklin. The story as told by the hero mouse, demonstrates what many school boys have suspected—that for all his achievements, the great man was a bit of a cold turkey who did not mind gobbling up credit sometimes where it was not altogether his due. Done with the usual Disney care for details and sense of comic pace and with more than usual share of good visual surprises, the cartoon reaches a most un-Disney-like climax in a fine burst of political irreverence. Disney also out-did himself in his full-length all animal show Living Desert. This picture convinced me that any wild-cat, turtle, eagle, chip-munk or even snakes, are better actors than most of our two-legged Hollywood idols.

The Long Long Trailer: After having been declared a has-been by the movie people in 1951, Lucille Ball went into TV with husband Desi Arnaz and won herself a national audience of some 40 millions televiewers. Hollywood of course, asked her for another chance.

In the Long Long Trailer, by an enlargement of the supposedly safe, sure, average-young-couple formula that has made "I Love Lucy" TV's number one show, MGM has produced a big slap-happy farce.

The situation: Lucille and Desi are taking their honeymoon in a trailer. Naturally they run into everything from mortgages to muddy roads to a porte-cochère that might still be standing if it had offered six inches more head-room. The screen play, by Albert Hackett and France Goodrich, feeds Comic Ball just the kind of line she can blab most effectively without altering her Raggedy Ann stare.

Director Vincente Minnelli (Father of the Bride, and An American in Paris), as skilled a comedy hand as Hollywood employs, has missed the boat by a long shot this time.

The Wild One, is a percussion piece played on the moviegoer's nerves, a kind of audiovisual fugue (in F Sharp), in which the themes of bogie and terror heap up in alterations of juke-yowls and gear-gnash to a climax of violence — and then fall pafly silent, leaving the audience to unsweat itself from the seats.

The picture begins with the drum roar of motorcycle motors, as 30 or more of them pound over a highway. Pacing the pack is rough-neck Brando, the wild one of the title, an actor whose sullen face, slurred accents and dream-drugged eye have made him a supreme portrayer of morose juvenility. The audience sits frozen with a growing horror as the absciss of violence swells until the watcher almost cries out for it to burst and be done with.

The script makes a couple of pious passes at pointing a moral; it says that the wrecked community — the greedy tavern-keeper, the weak cop, some hotheaded and vicious citizens — is as much to blame for what happens as the young delinquents are, but it is hard to believe in such talk. The effect of the movie is not to throw light on a public problem but to shoot adrenalin through the movie goers veins.

The movies have always accepted the notion that violence was its own excuse for beings; they have said the same thing of love and of holiness, and even sometimes of beauty — especially if it happened to appear in a female form. But the main purpose of The Wild One seems to be to shock. No one can doubt that the movies are highly skillful at picturing brutality and violence but The Wild One suggests that Hollywood may be making too much of a bad thing.

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