

Dabblings

Tears, Idle Tears:

Poisoned, mainly in the vicinity of his arteries, wiry Charlie Connelly, basketball sharp-shooter, when, one ill-placed leg polished the floor in a recent gym practice.

Amazed, the University in general, at the drubbing the powerful Dal basketballers took last week at the hands of impudent Acadia.

Dripping, when seen at a function some time ago, the eyes of Murray Higgins, law student, whose orbs have been giving him no end of trouble. It appears a New York specialist will soon be 'looking him in the eye'.

Unforseeable, the ultimate end of the unpacific romance of energetic Gretchen Hewitt and handsome Ian McCulloch. Score: for the second time, no wins.

Engaged, campus protector Donald Theakston, to wistful Gerry Craig. Engineer Don expects to ring the bells next year.

Wounded, it is said, ex-law student and graduate in Arts, Jim MacAully, lieutenant in the RCR's (of 'went-over-the-top fame), in Korea, to the chagrin of all who know him, and there are many.

Wax Tracks:

Headed for the hit parade for no good reason at all is a chanson drooled over by the Mills Bros., called *Your O.K. For T.V.*, or something just as ludicrous. This of course will get to that elevated position because it has the "timely" touch. It is almost as uninspiring as *And So To Sleep Again* now on the illustrious parade. We note that *Down Yonder*, *Undecided* and *Cold, Cold Heart*, picked by this column for popularity, have all made the grade. The best of the lot in musical composition is *It's No Sin*.

As was remarked the other day, Lonesome Gal must have got married: her sacharine voice is heard no more. Behind her popularity lies a sorry analysis of mass neurosis. Did you ever wonder why she was popular? She appealed to the masses through sentimental music and offered a release from loneliness. In a lonely world where so many people are loveless or friendless, such a scheme goes over. To one not lonely it is sloppy and cheap. But to those who are, any release is welcomed. So, the Lonesome Gal came. But why has she gone? This we don't know but certainly she has left behind her, in a pathetic reflection of our society, many a heart broken for the loss of a voice they only knew through a radio speaker.

Talk of College:

The Phi Deltas, homeless for many moons, at last are hanging their hats in a new home. No longer will Inglis Street echo with their dead-of-night laughter and Jam Sessions and such illustrious members as Al 'The Champ' Smith can bid fond farewell to the park benches.

To Mingo and Nichols went the dubious distinction, in the recent pilgrimage of Royalty to Dal, of being sent to receive effervescing Elizabeth's umbrella. As the same was reached for, however, by the eager men, a body-less hand reached also from beyond the door. Mingo grasped empty air. Nichols smiled sheepishly as if it were all part of a mysterious plan. The Princess didn't have a chance, but probably didn't care.

As the same Royalty, already referred to, passed up the walk, flanked by beaming Pres. Kerr and English-born Col. Laurie, said the students: "Just like one of us!"; "How beautiful!"; "Charming!"; "Like a painted doll!" But to the envy of every coed, stands haughty Gay Esdale whose connections with the Navy permitted a personal introduction.

They are saying that the powerful Tiger football team played awful ball Saturday and that it was a good thing it was Cornwallis and not Stad or Air Station. They hope that it is not a portent of things to come.

Hollywood Would. Wouldn't It?

Proving once again that you can never believe a columnist, Louella Parsons, gossipist supreme, tagged the Mitchum-Russell combo in *His Kind of Woman* as "the most dynamic on the screen". Peerless Parsons must have been paid well to say it: never could two more inanimate human beings have been cast together with such siesta-like effect. Jane Russell has her points, but one is not acting, though she has improved since her bosomy fame of *The Outlaw*. Unstimulated Mitchum, even in action, seemed in a twilight between sleep and wakefulness. After half the film was devoted to longing glances and a dialogue that longed for some sparkle, the story exploded in guns, chases, a burst steampipe and gangster-like tactics. After death had passed a cold hand over sundry characters Mitchum got Russell and Russell got a well used and yawning hero.

Lost Continent, was a story that shouldn't have happened to poor unsuspecting Caesar Romero. As the Captain from Castille he had shown he could act. But in *Lost Continent* there was no need. Other than a few dinosaurs, poison-gas filled jungles and an exploding island, the picture was uneventful.

All roads lead to the Casino for what proves to be the best entertainment in town. *No Highway in the Sky*, written by Nevil Shute, starring Jimmy Stewart, is the tale of a tail and of the scientist-inventor whose world of figures and calculus preoccupied him to the extent of worldly ridicule and eccentricity. The story of a man who clung to his beliefs even when it appeared his whole scientific effort was wrong. Mr. Stewart played a difficult part well and was helped back to real life by the million-dollar legs girl, Marlene Dietrich and home loving Glynis Johns. Highlight: the plane scene where Mr. Stewart was caught on a trans-Atlantic flight in a plane he calculated would lose its tail in mid-Atlantic. Sidelight: the quiet humour that engendered pity at the same time, such as when he strode clumsily to his own front door saying he was going home and, upon seeing the number on the opened door, realized he was home. A masterpiece of how too often, genius, in its unconventional abstraction, is exploited by shallow and cutting ridicule.

In conclusion: Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.

World Favorite Satiric Operetta "Iolanthe" to be DGDS Presentation

On November 22nd, the opera "Patience" finished a run of 578 performances at the Savoy Theatre in London; then for two nights only the theatre was closed, to re-open on November 25th for the first performance of "Iolanthe". The new opera was received with tremendous enthusiasm and it was obvious that Gilbert and Sullivan had scored another enormous success. The initial run of "Iolanthe" lasted for over a year; since that time the work has continued to be an especial favourite with all lovers of light opera.

In this opera the librettist and composer are clearly at their best, and the mating of words and music seems to be even more perfect than usual. "Iolanthe" satirizes a social caste in which success depends upon manners rather than, upon mind, and in which position and prestige have been inherited rather than earned; the objects of Gilbert's satire are the members of the House of Lords. The plot is uniquely humorous. The basic idea of a fairy punished by her queen for marrying a mortal was not new, but the fantastic results of the union—the existence of a son who was a fairy down to the waist but whose legs were mortal, a son who grew older whilst his mother remained at sweet seventeen, and who was compelled by fairy decree to enter Parliament in order to play havoc with the constitutional usages of that dignified assembly—these were whimsical corollaries which not only bore the stamp of novelty but opened up a fine field for the display of Gilbert's wittiest faculties.

The opportunities for contrasts of mood and colour which Gilbert

provides in "Iolanthe" were exactly what appealed most to the musician. It is the only opera of the series which deals with fairies and Sullivan, like Mendelssohn, shows himself to be particularly happy when dealing with the supernatural element. Apart from the fairies there is abundant scope for musical illustration of a varied kind. The pomp and pageantry of the Peers, the energetic Lord Chancellor, the stately Queen, the imperturbable Sentry, the attractive Dresden-china figures of Phyllis and Strephon—these were all inspiring factors for a composer whose skill in giving musical expression to outward characteristics was so great.

The chorus rehearsals for the Dalhousie production of "Iolanthe" have been progressing quite well, and those attending obviously enjoy the gay music. In this opera it happens that the men's section of the chorus has the major share of the singing and acting, and here we must have reinforcements. The men are not turning out in sufficient numbers to ensure a successful production. Fifteen or so men attend practises regularly, but surely there are many more male students with enough vocal ability and interest in this Dalhousie show who can and should join the Glee Club. How about it? Next practice for the men is at 8 o'clock on Thursday night in the lower gym.

The girls' chorus merits a word of commendation, not only for good attendance, but also for their enthusiastic singing. Their work so far is a considerable advance on previous years. Their practice will be at 7 on Thursday.

Law Notes

A large number of hunters have unexpectedly turned up among the Law students. Several week-end expeditions in search of various types of in-season game have been organized recently, and nearly every afternoon has seen some student set out for the nearest forest to try his luck. Not much success has been reported so far.

The embarrassing question of caution deposits again reared its ugly head at the latest Law Society meeting. The whole thing was started last year when a member of the graduating class suggested that it might be a good idea if all the Law students were to donate their caution deposits to pay for a banquet for the third year students following final examinations. The idea met with a cool reception from all but the third year class, but the thought of having a sum of money there to be spent for some purpose or other seemed to catch the fancy of many. The only question left unanswered was what to use the money for.

Everything from books for the library to guest speakers and an emergency fund were considered by the Society at earlier meetings this year, but no one idea obtained a sufficient number of supporters to be adopted. Besides, some students pointed out, there were already other demands upon the caution deposits by fund-raising organizations on the campus. The suggestion of one student that each person should obtain the money due at the end of the year and spend it on himself was considered the coward's way out and ignored.

Last week's Law Society meeting saw what was allegedly the end of the whole matter, when it was voted to quietly forget the whole thing. But it will be hard to forget all that money, and in all probability the plan will be revived before the end of the year.

Hopeless

I waited for you
I searched for you
In the vales of eternity—
In the timeless waste
The sea of infinity
Grasps my soul.
I still wait
Searching for you
Plunging in glistening
Pools of angel tears
Drowning in the depths
Of hopeless love.
—MEN

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Canterbury Club Plans Hard Times Party Wed.

Canterbury Club is a fellowship for Anglican students who meet weekly, usually in the Cathedral Barracks following the Sunday evening services. Once a month there is Corporate Communion at King's at 8.30 in the morning, followed by breakfast in the King's Dining Hall. Discussion periods are held frequently, and the subjects are arranged for by the members. Recently there was much controversy over whether or not it was possible for a religious man to be successful in politics.

There are times that are devoted to Social Evenings only, and tomorrow night, Wednesday, is one of them. Canterbury Club is sponsoring a "Hard Times Party", so come and meet fellow Anglicans from all parts of this province, and outside also. For further information call Barb Davison, Shirreff Hall, (3-8101) and she will tell you the location.

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