

# Dabblings by J.A.M.

**Miscellany:**

Came the other day, to the Bureau of Health and Welfare, a man who was to know the meaning of Government bureaucracy. This sincere, red-blooded Canadian citizen was after a simple birth certificate. It was obvious that he had been born but the super-efficient clerk insisted that he had not been. (Note: she could not find his record.) The crowning insult came when she brought out in his name a death certificate. Suddenly the horrible truth struck her that perhaps the Government was wrong. "Gee", she marvelled, "you're nowhere's near dead!" "Of course not", he snapped back, turned and left heaping some inarticulate flattery on the Dept. Not born, but dead, perhaps like Hamlet's father doomed for a certain term to walk the night! Ask the lawyers to give him a legal classification!

**Tears, Idle Tears:**

**Married:** for several months, big George Smith, much to the regret of the Tigers' forward line, but to the apparent joy of the object of his affection, Cleo Myers.

**Divorced:** Nancy (with-the-laughing-face) Sinatra, that transparent Frankie might remove from circulation the girl who has erupted in every masculine heart explosive desire.

**Married:** Under August's boiling sun, Barbara Jefferson, to one Urquhart, that the light of true love never be extinguished.

**Battered:** The shoulders and other susceptible anatomical parts, of football players Harrison, Mingo and Bryson. Hoped: that time has healed their wounds for the heavy games on schedule.

**Precipitated:** In holy matrimony, in summer, the childhood romance of hesitant Mary Lou Forbes, to one George Walker, which explains her absence from Dal.

**Talk of College:**

With the teams deadlocked in a three-way tie, they are wondering: if Cluny will rack up points against the naval entries as he has in the past; if Hendersen will keep plunging so destructively against the Flyers; if the three battered stars (supra) will glitter again this fall; if the Tigers' roar will be heard in final victory.

Everything, including studies, life, love and food took a second place Wednesday evening when a carefully premeditated strategem, under an unpenetrated cloak of deception, and in a shower of kerosene, ran its course. The high priority went to the painting of Zeta Psi by the Arrow girls in retaliation for the mysterious appearance at Zeta Psi of the Pi Phi crest. The feud left casualties on both sides about equal as, like the Golden Horde, the amazons retreated.

**The Muse:**

Remorseful Thomas More gave this for youth's general regard:  
The time I've lost in wooing  
In watching and persuading  
The love-light that shines in women's eyes  
Has been my heart's undoing.

**Hollywood Would. Wouldn't It?**

**Night Into Morning**, with Ray Milland reeling from cocktail lounge to sympathetic female arms alternately, was a long drawn-out piece of celluloid which barely allowed morning to come at all. The Theme: can a man whose heart lies broken beneath the weight of tragic grief, recover to live or love again. The answer, we assume, is he can, after many a plunge into a triple Scotch and a nearly executed plunge from a high window. Mr. Milland, didn't even approach his Lost Weekend performance nor did the script give him the chance. All, including the audience, got lost in melodramatic sympathy and self-pity and somewhere along the way Mr. Milland lost sight of the reason for his tireless emotional upheaval.

**Desert Fox:** The story of Field Marshal Rommel's trials and tribulations, and the attempted story of his genius, with James Mason in the pompous lead. The picture had two main effects: (1) making the observer wonder as to the outcome of World War II had the German Generals had their way instead of Hitler; (2) a sympathy for a German Staff who, once hated by the West, hated with equal intensity, "Berlin" (spoken contemptuously). Highlight on the side: the performance of a paranoid and irrational Hitler.

**Meet Me After the Show:** Betty Grable out-shimmies the best of them in a film that hasn't much else to offer.

**Wax Tracks:**

Riding high on the hit parade is Western-born Cold, Cold Heart. Also from the same source is Hey, Good-Lookin' thus proving that the age of heated-up corn is not yet dead.

Doing the rounds now for some time, and promising to become a classic in the popular sense, is Gordon Jenkin's controversial **Manhattan Towers**. To many this musical mirror of New York's gay life is but a commercial effort. But it has many fine attributes that would suggest a fair bid for endurance. Not to classify it with the more ambitious **Rhapsody in Blue** of Gershwin, it has in common with **Rhapsody** many sections of truly fine music. Strung loosely together on a sentimental 'plot' it achieves its purpose of being a panegyric to Manhattan. And in any case, has there even been an opera whose plot was anything more than a spring-board for its music? **Manhattan Towers** will take its place in the music of our times, though perhaps it has barely made its place.

**In Conclusion:** For your edification, Amien said it: Truth is not only violated by falsehood; it may be equally outraged by silence.

## The Answerer

... and one sat late at his table in the book-stacks trying to deduce the pure categories, saying, "Seven and five, the son of a b—, is twelve." The librarians, the graduate students, and the cleverest of the undergraduates—stackers all—marvelled at his much cursing. And they talked among themselves of this besotted genius who had no flair for the transcendent, and they believed what he said but thought it pointless—and reason told them not of this, only faith.

And his oaths continued day and night, so that the cleverest of the undergraduates began to say that it was high time the proper authorities were notified.

But one day when the cursing was loudest and the transcendental categories about to be shewn, there came clouds over the sun and there was a flashing of lightning in the sky. And the undergraduates were blinded, but the graduates merely put on dark glasses and therefore saw that it was all done with mirrors.

When they were again able to see, the sottish one was no longer there, but in his place Boethius, even he who in the ancient times, being prisoned, conjured up Philosophy and was consoled by her. And Boethius, first quoting an article in Tuesdays Gazette (which was called "The Questioner"), spake thus:

... and reason tells you not of this, but faith."  
In this, sweet friend, thou sayest well.  
For truly doth the soul desire her good,  
Which lieth out beyond the ken of thought  
In that pure high and holy realm where dwell  
Omniscience and Omnipotence one'd in  
Omnipresence.

"Then can He make a rock  
Too big for His own moving?  
Can He exist,  
Therefore, in vacuum?"  
Sweet friend, draw nigh. God's  
subtler reas'ning  
Than yours is by that rocky question shewn,

Not impotence. To contradict oneself  
Is not to ask at all. Therefore the question  
Hath no answer, but doth suicide.  
Next, to the Torricellian do I turn  
And ask if vacuum be the same as  
nothing.  
Of course not.

A vacuum is a space devoid of stuff;  
Nothing is but voidity as such.  
Now, though their true dividing  
still less yields  
God's omnipresence—as a theor'm  
deduc'd,  
Than from the rosy fallacy contain'd  
In these two terms' deceiving  
sweet confusion—  
Sweet friend, thou hast confus'd  
them!—doth come  
Proof of His absence. But if infinitude  
Be but amongst His attributes  
still reck'd  
(For this the peoples' mutt-ring  
signifies),  
He dwelleth not in temples made  
with hands,

## Love

Love is a tender melody  
a haunting fragrance  
a child's laughter  
the wind's sigh  
the storm's destruction  
the rain's desolation  
the swamp's quagmire  
the forest's gloom  
  
Love is life  
hard, relentless, cruel  
choking as it grows  
destroying as it builds  
It cannot change—it is life.

—MEN

## The Believer

And the people spake unto him, saying, "Does God exist?" He replied, "Because you ask that question, you know in your heart that God has been speaking to you, asking you to love Him and serve Him, in order that you might achieve your destiny, which is to be Sons of God, the God who created the world and hast loved it from all eternity".

And the people talked among themselves of this wise man who spoke with authority, and decided that they would see for themselves whether or not what he said was true. So they decided to serve the Lord God, and they gave themselves up to doing His will as it should be made plain to them. And their life was more abundant and their wisdom increased from year to year.

And a young man came to them and asked, "Is your God omnipotent?" They said, "We do not know—but He is all-powerful in our lives for good". And again the young man asked, "Is your God omnipresent?" They said, "We do not know—but He is present with us day by day, guiding us into truth and righteousness." Finally the young man spoke again, "But what about my questions?" And an old man answered, "He that is willing to serve God and do His will shall know of the doctrine, whether it be true or false."

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