

The Dalhousie Gazette

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Exercise Your Privilege to Vote

The first Tuesday in March is the most important day in the college year. On this day, you, the students of Dalhousie, have the right to exercise your franchise by voting in the Council of Students elections. It is a day when you can indicate at your own will the students whom you wish to see leaders of the Student Body. It is a day when democracy again triumphs, and it is a day when all clear-thinking students should realize again the advantages of living in a society which operates on the principles of Democracy.

Living in a modern age where machines, entertainment, power and speed are keywords we have quite often forgotten the principles of democracy, of self-government. Moreover, we have almost lost the history book story of our ancestors' struggle for their own rights. Have we become so engrossed in material interests that our personal interests, our interests in government have become lost? If we have, then democracy is standing on thin ice, and it will only be a matter of years before autocracy and dictatorship will be established in North America.

The Council of Students elections are certainly not as important to Canadians as federal, provincial or even municipal elections, yet the underlying theme is present in all four cases. The Dalhousie Council of Students elections is a small scale model of the other three. It is an election on the student level where, as future men and women of the Canadian nation, the exercising of the franchise is just as important as on the federal level. We can show our faith in the democratic system by casting our ballot next Tuesday.

Elections at Dalhousie this year have been bigger and better than ever and the forthcoming Council elections indicate the same trend. With the president and vice-president candidacies being fiercely contested by the Law, Medicine and Arts and Science societies, this year's elections are shaping into the toughest campus political battle in years. In the days preceding election time, political meetings and intrigue will again be working round the clock, in an effort to upset the balance and ensure victory for a particular group.

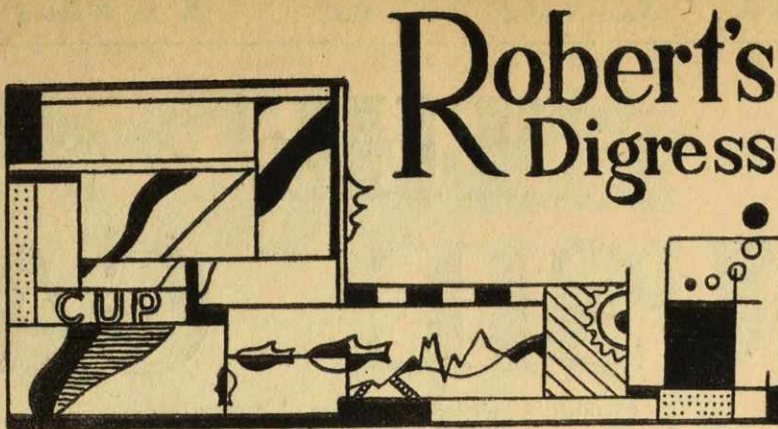
Regardless of the politicking being waged these next few days, you, the students, still have the ultimate say. To those newcomers, the Gazette wishes to make it clear that this is not a society election and splitting your votes is perfectly legitimate. The Law candidates are running on one "ticket," Medicine and Arts and Science on the other, but there is no reason why anybody is forced to vote for the straight "ticket." In exercising your vote, think clearly and sensibly. Elect the best candidates, the people who can and will lead your student government. Above all, however, think about students in Communist universities and how they have no vote. Maintain and strengthen Democracy in Canada by voting as you wish in next week's election.

Glee Club Takes Over

For the next three nights, the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society are presenting the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Yeomen of the Guard," at the Queen Elizabeth High School Auditorium. The "Yeomen" is the last major production of the Glee Club in the 1954-55 season, and the show is indicative of another success.

In the early Fall, the Glee Club executive decided to stage its big production in the Queen Elizabeth Auditorium, rather than the Dalhousie Gymnasium. The Glee Club thought that the beautiful Auditorium, would be better suited for staging and for the comfort of the audience. The Council agreed to the proposal and plans were finalized for the Queen Elizabeth Auditorium on February 23, 24, 25th.

Now, the judgment of the Glee Club and Council is about to be tested. The cast of the Glee Club show has been practicing since October and the long awaited moment is here at hand. With Professor Hamer back directing the show again, the DGDS production is once again expected to be tops. An elaborate stage design has just been completed and last minute preparations have been made. With the enthusiasm which has accompanied former Glee Club shows again running, this week's "Yeomen of the Guard" promises to be bigger and better than ever.



Robert's Digress

I have glanced through this week's college papers, frankly I am disgusted. On every campus, there is talk about a *Winter Carnival*, bigger and better than ever; *Festivals*, *Concerts*, *Ballet*, *Musicals*, etc. Then I took a look around here, and what did I see? Nothing! I was so peeved, that I didn't find the courage to write anything. So here are a few reprints, not about *Carnivals*, not about *Musicals*, not about *Festivals*, not about *Ballet*, but about *nothing in particular*.

I Don't Drink Rye:

"I don't drink rye," said the little girl in the turquoise dress. "I never drink." She looked around proudly. Not many people could say so much. The young man beside her agreed. He looked around happily to see if anyone cared to argue the point. No one did. They were all happy too. The young man looked back at the girl, feeling rather disgruntled. SHE wasn't happy.

"Have some anyway." He proffered his glass. "Good for you." "Really?" said the girl. "Then I'll have just a teensy little sip." "Okay, get me a glass too." "Certainly." He walked across the wobbly floor.

"It's really alright, she assured him when he returned. "Mortification of the flesh, y'know."

Startled, the young man looked a little less happy. She proceeded to explain, "I don't really like the stuff, so it's like wearing a hairshirt. A glass of this should be good for at least one cancelled math lecture."

A gleam of understanding crossed the young man's brow. "Make it two," he suggested.

"Two it is!" she gulped. Deliriously he wandered out and came back in with a case of gin.

"Canshell whole course!" he said.

Together they settled down happily to undo the math professor.

Cellar cleaning:

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, or else—so I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied the whiskey down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything empty I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, which were 29. To be sure I counted them again and when they came by, I had 74, and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally I had all the houses, bottles, corks, glasses and sinks counted except one house, which I drank.

ED: He is not as much under the influence of inebriation as some people think he is!

Murder:

Murder is never pretty. Murder is a thing that flies shrieking into your guts, and buries itself in your liver, with a soft sickening sound.

She was lying there on the bed still beautiful even in death. She almost looked as though she were sleeping except that her torso was sleeping in the bath tub. Murder is never pretty.

O'Finnegan turned to me. "It's the same old story, the same old story," he said.

"You mean about the farmer's daughter and the toothless wombat?"

"Yeah, he left his false teeth in a glass of water on the night table and . . ."

I cut him short with a pistol butt in the mouth that left it a gaping red wound in his face. The bone glistened whitely in the bloody cavern.

"Enough chit-chat. Who do you think did it?"

"Gleeb, he bumbled. "Speak up man" I said "Don't mumble, there are enough mumbler's around here, ask Fred (the radio man)"

He spat two teeth on the carpet. "Someday you'll go too far," he spluttered.

I looked at the teeth, and suddenly I knew, I knew the kind of rat that feeds on the slime and filth of the city, and preys on clean-cut kids from the country. (i.e. New Brunswick or Newfoundland.)

The kind of rat that one day would have his throat laid open, and the windpipe shrieking for air that will never come again, clawing and clawing—and dying like a rat.

"Let's go get him O'Finnegan," I said. But before we could move O'Finnegan's secretary burst into the room, her hair was the color of ripe corn and the rest of her was even riper.

"I've come," she murmured slowly running a long painted fingernail up and down my spine. Every bump made my hormones do push-ups.

ED: Because of space limitation, we must leave our heroine's hormones doing calisthenics until next week. Perhaps by that time they'll be tired.

Do you know why there are no lady auctioneers?

Can you imagine a lady auctioneer standing with one foot on a double bed and asking: "What am I offered?"

Joe: "Mary, You've never kissed me like this before. Is it because we're in the dark?"

Girl: "It may be because my name isn't Mary!"

Newman Club Mission

The annual Mission for members of the Dal-Tech Newman Club will be held this week starting on Thursday and ending on Sunday.

Father Leo Murphy, a noted scholar, historian and lecturer, will conduct the Mission. All students at Dalhousie, regardless of whether they are members of the Newman Club or not, are invited to attend the Mission.

The Mission will open on Thursday morning with Mass at the Sacred Heart Convent on Spring Garden Road. Mass will start at 8:00 a.m. and will finish at 8:35, so that all those attending will have time for breakfast. Benediction will be held each evening in Room 130 of the Dalhousie Arts Building. Mass and Benediction will be held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the same hours.

On Sunday, Feb. 27, the Mission will come to a close with Mass followed by a Communion Breakfast at Saint Mary's University on Robie Street.

by GILBERT + SULLIVAN
The Yeomen Of The Guard
FEBRUARY 23 24 25
PRESENTED BY THE DALHOUSIE GLEE + DRAMATIC SOCIETY
"GOOD!... IT'S TOPS!"

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