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harbours. Oppulence! The land of the millionaires! They read about Farrel's "Studs Lonigan" and quickly forgot its pathos; they danced to "In the Mood" by Mr. Miller who best reflected this era of racing, torrid but sophisticated sycopation; they flocked by the millions to the great new passtime—miniature golf. The long haired, low necklined modern woman hummed a tune called Harbour Lights and lived in the great American boom, the automobile. The youth found solace in the drive-in dance halls, the wise shook their heads at the artificiality of it all. The bewilderment of the twenties, it seemed, still pursued us in the thirties, the race was still on and was not to be checked until 1939. It was the era when prohibition ended; it was the time for Roosevelt's New Deal, and 1938 was the year for the great hurricane to rush destructively up the North Atlantic coast. In this decade our complacency was shocked by the rape of Nanking in a so distant war in China. And the kiss of death had touched the lips of Spain. In Ethiopia black spears against Mussolini's armour failed; in Germany Hitler bred a new gangsterism. What was going

on? This had become, as well, the decade of conquests. But love and security are blind and in 1938 a Mr. Chamberlain smiled proudly to the world, saying: "Peace in our time." The following September the world was at war and all the grand superstructure of the West, the wealth, the drunken laughter, the leisure of isolationism, was shattered like a pane of glass.

Quite suddenly the forced gaiety of the thirties ended. People still played monopoly; girls still walked in the popular spectator pumps; and the memory of the disaster-bound dirigible Von Hindenburg, or of the World Fairs, was still vivid. They still sang "The Music Goes Down and Round", but the clouds of war brought sobriety, and the seething cauldron rested quickly, gathering its breathless strength for six years of war. And with the new sincerity came a renewal of fatalism. Sense of human values fell to a new low by necessity and with some justification. War breeds amorality and calousness and cynicism and these brands of the forties came to the Western world with new intensity. Recklessness, reminiscent of the twenties returned but it was not that of frivolity, but rather of a sense of urgency that was inescapable.

While the voice of the guns of the West were heard in every part of the world, and the land of the Rising Sun reached its limited zenith, at home the disc-jockeys played the "GI Jive" and the radio commentators dramatized the news—"There's tragedy in Germany tonight—". It was a time of drama and sorrow, when the domestic side of human existence was played up as never before—and there was good cause: homes were being wrecked, sweethearts separated, and millions of hearts

were broken. For six years the blood of mankind flowed, for six years the jungle of bitterness grew. By 1945, when the wars were over, the world was wrecked and so was the souls of man.

When the wars ended the soldiers of the world came home just as they had in 1919. Once again tradition and convention were open to attack, with one difference: the first post world war period had left them weaker than they'd been in the twenties. Once again we were ready to forget and go our way along the primrose path. But it is time there was no chance for another Plastic Age or the subsequent decade of sycopation that was the thirties. No chance to re-settle in the warped pursuit of happiness for by 1950, blood was flowing again. The location: Korea. Fifty years had ended in war as they had begun in the 1900 fiasco with the Boers. What was good in the world was still subservient to evil. The second half began with the world under the threat of Stalin's new and formidable Russia. The legacy of

fifty years was the crimson stain of war-created sin and out of the dusk of those hectic decades not a light was shining. Like a melancholy theme from a Wagnerian opera the ghosts of the dead and of the naked could be pictured as haunting and mocking and defying the last half to be better than the first. The people in these neurotic years? They supped on the psychopathic celluloids of Hollywood that began with "Spellbound". They lapped up the comeback of the old Dixieland Jazz. They dressed in the New Look and fed ravenously on the love affairs of Misses Bergman and Hayworth. In the autumn of 1950 the latest of race-issue movies were released. "No Way Out" it was called—as, indeed, there wasn't. They sang about the wan smile of Mona Lisa. They talked of atomic bombs and jet propulsion. It was a world that waited with bated breath—a world which, like the sad young men of the twenties so long ago, still could not say: "I have found peace and now I will rest."

In this anonymous poetry of 1950 the fatigue of the years was written:

Gone are the stars;
The moon has ceased to wane
Beyond those hills where breezes fear
To blow. The forest greenery has come to know
No song of birds, no laugh, no cry
Of children, playing in
The reeds. No music in my life
Now that the moon is low.
There is no gaiety
In those dark skies that lean
Against the western hills, and sigh
With mournful voices, sad and low, as with
Some speechless vow, some word, some creed, some voice
Of God, for me, who walk alone.
I feel the wind upon my face
And joy
Exultant fills my heart, consoles—for with
It comes the answer to this life
And fans the torch of Hope
Within my soul.

Such was the heritage of tin. These were all our yesterdays.

Letter to the Editor

October 14, 1950

The Editors,
Dalhousie Gazette
Dear Sirs,

I hope you will find space in your paper to print the following letters.

"This letter is being written in an effort to clear up some misunderstanding on the part of students, particularly D.V.A. Students, regarding the 1949-1950 PHAROS.

When the University made its ruling last January re Pharos the Department of Veterans Affairs had returned to it all fees paid to the University for copies of the year book for Undergraduate Student Veterans. Therefore, though some D.V.A. students signed slips for copies of Pharos, these slips were invalid as the funds for this purpose had been withdrawn.

Another misunderstanding that has cropped up is with regards to students who did not sign for their 1949-1950 Pharos but did not collect their \$3.00 from the University Business Office. The understanding of these students is that they are entitled to a copy of the year book. In order for them to obtain a copy of the year book, it will be necessary for them to go to the Business Office and get their \$3.00 and then pay cash for their year books, which can be obtained from Mr. O'Brien in the Gymnasium."

Yours sincerely,
Roy M. Campbell,
1949-1950 Pharos

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