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WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION?

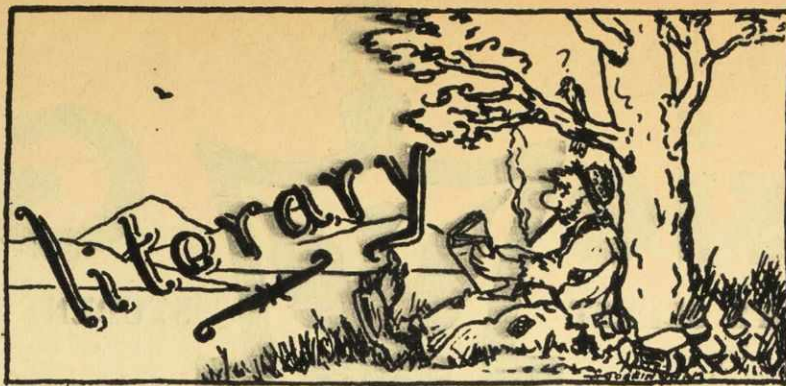
During the strenuous course of the scholastic year, do we ever stop to ask ourselves . . . "What does a 'university education' really mean?" . . . and . . . "Am I making the most of my educational opportunities?" These vital questions demand the most careful consideration.

In answer, we will define "university" as that all-important phase in our life story, when mind is strengthened and outlook broadened to meet the contingencies of a realistic world. It is a concluding chapter to youth — that stimulating transition period from which we emerge (or should do) as fully responsible members of society. By logical deduction, then, it is apparent that what we do at university can "make or break" our future experiment with life.

Within easy access of us all, is the opportunity for study and research. This academic seriousness should, needless to say, be the framework of our university activity. We should conscientiously apply ourselves to our particular branches of study, realizing that as we acquire some modicum of intellectual reasoning, we are being reinforced for our embarkation on the troubled waters of a troubled world.

But, while the "academic" is important, so too is the "extra-curricular" — although its contribution to educational training is often underestimated. Leadership, organizational ability and self-confidence are essential qualities which can be gained through participation in the athletic and social life of the university. For, to be fully prepared to cope with the endless problems of life, we must first acquire that "universality" of mind, which extends far beyond strict academic pursuits.

By a sensible intermingling of the "academic," "athletic" and "social" opportunities of a university, we will have written a sizeable introduction to the Book of Life.



SIGNS

Night seemed breathless,
 But a faint leaf stirred,
 As though a breeze
 Gave promise of the dawn;
 And yet, no flesh tints
 Paled the darkened sky,
 The quiet night slept on
 Unmindful of a shaking leaf,
 A small bird's drowsy trill,
 A whisper
 In the tangled grass,
 Of light, beyond the hill.

K. E. B.

TEA WITH MRS. COPLEY

(Continued from last week)

"Oh I think so. I think these robot bombs are only a last desperate effort to break our morale." Mrs. Bromford sighed, and allowed her glance to fall reflectively on a brown mantle piece where some delicate porcelain figures had been carefully arrayed. There was the boy in the Lord Fauntleroy suit waving a gaily plumed hat, and the lady at the spinet, with the wistful face and flower sprigged skirt. Mrs. Bromford even fancied she heard the soft tinkling notes of the spinet playing some half-forgotten melody. Hastily she turned her glance on a bright bowl of flowers, placed on a table near the fireplace.

"My, what lovely flowers," she exclaimed. "Did they come from your garden, Elizabeth?"

"No, my daughter-in-law brought them to me. She is planning to move in with me. We have been alone since . . . since . . ."

"Yes I know," interrupted Mrs. Bromford. "I think that her coming to stay with you, is an excellent idea. You will be able to bear your loss better, if you are both together."

Elizabeth had paled and quickly diverted the conversation to some other topic, but inevitably, brought it back to her lost son, and was soon showing Mrs. Bromford some snaps that had been taken of Keith before he went away, and some pieces from a fallen Messerschmitt that had come with his last letter.—K. E. B.

"You know," said Mrs. Bromford, examining the pieces from the Messerschmitt, "I had a very strange dream last night. I was thinking about you, and when I fell asleep, I dreamt I saw your son, wounded, but safe in Allied hands. I had a queer feeling about this dream, as though it wasn't a dream somehow. I thought it would be a good thing to tell you about it. If I were you I wouldn't give up hope yet."

Elizabeth sat quietly and gazed desperately into the fire.

"I know," soothed Mrs. Bromford. "I think I can understand how you feel. But you mustn't give up hope yet, not when there's still a chance that your son might be alive."

Gradually, she saw the look of pain leave Elizabeth's face, and something like a ray of hope taking its place. In a short while she was pouring tea into fragile china cups, and they were again conversing about other things—about people they knew, about the report that the black-out was soon to be lifted, and about how close the day of victory seemed, with the Allies marching into France. In the midst of their conversation, came a shrill, harsh ringing of the doorbell, and Elizabeth hurried quickly to answer it, leaving Mrs. Bromford to sip at her tea before the fire. The elderly woman thought that she heard a youthful voice in the hall, then the sound of a door closing and rapid feet beating a hasty retreat down the steps outside. Her heart beat swiftly—agonizingly, as she heard the rustling of paper followed by a brief silence. Suddenly, there was a gasp and Mrs. Bromford rose from her chair. Then she was Elizabeth walking towards her, tears brimming in her eyes.

(To be concluded next week)

Initiation Trials End-

Continued from page one

ing each and every law. She was sentenced to demonstrate her "alcove technique" on an unsuspecting but very co-operative freshman, Don Isnor. Her performance showed great talent and probably much heartfelt work in rehearsal.

Shorty Faulkner was accused of being a Freshman, and although he pleaded guilty his word was apparently not reliable and the jury reversed his opinion.

Egg Shampoo

Next case was that of Lew Bell and Mary Robertson. After due deliberation on the part of the jury both were found guilty and Lew was sentenced to a shampoo a la egg administered by Mary. Honestly Lew, you look kinda cute under an egg.

Art Webber and Lauretta Dickenson rendered a little song "Pistol Packin' Mama" to make up for their misdemeanors.

The final case of the court was that of Romeo Cunningham and

Juliet Kaplan. Found guilty on all charges, they were sentenced to perform a bit of "hot jittin" which they carried off with gusto. Following the romantic dance Romeo was moved to song in his own Sinatra fashion:

I'm the sheik of Dalhousie
 Freshettes belong to me
 And when McKeen's asleep
 Into the Hall I'll creep,
 And the light from her eyes above
 Will light our alcove of love
 Come rule the campus with me.
 I'm the sheik of Dalhousie.

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The Editor's MAILBOX

"WHERE'S THE YEAR BOOK?" ASKS SHIRREFF HALLER

A common question about the campus these days is "Where's our 1944 Year Book?" It is on the lips of every student who paid for his book last spring and was promised he would receive it some mid-August. And here it is—mid-October, and no "Pharos"! It seems regrettable that we could not have our Year Books at the first of the summer for one never tires of reading and re-reading such a book throughout the holidays—thumbing through the pages—bringing back memories of the past year at Dal. Now we have started a new term, and by the time our Year Book reaches us now we will have lost the enthusiasm we once had for it.

This is not a letter to criticize the staff of the Year Book (indeed, they have done their best—and a commendable job, too) but rather to point out a plan by which we could have our Year Books a month after Convocation. The staff should be formed and organized before Christmas in order to start work immediately after. They should see that all the necessary pictures are taken, all the biographies, all the articles on the different societies and sports are written, and with the help of fifteen or twenty volunteers, that all the advertisements are solicited. All of this to be completed before the end of February—a lot of hard work but not interfering with the final exams. Then all the material could be edited before Munro Day and the account of the Munro Day activities (awards, etc.) should be the last article submitted.

Thus, following this plan, the material would reach the printers by mid-March and we might then hope (and pray) that it be ready by the middle of June, at the latest. A Year Book speaks for its college, so let's make '45 "Pharos" a real success—a book we will be proud to share to residents of other universities. The Students' Council will soon be asking for applications for editor, business manager, etc., so let's have a hearty response!

—CONNIE ARCHIBALD.

MOVIE - OF - THE - WEEK

Following the current trend of revivals, here's a re-release of David O. Selznick's opulent "PRISONER OF ZENDA". Those who saw the movie years ago will probably want to see it again and those that missed it should see it now. Ronald Colman heads the superb cast, which includes Madeleine Carroll and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. The action is swash-buckling, the sets magnificent, the photography superb, even in these days of super-spectacle.

There are two obvious reasons for its revival—first, its strong

escapist appeal, and, second, the current interest in Selznick and his eight-star film of the home front, "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY." This trend of revivals certainly has its points. One gets a little tired of war pictures whose only claim to distinction is their variation on a too-familiar theme.

I'd like to see Warner's "CALL IT A DAY", Metro's "THE WOMEN" revived. Anyway, it's refreshing to see a screen classic. For that reason you shouldn't miss "PRISONER OF ZENDA" —United Artists' film.