



# on second thought

—Peter Outhit

## BE A SPORT

As I panted and puffed my way up the steep incline of Coburg Road last week, I was astounded to notice in the *Gazette* words condemning Canadian youth as "thin, unhealthy, pale and anemic". So astounded was I that my cigarette fell from my trembling hands and I injured a vertebrae stooping to pick it up.

Just because Canada enters world competitions to give the other teams self-confidence is no reason to get upset. Remember, we can afford to buy all the players we need, usually get good athletics on TV, and enjoy magazines like *Mr. America*, *Playboy*, *Stag*, and *Hush*—which all give us a good grounding in the fundamentals of many sports. Do we have to get out and make spectacles of ourselves as well?

We've had our share of professional athletes. Tom Longboat (or was it Riverboat?), Frank Tumpane (remember him?), F. Scott Fitzgerald (in a class by himself), Tiger Tasker, Dick "Kid" Howard, Dugger MacNeil— to mention just a handful.

Nobody can say we're a nation of poor losers. This is one of the wealthiest countries in the world.

However, in case we have been remiss in one or two competitions, and because our athletes do tend to smoke, drink and Take Money, I have assembled a Bill to remedy the matter. Some of the parliamentary language is highly technical, but that is the way things are done, by our Law School Legislation Committee anyway. Several of them still think a draughtsman operates barrel spigots in a brewery.

### AN ACT ESTABLISHING A COUNCIL FOR SPORTING AFFAIRS IN CANADA

Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons, enacts as follows:

1. This here Council is out to help Canada win more in sports. This means international hockey, the Olympic Games, British Empire Games, Pan-American Games, Crap Games, and the like.

2. This country needs more athletic supporters and athlete's feet (a paid advertisement).

3. By Propaganda to increase interest and participation in outdoor activities like hanging around restaurants, skating, and throwing rocks at the windows of abandoned houses (a grand old sport), and things like that as are good for them.

4. To force all kids to go mountain climbing, cycling, and hitch-hiking. Sponsor an annual intercollegiate cheese-rolling championship, to see how far how many students could roll an eight-foot cheese down the white line before they get hit, or starve, or flunk out.

5. To curtail all advertisements of liquor and tobacco in magazines because these are bad for good sports, and good for bad ones. All this money would go into something else.

6. Old people, even if they can't always get out and play, should be told to get in Rockathons, tiddily winks, rifle practice and things like that.

7. To sponsor coal-digging contests in Nova Scotia mines, to be followed by a race to see who can put his pile back in its seam first. Winner to get an all-expense paid trip to Leduc, Alberta.

# KING'S COLLEGE AND CREIGHTON BROWN BUILD AN EXCELLENT MOUSETRAP

by RUTH MacKENZIE

Monday night saw the opening of King's College Dramatic Society's presentation of Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, directed by Creighton Brown. It was very evident that the society had worked like slaves over the production. The set was excellent—well designed and well executed; the properties committee had whipped up a good set of furnishings; the stage action and the backstage sound and lighting worked like a charm; the radio volume swelled at appropriate moments, and there were no embarrassing pauses in the gloom signalling to the audience that someone somewhere hadn't plugged in the lampcord. Moreover, the technical crew had evidently done a lot of work with the script, since the sound and lighting throughout gave the cast very good support.

The play, set in a snowbound isolated guest home, centres around the capture of a maniacal killer who murders one of the guests and gives notice that another is on his list of intended victims. This naturally leads to a certain amount of apprehension and mutual suspicion among those present, and the action develops with recriminations and soul-searchings to the capture. The killer turns out to be the one person it couldn't possibly have been—the detective, and the play drops suddenly back to the realm of the ordinary when the heroine remembers her apple pie burning in the oven.

### Slow Beginning Overcome

The play depends on a brisk pace for its effectiveness, and it is in this regard that the cast fell by the wayside a bit. The opening of Scene I was slightly slow; if cues and entrances had been picked up a bit faster, an initial feeling of indecision would not have developed. However, the scene quickly picked up speed, and the rapid arrivals of the guests were handled with aplomb. Each established his personality rapidly, and the audience quickly got a pretty clear picture of the motley crew.

In this respect, special credit should go to Frances Gomery, as Miss Caswell, and Winthrop Fish, as Christopher Wren. Both displayed enviable stage presence and an excellent knack for characterization.

Throughout the play, Miss Gomery's stage moves were, most effective and Mr. Fish has a voice control which guaranteed him a laugh if he so much as yawned.

### Character Acting Convincing

The second scene of Act I worked to the by-now-expected murder, and, though the opening was rather stiff, the direction of action was perfectly clear. By this time, the vestiges of stage fright had worn off, and the cast slipped into their respective characters; and for the most part, stayed there for the duration. Nancy Martin, as Mollie Rolston, the owner of the guest house, became much more convincing. Her initial hesitancy disappeared, and she steadily improved for the rest of the play—her scene on the discovery of the body and her tears under the detective's questioning were well done indeed.

From here on in, the detective was the focus of the action. David Morris, as Detective Sergeant Trotter, had a good voice and created a forceful personality, which held a central position with no indecision. His switch from the earnest detective to the maniac, regressed to childhood, was dubious, but up to

that point he was both believable and effective.

### Special Effects Pleasing

Throughout the play, there were several excellent touches— notably a radio voice describing the murderer's grey coat, hat and white scarf, while Mollie picks up the same items from the couch, the murder scene with Mrs. Boyle's excellent muffled screams, and the blocking in the detective's questioning scenes. Unfortunately, things lagged now and then, the occasional phrase was lost to the impossibility of the acoustics in the Dal gym, and some of the double-takes were as self-conscious as debutantes, but on the whole the society deserves plaudits and roses.

### DAL DANCE BAND REHEARSAL

Music Room in Dal Gymn

SATURDAY

February 25 — 1:30

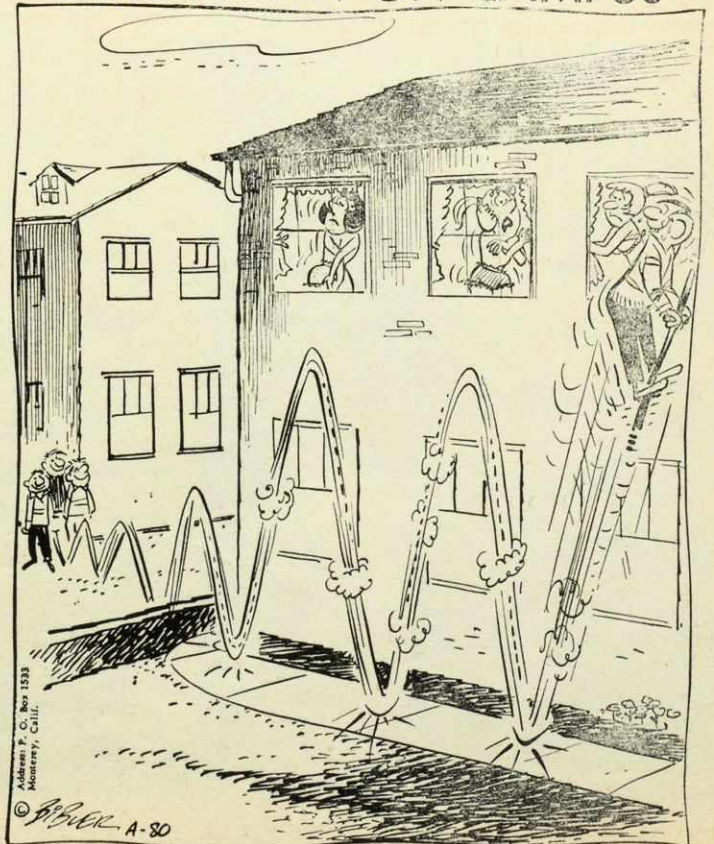
## UP AND AT THE COSMOS

Lukewarm, fat and round  
a white sun leaves  
narrow streaks  
of golden  
light.

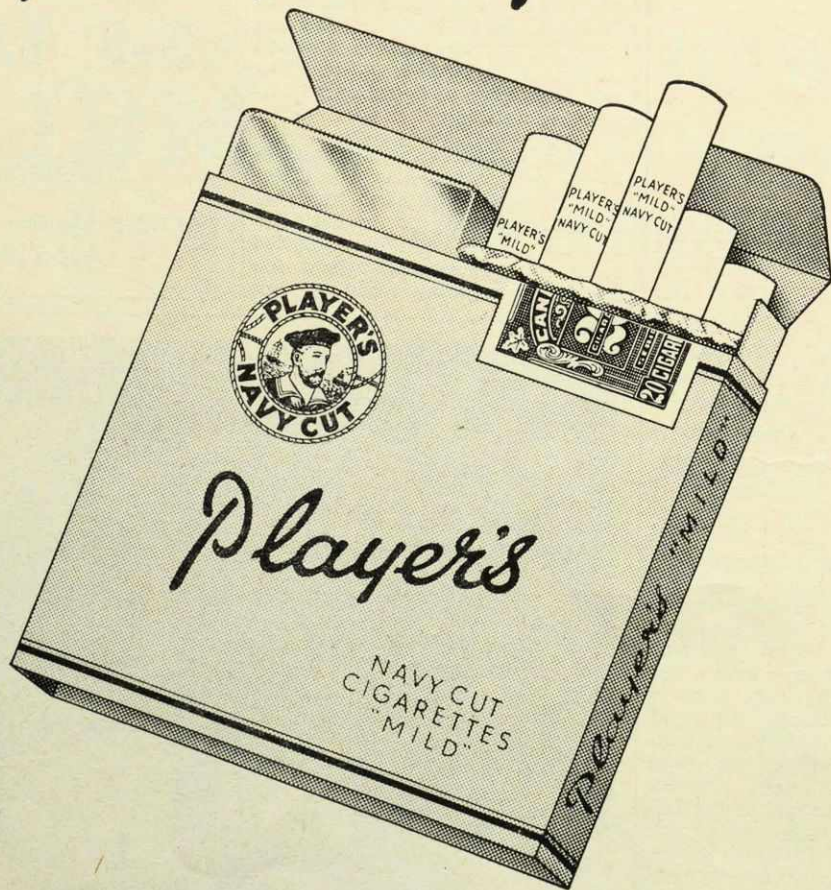
Lukewarm, fat and round  
a white moth gurgles  
happiness and  
squirms in  
the heat.

One hundred thousands words  
rotting in the  
catacombs  
of love,  
lukewarm, fat and round.

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



# Player's Please



THE MILDEST  
BEST-TASTING  
CIGARETTE