

Dabblings



Ones That I Liked:

A woman came into a psychiatrist's office leading a golden spaniel on a leather leash. "And what is your trouble, Madam?" the Doctor asked. Looking askance she replied: "Oh, it's not me, Doc, it's my husband. He seems to think he's a dog!"

Try this one, an even shaggier story of higher mathematics; I mean the one about the inane genius who knew he was 21 because he'd had the seven-year-itch three times.

Miscellany:

The greatest game of musical chairs in Dal's history is scheduled soon when 'the new building' opens. At that restless time Arts will move to Arts-Admin.; Law to where Arts now is; Meds will burst its seams and settle in the Supreme Moot Court chambers. The question: where will the Gazette go? Did I hear "To h—1?"

The Muse:

Observes America's poet laureate, Ogden Nash, on our civilization: I think that I shall never see a billboard lovely as a tree. Indeed unless the billboard fall, I'll never see a tree at all.

Tears, Idle Tears:

Farewell Cassius: Leaving, after several years at Dal, Fuzz Foster, well liked, well known, well fed. Returning, with saddening effect, to Ottawa, whence he came.

Undecided: the blissful love affair of air-cooled David Snow and demure Sheila MacDonald. State of that union—de-pinned; re-pinned.

Married: Gazette warbler of word music, Moya Seegar (no relation to the White Owl fortune), to furtive Dave Nicholson—also in the bargain as a feature attraction: his black, shaggy dog.

Born: To William O'Hara, Law, (with some incidental aid by his wife), nine pounds of carefully assembled fat and bone. The price of this inevitably young off-spring, male, by sex; cigars.

Mystery: Is Lucy Calp married to Stu Wallace yet? If not, why not? Cupid's arrow never plunged so deep. And, 'tis said, somewhat loosely, Lucy has loosed her talents on Law at U.N.B.

Talk of College:

What they are saying: That the tower on the summit of the new building is not only ludicrous but suggestive. It's peculiar anatomy, to some, suggests all sorts of incongruities and architectural indiscretions. That the football league should use white footballs for the spectators benefit. That the Nation hasn't had a party like this one for the Princess since her parents were here in '39. That Dal has the best football team in the Province—still; and that we have shown Acadia and St. F. X. the light for they are contemplating the Canadian game.

Yak Flusher, wise scribe of our Daily Bugle, or You-Can't-Get-Another-So-Read-Ours Journal, one of Canada's leading Viewpapers, had many unkind adjectives for the Dal Tigers then forthcoming game with lucky Shearwater. 'Gentle', 'well-manicured', 'pardon me' are some of the modifications uttered. For shame, knave Flusher, and one will get you two that the 'mah-jong' boys take the crown. High seas of congratulations, thanks and pride to the Mingsos, McKays, Brysons, Harrisons, Goodes, Nichols, Clunys and the more important remainder.

Wax Tracks:

Desirable: Ames Brothers on two oldies 'Sentimental Journey' and 'Undecided'. Deplorable: Swaying Sammy Kaye's Alexander's Ragtime Band. Insane: 'Tinkle Tinkle Song'. Unparalleled: Louis Armstrong's 'Because of You'—cornet and vocal. Superlative: The Weavers 'Kisses Sweeter than Wine'.

Open road to the Med-o-Club's version of Holiday Inn with every night a holiday and emphasis on Dal patronage. Rumours are that bandleader Warner and company have big ideas of a Dalhousie country club.

Hollywood Would. Wouldn't It?

There was The Picture of Dorian Gray; there was The Treasure of Sierra Madre; there was The Champion. And now it is A Place in the Sun to add to the select list of all time greats that lifts the face of Hollywood. Perhaps it was Director Stevens' guidance; or Drieser's original story (An American Tragedy); or the love-filled eyes of Taylor or the superb performance of Miss Winters as the exploited and neglected victim of love's and life's indifferent cruelty. Whatever it was, these, with the realism, the stupendous and ghostly drowning scene, it is truly a masterpiece on celluloid and should not be missed.

In closing do you agree: Society prepares the crime; the criminal commits it.—V. Alfieri.

Law as a Profession; Combines the Interests of Many Other Vocations

Have you given some thought to your career? You say, you would like to be an engineer, a scientist, a writer, a teacher. Very good, but why do you wish to restrict your many talents? How would you like to be a mid-wife, a Dorothy Dix or a social worker? Would you not make a good actor, an architect, an artist? Why not enjoy the fun of a horse-trader, a gambler, a politician? You could be a prophet, an arbitrator, a judge. You could even be a lawyer.

You tell me this description of the legal profession is over-drawn. Lawyers, you think, are smooth, slick, sharp sometimes accurate people, who split hairs in argument as readily as a Freshman splits infinitives. Musty books, stern judicial looks—its dry work, you say, practising law. I tell you, in the only way I can tell you and, perhaps, make you see, that the practice of law is, always has been, and always will be as interesting, as exciting, as fascinating a career as any upon which you may choose to embark. There are, of course, good reasons why you might not wish to practice law, but the prospect of dull work should not be one of them.

The lawyer acts as mid-wife in facilitating and ensuring modern, trouble-free adoption of a multitude of babies—yes! that is part of a lawyer's work. From the day he opens his office, he is a helpful and kindly adviser in many a domestic squabble. He assists in reforming criminals, mending broken homes. But he has fun, too. His clients expect him to be a good horse-trader. Nowadays, so many cases are settled out of court that a good bargainer, not a good barrister, is what the public often thinks it wants. As for gambling, the local lawyer will tell you that even his dullest work—the simple title research—is a first-rate gamble.

Rarely can the lawyer stay out of politics and good government, without him, is well-nigh impossible. He must of necessity be an actor and he is always an architect, building for the future on the solid foundations of the past. Nor will his work last long should he lack the eye or the imagination of the great artist and not share, in some measure, the mystical perception of a prophet.

The legal profession is the most difficult of professions. If hard work, not dull work, is what you fear, you will be right in not selecting this profession. It is precisely because the successful lawyer must combine the talents requisite to the varied tasks he undertakes that his lot is not an easy one. Successful lawyers are the exception, not the rule, and in

Affairs of Law Students Run By Own Law Society

The Law Society is the official organization of all students taking Law at Dalhousie University. Membership is automatically open to everyone registered at the School who is taking the prescribed three year course.

The original constitution of the Society, written out in long-hand many years ago, laid down procedural aspects and executive duties, but says little or nothing about objects or purposes. Hence the yearly activities carried out under the aegis of the Society are largely governed by the unwritten practice of former years. Among other things these include the moot courts—regulated by a special committee chosen for academic ability—inter-faculty and exhibition inter-collegiate debates, the annual three day mock parliament, the usual athletic contests, dinners and social functions, many of which are aimed at bringing the students into close touch with members of the Bar and Bench.

R. St. J. Macdonald,
President, Law Society.

the legal profession "successful" and "wealthy" are not necessarily synonymous.

But "successful," as we all know, is a relative term. One might well ask in 1951, "who is the successful lawyer?" Is it only the lawyer who practises law in the strict sense, the lawyer who has become a great advocate, a judge? A "successful" practising lawyer said to me the other day, only half joking, "I can't imagine why anyone would want to practice law." Perhaps, then, it is the lawyer in business, or the lawyer in government, the great tycoon or the great statesman, to whom the young lawyer should now aspire. Who knows? One can only say that training in the legal profession is more valuable and valued today than ever before and that the opportunities for the able young lawyer in all fields of endeavour were never more abundant. If it is true to say that the practising lawyer must of necessity possess many talents, it is equally true to say that the lawyer, by virtue of his training, has made a place for whatever talents he does possess in all departments of modern business and governmental enterprise. Have you given some thought to your career? Who knows, you may even be a lawyer.

R. G. Murray

O'Hara Sucked In As Violence Flares Over Moot Court

HALIFAX, Oct. 23—(BURP)—Rioting flared today as the customary quiet of the Dalhousie Law School was shattered in a dispute concerning changes in the Dalhousie moot court system.

It all started when a special meeting was called together to hear an address by a newcomer from somewhere West of New Brunswick by the name of Far-rathers. In his speech to the assembled throng, he advocated certain far-reaching changes in the moot court system, only to be met with the cry from the more open-minded element of the Law School that "what was good enough for R. B. Bennett is good enough for us".

In an attempt to prevent the situation from getting out of hand, one of Dalhousie's "grand old men" appeared before the crowd, in the person of the newly appointed Chief Justice O'Hara. With his cane in one hand and his ear trumpet in the other, O'Hara vainly tried to subdue the swelling mob. And such is the respect in which he is held, that the crowd listened attentively to his sage advice for a full thirty seconds. Then, however, they pulled him out of the ladies' wash-room where he had taken refuge) and passed him hand to hand thru the main door of the Law School and out to the gutter of Carleton Street.

By an odd coincidence a street cleaning machine was passing at the time. The operator, intent on the matter of sweeping up waste matter, did not notice the Chief Justice, and swept him in. Search parties are now at work on the city dump, but last reports indicate there will be a new Chief Justice. "Louie"

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ARMY HEADQUARTERS has announced that suitable students graduating in 1952, may be commissioned in the Canadian Army Active Force NOW.

Note:

1. Those accepted will be paid the pay and allowances of a 2/Lieutenant (\$223.00 if single) (\$263.00 if married), per month effective date of application.
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.