way with parallel beams through a tunnel of gusting snow. Within the ice sheathed mechanical mam-

mal coursed a lifeblood of bubbling

ling intensity. Sprawled in various angles of repose and enjoyment their spirit flowed througout the interior engulfing

those receptive and passing by

those receptive and passing by those others.
"Damn college kids", he muttered as the picture was mirrored in his rear view glass. "Damn snow." With his gloved hand he removed some of the steaminess off the glass and released to the steaminess.

off the glass and glanced again at the interior. The lazy, twinkling blue eyes of a little blonde caught his eye. She seemed to be con-

soling one of the fellows with a bottle in his hand. They they

both disappeared from view.
"Irma is like that. Same eyes almost. Little bigger. Bumps out

in more comfortable places. First night we met I was stewed like that guy. Bus drivers convention. Hell, nothing more than a rumdums riot, that was. Dressed in her blue covy dress with the red

her blue sexy dress with the pad-



The Midway:

Speaking of books—a translation.

Added to the list of English translations of foreign works recently was Allessandro Manzoni's "The Betrothed". An Italian novel of a century and a quarter ago, it is the love story of two young peasants whose marriage is endlessly delayed first by the scheming machinations of a sensual local lord and a fear-dominated priest, then by the natural disasters of famine and flood. An excellent study of the character of the Italian peasants (Lucia and Renzo are unforgettable). Poe wrote of it that it "promises to be the commencement of a new style of novel-writing."

Speaking of Poe and hot on the trail of that author's spine-chilling short stories comes Hollywood's "The Man With a Cloak". Joseph Cotton as Poe wanders unknown through the action of the drama till the last scene. In between he takes time off from his wine glass—courtesy a verse-quoting Irish bartender, to defend the young and innocent maiden from Paris, who suspects (rightly enough) that murder is being done under her eyes. Barbara Stanwyck as the scheming housekeeper and her accomplice the butler, are single in review completed, their vicinity during by his own efforts—are crime is never completed—their victim dying by his own efforts—are punished with true poetic justice while Poe wanders off into the rain. Wandering too, as clues to his identity through the action are a raven (alive) and "The Raven" which he quotes with complete unselfconsciousness. Quoth your critic-Nevermore.

Miscellany: From Rome, Italy, comes news that Esquire magazines scantily clad calendar girls are "offensive to the public decency but not obscene." So ruled, at any rate, the Italian court of appeals following the prosecution by the state of the president of the Daily American

Company, distributors of Esquire.
South of the border, Los Angeles, way comes the sad, sad tale of the high school students who, when examined on general knowledge couldn't tell time by a cardboard clock, and their friends who failed to locate their home town on the map, tell where the Atlantic Ocean was, or solve the amount of a 4 per cent excise tax on a \$10 pair of shoes. Cried a Department of Education official, "If we give them any homework their parents scream and if we don't they scream."
The Muse:

From the nonsense of Edmund Sneer—lines.

When we met I thought I'd find
The sweetest love song that could sound. Sorrowfully she went to roam And without song I walked alone.
Then one day in Latin class
Another love accepts my pass:
So some will come and all will fade And these make up my college days.

All Our Yesterdays:

Reminiscent of the era of the roaring 20's and the publicity hounded story of Floyd Collins, schoolboy lost in a Georgia cave is that of Captain Kurt Carlsen, master of the Flying Enterprise, who refused to leave till her bows were dipping under the waves of the North Sea. Among the first words he heard when he got ashore after his vigil was a request to buy the movie rights to the story. Heartening to note that the sensational publicity did not reach the skipper's head, preference lying with procuring another ship than with the movie moguls.

Wax Tracks: Max Tracks:

Abominable though it is to many there are gems to be found in the fashionable shunned Western Hit Parade. After all, in this category lies such unquestionably "classical" tunes like "Tumbling Tumbleweeds", "Cool, Water", "Old Paint", (lately given a Gordon Jenkins treatment) and "Git Along Little Dogie" (also vamped up recently by a group belonging to the "better circle" of music makers. We won't discuss the ear-torturing voice of 'Wilf' Carter or the sobrendering love-tragedies of the forsaken cowboy. But what about the million dollar hits of the Maritimes own Hank Snow? Little boy Snow, with the bottomless larvnx and inventive mind has given many Snow, with the bottomless larynx and inventive mind has given many listenable melodies to radio e.g. "Rumba Boogie" (western or southern?), Golden Rocket. All of which shows that even the cowboy has a musical ear not unlike our own.

The Tiger Smiles:

Entertained Sunday afternoon at the Men's Residence were an effervescent young bevy of young high school girls by the worldly gentlemen of the residence, who passed an idle hour by the weird amusement of mutual exchange of snowballs. Not even a casualty for the glass restoring company of Nesbitt and friend of Kings.

Engaged: Active over the New Year's season was the babe Cupid

the result of whose arrows were four sparkling gems.

Mary Lou Sutherland, of past basketball fame to a engineer

now of Montreal.

Betty Corkum, whose Pi Rho Sigma pin was exchanged for a ring. Also in the same halycon category is one Katherine Auld of the isle of Prince Edward.

And a certain young Halifax beauty, name of Marg Riley to a King's man, name of Craig.

Married: Over the festive season one John Howard Doherty, English student supreme to June Marline MacLaughlin, formerly a resident of Shirreff Hall. Professor C. L. Bennet performed the honors for the bride.

Welching also on the munificence of Cupid Dr. Louise Thompson, professoress of Psychology married up with (for purportedly non-psychiatric reasons) William Willard Welch.

Separated: Tall glamorous El McLanders and Gordie McCoy.

Happy once more one John Nichols with the return to the port city of cherub Kiki, fresh from the Ottawa ski hills.

In conclusion here the wisdom of the following proverbs, and try to reconcile them if you can.

"Great minds run in the same channel".

and "Fools think alike".

"God helps him who helps himselef".

and "Thou shalt not steal".

"Seek and ye shall find".

and "Curiosity killed the cat"

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Introducing . . . JOHAN KOPPERNAES



foreign students at Dalhousie this year is Johan DeVold Koppernaes of Aalesund, in the western part of Norway. A first year Engineering student, Johan says he chose this university not only because of its excellent Engineering School, but because he feels that a better education and closer relations with students and faculty can be obtained at a smaller

Describing Canada as "a good place to stay", Johan hopes to travel extensively, especially to British Columbia. However, he feels that this country is a little lacking on the cultural level, and he would like to see more legitimate theatres, concerts and art exhibits in our part of the world. But Johan's most important reason for liking Canada is, as he puts it, a cosmopolitan student.

Swirling Justice

The snow swirled noiselessly on ig window, creating designs of reezing beauty, a lingering creator of Nature for the heavy rubbig window, creating designs of freezing beauty, a lingering creation of Nature for the heavy rubber, ice-coated blade quickly erased the stormy pattern as it swathed to and fro across the large windshield. Howling with

"Because it is a free country and it seems to give everybody who tries an equal chance". He feels that it is far easier to get ahead here than in his native land, where initiative is hampered by high taxes and a rigid quota system.

Blonde, tall, blue-eyed Johan likes all sports, especially swimming, badminton and sailing. In the latter activity he is especially experienced, having raced as crew with his brother in their "drake" class boat. Fond, as befits a true Norweigan, of skiing, Johan is glad to see the abundance of snow. His little green buggy, commonly known as the Rolls-Morris also keeps him occupied.

This sunny tempered Scandinavian admits to few "pet hates", but says that he dislikes bureaucracy and (this is hardly surprising) radio commercials, which last compare unfavourably with the state-operated, Norweigan broadcasting system.

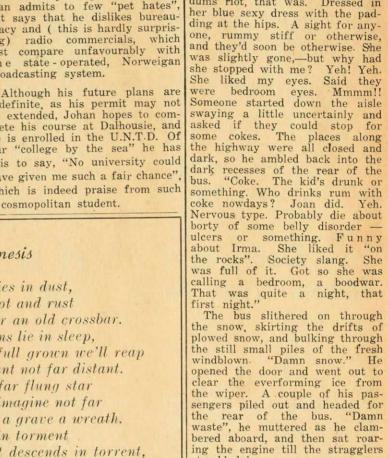
Although his future plans are indefinite, as his permit may not be extended, Johan hopes to com-plete his course at Dalhousie, and he is enrolled in the U.N.T.D. Of our "college by the sea" he has this to say, "No university could have given me such a fair chance", which is indeed praise from such

SAM MARGOLIAN

Palingenesis

Oh earth whose Beauty lies in dust, Leave not your Arts to rot and rust Like a second-hand car or an old crossbar. Oh earth whose aspirations lie in sleep, Those aspirations when full grown we'll reap In one transfiguring instant not far distant. Oh earth-raise me to a far flung star Where old men rest and imagine not far Lies death and placed on a grave a wreath. Oh earth—leave me not in torment Like a tearful storm that descends in torrent, *Et jam cincit joyful mirth.

*And now doth vanquish



stumbled in.

stumbled in.

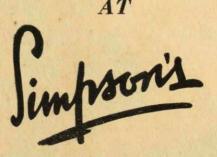
"Don't want to get stuck here. Hell, no!" He jumped back startled by the view in his mirror, blasting the horn in his fright. "Irma, is that Irma?" It was only the blonde girl settling herself, as her friend nudged in beside her. Angrily he jolted the bus in starting. "Pleasure crowd. Not students. Fast times—fast, fast, just so long it's fast, it's O.K." The accelerator rapped the floorboard under his angry thrust. "If they weren't so fast happy, so speed crazy, Irma—." The but skittered on the icy turn, the wheels whining for something concrete. Digging into fluffy snow concrete. Digging into fluffy snow they twirled it away with blasts of snowy exhaust. "Nothing there! Nothing there! Going too fast. Going too-

Hidden in the inner folds of his wallet they found it. A torn, crumpled clipping—: "Irma Dodge, 22, was killed yesterday in the collision of a roadster and her automobile. The occupants of the roadster, returning from a college dance are being held-

J. R. N.

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