

Why Women Are Like Newspapers

Don O'Connell, 1948

- 1) They have Forms
- 2) They have a large circulation
- 3) A back issue is not in demand
- 4) They come in all types
- 5) They stack up well
- 6) Some can be picked up on street corners
- 7) You can't believe half what they say
- 8) They aren't worth much
- 9) You should have one of your own and not borrow your neighbors.

—From The Manitoban.

Desperate Journey

With a pounding heart, she let in the clutch and the car lunged away from the curb. The street was busy, for it was just after five and already the rush of traffic toward the suburbs had begun. Now nice, she thought, to be going home to a warm house, and a good meal, instead of setting out on this terrifying ride, from which such terrible consequences might ensue.

Even the policeman directing traffic had become a monster and the hurrying pedestrians were tormentors, taunting her with their freedom and security.

She glanced at the man beside her. Only his expressional, granite-like profile was visible. He did not look at her as he ordered, "Just follow the car ahead, the green Pontiac. Wildly she pressed her foot on the accelerator and they jolted forward. Her throat was dry as sandpaper and her hands stuck clammy to the wheel, as she followed the sedan along the boulevard and then down a quieter sidestreet. As their victim turned into a driveway she looked helplessly at her companion for advice. Turn right at the next corner, he snarled, don't bother about them any more. And step on it a bit when you get to the highway. Then he relaxed into silence.

How did I get into this? How am I going to get out of it. And where on earth are we going? Her mind whirled crazily as they headed out of town. She knew she was driving too fast, but she dared not slow her pace. He lit

a cigarette and for a brief moment the darkened car was bright. Slow down a bit, he murmured, and back into this sideroad. I—I can't, but the words stuck in her throat with a glance at his immobile, harsh face.

Somehow, in spite of her shaking hands she got the motor into reverse and slowly backed down the narrow, dark and lonely road. It had begun to rain hard and she could hardly see behind her. Would the lane never end, or maybe it would be better if it didn't. If only he weren't so quiet. Anything would be better than this awful silence.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of crawling, he said, "May as well give this up, try and turn her around and we'll head back to town. Relief surged in her, and she managed to get the car around somehow.

Take it easy, sister, don't get so rattled", he suggested as they rocketed back up the land and sped down the highway. The road was a blur in the driving mist and rain, but it seemed far less fearsome for at least they were heading in a familiar direction.

At last they turned into the street from where they had started. She stopped the car and leaned exhausted against the seat.

For the first time, he turned toward her, and the harsh outlines softened into an ordinary, pleasant face.

O.K., he grinned, I guess you've earned it. Just come in the station for a minute while I make out your driver's license.

The Critic Says

This week the Robert Alban theatre-in-the-round company has presented Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not For Burning" at the Seagull Club. The staging was clever, the costumes were all that could be desired, the actors were all competent, some excellent. Still, there was something missing that prevented it from being a completely satisfying show.

For one thing, the first act moved very slowly and this reviewer was conscious of the fact that the play was in verse rather than in prose. It lacked the art that conceals art, and in places almost degenerated into sing-song.

The second and third acts were

a great improvement with J. L. Westhaver as the "just justice" and Doane Hatfield as the mayor outstanding. Robert Alban and Helen Roberts as the would-be murderer and the would-be-not-witch showed considerable understanding of their roles, especially in their long scene in the second act, and appeared to be completely at home in this new medium.

I think what I missed more than anything else was a certain broadness of style; boisterousness I think is the only word to describe what I mean. There can be no illusion or reality in this play, any more than there can be in Shakespeare. This is not a slice of life but a slice of the playwright's imagination. The actors are not portraying real people and they

are relieved from the necessity of acting like real people. In other words they can lay it one with a heavy hand. It was this underplaying and lack of exaggeration that left me with a feeling of disappointment.

M.P.M.S.A. Schedule

The Mulgrave Park Married Students Association got under way this week with a meeting held October 6th in the Commissary at Mulgrave Park.

Officers for the coming year were elected, these being:

President—C. S. Rippon.
Vice President—J. Fairweather
Secretary—Treasurer — E. D. Webber

House Representatives:
House 2—Aubrey Hudson
House 3—Harold Good
House 4—Scott Leslie
Representative to Students' Council—William Smith.

It was decided to hold a Halloween Party for children of all Dalhousie students in the Commissary on October 31.

A dance will be held in the Commissary on October 25th. All Dalhousie students are invited. Admission will be 75c per couple and on payment of this fee married students other than those residing at Mulgrave Park will become members of the M.P.M.S.A. for the coming season.

Femmes and Football

A horrified feminine world read with dismay the recently published news that the Nova Scotia male, like the buffalo or the bald-headed eagle (just offhand examples, you understand), is slowly becoming extinct. As a result, there has been a growing interest in such helpful articles as, "You Too Can Be a Female Head-Hunter", "I Was a Male Bubble Dancer" (whoops! how did that get in there?), and lately, "How To Combine Football and Hunting For Pleasure and Profit". This being the case, we should feel ourselves sadly amiss if we neglected a subject of such topical interest.

There follow herewith, a few suggestions to Dalhousie co-eds on, to use the fascinating language of the game, how to avoid fumbles and gain the necessary yardage with your man.

One publication asserts the importance of wearing the right clothes for the occasion, and recommends "A stole in your school's colours tied around your head—with the fringed ends thrown coyly back over your shoulder—completes an outfit guaranteed to cop a championship in any dating league. "Ducky, what? It further advises a girl to keep her eye on the boys on the beach for signals (hum, sounds like fun), and stresses the importance of knowing such fundamentals of the game as the, you should pardon the expression, forward pass.

Much appreciated by the boys are the gay, spontaneous enthusiasm, the true sportsmanship, and extensive knowledge of the game shown by such girls as Jane.

"I'm just crazy about football, aren't you, Jack? I mean, the crisp, autumn air, the—blast that wind, my poor hairdo! You really didn't mind my not being ready, did you? I mean, this way we kind of plunge into the middle of things. It's much more exciting, don't you think?"

Oh let's sit over there by Dick. Hi Dickie! Don't you just love football? Hooray!! Why aren't you cheering, Jack? Oh, Stad made second down. That's bad, isn't it.

Jack, look, that funny, looking man is selling banners! Would you—why thanks, I'd love a banner. That's Bill Miller with the

ball, isn't it? The poor boy with all those roughnecks on top of him! Look, he's hurt! They're carrying him off the field. What a sin!

Jack, everyone's leaving. Is it all over so soon? Who won, Jack? Oh, only the half?

Juu-lie! There's Julie. Yoo-hoo! Yes, we had a perfectly marvellous—Oh, I'm so sorry, Jack. I didn't mean to poke my banner—Jack! Speak to me! Are you alright? Oh it's only your eye. You'll look cute with a black eye—sort of rakish. Why, you brute! You apologize!

Look, Jack, Terry Anderson is running. He's down! Most girls are crazy about Terry, but I think he's sort of conceited, don't you? Are you listening to me? Jack!

Only three minutes left to play! Isn't it exciting? They're trying to—Oh Jack, I dropped my scarf under the stands. Would you be awfully sweet and—Well! Some people have no sense of humour. Jack, please! After the game, there'll be such a scramble.

Oh there you are at last. What took you so long? You missed the most exciting touchdown by somebody and at the very last minute, too. I'm just crazy about football, aren't you? Well, there's no reason to yell at me. Men are the most unpredictable—well alright!"

As we were saying, the gay, spontaneous—Oh well. The most important point to remember is that four downs make one whole or touchdown, and if any team, of which there are two (I think), can block that kick, it's a very good thing indeed, or are there three downs? Anyway never lose sight of that fact.

There have been many ugly and subversive rumours to the effect that some girls actually like football and attend for the sole purpose of watching the game, but this is just loose talk and is not taken seriously by those in the know (whoever that is.)

That's all, girls. We hope you have gained some information which you may put to good and effective use at tomorrow's game, but in our black and gold, fringed sarongs, who can miss? Good hunting. Tally ho! and also Yoicks!

Dalhousie Definitions

With an apology to the "Gateway", voice of the University of Alberta, from whom we stole the idea and some of the material, we publish a few interesting definitions as an aid to the new students who may still be somewhat unfamiliar with campus customs.

Freshman—A term meaning I haven't been here before. Pronounced as two words under circumstances I won't go into now.

Freshette—Opposite to Freshman. Especially noticeable at Freshie-Soph dance where they were also found opposite 2nd, 3rd and 4th year men.

Sophomore—What a freshman turns into after a year at Dal. A sadistical creature who has a passion to know the number of floorboards in various buildings.

Junior—A slightly more humane edition of the sophomore.

Senior—A blase individual who is rather bored with it all.

Professor—Different from an ordinary teacher by a few Degrees.

Library—The Library has over 150,000 books, some of which have been read before. You can read as many as you like. The rest are called required reading.

Lecture—Necessary at any University for students who want to rest after partying the night before and also for students who want to get through.

Laboratory—Similar to a Lecture, only they usually give you something to play with. Often a dead frog.

Canteen—Place where people with time on their hands and lectures on their timetables gather to discuss World Problems. When no World Problems can be found, a Vital Issue may be substituted. If you can't find one of them, try a frat party.

Common Room—There are several, for both men and women. All are widely acclaimed as excellent bridge schools.

Gym—Where Butsy is usually found. A large building used mostly for dances and occasionally for sport.

Arts Building—A large, new building built by a contractor named Art, who likes birds, especially screaming eagles.

Shirreff Hall—Colloquially known as Marmalade Hovel. A forbidding looking building where little girls away from home are taken care of.

Men's Residence — Polite name for dwelling place of male students.

Engineers—No definitions available, but they are certainly something.

Employment Outlook cont'd.

Individuals with only the bachelor's degree, or those who seek to qualify through experience in subprofessional weather observation work, are finding increasing employment opportunities as the defense mobilization program expands. The chief employer will continue to be the United States Weather Bureau. Opportunities for women are likely to remain rather limited.

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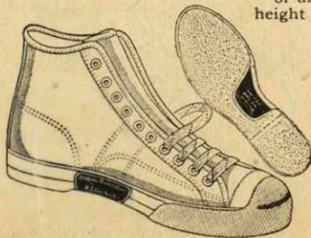
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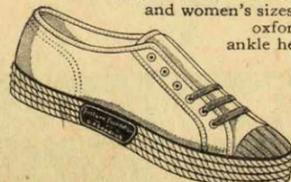
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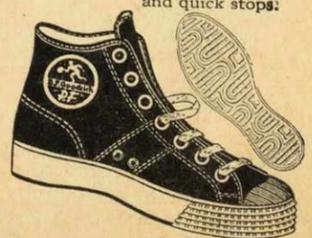


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