

# DANCING

by  
**A. Spectator**

The art of dancing is simultaneously a very nonsensical and necessary contrivance. It is foolish because it presents a most ridiculous sight of otherwise rational people crammed in a dance hall who perspire like oxen and try to butt their way through—in other words, struggle for existence. On the other hand it is necessary, so far, it has proved to be the most convenient way of approaching the opposite sex and making her or his acquaintance. It is also of a great help to humble clerks who, while dancing, with the grandmother of the boss, are able to leave a favourable impression on the latter.

But dancing can be wonderful as well as any other entertainment. I can watch people dancing for hours without feeling tired. I follow the principle of the Ancients. The cheerful Greeks drew Pythagorasses in the sand; the portly Romans ate tongues of nightingales. They all disliked dancing. They had slaves for that purpose; delicious females from abroad. The ancient gentlemen watched them and were glad that they did not have to jump around themselves. It's the same feeling we entertain while watching a burlesque show nowadays.

While others dance I study them. First of all their heads. One can very rarely see blissfully devoted faces like those we see in the movies. And if so, then they are only young girls with no experience (a mighty rare phenomenon nowadays).

While dancing, men do not exhibit their feeling; they are much too manly for it. All they do is

## "Our" Girl Is the Exception to the Rule

# Female Formsheet Indicates Kinsey Or Can't She

IF SHE'S A FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
She blushes at naughty jokes.	She smiles at naughty jokes.	She laughs at naughty jokes.	She tells naughty jokes.
She thinks a college education leads to things, social, cultural and academical.	She thinks a college education leads to things social and cultural.	She thinks a college education leads to things social.	She thinks a college education leads to things.
She thinks midnight is late.	She thinks midnight is pretty late.	She thinks midnight isn't so late.	She thinks midnight is midnight.
She reads "What Every Young Girl Should Know."	She reads "How to Win Friends and Influence People."	She reads "The Art of Love."	She reads "Care and Feeding of Infants".
She won't date a boy who has ever had a drink.	She won't date a boy who has just had a drink.	She won't date a boy who has had over one drink.	She won't date a boy unless he drinks.
She tells her mother everything.	She tells her room-mate everything.	She tells her diary everything.	She doesn't tell anybody anything.
She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.
Her motto: Mother Knows Best	Her motto: Death Before Dishonor	Her motto: Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained.	Her motto: Boys Will Be Boys.

—From Auburn Plainsman, Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

smile wearily or stare even more wearily at the wall. A great many of them dance with inhuman seriousness and bare expressions on their visages as if they were counting their savings; but they are only counting their steps.

Much more interesting is the position of arms and hands. A 100% male is he who embraces the female of his choice with his mighty paw and covers therewith the whole of her back and other places situated nearby.

The opposite to that is the intellectual type who touches the shoulder blade of his partner very gently and is interested in mental contact only. As far as I know, the women prefer the "paw" type.

Dancing releases us from the obligation to be intellectual. Times when a conversation ran like "O divine creature, thy tender palm seems to be dissolving in dew" are gone and a good dancer does not have to be a good conversationalist. After all, while engaged in dancing, long speeches would be regarded as tactless, but short remarks are still in general use, like "It's hot tonight, isn't it?" to which she replies, "Yeah!"

While dancing one can test one's future wife. Having danced with a girl for half an hour I know whether I would marry her or not.

First there is the gentle, yielding one. She does not resist anything and dances as her partner wishes her to dance. And if I clumsily step on her foot she begs my pardon whispering.

That isn't the kind of woman I want. I'm soft enough myself.

The opposite: the valiant WAC. She always tries to move in the opposite direction to that which I choose and she possesses the volume and the strength of muscles for that purpose. One has to violate her on every turning. The dance becomes a silent and desperate struggle. After two rounds one is groggy, after the fourth, knocked out.

One does not marry such a creature; she marries him—if he is not careful.

And then there is the tender, pliant type. She melts into her partner, puts herself into his arms, leans on his chest, nests herself into his soul.

Robbery of freedom! That isn't my type either. They are all no good for me. Perchance the non-dancer? No! Those hypocrites are even worse.

As a conclusion, the quotation of Mr. O. Wilde shall sum up the whole story: The art of dancing consists of pulling ones feet away faster than the partner can step on them.

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*What dreams my heart has dreamed  
And what tears and sighs  
My eyes and lips have lost,  
I cannot count — and why  
Erupts my soul with bursting love  
To cast upon my brain  
Desire's scented blossoms  
With each kiss of flame?  
I do not know these things or understand  
For in the winds tonight that weep and cry  
Her voice recalls the vows  
That cannot have reply.  
And when the last dawn stalks across the hills  
Life, and not her beauty, will be still.*

## SOUTH OF THE BORDER

• ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS •



A student at the University of Illinois feels college cheers are not in keeping with the dignity of the student. He proposes the following changes.

1. Instead of "Get the ball"—Obtain the oblate spheroid.
2. Rather than "Hold the line"—Impede the foe's forward thrust along the two dimensional entity.
3. For "Go team go"—Proceed, oh valiant, proceed, hey!
4. Instead of "We want a touchdown"—We demand a thrust forward, maintaining as our objective the passage of our adversary's goal.
5. And for "Hit 'em again harder"—Henceforth, smite them more fiercely than you smote them heretofore.

The University of Chicago chapter of Sigma Chi fraternity has voted unofficially to disband. It has been under pressure from its national office because it had planned to pledge a Jewish student.

Sigma Chi alumni had threatened to sell the fraternity house if the Jewish student was pledged. Then "national" put the chapter on probation for failing to submit its pledge list to an alumni group. The student government and the Inter-Fraternity council at the University are supporting the chapter's action. And Robert Strozier, dean of students, declared, "The University will not sit on the sidelines if this proves to be a matter of discrimination."

A psychologist at Ohio State University has made the claim that textbooks should be read for a purpose, rather than for enjoyment.

Textbooks, he says, are not novels, but are more like encyclopedias. But the Ohio State Lantern promptly disagreed. "Why can't we read textbooks for enjoyment? it asked. "There is always joy in adding one more piece to the jigsaw puzzle pattern by which we learn."

The Lantern decided that textbook authors demand too much from the students. Too many of them, it said, "detract from the value of their ideas by submerging them in a fog of drab and circuitous writing. They apparently know what they're talking about, but their literary techniques discourage the reader's reaching the

same level of comprehension."

Continued the Lantern: "In reading some of our texts, we find ourselves doubting that the author ever intended for his readers to understand and learn. It sometimes appears that he merely wanted to impress his readers with his knowledge of his subject."

(A column by George Vickery, reprinted from the Miami Hurricane).

At the risk of getting a mouthful of brassknucks from Humphrey Bogart . . . I am going to stand up and defend the rights of the young male lover. Movie-tough Bogie . . . said in This Week magazine that women prefer the elder lover, the life-begins-at-40 swain.

. . . I don't think that women look at this problem in the proper light. The phrase "young lover" is mentioned and they immediately picture the average struggling young college beau with his usual financial shortcomings.

They see a snake-pit Don Juan or a Slop shot Valentino. And when you say "older lover" they dreamily picture Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Ezio Pinza and Tommy Manville—men held up by money, plastic surgery and padding.

The gals never think about the worn out man-over-40 who is everywhere about them. They never see their ol' dad spread out in the easy chair reading the paper with his sagging jowls resting on his sagging chest which is resting on his non-sagging belly. Or the middle aged Romeo who would have to put his teeth in to give a girl a good solid kiss. Sauve, hell.

Give us kids a chance, ladies. Either compare the young'uns with the non-movie type described, or bring in the Monty Clifts, John Dereks, Audie Murphys and Farley Grangers. Think again girls, who would you take in a parked car, now who would ya?

At the University of Colorado, a freshman admitted he robbed a cab driver, stole the cab, got chased by the cops, crashed the cab into a curb, got shot in the leg by police, was finally arrested. Detectives said the freshman "cracked up" under his studies.