

# Dabblings

By J.A.M.

## The Midway:

Unconventional and memorable, says The New Yorker, about John Steinbeck's 'The log from the Sea of Cortez. Although this is a tale of scientific exploration in substance Steinbeck has added the usual spice that he is so famous for. We recommend but at the same time do not suggest it is as masterly as The Wayward Bus.

**The Kon-Tiki Expedition:** Out of the steaming jungles of Peru fifteen centuries ago a few fearless Indians, tying logs together with vine or animal skin, pushed their raft into the path of prevailing winds and currents, for weeks sunned themselves and speared unnamed fish and sharks, and one day, were tossed on a surf-pounded reef to land on a Polynesian Island where the Moon of Manacura endlessly shines. To prove this theory a few modern Danes, with the blood of Vikings in veins, repeated the feat last year and lived to make this purely documentary picture. If you wanted to see a whale, shark or waves as high as a house, it was the show to see.

**The Unknown Man:** To those in the legal profession it is a sore spot indeed that the reputation of Law is smeared by much ridicule and contempt. Of course not to everyone is the word "lawyer" synonymous for "liar" but it is a fact that too often imperfect Law is used for unjust purposes. To lawyer Pidgeon this problem took on great proportions for his passion was the perpetration of justice in a city where the law was the tool of wrong. A theme of ideals is a hard one to treat but this picture succeeded in driving home its point that though the law can fail justice cannot. Seeing crime triumph was too much for crusader Pidgeon, who took justice into his own hands and did murder. Later when he had lost the defence of a man accused of Pidgeon's own foul deed, the lawyer quoting from a bible re a "tooth for a tooth" met death in the accused's prison cell having invited same and allowing justice to win out where Law had failed. So we trust all the eager young students of Jurisprudence will take their heads out of the clouds of theory and acquire a little realism, if not, skepticism.

## All Our Yesterdays:

When Empire-protector Churchill called on the Great White Father at Washington recently, a Senator, fresh from the Kentucky hills or the nearest nut house, sincerely or for effect only, presented an hilarious Bill for recognition. The aim: to incorporate Canada as 10 new states or one big territory into the U.S.A. The man with the cigar lost no sleep over it, nor was it of too much concern with him—and it may be noted that said bill was not passed.

## Miscellany:

Out of the U.S. Army comes this communique concerning the welfare of Pfc. Gerry McCurdy who has left his footmarks on the sands of Dalhousie and its many byways. As a physicist in the Army he makes merry at a base in Maryland and no doubt remembers other merry days while here.

Many a mind is wondering if the Junior Prom will see the Seniors entering on free tickets. In fact many also wonder if the over-secret dance committee is preparing a prom at all.

The inimitable Engineers plan many a costly surprise to the daring ones who will pay four rocks or so to dance at their Boiler-makers' Ball in February. Although it is not expected that Lilly St. Cyr will entertain, it is expected that all will go off well.

The teen-agers of this City blessing their adolescent souls and no doubt preparing for life at Dal, are taking a poll. The question: to kiss or not to kiss on the first date. Directive: try that one at Shirreff (San Quentin) Hall.

Slated for departure to foreign battlefields is ex-Dalhousie athlete, Scott Henderson, well known, well liked, well missed, whose army duty can't be ignored. Resultant, chagrin to beauteous King Barbara whose affiliations with him are well known.

Departed, after her brief encounter with Dalhousie, Norma Mak-simoski, Gazetter, American, and attractive, to unknown points south of north.

A certain Mr. John Uppvet has his troubles. He is constantly called to the phone about 3 a.m. and hears: "Are you Uppvet?" When he makes the obvious reply, this is the next thing he hears: "Well go to bed—it's late!"

The Daily Bugtown Bugle is a great source of unfamiliar anecdotes. Did you see the item that discussed for eighteen lines British ambassadors in Iran and in the closing sentence you suddenly were being told about U.S. ambassadors in London?

The Flying Tigers, airborne as it were on eagle's wings smashed Mount A., first on the ice with Hall and Tremblay and Beaver the main plot of victory; second, beneath the hoops, footballer Henderson and 'tiny' Mike MacDonald, swished-shot to Allison's great dismay.

Awakened, to the real existence of life in its more pleasurable moments, is existentialist (alright, you spell it!), philosopher, poet, writer and staffer, Sis (I-Wandered-Lonely-As-A-Cloud) Nichols, whose Lochinvar, Charming "Charm", rode out of the West bearing roses of fond affection on his limitless Ocean Limited-like steed.

## The Muse:

From the Nonsense of Edmund Sner, these lines:  
 One day as I strolled down the walk  
 I heard two students deep in talk.  
 One spoke of gentle Socrates,  
 The other of the life of fleas!  
 In vain I pondered into tension  
 Seeking the tete-a-tete's declension  
 So now I cannot read of Plato  
 Without connecting green tomatoes!

## The Tiger Smiles:

In celebration of twenty-five years of unquestionable progress Admiral Patty Fitzgerald received an emblem of success. In on the gift were Nosey Nesbitt and Field Marshall Roscoe who laboured painfully to create a polished stand on which was placed an unmentionable lined with expensive fur and in its entirety, obviously built for comfort.

On a bitterly cold day last week, seen, on an ice-covered campus two co-eds voicelessly boasting bare legs and telling all who saw, incidentally, that they at least were not going to let winter stand in their way of their own frustrated progress and attainment of things known only to their own child-like minds.

To Donnie McLeod, purveyor of much pulchritude and other female manifestations, the glory and fame of monarchy such as is only pertinent to the Queens of Sweaterland. As the drooling thousands cheered, another notice comes to the Gazette, namely Grandmere Knitting Company's national contest for the same end and design. In brief, the message says: if you've got what it takes, compete!

We have an angel or a saint on our so-sanctified Campus, who does not laugh, only snickers, at suggestive jokes. Our proud but disillusioned crusader, adds to his qualifications as being a writer of anonymous letters, who, with nothing better to do, sounds loudly off about low moral standards and what is stranger and more disappointing still, gains the attentive ears of certain responsible members of the University. The subject: a Gazette cartoon about girls in the lower Gym. The deplorability of it: that mature men should listen to such sanctimonious hypocrisy. The decision: life in all its pretentiousness never ceases to amaze us.

## Introducing . . . HARRISON TUCKER



Harrison Tucker, of French West Africa, is another of the more interesting students at Dalhousie this year. Born in Sierra Leone, and educated there both at primary school at Prince of Wales High School, when Harrison decided to study Law he was advised by the International Institute of Education to attend a Canadian University.

Although he plans to complete his Law studies at Dal, when he receives his degree Harrison would like to attend either London or Cambridge University for a post-graduate course, after which he intends to return to Sierra Leone to practise his profession and take part in politics.

This itinerant student has visited many countries including North Africa, France and the United States. In fact, just previous to coming here, he spent two years at Morehouse College, Atlanta (Georgia) University System, and he is there a member of Beta Phi Fraternity. He terms France, however, his favourite country.

An excellent student, while at high school Harrison won several first class certificates, as well as being an honor student during his stay in Atlanta. And of course, he did well in the Dal Christmas exams, obtaining good marks in all courses, of which he claims Spanish as his favorite.

Harrison says he has no particular "peeves" and as he put it "everything is all right". He nominates cricket as his favorite sport and during his last year at high school he was named outstanding batsman of the year, no mean distinction. Dancing is his pet hobby and he once won first prize in a Tango competition.

Speaking with a slight French accent, Harrison declares that he likes Canada and Dal, but he is not at all fond of the recent cold weather. When the thermometer drops, he says he tends to day-dream about his sunny homeland, but as he remarks laughingly, "The fellows in the residence don't give me much chance to be very homesick."

Finding everyone at this university friendly, Harrison is sure that he will enjoy his years here, and we in turn are also sure that he will prove an asset to Dalhousie.

## To The Wind

Wondering then, and waiting  
 Always mindful of your strength;  
 Dare I ask what happens next  
 When you have fashioned winter's length;  
 No, not for me, this wondering  
 Let all your majesty unfold,  
 I treasure each and every whisper,  
 Oh, nature, sweet and bold.

## The Sea Lovers

The girl came running barefoot over the cliffs to the sand. She placed one hand to her forehead, shading her eyes from the late afternoon sun, and looked out over the water. The tide was almost completely out now, the last sandbars exposed to the chill evening breeze. She looked very young standing there in her boyish jeans and tattered shirt, very young and slim and savagely beautiful.

She always came at this hour, just as the sun began to grow large and red in the West, and the hot summer day to shade imperceptibly into night.

Far, far out on the horizon, a tiny black speck was discernable barely moving in the waters. But even as she watched, the wind whipping her black hair around her shoulders, the speck grew ever larger. It was quite close now, so close that one could easily see the outline of a young man as he swam with swift, powerful strokes toward shore.

The girl waved, and ran out on the sandbars to meet him.

### Thoughts

How long had it been like this? She could not recall the Beginning, somehow. She only knew that in her loneliness she had turned to the sea: the sea that had always held more attraction for her than any of the young boys in the village. She had always been instinctively searching, searching for that intangible, unknown something that they could not give her, and although not wholly conscious of the dull disappointment they left her, a curious unrest prodding vaguely at her soul made her realize (now and again) its presence.

Then one day, He had appeared before her on the sand, and all her hazy desires seemed to come into focus. He was a silent young man, but tall and powerful, with a strangely compelling, almost hypnotic gaze in his eyes. He seemed to her the very embodiment of the spirit of the sea. Indeed, when he left her, he was never met by a boat or ship but always swam out, out to disappear on the horizon, swallowed up as it were into the sea.

But day after day he would come back at this same hour, and they would stay together until the stars were well up in the sky, and the mist began rolling in off the water.

### Night

Night was coming on now, but tonight the sky seemed white and overcast. There would probably be a storm before the night was over. The sea began to be choppy, lapping up at the shore as the tide came in.

Swifter and swifter the storm seemed to grow upon them, and it

became quite cold. Yet lying there upon the sand, with only the troubled sky above their heads, they seemed to be unconscious of everything; not only unconscious but almost at ease, as if the water, the raw wind and the whitecaps were their natural surroundings. And indeed, the waters as they swirled up onto the beach seemed to reiterate the message of their love. The waves, crashing wildly into foam, were like their passion turbulent, intense, infinite.

R. G.

## Law Notes

**SPORTS.**—The Law Inter-faculty Basketball Team is way in the lead in their league and the Hockey squad is also doing well, having suffered but one defeat at the hands of Med-Dents. Reports have it that the main reason the Law Hockey team suffered their single loss is because a number of the boys failed that you cannot win a game without to turn out. It is a well known fact that there is a large amount of unsuspected sport talent in the Law School. What about it, boys, how about a little support for our team; with a little more push Law can take all three inter-faculty leagues.

**POOR MAN'S LAW BALL** — Congratulations to the Party Committee, of Neville Lindsay, Jeff Flinn and Jack O'Neil for a successful and enjoyable weekend. Such an affair is difficult to arrange under any circumstances and the committee is to be commended upon their energetic endeavours.

**MOCK PARLIAMENT** — Mock Parliament is to be held this year February 14, 15 and 16, in the Munro Room. This is the last year the Law School will be at the Forrest Building and it was felt that tradition should overrule any suggestions that the larger rooms of the new Arts and Administration Building should be used. "Next year will be soon enough to move" were the sentiments of many students.

**MARITIME-WEST PARTY** — A new political party, reminiscent of the Maritime Rights Party of two years ago has appeared on the scene. Some person or persons unknown placed a large red (no communist leanings I hope) poster on the Law Bulletin Board, urging students to join this new group and unite to defeat Central Canada. Despite the condemnation of such "splinter groups" two years ago, nobody can deny that the Maritime Rights Party created a great deal of interest in Mock Parliament and contributed greatly to its success. It is to be hoped that a more enlightened policy will be adopted towards this new venture than was in respect of the Maritime Rights Party. It cannot be denied, however, that a great deal of work is needed to put Mock Parliament across, and it is urged that the members of this new group make their identities known to the heads of the other parties so they may contribute their share of organizational work.

## When Will You Return?

Were I to wish  
 And wishing but to see anew  
 The beauty that is yours  
 And seeing, feel again  
 The freedom when my soul then soars—  
 Then I should,  
 Lost in the timelessness of freedom gained,  
 Remembering just your tender smile,  
 Wish no more  
 For you have loved me;  
 Peace is mine awhile.

—DMW

### Greetings Students

from

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