

FROM STUMP TO STUMP

—The engagement was short—
 —The church bells rang in my ears as we clung to each other.
 —That embrace was the same as it had been with any other girl, but Helen was missing an arm.
 —In my mind the Goddess of love couldn't have taken Helen's place, but physically, I mumbled to myself "How would it turn out?"
 —Her good arm was strong, but when I'd clutch her, that right stump would hit the back of my neck.
 —Chills shot from my toe-nails to my hair roots.
 —Month after month, year after year, I said to myself, "Brad, forget about it."
 —I had never seen Helen shake hands with her right hand.
 —Why couldn't she have lost the left?
 —Jack hunting was a pleasure of mine before I married Helen.
 —She asked me repeatedly why I had stopped.
 —I couldn't tell what I saw over the end of the 12-gauge after pulling the trigger.
 —Instead of seeing a shot-off duck wing, there was the arm-stump jumping like a railway crossing wigwag.
 —How long could I go on like this?

—Helen had a sister who had been in the same car accident which caused the loss of the arm but she was all there with more than her share.
 —I hated myself for talking like that about Helen.
 —When her sister lost her job, Helen kindly said we had room 'till she found another.
 —She had all Helen's fine qualities "PLUS AN ARM."
 —The sister and I were alone one night.
 —I grabbed her.
 —I jammed her struggling arms around my neck and they lost their tension as our lips met.
 —I had no great looks to speak of.
 —That ugly scar on my forehead, those pimples on my face that never seemed to heal.
 —Sure I had a complex but when she rubbed her soft white skin against my miserable jaws, I knew it made no difference.
 —She was all there.
 —When Helen would slip out to bring in the washing, I would embrace my new discovery.
 —Those TWO arms about my neck seemed to balance my every moment.
 —Even her name intrigued me.
 —It was just plain O.L.O. — forwards, backwards, upside down, it was just plain "Olo."
 —When I kissed my wife I could feel Olo.
 —Did I have what it took to tell Helen I loved her sister?
 —One moment I would say with certainty, "I shall never be untrue to Helen."
 —She had been a great wife.
 —For periods of time I was contented to go on like this.
 —Lately Olo has been developing other ideas.
 —Five days ago she seemed rather anxious I tell Helen and get the whole thing over with.
 —She said she knew Helen enough to know she would not want to stand between our happiness.
 —Helen thought so well of everyone that even though this had continued I was positive she was not aware of it.
 —The thought haunted me.
 —She said she was going to a movie with a girl-friend.
 —Tonight is the night.
 —This is the big chance I've been waiting for.
 —I don't seem yellow tonight.
 —That sand and dirt feeling in stomach has vanished.
 —Here we are alone at last.
 —Did you ever think there are big differences between you two sisters?
 —I don't think there are too many clear . . .
 —Well I sure do . . .
 —The next sentence was on the end of my tongue and it was this

"Look Helen, in the last year I have fallen in love with Olo, and as far as you and I are concerned we are all washed up.
 —Somehow her name "Olo" invited a first question.
 —Tell me Helen, where did your family get a name like Olo?
 —Oh that's not her real name dear.
 —It cost Mom and Dad a fortune after the accident for the artificial leg but O.L.O., really stands for ONE LEG ONLY."
 —G.B.

Tub-Thumper

by JOHN McCURDY

In reply to that drastic article that was in the Gazette last week I have written a poem instead of my usual column. I hope that it will awaken any of those half-wits that agreed with this article, and although one crime does not erase another this is one time I hope it will. Will someone inform the author of this little bit of obscurity that Love is free and one does not need rules or such to go by. Also will someone tell him that prostitution is the oldest profession.

Lament

Behold the lover, unloved!
 His cry is heard by the wind-rattled trees
 While his winter sun grows colder
 And older,
 Like millions of miracles
 Woven in springtime.
 Oh! Where lies the loved one?
 In flames
 Of maternal dotting? In the alley
 Beneath the stairs?
 Who cares
 For the unhappy child when he cries?
 "Not I, says the river, "not I."
 So little time to live, to die."
 "Not I," replies the summer breeze,
 My work lies singing in the trees
 High on green hill,
 Reaching blue hills and grey hills,
 On to white clouds and blue—
 You lie!
 Alone I love; even the loved one
 Loves not!
 Sons of fathers cast in pits
 Of blind fire; growing deeper,
 Wider, and then darker.
 On they go, trying to reach the moon
 On stepladders!
 Alas! Alone to live, alone to
 love, alone to die.

Norway Topic of Sociology Club

The Dalhousie Sociology Club will hold an open meeting Monday night, January 25 in the Haliburton Room at King's College with Mr. Peter Jangaard of Norway as guest speaker. Slides of Norway will also be shown at the meeting which is scheduled to get underway at 8:15 p.m.
 All members on the campus are invited and refreshments will make the rounds sometime during the evening.

Student Directory Supplementary List

Bed 2749—Ehler, Percy; Bedford, Queensport, Guys. Co., N. S.—E. 3-3674 — Haliburton, Gordon; 13 Waegwoltic Avenue; Avonport, N. S.—G.S.
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From Rocky Shores

Here on my craggy shores
 I view the sea;
 Beyond that tossing foam
 I took my birth.
 The lofty highlands of the Hebrides,
 The rippling hills beside white Dover's cliffs,
 The teeming streets, Westminster's crowded view,
 And Harlech's emigrants, from mines and rocky soil—
 To these, these men, whose dreams of freedom grew
 Until they left their lands for something more,
 To them I owe my being, name and all.
 My government from them I formed, my strength
 Was theirs at first; to me they let it fall.
 O God, to think of what I owe those Isles,
 And never can repay—except with love.
 And on these rocky shores
 Their tide ebbs low.
 O come, my providence, raise
 Your standard high.

—Alan MacGregor.

THE KING'S COLUMN

The big event of last week was a dance and party sponsored by the College Alumni. A meeting of the Alumni was held before the dance, under the chairmanship of the Rev. Mr. Cochran, president of the Alumni.
 Edward Laufer played several selections on the piano before the meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roberts presented an excerpt from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." The female students led a song for students and alumni. Finally, Mr. Leonard Mayoh was called on for several songs.

A dance followed, with music provided by the King's orchestra, "All the King's Men."
 The inter-bay sports program continues. Last week there were two basketball games played: Middle Bay, sparked by "Moose" MacKenzie, Noranda, P.Q., won over Radical Bay by a margin of 20-17. Chapel Bay defeated North Pole Bay to the tune of 22-14. All four boys eagerly await the chance to show their strength again.

The Chapel choir and the Choral Society under Mr. Mayoh's expert guidance, have been working hard on the new psalter and Medelssohn's "Elijah," the latter to be produced later this term.
 Meanwhile, the thespians have not been idle. The play which will be a contender for the Connolly Shield, "High Widow," by Verne Powers, is now in rehearsal, under the direction of Colin Bergh. The players in this suspended drama include Peggy Preston, playing the part of the eccentric Emily Winthrop, Jim Howe as her nephew, Walter, Bob Davis as the Judge, Joan Caines as Linda Norton, a reporter, and Gail McDonald as Judith Ware, Mrs. Winthrop's Secretary-nurse.

There was a debate on Sunday night, on the resolution that

"King's College be moved to Windsor." Radical Bay, represented by Len Gale and Austin Monroe, took the affirmative. Middle Bay, represented by Graham Paing and Dave Millar, took the negative. After much debating, judged by Mr. Stringer, Malcolm Smith and Al O'Brien, Middle Bay was declared the winner on a split decision.

The last item of importance, which happened before the Gazette went to print, was the Student Body meeting after supper Monday night. The final ratification of the hike in Students' Council fees (Dalhousie students are not alone in this) and consideration of preparations for the Students' Council Dance were discussed, and finally, a new Public Relations program was submitted for approval.

QUIXOTIC QUOTES

- *ONWARD to glorious liberty. —Those under.
- *DEMOCRACY—'tis the last infirmity of noble minds. —Shakespeare
- *GOD IS on our side. —Any warring nation.
- *WE MUST preserve our glorious heritage. —Those over.
- *HALIFAX is a unique city. —Cicero,
- (from the Latin: unus-ones; equos—Horse.)
- *THE BARD, the Bible, Blindness and the Blackshirts. —from "Curious Combinations."
- *IN BLACK and white, and Red all over. —Certain international student publications.
- *ONLY through *!?:- can world peace be maintained. —Any *!?:-ist. —M.N.S.

What You Will

The Mock Turtle heaved a sigh and drew one flipper across his eyes. With tears streaming down his face, he said "You may not have lived much under the sea (I haven't said Alice) in which case you have no idea what a delightful thing a shrimp is."

"No I haven't," said Alice. She was about to say "but I know how delightful they are to eat" when she remembered herself hastily.

"How do you do it?" she asked trying to be very grown-up and polite.

"The first essential," said the Mock Turtle, standing on his head so as to keep his feet out of the puddle his tears were making, "the first essential is form into a long line along the sea shore . . ."

"Two lines . . ." interrupted the Gryphon, "and when you've cleared the jelly-fish out of the way . . ."

"That usually takes some time," added the Turtle, "you start looking for shrimps. They come in big sizes, medium sizes and small sizes. But the game is to get them all."

"How peculiar," thought Alice, but she said "How do you catch them?"

"You shout," said the Mock Turtle, looking at Alice very sadly and quietly.

"But how does that catch shrimps?" said Alice, really bewildered.

"Don't interrupt," yelled the Gryphon, jumping in the air, "What business is it of yours. You shout, and you catch the shrimps . . ."

"And one side's IT," said the Mock Turtle, doing a little dance.

"And you change sides . . ."

"And you throw some shrimps up in the air . . ."

"And you say that the side that was IT was hiding them . . ."

"And you do that because your side was losing . . ."

And both the creatures collapsed in the sand beside Alice, roaring with laughter.

Alice smiled politely, but she really felt ready to cry because she couldn't understand all this.

"All persons over a mile high leave the beach," growled the lobster at her, and he extended a claw and pinched the Mock Turtle.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said the Cheshire Cat, smiling cynically at her.

"What do you mean—a lesson to me," said poor Alice, wishing she had never come to this place.

"If you lessened you wouldn't be over a mile high, of course,"

said the Cheshire Cat, not unkindly.

"And if you cut off her head you would indubitably get the same result, snapped the Queen.

"SHE'S A SHRIMP," decided the lobster suddenly.

"A shrimp," they all yelled, and both sides vied with each other to grab poor Alice.

"Advance twice . . ." said the Mock Turtle, throwing poor Alice to the lobster.

"Change partners, and retire in same order . . ." added the Gryphon, joining in . . .

"Throw the shrimps as far as you can out to sea," rejoined the Lobster.

"Swim after them . . ." screamed the Mock Turtle.

"Back to land again," said somebody (Alice could not quite make out who),

"And start all over again," they said, screaming with laughter. Alice noticed that some of the lobsters had begun fighting amongst themselves.

"Then cut off their heads," said the Queen.

"Here comes the Red Duchess, warned the Cheshire Cat, practicing disappearing.

"O-oh," they all yelled, "don't let her catch us," and one by one they jumped into the sea and disappeared.

"But there is no Red Duchess coming," argued Alice, breathlessly, as she picked herself up.

The Cheshire Cat looked at her sardonically, and as she slowly disappeared, Alice saw the shrimps come out to play on the beach.

Us Engineers

Got three things I want to talk about this week. First let me begin to begin by throwing at you (with the understanding that it is not to be thrown back) a poem I writ during the holiday. I'll dedicate it to Dal's Struggling Lawyers:

Early to bed and early to rise,
 Till you get enough dough to do otherwise.

And that's about all I did during the holiday (and I'm not complaining). Oh yes, and this one:

He married Helen
 Hell ensued;
 He left Helen,
 Helen sued.

One—Engineers held a meeting last week. Presided over by some big sneeze Engineer named Ah Chou. (I like that better than Fawcett, because faucet reminds me of a drip.) The Sect. sat beside him doing a crossword puzzle—with a pen. They announced that Engineers candidate for Campus Queen is a sure bet to win, but THEY WOULDN'T TELL US WHO SHE IS. Meanies. That reminds me, I wrote a song for my girl down at Shirreff Hall. Goes by the title "I'll Be Loving You, In Hallways." A thought just occurred to me—I'd like to see Lady Godiva with a poodle cut.

Two—Award of the week goes to Prof. Aitcheson for his brilliant description of Dal's Loud-speakers. His very words? — "that squawk box."

Three — A word about those UNMENTIONJECTAWFUL exams. (Every day I try to add a new word to my vocabulary. For instance, dehydrate. That means to get all the water out of some-

thing. I've got a puppy who likes to dehydrate all over the living room.) As a result of the aforesaid mentioned, many people have entered the ranks of BOAC (Booted Out After Christmas). I hear our Editor A. C. Lister (Engineers note that it is not D. C.) is trying to find out how to get a baby buggy. (What this has to do with exams I don't know; but if anyone sees Mr. Lister, tell him to tickle its feet). Seriously, the only subject that took a beating in these last exams is Physics. And Physics seems to be semi-annually taking such a beating. Figures don't lie. We can conclude one of two things. That today's students can't study and take in Physics, OR 2—that our Physics department should take stock of itself and review its teaching methods. I will not lay myself open as to say which of these conclusions is correct, but let me point out that over 62% of the students that "couldn't take in Physics" have at least one first or second division in other subjects.

About The Mission

So there's going to be a mission. Why? For whom? Just what is a mission anyway? Legitimate questions — herewith a few answers.

Last fall the University asked various religious groups on the campus to arrange a University Christian Mission. Unfortunately all groups could not schedule speakers, only the Newman Club being able to do so at this time. Next year plans are being made to have all denominations included.

This particular mission then, is primarily for Catholic students but is open to all who wish to attend. But what is a mission? It is simply a few hours set aside from the rush and whirl of everyday events one week in the year in order to assess one's spiritual progress, to consider one's aims and duties in the light of Christian teaching.

Missions are held yearly in many churches, usually lasting a week. During this time talks by special speakers concerning fundamental Christian teachings are given. Religious exercises and prayer complete the picture. It is for the individual—and is successful for each only to the extent to which one enters the spirit of the mission, with prayer and serious thinking.

Christ set the example. He saw fit to retire from activities for days at a time in order to pray and meditate. Many fellow His example today, with tremendous benefit to themselves. For those of us who cannot make such a retreat, a mission is next best. Only a few hours 'tis true—but far better than none.

Pan-American Club Sponsors Talks

Spanish American visitors, movies and a talk on the Argentine by Miss A. M. Ross will be highlights of the next meeting of the Pan American Club which will be held in the Engineering Building at 7:30 on Monday, January 25.

Several Spanish films will be shown with such interesting titles as "Niagara Frontier", "Ordeal by Ice", and "Music in the Wind". Spanish American visitors from Saint Mary's University and Mount Saint Vincent will be present who will participate in conversational groups with an interested students. Refreshments will complete the program. All students interested in the Spanish language and customs are urged to attend.

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LOST

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