

Outstanding Program Planned by Munro Day Committee

11 Hours of Gala Entertainment Features Annual Student Holiday

Tuesday, March 13th, is Munro Day, the last day of college activities for the term. The date being the thirteenth, has put a few people on edge and they have been a little hesitant about acting on that night, but as this goes to press the horizon appears serene again and the play shall go on regardless of the date.

The fun of Munro Day begins at the forsaken hour of 8 a. m. when you cautiously open one eye, thinking with reluctance of the grim prospect of getting out of bed which awaits you, and then . . . Oh Joy!—Oh Happy Hour!—the full significance of the day strikes you with blinding, but blessed light, and you roll over with that "Heaven can wait—this is Paradise"—look on your face and snooze on until noon.

Program Begins With Basketball Classic.

At precisely 2 p. m. the program begins to unfold with the annual basketball game—girls vs. boys. The boys are shedding their pants for the occasion and will appear forth in tunics, and you will be surprised to find that many of them have received their matric from Edgehill and Netherwood. The boys have even resolved to go off their "give your complexion a rest" course for the day and so shall blossom forth in the newest shades of cosmetics now on sale at the 5 and 10 store.

Girls will wear short pants—shorts, to those who are interested. All indications say that it will be a great game, especially as the services of that great referee, none other than "Stinky" Morrison, are being sought.

Following this comes a great sport event. Dal is going to show its pugilistic spirit in the ring. A half hour will be devoted to an inter-faculty boxing match—perhaps this will give the Engineers their long-awaited chance to don their gloves and rise and shine. All females prone to screaming, gnashing of teeth or fainting kindly spend their time elsewhere.

Piano Duets

Dougger Roy and Gordie Harrigan take over for the next thirty minutes as they conduct their College of Musical Knowledge among the prodigies of our campus. Rumor has it that valuable prizes are in the offing, so everyone be on hand!

Cape Breton Hoedown

The spotlight of the day will be focussed on all you Cape Bretoners at approximately 4 p. m., when you will get a chance to strut your stuff at the famed Cape Breton Hoedown. This feature was originated last year and few have forgotten it; in fact few have even been able to forget it. Some of us, not lucky enough to answer in the affirmative when asked if we're from the Bay, b'y, or from the Pier, dear, are just getting over the injuries suffered from last year's exhibition. However, we're ready and waiting to try again, disproving the time-worn theory that experience is the greatest teacher.

We have been very fortunate in obtaining the much-demanded services of the illustrious Med orchestra as well as the greatest square-dance caller of all times, a genuine native of North Sydney—Dougger Roy. None of us can afford to miss so great an opportunity to participate in the finer things of life.

And now an hour of rest for the weary, as a friendly Sing-Song is held. Come along and request your favorites; the Harrigan-Archibald combination know them all.

If you want your ham served on a plate you'll follow along to the lower gym, where it will be accompanied by potato salad, apple pie and the famed Whyte coffee.

Evening frolics begin promptly at 7.15 with the introduction of the Council by the new President of the student body—Larry Sutherland.

Musical Comedy

"We All Went Down to Norman's" is the title of the musical comedy to be presented by the Glee Club. Seldom has a Dal play received so much publicity before the performance, and so we are all expecting great things from it. It is highly commendatory that so many are taking such an active interest in the production.

Following will come the few, but well-chosen speakers, granting of the awards, and then on to the dance.

This is the ending of a perfect day . . .

"FIGHT MY BROTHER"

(A student's postscript to an editorial entitled "Dr. Wilson's Pessimism", appearing in a recent issue of The Gazette.)

Slaughter—Drowning—Torture—
Starving—
"Why are we again at war?"
To fight for Right, avenge the wrong,
"A war before, for this was fought!"

Right, my Brother,
Therefore strive!
We are young and
We shall thrive!

"Who forgot those millions starving?"

"Who forgot that waste and grief?"
"Who forgot that cursed blood-shed,
"Those who died that these may live?"

Forward Brother,
Lift your chin!
Learn from our fathers' failure;
Fight!—And we shall win.

Never again shall people starve!
Never again shall tyrants reign!
Freedom from want, the Rights of Man
And Peace shall rule in this domain!

Forward, Brother,
Onward fight!
In the future
Shines the light.

True, shrewd devils still are hiding,
Creeping into every field,

United, therefore, we must stand
Strong, determined not to yield.

Forward, Brother,
Onward fight!
Build your future
Safe AND RIGHT!

Mistaken are those receiptists
Whom some would take for realists;
Hear the call of all the millions
Who gave their best, their every-thing
Convinced that we shall win!

Forward Brother,
Onward fight—
Fight by word and deed!
Light your torch and hold it high!
Make the way to victory!

Come, my Brother, rise and join us,
We shall triumph, win the fight!
Glorious shines the day before us
When we proved that Right is
Might!

Forward, Brother,
Fight, my Brother!
Our aim we shall achieve,
Then, my Brother,
Only then,
Will this earth AND YOU be free!
—And FREE this earth shall be.

—"Sylvius"

Awards Announced

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| D.A.A.C. | Barbara White (Engraving) |
| Gold D's | Art Hartling (Engraving) |
| Bob Wade | Mike Waterfield |
| Bob MacDonald | |
| Carl Giffen | Vic. Clarke |
| Alex Farquhar | Doug. Clarke |
| Silver D's | |
| Art Burgess | Doug. Clarke |
| Ral. Feanny | |
| Gazette D's | |
| Jim Campbell | Anetta Goodman |
| Bill Mingo | Alex. Farquhar |
| Literary D | |
| Katherine Bean | |
| Glee Club D's | |
| Reta Payzant | Elaine Hopewell |
| Pete Payzant | |
| Edie Greek (Honorary) | |
| Harry Pappler (Honorary) | |
| D.G.A.C. D's | |
| Joe Robertson | |
| Norma Sherman | |
| Virginia Phillips | |
| Marjorie Leonard (Hon.) | |
| Sodales D | |
| Bob McCleave | |
| Delta Gamma D | |
| Debating: Pat Ryan | |
| Student Council D's | |
| Mr. MacLeod | |
| Joyce Nicholson | |
| AnneMackley | |
| Alf Pike | |
| Art Titus | |

Barry Pleads Tolerance; Glee Club Presents Farce

Gazette Critic Displeased with "Holiday"

by MORTON NORMAN

In a sense, I suppose we'd all like to be Linda Seton, or at least to be in a position similar to hers—to be very intelligent, and sophisticated, and awfully rich, and to have "nothing left to do, or have, or want." And, like Linda Seton, I suppose we'd want to suffer for it, too—to know what it is to be dissatisfied in a world of plenty, and to experience a life, which, in spite of its material wealth, is still empty and meaningless. However, the great difficulty in presenting Barry—at least for a non-professional group—lies in the fact that it is sometimes difficult to be convincingly dissatisfied.

Barry pleads tolerance for the rich and mighty, not because they are dissipated and immoral, but because they are beset with the strange psychological problem of having nothing left to do, or want, or plan for. However, the slightest mis-step, and the amateur group plunges all that into farce, and Barry becomes not a psychological dramatist pleading tolerance for the rich and mighty, but a social and moral satirist.

Confusing Problem

Unfortunately, it was a bit difficult to decide, from last Friday night's performance of "Holiday", whether the cast was presenting a psychological problem play or a social farce, and if they were presenting farce, whether it was supposed to be comedy, or moral satire. Indeed, at times I wondered: for no one seemed to know exactly what it was all about, or if knowing, seemed to care. There were, indeed, several factions, each with different interpretations, and each conflicting with the other. There were those, including Peter Donkin and John Meakin, who seemed to consider the whole performance a grand farce. Meakin in particular, as the elderly and dignified Edward Seton, displayed an irritating tendency to overact—although I realize it is difficult to assume a character part of that nature, and that it is almost impossible not to pose and pretend. Donkin, however, (with a role quite to his taste) in spite of his past experience, seemed to lack a true understanding of his part. Ned Seton, as conceived by Barry, was not a particularly charming person, and I'm sorry to say Donkin was charming: somehow he managed to win the audience's indulgence, and that was not Barry's conception at all. It is true that in Linda's case it was, and yet Barbara White, while approaching the play with a better appreciation of its problems than any of the others, as Linda, failed somehow to be convincing. Indeed, Barbara White played Barbara White admirably. Truly, she was poised and aloof, as Linda was, but Miss White is neither very dissatisfied nor very dissipated, and her acting, though at times convincing, could not altogether compensate for that deficiency. Erma Geddes, however, while not taking her role as seriously nor as conscientiously as Miss White, was nevertheless more convincing. Erma

is an admirable person to watch, although inclined to move too swiftly on the stage, and to be overly emphatic at times. That, I think, is due to lack of confidence—particularly in her lines—and not to any lack of experience.

Straight Comedy

Still another faction (the largest, and as group the most successful) played their roles for straight comedy, and the success of the play was largely due to their efforts. Although at times they lacked the spontaneity and ease of the more experienced and leading characters, they succeeded largely because they couldn't, and didn't take themselves very seriously. Hal Pearson as Nick Potter and Nita Sederis as Susan, handled their supporting roles splendidly, and above all, conscientiously. For not attempting to steal any of the scenes (that, in spite of all their opportunities) I should particularly like to commend them. Last, but not least, was the admirable casting of Helen Weiner and Bernie Creighton as Mr. and Mrs. Seton. Cram. Though their moment of triumph was short-lived, they more than made the most of it.

Hartling Superb

High praise of the evening, however, must go to Art Hartling, who, as Johnny Case, turned in one of the finest performances of the play. He was not only most convincing, but seemed to be the only character with any clear idea of what it was all about. He had not a particularly easy role—more than anything else it demanded absolute sincerity. Hartling, however, succeeded. His performance was altogether sincere, and never once false. The success of the play as a psychological study was altogether due to his efforts. Unfortunately, he received little support, and, in spite of his efforts, the play very often failed. On the whole it seemed to lack cohesion and unity. The third act, although very well done, could not compensate for the first and second acts, which were too slowly paced, and all too often lost at sea.

With the right play and the right cast, Mrs. Clarke is capable of extremely competent work. Although "Holiday" was a splendid selection, and the cast, for the most part well-chosen, the trouble was that no one seemed to understand what it was all about.

—And here's another verse to the immortal

"MY GIRL'S A CRACKERJACK"

My man's from old Pine Hill,
He never pays a bill
Just robs his old man's till,
He runs the whiskey still;
And when the old man drops,
He's going to brew the hops,
How the, etc.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

(An international song of freedom among students in European universities, in tribute to whom it is here inserted.)

Gaudeamus igitur, juvenestrum sumus;
Gaudeamus igitur, juvenestrum sumus;
Post juventutem juventutem;
Post molestan senectutem,
Nos habebit humus;
Nos habebit humus;

Vivat Academia, vivat Professores!
Vivat Academia, vivat Professores!
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Semper sint in flore!
Semper sint in flore!

"All Hail to Thee Dalhousie"

Let's bring down the rafters with these "old reliables" at the Munro Day sing-song!

BLACK AND GOLD

We love to sing of Dalhousie,
Our noble Alma Mater;
Of all the things we love the best,
There is to us no greater:
The ties that bind us to college days
No power can ever sever;
For we'll be true to Dalhousie,
And the Black and Gold forever.

Tune ev'ry heart to sing for joy,
And banish ev'ry sorrow;
The boys and girls who leave today
Will build her up tomorrow;
We're all in love with our college dear,
The pride of our endeavour;
And we'll be true to Dalhousie,
And the Black and Gold forever.

When we have left these dear old halls,
Upon our graduation,
Another throng will sing our song
Of loyal adoration;
The memory of our college life
Shall never fade, no, never;
We'll all be true to Dalhousie,
And the Black and Gold forever.

DALHOUSIE DREAM GIRL

By DON MURRAY

All through the day, all through the night,
I keep on thinking of you.
While you're away, nothing seems right,
I feel so lonely, so blue.

Chorus:

Dalhousie dream girl of mine
You are my dream girl divine.
Love me forever and I'll love you too,
Always be true, Dream Girl to you.
Dalhousie dream girl of mine,
Thoughts of you thrill me like wine.
Make me one promise that you'll be forever
Dalhousie dream girl of mine.

TO OLD DALHOUSIE

Oft as I've sat in the two-light gloom
Reveries flooding my sorrowful soul
Thoughts straying far from the shadowy room
Seeking a friend all my woes to console
Wishing for home and friends far away
Memories of you were the solace found
You dear old college I greet you today
Still in my heart you with glory are crowned.
Chorus: :
Back to old Dalhousie as in days of old—
Back to Alma Mater and the Black and Gold
The memories of our college growing brighter year by year—
Here's to old Dalhousie ever to her children dear.

THE TIGER TEAM

See them plunging down to the goal,
See the Tigers banners stream,
Hear the crashing echoes roll,
As we cheer for the Tiger team.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Chorus:
Cheer 'till the sound wakes the blue hills around
Make the scream of the north wind yield
To the strength of the yell that our hearts know so well
When the Tiger team takes the field
Rah! Rah!
With our hearts in our song we march, march along
While the knell of our foes is tolled.
Oh! The victory is sealed when the team takes the field,
And we cheer for the Black and Gold.

Hark! Dost thou hear that rousing strain,
That's Dalhousie's battle scream,
Whoop 'er up just once again,
As we cheer for the Tiger team.
Rah! Rah! Rah!