

Dabbings



The Muse:

For posterity, this classic:
The amorous life at Dalhousie
Is stranger than anyone knows,
For in moments when books are forgotten
There are spots where the amorous go.
But seclusion is not so secluded
And a kiss that is hasty or wild
May land on the cheek of a neighbour
And inspire a casual smile.

Miscellany:

It was in England and the year was 1922. Mrs. Theresa Vaughn was the name. She was 24 years old. She was a cover-girl, one who covered the world, and left a trail of husbands. In the space of five years she racked up a whopping 62 bigamous marriages, an all-time record. 'We'll have to punish you' chided the judge. 'Why?' came the quick response, 'I thought it was big-a-me.'

Tears. Idle Tears:

Died: Navy's hopes to win Wednesday's crucial football game when fiery Ginger O'Brien threw an ill-advise right at Tiger McInnes. Result: O'Brien rattled, Stad saddled.

Born: Dal's hopes for football's top notch as the Tiger crew stacked up an impressive 50 points on Saturday.

Swung: the sad song of Frankie and Johnny by Stad's excellent band. "Roll me over easy, roll me over slow".

Wagging: Tongues of many a frat member over the re-printed editorial on fraternities. It seems the exclusive sets can't stand criticism. What is that saying: the truth hurts? The other side: that frats are harmless and caste-less organizations.

Lost: from the door of Nancy Briggs' home, Wednesday evening, one Phi Beta sign, much to the consternation of those present. To flying saucers, a sequel?

Escaped to the west, for 1700 tedious miles, one once known as "All-Fired Hairless". The inspiration: you guess it. The object: "a square dance". Remarks: his heart was young and gay.

Wax Tracks:

Came, and went, last Thursday evening, in Halifax, a torrid wave as hot as burning ebony, flashing a world-famous undefined grin and sounding-off with an equally famous voice strangely reflective of gravel against a long tin chute. The name, Louis Armstrong. The weapon: one brilliantly-played golden trumpet. The legend: one of the greatest names in Jazz. With him, behind pale drums, the dark frenzy of Cozy Cole; on a dark clarinet, pale Barney Bigard. Added one sliding trombone, a walking base, and above all, 'Father' Earl Hines, shattering eight-eight ivories with unparalleled supremacy. Undauntedly interspersed in the chaos of melodically uncontrolled rhythm, bounced, danced and contorted, blues-singer Velma Middleton with amazing energy, jellified humour and fantastic ability for so 'petite' a song bird. When the dust had settled Hines had wilted Honey Suckle Rose; Armstrong excited on Blueberry Hill, and leered over One Kiss; with Middleton, had gurgled, spooned and equevered over That's My Desire and You're Just in Love. Also worked on by the jazzologists supreme: C-Jam Blues, Bugle Blues, Tea For Two. As suddenly as it had begun the wailing horn, the moaning clarinet, the echo of the drums faded Armstrong wrung out his well used handkerchief and Velma's 200 pounds sighed with obvious relief. A completely exhausted audience staggered out. Jazz had come, seen and conquered.

It was back at the turn of the century when out of the slums of New Orleans a type of music came that was to captivate its listeners and become a symbol of the century's first fifty years. With that music, pushing it hard, was this same Mr. Armstrong, whose love for jazz and whose racially inherited sense of rhythm, made him one of Jazz's greatest names. It spread across the nation and up the years of time giving birth to many styles, variations and great instrumentalists. Jazz watched the frenzied tempos of the '20s, the syncopated swing of the '30s, the neurotic noise of Bee Bop and Progressive Jazz in the '40s. Goodman, Miller, Kenton, Clinton, Crosby, Teagarden, were some of the standard bearers—and millions worshipped at the shrine of Jazz. We may prefer Brahms or Wagner but this we have to realize: that since Gershwin wrote the Rhapsody in Blue and Armstrong looked down his horn at a mob in New Orleans, jazz has become a symbol and a part of Western life and culture.

Old Nick Walks in Ancient Customs Of All Saints' Eve

Tomorrow being Hallowe'en, it would seem high time to remind our gate-filching, cows-oh-roof friends (could be students? Never!) that they are not nearly as clever as they like to imagine, but are actually possessed by evil spirits!

Yes, in the good old days the last night of October was supposedly the one evening in the year when all spirits, good and bad, could wander the earth to their heart's content. The good little ghosts are rarely mentioned, they just went back to their old homes and got something earthly to eat, but the evil 'uns!!! They roamed the skies, byways and highways in the form of black cats, vampires, werewolves, witches, and what have you.

With the coming of Christianity, the fateful 31st became known as Hallowe'en, the eve of All Saints Day, but the essential character of the night remained, in fact in some parts of Ireland the eve of November is called "Oidche Shamhna", vigil of Saman, the lord of death, to this day. In general, however, Satan became Master of Ceremonies in A.D.

The Black Mass evolved as the most gruesome event of the evening. This was a parody of the Christian Mass, celebrated by the Devil himself and followed by will revelling until dawn.

The evil spirits were presumably afraid of fire, hence the custom of lighting huge bonfires. As for apple-bobbing and such like, that came into being after the Roman Conquest of Britain. The feast of Pomona, goddess of fruit trees was celebrated on November 1st, therefore the Romans simply combined that holiday with Hallowe'en.

Maybe if more pranksters knew in whose footsteps they were following on October 31, there would be less chaos come morning. On the other hand perhaps the maligned ones really are possessed by demons. What a ghastly thought!

The Questioner

... and the people spake unto him saying: "Does God exist?" He replied, "Ye know in your soul that there is a reaching beyond time and space to that which is omniscient and omnipresent.—reason tells you not of this, only faith."

And the people talked among themselves of this wise genius who had so much wisdom, and they believed what he said and followed in the path of truth laid out by Him.

One day the people were gathered on the mountain, listening to the wise man, and suddenly there came clouds over the sun and there was the flashing of lightning in the sky. The people were blinded by the light, and when they again could see, the wise man was no longer there, but a youth with the light of time shining in his eyes. The people were drawn toward him in wonder and awe, and as he began to speak, their hearts were stirred for his words were strange.

"Is the God of your hearts omnipotent?" and they said, "Yes"; "Can you He do anything?"—"Of course". Then He can build a rock so big that He cannot lift it?"

There was muttering in the crowd, and no one answered. Again the youth questioned them: "Is your God omnipresent," and they said, "Yes." "Can he therefore exist in a vacuum?"

The people could not answer and they murmured among themselves that these were foolish questions, but in their minds, they knew they could not answer, and with troubled hearts they went on their way. A few looked back at the youth, and he was as they had left him, but as the sun sank behind the mountain crest, he seemed to fade into the mists, at one with night and day.

Suicide

The comber's boom in the leaden gloom
The eerie shriek of a plunging sea gull
The tolling bell knelling the growing sell . . .
I hear them all as the dark shroud of
Night puts out the Lamp, my only Light.

My horror grows as fingers of darkness press tight
Against my throat — the moaning groan of
The tide of the sea as it presses relentlessly on
The snarling gurgle of baffled foam flecks
My face and smothers my bones.

The haunting call of the lonely loon
Is the only end of Life gone too soon. —M. E. N.

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2. Cost of tuition, books and instruments will be paid by the Department of National Defence.
3. Initial rank will that of 2/Lieutenant.
4. Those accepted under this scheme must serve in the Active Force for a minimum of five years.
5. Those interested are requested to interview Major G. T. Kirk, the Resident Staff Officer, Dal-King's COTC, in his office located in the Dalhousie Gym, or telephone 3-6954.

Law Notes

Today is the day the big case comes to trial. A number of persons prominent in the Law School will be called to the witness stand in Supreme Moot Court to testify for the Plaintiff, Alfred Harris, student or for the Defendant, the Dalhousie Law Library Committee. Proceedings will get under way at 2 p.m.

In question is the right of the committee to impose fines and in particular to impose a fine on plaintiff, for holding a library book beyond a specified period. Counsel for the Plaintiff, the sedate and reputable firm of Cles, Macdonald and MacIntosh content that their client was unjustly fined. The equally sedate and reputable firm of Harrison, Lockwood and Smith claim that the fine was legally imposed and just what was deserved.

A writ of CERTIORARI was obtained by the Counsel for the Plaintiff in a special Chamebrs before Mr. Justice O'Hara Thursday. Use of this proceeding caused quite a bit of disturbance as few people knew anything about the writ. A careful check revealed that only a very few CERTIORARI actions have been started even in the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. To most practising lawyers it is only a vague name, remembered from History of English Law class as one of the five Prerogative Writs. Up to the time of this writing a motion for Cerioraru, Notice of Motion Affidavit of service, Affidavit in Support of Motion, Writ of Certiorari, Entry of Appearance and Statement of Claim have been filed by the respective parties of the action. These have been posted on the bulletin board and may be examined by any interested students.

The annual Law Ball was held at the Nova Scotian Hotel Friday night. Everybody present stated that they had a grand time and congratulations are in order for the hard working committee of Don Goode, Kevin Griffin and Sheila Parsons for the success of the affair. Dean Horace E. Read and Mrs. Read, Professor and Mrs. W. E. Lederman, and Professor and Mrs. R. G. Murray were chaperons.

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