Tale of The New Town Clock

One of the city's most famous landmarks is the Old Town Clock. the city is very proud of this clock which has seen so much history. I wonder if our new clock on the Arts Building has been looking across the citadel to the old clock, and envying it for its accumulation of history. Our clock has been trying to make up for lost time; and at the rate it is going now, it stands a fair chance of succeeding. It has already had an eventful life.

The old clock has a reputation for steady reliable ticking. The new one, therefore, got out of order, even before it got into the tower, which is quick work for a clock. The works of the clock were shipped in from England in crates. When the tower was built, the crates were hauled up into the tower. They passed up through trap doors in the concrete floor in the tower. Then, the doors were covered over and sealed, while the clock works sat in the tower.

Next came the business of unpacking and assembling the clock. It was at this point that things began to go wrong. It was discovered that the part could not be fitted together. After writing to the company, it was learned that two clocks had been made: one for Dalhousie, and one for George-town, British Guiana. The clock parts had become mixed up. So then they had to unscramble the parts here and in Georgetown.

By this time, with the trap doors sealed over with concrete, they could not simply lower the parts, but had to carry them, one by one, down the ladders and stairways of the tower. When the other parts arrived from Georgetown, they had to be carried up the same way. The job was done, however, and the parts were installed.

That should have settled every thing, but it did not. The clock insisted on making a name for itself, and having a more eventful life, so it began acting up. The hands of the clock had been care-fully designed to be flexible; the idea was that they would flap in the wind, so that any snow and that collected on them would be shaken off and prevented from accumulating. The hands of the clock varied this procedure. They flapped so much in the wind that as one hand was passing the other, they caught each other and stopped. This happened several times and on several faces of the clock. So determined were they to cause trouble that they tangled even after being braced with with struts.

letters went off to So-more England. This kind of clock hand had been in use for years without tangling up before. So they sent someone from the company here to find the trouble and fix it up. (the company bearing the cost). So far, no answers have been found, but the hands are be-

NOTICE

The Red Cross drive for funds started March 2nd. Students are asked to contribute. At least a dozen boxes will be distributed around the campus.

The response to the Red Cross drive last year was very good last year — so let's keep up the good work.

Receipts will be given on request for any large contributions; if, however, you do not wish to make a large contribution, just put your money in one of the boxes distributed for the purpose. The need this year is greater

than ever! Let's add a few pennies to our pint of blood . . .

ing reinforced by special design. Until then, our clock does with-out. With luck, the new clock will be in working order again, until it finds something else to do. There will always be the mystery of why the hands did not work the first time they were set up. We know the answer, though, don't we. Our new town clock is jealous of the old town clock; and so, by getting into two adventures in quick succession it has stolen a march on

Alan Marshall

QUIET PLEASE!

time.

Dame Marie Tempest, the famous British actress who died at the age of seventy-eight, when little more than a year before she had been starring in the West end of London, became a legend in her day. This indomitable old lady, who was by no means beautiful, could still float on to the stage when she was well over seventy and by sheer force of personality put every other woman there, however young and lovely, completely in the shade. Cathleen Nesbitt, another well-known acrtress, recently gave a BBC talk to women on making the best of their looks and conserving their vitality and energy, and cited Marie Tempest as an example of this. Miss Nesbitt told listeners that Dame Marie had made it an absolute rule of life to undress and go to bed at three o'clock each afternoon and stay there till five in order to fit herself for the ardous work of the evening. She al lowed nothing to interfere with this invariable programme and there was a story that during the blitz on London her maid came rushing into the room to tell her that a bomb had fallen on the roof. The imperious queen of the London stage sat up in bed and said furiously to her shrinking employee, "How dare you disturb me, I'm having MY REST!" and turned over and went to sleep again.

COLLAPSE OF A RATIO Ohio Wesleyan is up in arms because a recent poll of two women's dormitories showed 387 of the total 611 women had no dates on Saturday night.

The male editor of the Transcript, lamenting the apparent lapse of traditional one-to-one ratio, says, "social pressures" at Wesleyan may have something to do with the situation.

"After two dates you are considered 'going together' and soon the world today is in a heckuva after people wait expectantly for the 'pin planting' "he says. "College men and woman should be mature enough to enjoy casual dating without fearing or dreading the fate of 'getting serious.'

> "The only trouble with getting to class on time," comments the Cavelier Daily, University of Virginia, "is that there is seldom anyone to appreciate it."

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I sit and ponder here alone And view the grass, and trees and sky, And hear below a creaking mill Accompanied by a murmuring brook, Which twists and turns, and then it seems To fade away and be no more, Much like our life from end to end. For it too starts from some small part And growing rides to meet the pond Of youth, which summit reached It overfalls and tumbles through the mill of life, From whence it seems to fade away.

But turn again to you same brook And follow far its lengthy course, And we shall find that it yet lives And speeds, must join the open sea. So in our life when fading seems To be its course, since summit reached,

We pass beyond the bonds of time

And enter God's Eternal Sea.

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NOITE — Minimum number of

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GUIDE-In charge of the group

in Mexico, and acting as courier, shall be Antonio Enriquez, NFCUS Ontario Vice-President. Various

guides shall be used, either stu-

dents from the University of

Mexico to accompany the group on

the bus, and sometimes professors

of that institution. At various points, the services of regular lec-

A University of Chicago stu-

dent and former student who said

they "needed the money to get through school" were arrested for

William R. Hopkin, the student, and Richard W. McLeod were ac-

cused of photographing \$10.00 bills, engraving them as best they

could and printing them with a

letter-press and laundry wringers.

the pair they were still in the ex-

perimentation stage (they had completed ten bills) described the product as "good."

Said Hopkins former roommate:

Hoppy was a good fellow - just wanted to make a lot of money, that's all."

Secret service agents who caught

ture guides will be hired.

Quality, Not Quantity . .

counterfeiting last week.

Mexican motor coach.

universities.

R. M. A.

Our Men — Sub-Humans

It is after much deliberation that | when the deciding influence in a undertake to write this article. Its consequences, as I have envisioned them, could be horrible and lasting. Or there might be no consequences at all.

I have finally come to accept this latter idea for the simple reason that I do not expect many people to believe what I am about to say. Nor do I expect those who to say. Nor do I expect those who accept the truth of my statements to admit the fact. However, in defence of womankind against the slanders of certain misguided males, I feel it my duty as a scholar to see that the truth is mary and secondary school teachpublished.

There are, speaking on a purely mental level, not two but three sexes. There is man, there is woman and there is man's concept of woman. This concept is, fortunately, erroneous, and has been so since Adam first succumbed to Eve and the snake. In fact, his idea is so far from being right that the individual he imagines is by way of constituting a third sex.

Woman is not, except physically weaker than man. As a matter of fact she is so much smarter than he is that it nearly makes up for the difference in strength. Nearly.

It all started about 300,000 years ago when the female of the human species must first have discovered that through some strange oversight of nature she had not the brawn to compete with her lord and master, the still furry male. Operating according to the law of survival, she began (through necessity) to develop the superior brain power that alone could save her from extinction in the rough world of those times. Needless to say, she did survive.

As the years trundled by, man too found it expedient to develop a little intelligence. He has progressed admirably, but unfortunately woman was then and still is several centuries ahead of him in the ancient art of thinking.

Down through the long years, woman has quietly—even secretly—managed man and his affairs. She has thought it wiser not to let him know about this. For one thing, she has long since ceased to fear him and has even come to have a deep and innate feeling of affection for the poor dumb beast. And he is not ready yet to face the fundamental truth of woman's superiority; it would mean the destruction of all his ideals, and woman, pitying him, does not wish to be the cause of this.

Also, it is a well known fact, even in politics, that certain manoeuvrings are more effective if kept secret, that there are times

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matter is best left unknown.

One of woman's primary purposes in life, then, has always been and will probably always be to exert her wise and feminine influence on man and his destiny.

An outstanding proof of this may be seen by considering woman's position in the world of today. She is found mainly in the home or in a very few of the less lucrative professions. Not many girls enter competitive fields such as mediers-are women. Nowhere else could the smarter sex make their feelings and opinions more felt, except perhaps as wiwes or mothers. And who but a warmen And who but a woman is ever either wife or mother? The three types of persons who most influence an individual during the character formation period and in his later life are (a) his mother, (b) his grade school teachers, and (c) his wife. And women almost always fill all of these positions!

Under the guiding hand of his female counterpart, man has made an astounding improvement of recent years, and may even now be approaching the state when he may be "told." His first faltering recognition of The Basic Truth came during this century when he grudgingly gave women the vote. However, it is still, ostensibly, a man's world. For he made it, and he owns it, and he runs it cording to the wise but secret dictates of women.

It is generally recognized that woman for this state of affairs. But the truth of the matter is that she has done her best against the practically insurmountable obstacle of man's backwardness and lack of experience. She has tried and so far has not had too much success. But you rest assured that she will keep on trying.

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STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

"That butterflies have a definite ability to keep to a fixed compass direction strikes every observer. If Toronto to Montrerey (Mexico), and back. The flight is one of A.L. regular line service flights on that run. From Monterrey, and throughout the tour in Mexico, the opportunity. I've seen white butterflies on migration in Tanganyika beat themselves against the wall of my house, which stood directly in their path, rather than deviate to the left or right finally they flew over the roof. When they came to a small tree (rather of the shape of a Lom-bardy Poplar) they would go up to the top and down the other side, in freference to going a few feet round. Migrating butterflies have been known to fly into a room through the windows on one side and out of the windows on the other side. It is beyond all doubt that they have, at the time of migration, a definite urge an ability to travel in a more or less fixed direction."—C. B. Williams, speaking in a BBC programme about the migration of butterflies.

BACK-HANDED COMPLIMENTS

Children at a British school were recently asked to write an essay on why they like TV which caters very specially for juvenile listeners with its children's television programmes. Eleven-yearold Thelma Green gave a somewhat equivocal reason for her approval of this latest form of entertainment. "I like TV because I haven't got one", she wrote. "When you have got one you get fed up with it." Further and more definite approbation came from Carol Strood, who wrote: "When they kiss, you don't get all the whist-ling like you do in the cinema."

TOURIST TRADE

"One expert has calculated that the money brought into Devon and Cornwall by visitors is more than the money received for the whole output of all the farms."—Ralph Wightman, speaking in the BB'c "Country Magazine".

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