

Thoughts on Christmas

As the news from Korea and Lake Success continues to grow worse, the term draws to a close; one varies inversely as the other. The radio announcer's voice displays less and less of its customary indifference as the seesaw of losses and small gains goes on, as two immense world forces continue towards a head-on collision—one apparently helpless in the face of the other's recklessness.

At his work and away from it the student perhaps becomes aware of an increasing restlessness—perhaps more so in the case of ex-servicemen, who more than any of us know what it's all about. It is a vague malaise that eludes analysis: it is not simply fear, and certainly not bravado. It might be the vague uneasiness that afflicts the human animal about things of which he is aware but which he does not understand.

Such feelings are becoming increasingly evident in far more exalted circles. Governments and great men are beginning to sound muddled, to run around in circles.

Some people wonder why one hundred and fifty-five million people in Western Europe, with their great moral and industrial resources, waste their time arguing about local interests when their existence is threatened, when

united they could create a powerful influence for the peace they want. It puzzles some of us, simple souls that we are, that Spain and Yugoslavia are vilified until somebody discovers that General Franco has forty-three divisions, and Marshal Tito thirty-two. United in the first place with the countries represented in the Strasbourg assembly, all could have assembled more divisions than the Russians could afford to keep on their western frontier.

And we wonder, if the old man in Aesop's Fables were to go to Europe with his bunch of sticks and show the great men that one stick breaks easily, whereas all together cannot be broken, would anybody be impressed?

In the midst of the atomic age we sit, and write that theme or prepare this lab report, and wonder if during the night we and the town might pass away in a great explosion. After this, after the war, after the exhaustion of nations, there might conceivably come a time when there were no warriors left, and the meek might inherit the earth. Thus are prophecies fulfilled. When the heaven and the earth have passed away, and there is no more sea . . .

It may be auspicious that this crisis comes at Christmas, when we may be all the more probably be inclined to take stock of ourselves as well as of things. It may be that we will remember what Christmas is, and that we, the members of the democratic nations who are also, incidentally, Christians, will shake off our lethargy, both moral and physical, and remember our strength as well as our weakness.

Epistle from the Monastery

Pine Hill varsity made their first appearance in the N. S. intermediate intercollegiate basketball, going down to defeat 31-30 to King's, defending champs in an exhibition game. The Holy Terrors were lead by Alex Farquhar, former Dal and Grad star.

The hockey team has been practicing lately. MacBurnie looks good in nets with "Bruising Andy", 235-lb. rearguard and dashing Don MacMahon sure starters.

In the annual "Out of this world series" the Atheists defeated the Theologues in a 3-game series, for the Pine Hill title, behind the pitching of Northsider Gord MacKenzie.

In retaliation the Theologues whipped the Atheists in a so-called hockey game. The score of said game was a matter of debate but the outcome was agreed on by almost all.

The annual Pine Hill Fall Ball was the outstanding social event of the year (for those who attended). The ballroom was attractively decorated in Hallowe'en style. The only complaint was the poor support of the orchestra, who underestimated a party thrown by the Hill.

"Honey" MacLeod's pride and joy, the billiard table, has been reconditioned for the fall classic—the billiard tournament. Also slated for this week is the ping pong play-offs, as all enthusiasts are Bat-ting for honours.

The new editor of the Pine Hill year book is Guy MacLean, who is taking over from Keith Fleming. The latest addition to Dal college spirit is the black and gold, Pine Hill and Pharmacy cold-rod, lately seen about Forrest.

The Council at the moment is trying to stop the flow of water on the second floor, but we are informed that rebellion is brewing amongst the angels with dirty clothes. To their efforts we can only say

Amen.

T-Square

by BUD KINGSBURY

The Boilermakers' Ball committee members have had their heads together for the last two weeks and have come up with a very fine program and a huge publicity campaign. As the month of February will be a very busy one socially be sure to reserve Friday the 16th, for the biggest ball on the campus, for as everyone knows . . .

The hockey team is planning on a big year with no lack of

players. There are about thirty competing for berths and this will give a very strong reserve force to back up the main squad. When they return from Christmas holidays, the boys will be sporting their new sexy black and white sweaters. The lack of rink time has not fazed some of the fellows and a really rough and tumble game rages every noon time on the square in front of the "shack". Many sticks have been broken, but so far we have had no broken bones or windoks. It is a toss up as to which will occur first. More gravel gets moved here than at Hubley's and people are being warned to look out for flying missels.

LETTER TO EDITOR—

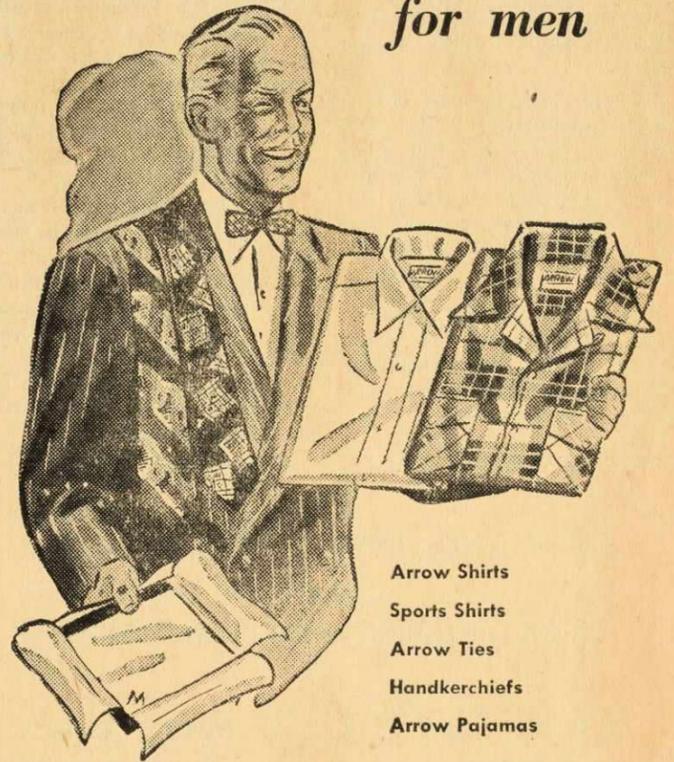
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haven't the heart. Or is it a case of (as I think it must be) of not being able to get anyone of reasonable intelligence to support the negative side of the argument.

This gentleman brashly makes the statement that skating, which is work (to him) should not be carried out on Sunday, rather, the day should be devoted piously to doing homework, which is not work (to him, I presume). In his case, I wholeheartedly agree that it might not be a bad idea to work on the mind-improving angle a bit, but I think that such activity

(Continued on page four)

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