

## A Letter To The Editor

THE EDITOR,  
DAL GAZETTE:—

Feb. 2, '49

Any student is entitled to write to the editor criticizing any statement made in the Gazette—in fact they are welcomed. Jack McKenna's letter probably contained some truth about yours truly's effort of a week ago, but the two quotes from it had been subjected to much garbling.

Garble number one—from his letter—"The Gazette" (is) entitled to express their views on any matters whether they are on the beam or not"; from my column—the students are entitled to write letters or articles to express their views on any matters whether they are on the beam or not".

Garble number two—from his letter—"we will find that discretion is valuable in earning a living"; from my column—"we will find that "discretion" is valuable in earning a living". In losing two quotation marks Reader McKenna shows he missed the obvious satire. We hope that this letter helps put the unperceptive Mr. McKenna" on the beam".

T. B. (Windy) O'NEILL.

## Play "Outward Bound" Kings' First Effort In Ten Years

On Thursday and Friday evenings of last week the King's Players emerged from a silence of some ten years to present the three-act play "Outward Bound", directed by Canon Walker of King's. The play deals with a group of people who have died, but who are unaware of that fact as they embark upon their voyage to the next world. Donald Clark, as "Scrubby", the spiritual "go-between", gave a sound and smooth performance, though he could have projected a little more. The first to suspect the truth of their destination is "Tom Pryor", played by Don Trivett. Though his performance was somewhat undisciplined, it was strong and at the same time sympathetic.

Special credit goes to Gillian Bidwell, however, for her heart-warming interpretation of a London charwoman. Miss Bidwell brought a very fine feeling to her part. "The Rev. William Duke", played by Robert Crouse, was a composite of a hundred earnest young clergymen, and was thoroughly likeable as such, especially in his moments of doubt and despair. In spite of the buildup he received during the play, "Rev. Frank Thomson, the Examiner," in the person of Michael Saunders, was delightful when he finally put in an appearance.

Joan McCurdy brought great vitality and self-assuredness to her role as the socially prominent "Mrs. Cliveden-Banks." "Lingley", of Lingly Ltd., was a portrait of a violent man almost too violently portrayed by Dave Lennerton. Hope Bridgeford and David Bate, as a couple of young suicide-lovers, had the difficult task throughout the play of remaining in the background, without coming out of character.

The play dragged occasionally especially in the third act, and there were a few minor infractions of dramatic technique, such as a tendency to get in front of each other, and a certain inability to cope with incomplete lines. But the actors punched their points well, and their faults will disappear with time.

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("His, of course")



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Of clouds caught on the  
peak of sky-kissed hill.  
Bright blossom drifting in a  
sea of sun.  
Tall trees that stand in  
silent wisdom steeped.  
Faint fragrance from a rose.  
The eyes of one  
Into whose heart Earth's  
tears and joys have  
leaped.  
A deep enduring love. The  
promise of  
Long unlined years ahead.  
innumerable Springs.  
All these withstand and  
tower far above  
Time's ageless, noiseless,  
skilled unravellings.*

## A Letter To The Editor

THE EDITOR,  
DAL GAZETTE:—

Feb. 3, '49

It would appear that a certain John MacKenna has evolved a new method of literary cooking. I took the cover of the roasting pan he had the effrontery to label a "letter to the editor", and was greeted with a great cloud of steam, hot air, and, yes, smell . . . but no beef.

Where and what is your beef, Mr. MacKenna? What inspired this noxious mess with which you force the GAZETTE to clutter up its pages?

Your 'argument' against Mr. O'Neill is, in effect: "Look at those bricks you piled up in that corner! A big boy like you, too!" We would like to know just what is wrong with piling up the bricks in that particular corner and why. Perhaps they jar your aesthetic sensibilities?

As for 'Mr. W.A.' and his "blubber about democracy", I would advise you, Mr. MacKenna, to examine your head closely in front of a mirror in order to arrive at a more exact definition of 'blubber'.

Trusting, Mr. MacKenna, that in the future you will be more careful of making gratuitous statements and insults, I am . . .

W. A.

## "Daily Ubyyssey" Uses Smart Publicity Stunt

VANCOUVER — (CUP) — The collegians of University of British Columbia were offered the chance of a lifetime when the student newspaper, "Daily Ubyyssey," announced a contest with establishing whose legs belonged to what person. The prizes offered for the sensational contest were free passes to the annual UBC's Mardi Gras cabaret, Jan. 20-21. The only stipulation was that contestants had to select the right pair of legs to correspond with the head and torso so neatly posed atop the page with a maze of limbs strewn across the bottom.

The "Ubyyssey" claimed that they were only sponsoring the contest to give students the opportunity to test their powers of observation in keeping with its policy of cultural pursuit.

The beauties portrayed at the top of the page were candidates for Mardi Gras Queen, that is, all except one, and he was irrefutably a male. Therein lay the crux of the problem.

Elsewhere in the issue an entry form made all UBCers eligible to compete in the contest.

## Dal "Co-Ed Week" Means Thrills, Chills, Spills For Unwary Males

Hear ye, Hear ye, all Boys and Girls, THE WEEK OF THE YEAR is in the offing—next week, to be exact. 'Tis the time when all the big husky males of the Campus sit patiently by the phone waiting for it to ring. Why? 'Cause it's CO-ED WEEK. That's why. And reports coming to our ears tell us that this year 'tis going to be bigger and better than ever. The Girls are planning a bang-up week, something to do every night, so just to let you males in on it this is what we heard:

For Monday night, dig out your skates, 'cause that blonde in Chem Lab. might ask you to whirl her around the Arena. More darn bumps!

On Tuesday, the Girls are praying for a good movie, as Tuesday is Movie-Night, and they are planning to take in a show—with their favorite man of course. And afterwards, mark our words, Ye Old Sour Inn is going to be mighty crowded.

Wednesday night we hope you Residence men are planning a quiet evening at home, 'cause you are going to have visitors. A bevy of beautiful gals (a hundred at least) are going around to King's, Dal, and Pine Hill complete with musicians, and Joyce Cameron as M.C., to serenade you males. So be at home to hear their chorus.

Thursday night it's Bridge night in the Men's Common Room, and for all you people who don't play bridge, or poker, and such things, can pop in at about ten-thirty for dancing until twelve.

So we've been told, after Thursday comes Friday, and that is THE DAY of the week. 'Tis the day of the Sadie Hawkins Dance, and for anyone who doesn't know what that is, it's the dance when every one goes dressed in Dogpatch Style. It's the biggest dance of the year on the Campus, and anyone who doesn't go is considered a Social Leper, and that's BAD.

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