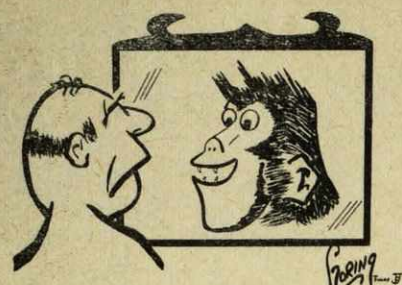


LET'S FACE IT



By Anne Coburn and Libby Mayall

GIRLS! Are you hoping to graduate cum homo? "To be a scholar in any subject requires a great deal of imagination, besides ability. Did you fail to make the grade last term? Stop! — Look! — Listen! — and LEAP!!! This may be your last chance at an M.R.S. Unfortunately, the world's most eligible bachelor is now spoken for, but Delta Gamma is doing its best to relieve the situation. The opportunity is being provided; the rest is up to you. Are you still waiting for phone calls from your share of men on this campus? This is the time of the year when the Student Directory becomes invaluable (or maybe you have your own little black book?) Don't run short of nickels now! Write home AT ONCE for your allowance. (It's not for a new dress this time, Mom; I want to buy a man.) The Sadie Hawkins Sale is on! Great reductions! Prices slashed! Merchandise slightly shopworn and faded, but still too quality! No refunds! Shop at leisure: prospective buyers welcome at the canteen and other local branches.

For women who desire top degrees, a visit to the main building is imperative. Here you will meet unsurpassed quality such as you rarely meet these days. Basement bargains are bonded stock. Show-rooms are situated on the second floor. Appointments for private viewings may be made on the top floor. Charge accounts can be opened on the main floor.

Professionally-minded girls will find what they have been looking for in the other branches. The mysteries of the medical and dental worlds are now awaiting you. All hitherto unobtainable specimens are available, picked or otherwise. Wander around the labs at your leisure, and select the cadaver of your choice. If you should strike

oil, or even rock bottom, patronize your local drilling agents. After surveying the field, you may wish to consult an engineer. If any problems should arise, the legal department will be more than willing to assist. Make the most of this week while the bargains last. Women of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose, but your men! MEN!

"Let us not bandy hilarious cracks concerning milady in slacks. For to make the world it takes all sorts: As proof I give you milord in shorts." For there is one minor point it might be well to remember — if you aren't already aware of it — "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, Nor escaped one either."

Notice

Will the Features staff of this paper please meet in the Gazette office on Thursday, January 26 at 1:45 p.m.

This applies to everyone listed under Features in the masthead except Ron Pugsley and Jim Faulds.

It will be to your advantage to be present.

Evelyn Bennett.

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THE REGISTRAR

Douglas Exhibit Shown At Dal This Week

by Iris Cappell

Recently there has been an exhibition of paintings at Dalhousie by Mrs. Douglas, wife of Professor Douglas. These paintings were done while Mrs. Douglas was accompanying her husband on a trip through the Carribean. In a few weeks these paintings will be exhibited at Queens University in Ontario.

Mrs. Douglas has always been interested in painting but hasn't had long consecutive spells of training. Her career as an artist really started when she was a girl in West Ireland, which is her birth place. At this time she also painted for short spells in an artist's private studio, and a few months before her marriage studied in Paris where Mrs. Douglas says it is impossible not to grow to love painting or be influenced by it. Painting and art are everywhere, the people take it for granted as it is part of their everyday lives.

After her marriage Mrs. Douglas only painted as a hobby, doing very little at this time. However, during the war, due to the acquaintance of a Mrs. Alport, known to many Haligonians, a turning point came when Mrs.

Alport saw sketches. She was impressed with what she saw and urged her to paint more. Mrs. Douglas said this encouraged her to get back to painting because this woman had the gift of encouragement, of encouraging people at all stages of art competence to paint for the love of it. From here on in Mrs. Douglas painted more and more.

She feels her life as an artist is divided into different phases. In the summer while travelling with Professor Douglas she has access to extremely "paintable places." Of course this type of painting, is done under pressure as they are always on the move. This was especially the case during a year of absence in France where, while Professor Douglas was exploring the geology of the country, Mrs. Douglas seized the moments which presented themselves to paint. This working under pressure and within a limited time aided greatly to her powers of observation and perception. It was necessary to learn and to apply the knowledge gleaned rapidly.

At the present time Mrs. Douglas has taken over one of the

rooms of her home as a studio and is interested in doing imaginative painting during the winter months rather than in "blowing up" summer sketches.

The sketches done in Ireland were completed on the spot as were those done in France. However, while in the Carribean the Douglas' were moving so quickly that it was necessary to paint while actually on the move from a train window. Thus some of the sketches were very hastily done with a felt pen and as soon as possible afterwards these were made into brief sketches of gouach and casein the medium in which Mrs. Douglas does most of her painting.

The pressure of time and various other circumstances played an important part in her painting. While in Ireland, Mrs. Douglas painted for the sheer love of trying to represent a country dear to her, one which she did not know when she would see again.

In the Carribean she found herself faced with the problem of how to deal with the extreme sense of light and color in a country to which she was unaccustomed.

While doing these paintings Mrs. Douglas was not preparing for an exhibition, and didn't attempt to evaluate the results of her painting, but hoped she had captured as much as possible. It was very gratifying to her to know that she had succeeded in capturing so much and that what was captured could be shown to the public and those interested in art.

Mrs. Douglas feels it is a great pity that art should be considered one of the minor aspects of an education. This has been borne out by three years of experience with Home and School Associations programs where adults (painting for fun) have burst out into quite remarkable painting, which was latent in them. "I believe very strongly," says Mrs. Douglas, "that the need for expression through some sort of painting is to be found in most people."

Mrs. Douglas feels very strongly about the attitude towards modern art, thinking it a sign of

IDC Plans Meetings

by Audrey Hollebhone

The purpose of this article in the Gazette is to inform all students of the recently formed International Discussion Club designed to promote interest in foreign affairs. Before Christmas three executive meetings were held to plan a complete program for the twice-monthly meetings. It was decided that two types of discussion could be held—one evening for a panel discussion, and a guest speaker would talk to the group on the other night.

The first meeting is to be held during the early part of February, with Dr. Aitchison, Ted Peagh, Elizabeth Dunstan, and Mac Bradshaw on the panel to discuss the East-West problem from the aspects of economic culture and competitive co-existence.

The first guest speaker will be Professor Garcia-Lopez of the Spanish department. The other speakers have been chosen, but as has been the case, men from the Department of External Affairs may often offer to speak, and they will be fitted into the schedule.

Dennis Madden was one of the originators of this idea, and as it is suggested that the club should be given serious attention by anyone interested in anything besides drinking coffee in the canteen. These discussions should be of special interest to students of political science and law, but it would be well worth while for anyone to attend at least the first meeting; the definite date, place and time will be announced in the Gazette and on notice boards. How about it?

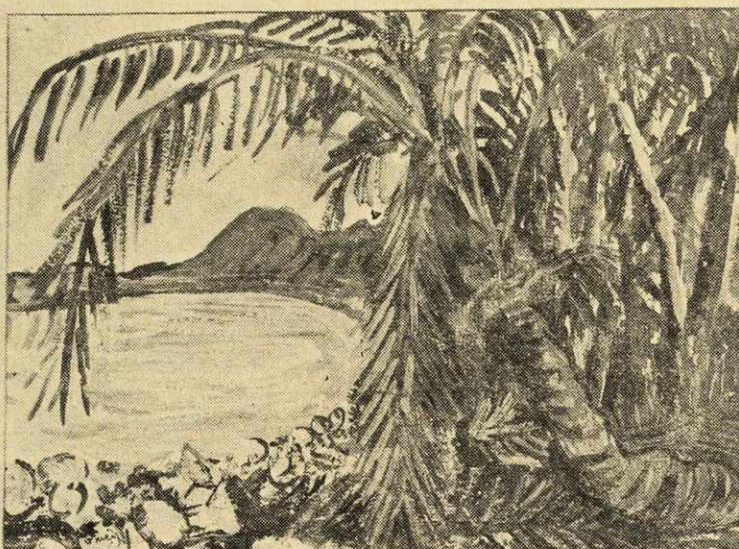
closed mindedness and dangerous ignorance to condemn, rather than understand a modern movement whether in art, music or literature.

In recent years Mrs. Douglas has attended two summer painting schools at Queens University. It is her ambition now "to maintain the freshness of a sketch in deliberately thought out and more complicated painting."

We at Dalhousie can indeed be proud to have Mrs. Douglas' paintings exhibited at our university and to have such a person in our midst.

Buff Bay, Jamaica

Olga M. C. Douglas



(Photo by Jollymore)

Letters To Editor—

(Continued from page 2)

ganization, and if so, what kind. There are several points we should make clear at this time.

The first is that we are not in any way trying to subvert our National Federation. We believe that any National Federation must be essentially similar to the present one. Our purpose is to form concrete proposals for changes in our National Federation that can be presented to you, its members or potential members, for your earnest consideration, and, if found to be favourable, for adoption by the 20th Annual Conference.

Second, we realize the handicaps which our plan must overcome. Some universities may not pay us the courtesy of replying. Full expression of opinion is not as easy by letter as by our presence together at a Conference. We do believe, however, that the opinions expressed will more truly represent Canadian students than those formed in the dying hours of a conference by persons who may or may not be familiar with our Na-

tional Federation for longer than a Conference session.

We request your opinions, then, along the lines we have suggested, and in particularly under the following heads:

1. The need (pro or con) for a National Federation.
2. Its purpose and the role of each individual university in the Federation.
3. Cost.
4. Suggested changes in the present organization.
5. Suggested changes in the present program.
6. Relationship of the individual student to the National Federation.

Finally, may we apologize for the length of this letter. We believe that its contents are of sufficient importance to warrant your close attention and your careful replies, so that we may achieve results of benefit to our National Federation and thus to ourselves.

Yours sincerely,
Gordon Arnell, Chairman,
NFCUS Review Committee,
Alberta Students' Council.

THE POET'S CORNER

Reprinted from the Bishop's University Mitre

SONNET

now do i love thee? let me itemize;
i love that sleek ferrari that you drive,
i love you for the dior mink you'll give;
but oh how easily i could despise
if you had not those oil wells in your eyes.
you're rich, and why should i your life deprive
of love when you have all i need to livr
content, my millionaire to idolize.

oh, betty barret browning, how clever
of you to claim you love him with your heart.
i'm sure rob thought, "how sweet!" ans ran right out
to buy a golden coach and you would never
admit that's what you wanted from the start.
yet could a normal woman ever doubt?

—Anon.

KNIGHT OUT

Lustily and without calm, listlessly
we celibates, we celebrate.

But as for me, my flesh refuses to respond
to these modern artificialities:
fag-fumed low-roofed public houses,
dementedly aglitter with their inbred hues.
Why is it that in these gilded lily days,
the wanton and the horror-fed find nothing
but familiar dread and stainless steel?
Here the oily one, Satan,
runs a skinfint trade.

There's no more fire, no brimstone.
Parboiled execrables, we simper and loll;
death hath no sting and hell no future—
rhymes have no ring and life no leisure.

—Anon.

HIT SONGS SHOW 1955 HARD ON HEARTS

by Malcolm Smith

The old folk smile sentimentally at the undulating by-roads of young love. Yet they little remember in their senile acceptance the pangs and aching that accompany that many-splendored thing.

Statistics for the year prove that 1955 was a hard one on the hearts of the young blood of Halifax. There are the records of the hit parade to prove it.

It might have been expected, of course. The year started off badly. The younger set in the city had been seeing too much of each other. Around this time last year they were crying piteously: "Let me go, Lover." Truth to tell they were sick of the sight of one another.

Yet nothing is so fickle as the young at heart. A few weeks later they were begging the Sandman: "Bring me a Dream," and complaining bitterly over air-waves and juke boxes of "Stoney-hearted Lovers," whose only form of conversation was "No, No, No."

So it went through the cold winter months. Sick of the sight of one another, longing for a dream-girl to bring everything right. It wasn't until the first pale buds of spring were breaking that things took a turn for the better. Somehow the sight of the girls in their spring frocks made the young men feel better about the situation. Now their theme-song was "Cherry-pink and Apple Blossom Wine" when their "true-lovers" came to them.

* * *

It didn't last long, of course. Spring is when school and college closes and young men must make their way in the world for a while. Forgetting their women they turned to a sterner challenge. Soon the strains of the Ballad of Davy Crockett were ringing round the city in ballroom, bathroom, bar-room and bedroom.

This seemed the answer for a while. Hard work and joyous living was the keynote. With Davy Crockett, the young men "Rocked Around the Clock" for most of the summer. Yet something seemed to be missing. Life seemed empty. When the day's work was done and the last rock and roll rhythm had died into the lonely night, they found they were blue. They could not forget the fair sex. Not with all the cigarettes they smoked — one after another. With Frank Sinatra they were "Learning the Blues."

Sorrow breeds an appreciation of true values. "Ain't that a Shame" they sang but they also sang "Sincerely" and pledged undying love. So the summer waxed and waned. Pleased by the new attention they were getting the girls asked "Dance with Me, Henry," and with new enthusiasm the boys boasted of their loves. "The Yellow Rose of Texas" beats the Rose of Tennessee, they crowed to one another.

* * *

At this point it seemed everything was to have a happy ending. Life was a "Medley of Love" and Love itself a Many-splendored Thing.

Yet if love is fickle nothing dies so quickly as summer love. The party was over, the couples broke up. Back to college and school, the grim necessities of life. Melancholy reigned. As "Autumn Leaves" began sadly to fall, they thought regretfully of ended splendours.

All in all it had been a hard year. The routine of the daily round closed over them. And the future offered no promise. The harder they worked the worse it got. They loaded "Sixteen Tons" and what did they get? Another day gone deeper in debt.