

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 Georgetown, 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 everything, 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 carefully designed to be flexible; the idea was that they would flap in the wind, so that any snow and ice 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 struts.

So—more letters went off to England. This kind of clock hand had been in use for years without tangling up before. So they sent someone from the company over 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 without. 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 time.

Alan Marshall

QUIET PLEASE!

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 actress, 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 arduous work of the evening. She allowed 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 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 Cavalier Daily, University of Virginia, "is that there is seldom anyone to appreciate it."

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Life

I

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.

II

But turn again to yon 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.

R. M. A.

NFCUS Sponsors Tour

HOW — Via one of American Airlines luxurious flagships, from Toronto to Monterey (Mexico), and back. The flight is one of A.L. regular line service flights on that run. From Monterey, and throughout the tour in Mexico, the group will travel in a chartered Mexican motor coach.

WHEN — Starting point for the tour is Toronto, on Tuesday, July 7th, 1953. Take-off from Toronto Airport at 11.30 a.m.

COST—The total cost is \$515.00 which includes: Board, Lodging, Transportation, for 30 days, plus tickets, guides, and extras mentioned hereunder.

NOTE — Minimum number of participants: 33 students, faculty, and staff, of NFCUS member-universities.

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 students 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 lecture guides will be hired.

STRAIGHT TO THE POINT

"That butterflies have a definite ability to keep to a fixed compass direction strikes every observer. If they come to an obstacle they prefer to fly over it rather than round—if they are diverted they'll resume the correct direction at the first 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—and finally they flew over the roof. When they came to a small tree (rather of the shape of a Lombardy Poplar) they would go up to the top and down the other side, in preference 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-year-old 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 whistling 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' "Country Magazine".

Quality, Not Quantity . . .

A University of Chicago student and former student who said they "needed the money to get through school" were arrested for counterfeiting last week.

William R. Hopkin, the student, and Richard W. McLeod were accused of photographing \$10.00 bills, engraving them as best they could and printing them with a letter-press and laundry wringers.

Secret service agents who caught the pair they were still in the experimentation 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."

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