

DENT NOTES

The dents are back at the old grind again. Welcome to the first year class and I hope you have a successful year.

Dr. J. S. Bagnall, our dean of Dentistry, has received a fellowship from the Royal College of Surgeons in England. Only two of its kind has been awarded in Canada. Such an award is indeed an honor to our university and numbers Dr. Bagnall amongst its outstanding men.

Dr. J. Dobson has been appointed professor of Dentistry and director of the dental infirmary. Dr. Dobson has been a longstanding member of the dental faculty and his appointment serves as a valuable addition to the staff.

The dental students held a smoker in the Men's Common Room on October 6. Dr. Bagnall addressed the Dents concerning future responsibilities of the dentist.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Baxter on the birth of a son.

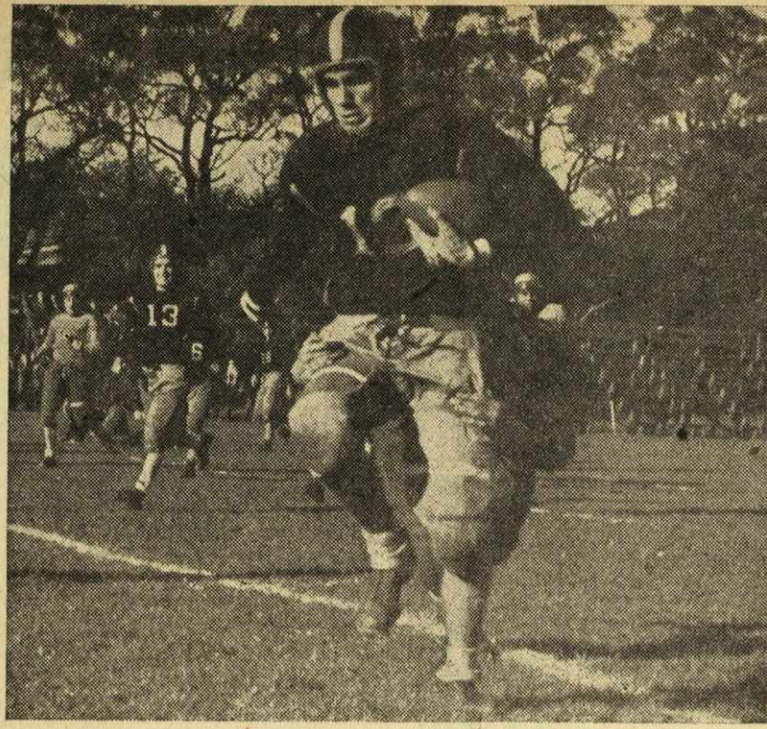
We were sorry to learn that Dr. Ritchie, a long standing and esteemed member of the dental faculty died September 7.

Sodales—

(Continued from page one)

will be posted as to time and any change that may be made.

No schedule has been received from the M.I.D.L. conference yet as to Intercollegiate debating, but will be published when it comes in. A bigger league is expected this year than last, with a few new entries to swell the roster.



(Gazette Photo By Soberman)

ARRESTED MOTION—Pete Feron (12) of Dalhousie thought he was off for a touchdown a split second before this picture was taken. You can imagine his surprise when the Air Station tackler caught him from behind—or you can look at the expression on his face.

Thea Arthurian Legends

Chapter 1

The Man In Midfield

A hastily gathered meeting of the Nights of the Round Table convened at the fifth turn of the hour-glass in the central Gasnoop office. The honourable members present were no ordinary mortals at the time, being both of high position and temperament.

The group met for the expressed purpose of discussing a crushing defeat administered to Dullhousie's jousting team that afternoon, for a visiting team from the north had won six matches without breaking a lance. (Forsooth, such a catastrophe would not have been perpetrated in my day. But, alas! I am now too old and weak for other work than as King Arthur's recorder.)

The meeting opened as the self-appointed Chairman, and the most elevated person present, Sir Wind MacKneel declared, "Never in all my score and seven years have I seen such a joust."

"Why," quoth MacKneel, "does not the central committee of Dullhousie employ district referees for its games?"

Gasnoop investigator Sir Slush Well rose to the defense of Dullhousie's integrity. "Never let it be said that we did not try. But the scoundrels from the northern regions!!! the impudent apple growers!!! the... the... they stole a joust on us, as the saying goes."

"How did that come about?" inquired Sir Rob Quill, looking up dreamily from a mug of mead before him.

"Thusly," MacKneel explained. "They hid among them one of their most partisan supporters as they rode out onto the jousting field. Then quickly they trampled our referee under foot, covering him with mud from the field such that he could not be seen by the spectators."

"Yea, but we had more referees on reserve," pointed out another Gasnoop investigator, a namesake of His Majesty. "They should have been put on to judge."

"But you must not underestimate the wife of the apple growers," quoth MacKneel. "As soon as they had mudded our referee sufficiently, they sat their own man in

How Many Dreams In Drama

By NANCY ALLEN

"The play is the thing," said Shakespeare. But he only had a third of the truth. The other two-thirds belong to the actor and the audience, because a good play without good actors is weak and a bad audience (the kind that laughs and giggles for its own amusement) makes any play impossible. So the three important elements of Drama are the play, the actors and the audience and among themselves they should be able to create a complete work of art. Something to freshen the imagination.

In a tragedy like 'Macbeth' the audience must identify itself with the movement of emotion. This intimate identification makes them feel the powerful conflict in the characters which the actors are portraying. Comedy is something else. It is a history of misfortunes which the audience views objectively. There is a lack of identification on the part of the audience and because of this lack, a feeling of superiority. The difference between comedy and tragedy is all in the way you look at it.

Bad plays are exciting for a short time. They help us forget what we do not want to remember. They are artificially stimulating and intoxicating. But like rum punch or gin fizzes, the effect wears off and we are left with a headache.

A good play has balance, contrast and unity. Its object can be summed up in a single phrase or sentence. And it helps us to remember what is best remembered. It makes us feel. The sweeping arc of emotional experience can be distilled into a few words, like Macbeth's in the murder scene, "I go—and it is done."

The actor should feel himself in his part without losing himself in it. He must learn to give himself to the part and to the audience. The more the actor gives, the better the actor he is. He cannot afford to be self-conscious or inhibited. And he must learn to stand

mid-field, and thereby had the advantage unbeknownst to us."

By this time, the meeting has progressed to a hazy stage, since most of the Nights had drunk their full month's ration of mead, which is enough for any night's carouse.

The Honourable MacKneel, however, had yet a remedy to offer in the case of future jousting tournaments. "Why," he asked, "do we not attempt the same strategem when we attack the apple growers in their district, and instruct our men paint our name on the apple growers stands at the beginning of each joust, thereby assuring that we win the match, because they will score for us."

MacKneel leered triumphantly, hammering his mead mug on his stool, and looking around for praise from the Nights, but their approval was too weak to be heard through the clinking of mead mugs.

NEWMAN CLUB

On Sunday, the Dalhousie Newman held its first meeting of the year. The election of officers and directors of the various groups was completed, and the aims of the club described to the new members.

Plans were made for a dance during November, and also for a series of Communion Breakfasts.

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The Salmon

By LEW MILLER

Four watchful eyes from the fishing craft
Survey the arc of wooden floats
To notice the strike of unwary fish
Or other drifting fishing boats.
Suddenly several floats submerge,
Two voices shout with one accord,
"A strike—a strike—By God it's big."
The boat is turned at once toward
The sunken floats that mark the strike,
And four gaunt hands drag in the twine
Till the silver sheen of the mighty fish
Is flashing through the murky brine.
"A salmon, by God,—and a big one too,"
A cheerful voice now loudly cries;
"Put the gaff in him, Jed, 'fore you take him out,"
Another anxious voice replies.
The gaff is held above the sea
And when the salmon struggles near,
Stirring and splashing and thrashing foam,
The fisher with his curving spear
Strikes and pierces its sturdy back.
"Now watch him, Jed—he ain't ours yet,"
The salmon tries to shake the gaff;
"Now heave him when I lift the net."
The fish is lifted in the boat,
A club is used to pound its head,
The net is freed and again at work
And soon the fish is almost dead:
And later when the day is spent
Four weary eyes survey their prize
That lies among its smaller mates
And stares with rigid, glassy eyes;
Two weary voices proudly say,
"By God it's big."

Sam Peeps—

(Continued from page 2)

falls directly into the mouth of the serpent, which is very strange.

All the afternoon in the cellar with the colliers, removing the coles out of the old cole hole into the new one which cost me prettily but was worth the expense in that I laughed at one of the colliers, Wiggles Pilchard, who became cole-black.

Monday, Oct. 18 — Up betimes, hearing that Will Shakespeare's play, MacBeth, is to be acted by the scholars—and I am afeared it will suffer for lack of actors, there being not many accomplished little boys to play the parts of ladies. Some say a monstrous youngster with the voice of a lusty bull is to play the most tragic part of Lady MacBeth.

Much disturbed over this, and annoyed with the D.G.D.S., a group of amateur players, I to bed, tired from a strenuous weekend.

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