

"Dear Ruth"

by Sherburne McCurdy

For the third successive year the Glee Club had come out with a successful performance of a modern comedy. Following in the wake of "You can't take it with you" and "The Man Who Came To Dinner" Mr. Pigot's production of "Dear Ruth" has measured up to the standard that the Dal student body and the public at large has come to expect. Although it fell short of its two predecessors as a good play, "Dear Ruth" was skillfully directed and was presented in a manner wholly pleasing to the enthusiastic audiences. Comedy parts were emphasized to the detriment of the more serious thread, but considering the quality of the play, this did not detract seriously from the overall presentation.

If the response of the audience is in any way a criterion of success, and I think that it is, Mr. Pigot and his cast may be quite justified in taking pride in their performance.

With regard to their individual roles, I would unhesitatingly choose Art Hartling in his role of Judge Wilkins, as the leading star of the piece. Art's role was the best one in the play and he did more than justice to it. On students' night he played the galleries with a most gratifying effect and although he may have overdone some of the situations, he followed the lead of the audience and emerged the hero of the night. On Saturday night he settled down to give one of the best interpretations of any role I have seen at Dalhousie. He threw himself into his role so thoroughly that he gave little evidence of acting at all. He seemed to live the part. His stage manner was excellent and his diction was very good. He was particularly effective in carrying, along with his many punch-lines, the serious thread of the plot, that of a returned man faced with the complete shattering of his finest dream, that of marrying the girl of whom he had grown so fond. Almost the whole burden of emphasising this situation fell upon Art and he reacted in a most creditable manner.

The part of Miriam, "the little louse," and the source of most of the confusion was rendered in a most convincing fashion by Patty MacKinnon, a veteran of several shows in the Dal Gym. Patty was at her best, which was sufficiently good to evoke the admiration of all who saw her. It may take Patty quite some time to live down the reputation for brattiness which she so convincingly built up in the play. To Patty I say a most hearty "well done!"

John Pauley as Albert Kummer, a little shaky on opening night, really came into his own on Saturday and succeeded, in staving off the anti-climax that could so easily have occurred at the end of the first act. As most of the Judge's best punch-lines came in the first act, it fell to Albert to maintain the tempo of the play. This, while being quite well done on opening night, was so much improved on the public nights that John threatened to steal the lime light.

Marg Doode deserves more credit for her role as Ruth than does the author for writing it. It was a difficult part to play and the lines lacked the appeal of some of the others. However, Marg was equal to the task, and turned in a very good performance.

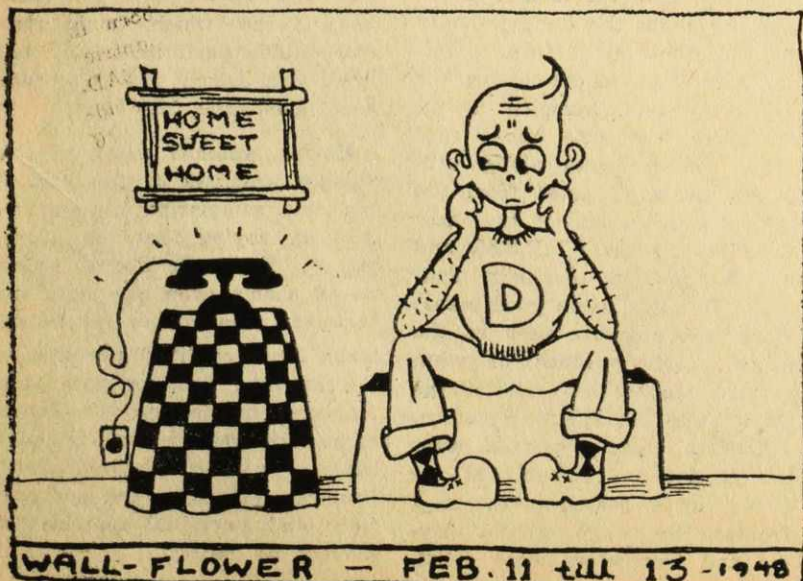
Lorna Innis, was ideally cast. She teamed up with Art in such a manner as to make one wonder whether or not they hadn't been married for years. Her stately manner, with the exception of carrying her shoulders a bit too high, was very natural.

John Trim had what was probably the most difficult role of the play, and although he couldn't be regarded as an unqualified success at Lt. Bill Seawright, the returned airman, he certainly looked the part and indeed, he carried the part quite well. If he had given his lines in a little less stilted manner, and had been a little more willing to come out with an explosive "damn" the result would have been better. These weaknesses will probably be ironed out as John gets more experience.

Of the minor roles, Connie Conrod as Bill's sister Martha probably gave the best performance. Connie's part didn't give her much to work with but she made the best of her rather weak part. Her huff, tears and bridal role were carried off with considerable aplomb. Edith Hills, as Dora, directed a little bit too much attention to her accent at the expense of enunciation, but her stage manner was pleasing and her actions quite in order with her part. Dave Graham had the weakest part in the play and carried it fairly well although his already flat lines were delivered with a certain lack of expression.

The play as a whole, although lacking the professional touch of the Hollywood version was in many ways much more enjoyable to a not too critical audience. Staging effects were commendable, thanks to Ukie Velcoff and his assistants. Laurie Allison handled the musical end of it with his usual care and good taste. Lighting effects were given quite accurately by Ray Fiske.

In summing up the production it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Pigot, the director, Frank Flemming, Glee Club President and the cast deserved a lot of credit for a good job done.



A Note

Hark a hark and hear:
 Though there's no such thing as beer,
 And we have found
 The world goes round
 That Leap Year's finally here.
 Sadie Hawkins' drawing near!
 We've trimmed our bangs,
 Sharpened our fangs,
 Covered our freckles and counted
 Our shekels.
 Up up and away— — —
 (It doesn't rhyme, but it teaches a moral)
 The guys on the campus are very nice,
 But still you gals may need advice:
 The boys in Arts are very green,
 Just as green as Evangeline.
 The guys in Science you'll find all right
 If you care to talk of Chem all night;
 For the Engineers, we give three cheers
 The guys that down those "forty beers."
 And down at Law, there's hardly a flaw;
 (Don't curl your lip, and say "haw, haw!")
 The Pre-Meds and Meds, they work like beavers,
 With their foreeps, saws, and old meat cleavers.
 And why are the Com men realistics?
 Must they always burst into the vital statistics?
 You snuggle all up and prepare for romance..
 "Have you heard that the franc has gone down
 in France?"
 To go on ...
 "Yes, Gert, you may cut the decks
 Of course I'm in favor of there's being two sexes
 My only complaint, and I give a loud wail —
 Why does one of them have to be male?"
 P. S. The above remarks are really a crime.
 Take the Joes out, gals, give them a time;
 There's a dance, a game, and mebbe a show,
 On your mark, get set, ready... — GO!!

To Arms

Skirl yer pipes an' beat yer drum!
 Up an' at em, here we come!
 All the hopeless, meek, frustrated
 Fifty-one weeks long undated
 Female sex — emancipated.
 Breathes there a girl with face so plain
 She isn't going to try again?
 (If such thing be, we give permission
 At least it cuts down competition).
 But we
 Will spring to arms right merrily,
 Roll up our sleeves, let down our skirts
 And jump at anything in shirts.
 Those noble souls, in hours unguarded,
 Who asked us out, shall be rewarded.
 And he with genius to elude
 Will be so cleverly pursued
 That e'en the awesome Library
 Shall not be safe from such as we.
 (Nay, in the all-revered Library
 He will not gain a sanctuary)
 Why, if he try the LOWER GYM
 We will find out and fetter him.
 For we (1 2 3)
 Are the girls (U PI DEE)
 Of copiously Co-Ed Dalhousie.
 And (hold your breath men) that's not all,
 Some of us are from Shirreff Hall!!!
 Oh, we WILL go to shows and dances,
 And we WILL have our bright romances,
 Use our late leaves, all we're allowed,
 And vie for alcoves in a crowd.
 (For of all glad words of tongue and pen
 The gladdest are these: "Girls ask the men")
 How are the mighty fallen
 It's wretched, it's appallin'
 Sadie! I hear you callin' !!

Unicorn Grossly Insulted By Co-Ed Scribes

"Nunc est bibendum..."
 Traditional

The Unicorn tore into the Gazette office, with weird oaths flying around freely, and seized upon the Editor.

"What will my friends say?" he almost screamed. "What will my poor mother think? She was resigned to the fact that I could never become President, but not to THIS. It isn't even true!!!"

The Editor looked at the advance copy of this week's first form which the Unicorn weaved under his nose, and studied it the thing without comment. Arriving at page seven, he straightened suddenly, as though pained; looking at it closely he found that it was the Co-ed issue, and in the middle was a Unicorn story; he had not authorised it; he had not even been told about it. He read the mess, and shuddered slightly; this was awful, libel probably. He wondered if the Stupid Council would pay the damages.

The Unicorn was really perturbed: "I am not concerned with their fooling frustrations; why make me a goat for their idiocy. This is your fault," he went on to the Editor; "you're in charge of this column."

The Editor decided to investigate; he called his faithful myrmidons together, and prepared for a visit to the sanctum of the Editor-in-Chief. Shoulder to shoulder they strode in, first the Editor, then J. Slimm (suspected of dangerous Glum Club leanings) and then S.G. McCruddy, for moral support. The Editor-in-Chief was lost in contemplation of the awful side of student existence, and it took some time to wake him up. He was rather annoyed that someone had come to bother him about the Gazette: why should people expect him to settle these matters anyway?

"Chief," said the Editor. "We have a crisis. How did this mess get in? Our client is offended."

The Editor-in-Chief smiled sadly, and the lines on his face deepened slightly. "I was faced by the grim alternative of either annoying our distinguished friend, or of bringing down upon our defenseless heads the consequences of annoying the tigress in a touchy season. (he smiled deprecatingly). I took that which I believed to be the lesser of two evil courses, and we must abide by the consequences and remember that it could have been much worse."

(Continued on Page 8)

Oh boy... Coke

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