

Ode On A Return To My College

Ten years have flown since last I saw these venerable halls,
Where so sweetly I pursued my studies
And the fair young maidens.
Here it was that my mind was quickened
To the appreciation of the higher arts
And the loftiest forms of beauty.
My first year lingers in my memory still
The girl who next me sat in lab
Where we cut frogs together.
How fondly dwell my thoughts on that fair child
Who strove my clutches to escape
By passing her exams, and so, leaving me behind.
My following year, Bio I again, I throw,
This time less fortunate was I
My partner was a fellow.
Alas, as I recall in this place had I many disappointments
The least of these was this,
That they had not then the contest of the Kings,
For had there been such a match
Surely I would be of royalty today.
In that regime, the fairest of the fairer sex alone
Could wear a crown.
Glad am I to see that this despotic rule has passed
And a sharing of the honours now holds sway.
Some other changes too I see as I regard this place
The Students of the Arts now have a house to call their own.
And dwell not in the Liars' den.
The place of eatery too has changed, no more the grovelling of
faint sould across a grimy bar
But rather a more pleasing atmosphere arrests the eye.
The students too it seems have varied since my day
How sombre were the visages one encountered then
Where now the carefree, brainless type prevail.
It's of this latter group that I was leader years ago,
And for this reason,
Spent seven years at Dal instead of four.
Perchance too many classes skipped, too many essays late,
Were cause for this delay.
But still, with these foul marks against my fair, fair name
My seers believed me equal to a gruelling task.
The content of which meant a trip to Spain;
Here I was to learn the Spanish tongue, and represent my country in
that foreign land;
Too soon however, homeward bound I found myself,
Due in part, no doubt, to time spent at the bullfights
Most glorious of sports;
But which, sadly, add nothing to the cultivation of that fair tongue.
In other aspects of my college life was I more successful;
What pleasure fills my breast as I recall the many times
When to victory I led my comrades on.
In my mind's eye, their jubilant faces before me rise
Filled with glee and admiration for my great performance.
Ah yes — being the Mascot of a team has its just rewards.
In other channels also gave I of my talents,
Numerous too far for me to mention.
One however, stood upwards and above the others
And to full advantage this was shown, in all our public shows.
Crowds marvelled at this gift, and modest though I was
I could not help but with these fold agree—
Yes—a henchman of the stage crew was I,
Most glorious of artists.
When to my mind these things so quickly fly,
I cannot help but think longingly of those years,
The happy times, the friends made,
Which now I have no more;
My back I turn upon this place
And to my place of business bend my way.

MED COLUMN

The last regular meeting of the Medical Society was held last week. Paramount on the agenda was the revision of the constitution. This revised version goes before the entire Med student body for voting this week. Approval was given for the ordering of blazer crests of this type for many years. Approval was also given by Dr. C. B. Stewart, the dean, who was a classmate of Dr. H. L. Stewell the originator of the emblem. It was announced that the Med Ball will be held in the Nova Scotian Hotel on March 3 (the Thursday before Munro Day) to which all students are invited. The January edition of the Journal appeared last week containing various articles by Medical students.

As usual arrangements have been made to entertain the Med Queen, this year Janet Conrad, at Phi Rho, the Sunday before Munro Day. This is an annual event which enables the Queen to know more of her subjects.

In inter-fac competition in basketball things are not going too well. Med A (1st and 2nd year) have won two and lost three. Individual scoring is as follows as of Feb. 5:

Wickwire	22
Brown	16
Janigan	18
Parker	16
Millard	16
Kinley	11

Morris	6	2	8
MacKenzie	4	3	7
Williston	5	2	7
MacCulloch	3	2	5
Murphy	2	2	4
H. Epstein	2	2	4
Nason	2	1	3
Skinner	2	1	3
Berry	2	1	3
Smith	1	2	3

The hockey team has a much better record and are headed for the championship again, having won four and lost one.

Diary of The Mad Journalist

Reprint from Queen's Journal

St. Cuthman and St. John of Matha — The Mad Journalist has received his first Valentine card in three years, and a manly tear of gratitude has visited his eye. For several seasons, he has been distributing Valentine cards to dozens of his friends in the fond and optimistic hope that the expression of his love would generate sufficient emotion to bring in returns. But the stream of life and all the brouhaha has often passed him by. He has been left behind unnoticed by gay, carefree throngs of happy lovers. And yet, he has not been soured. Oh no, rather has he been mellowed, and still he bestows blessings of paternal munificence upon all those who are filled with tender thoughts of love. He may walk Alone, but he desires the Happiness of Others.

February is the month for Valentines. It is a wonderful thing to know that in spite of the snow and the fierce wind, Somebody Cares. The sun shines more brightly, and was that a robin chipping outside the library window?

As Toady said, O joy, O bliss, O poop-poop!

Went shopping today for a new toothbrush, having exhausted the surge of feeling brought on by the Valentine Card. The reason for this spree was that my old brush proved much too stiff, and while it was bought only a fortnight ago and is still shiny new, it tended to shred my gums badly — rendering mastication difficult. . . . There are several schools of thought in the matter of teeth brushing. Some people favour the front-to-back school while others adhere to the old inside-to-outside method. I am a staunch supporter of that group which advocates the back-to-front movement; that is, I begin lightly at the back molars and progress to the front with a nice sweeping wrist motion. The operation is climaxed with vigorous brushing lavished on my front two teeth (the ones that show), and there is always much close mirror-peering and final buffing before the job is finished. . . . I managed to find a new brush to my liking, and when I got home I spent a pleasant hour to two with both brush and paste.

Was pretty severely reprimanded the other day for mentioning in this diary the incident of the fellow who accused me of trying to be intellectual because I was reading comic books. My critic told me that I seemed to regard the whole matter with an annoying sense of superiority. Pooh on him. He evidently has an inferiority complex, and wants me to limit my reading to comic books so that I'll come down to his level. The day The Mad Journalist does this there will be five moons in the sky.

Was talking to a friend about dogs lately, and he mentioned that it is difficult for man's dumb chum to be both a pet and a show animal. . . . I have an ancient and venerable black cocker spaniel at home whose fourteen years of eating and sleeping have automatically disqualified him as a show dog. Bobs II lost his boyish figure a long time ago, and has spent his latter years being happily fat. The fact that Bobs is old does not mean he has lost any of his essentially romantic character, and within a month or so I expect to receive reports that he is again staying out all night on the doorstep of a cute blonde spaniel who lives up the road a bit. He is a reprobate, although we did try our best to change his wayward ways. We brought him up an Anglican, but

he soon left the fold and went to a United Church with our neighbour. At the moment his is a Continuing Presbyterian, which may or may not explain something.

Mentioned all this to another writer on the campus, and was told that anyone who pretends toward literary achievement should own a cat. All the best writers, including another famous diarist named Marchbanks, were said to boast a pussy in the parlour. I, however, do not like cats overly much. They make me nervous, and to tell the truth I am a bit allergic to them. A kitten is cute, but kittens grow up into horrid felines. Bobs does not like cats either. . . . they make him even more nervous than they do me; in fact, he is terrified of them. I trust his judgment.

Had a very interesting discussion yesterday on the respective merits of the English and French peoples. My friend argued quite logically that (a) he liked the French; (b) everything he liked was good, and (c) that therefore the French were A Good Thing. I replied that the English were just as good, if not a great deal better. This is a self-evident fact, so I did not have to revert to logic. . . . Dr. Lower has pointed out that the English characteristically follow their noses, which leads ultimately to traditional institutionalism. The French, on the other hand, do not follow their noses, but rather the pretty girl in front. This sort of thing leads to proficiency in the fine art of love. I suppose that you pays your penny and you takes your choice. . . . and upon further reflection, I think the French really have something to offer in the way of choice. We must keep an open mind about this in the future.

Students' Council Asks Applications For Six Positions

Vic Burstall, president of the Student Council, has announced that applications for several campus positions must be received by him by February 22nd.

The positions in question are Editor and Business manager of Pharos, Editor and Business manager of the Gazette.

The positions in question are as follows: Editor of Pharos, Editor of the Gazette, Business Manager of Pharos, Business Manager of the Gazette, Manager of the Rink Canteen, and Campus Publicity Director. All applications are for the college term 1955-56.

The applications will be examined by the outgoing Council, and the announcement of its choice will be made on Munro Day, March 8th.

Nominations for elected positions must be completed this week. The Arts and Science Society met today to nominate for Council positions, and the Law Society will meet for the same purpose tomorrow. All students are asked to watch for announcements of the meeting of their society.

The Council Munro Day committee is sponsoring a Quartette contest for the big day, and interested parties are asked to contact either Jans Wilson or Anne Thompson at Shirreff Hall for information. Entries so far are from the Law School and Phi Kappa Pi.

Speaking Of Politics

by: PIERRE

The Dalhousie-King's political elections are over for the year 1955. The event, unprecedented in the history of the two institutions, brought 593 voters to the polls, many of whom having first listened to leading provincial and federal political figures.

The Progressive Conservative Party under the leadership of Peter McDermaid of Halifax, shaded the Liberals, led by another Haligonian, Tom MacQuarrie, by 13 votes, the totals being 271 for the P.C.'s, and 258 for the Liberals. However, the winners fell substantially short of an absolute majority since the C.C.F. Party led by Ken Pryke of Ottawa, polled 61 votes.

Campaigning for the elections has been going on for nearly a month, and, although the parties confined their vote-getting activities to a few speeches and many posters, the results are, to say the least, gratifying. However, the word is "gratifying" and not "satisfying". Many are of the opinion that the complete vote-getting potential was not exploited and that, in future years, campaigning on an inter-campi basis should be conducted with this in mind. To this we would like to attach our agreement; however, understand that no attempt is being made here to adversely criticize the manner in which the campaigning was conducted. Anyone who cares to so criticize should begin by realizing that this was the first political campaign in the history of the two institutions concerned and that, ipso facto, the opportunity for inexperienced campaigning was multiplied accordingly. Nevertheless, by so conceding, we are far from saying that something could not be done in the way of improvement, and we suggest here and now that people who are planning to conduct similar future campaigns would be wise to adopt the opinion of the many in favor of a more real life, colorful, electoral campaign.

So much for the elections. The next in order is the Dalhousie

to convene within the next few weeks. Peter McDermaid will, of course, be Prime Minister and capable Tom MacQuarrie will handle the reins for the Liberals in the Opposition. Whether Ken Pryke and his C.C.F.'ers decide to side with the Government or with the Opposition remains to be seen. It could very well be that the third Party will elect to steer a neutral course.

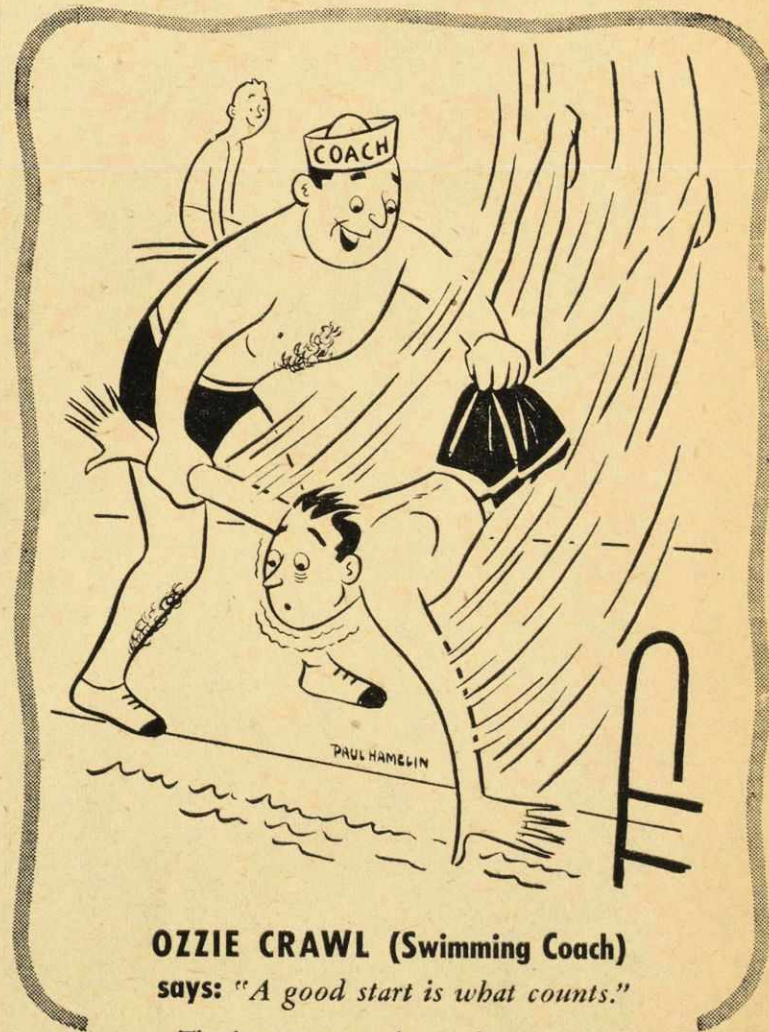
None of the Parties have indicated so far what the nature of their legislation will be. However, dollars to donuts, all pieces of legislation will reflect the policy of the parent national Parties. Much interest is being generated in this Parliament which, admittedly, is an experiment. Hence, one thing seems certain and it is this: the success or failure of the Model Parliament this year will more or less decide whether it will be an annual event hereafter. For this reason, because it has such a tremendous high educational value, we would strongly suggest that everyone seriously consider spending at least part of one night there while it is in session.

This writer is impressed by the turnout at the polls; however, we join with the many others who wish that the Model Parliament will result in a like success.

Intermediate Girls Defeated By "Y"

The Dal Intermediate Girls suffered a 44-27 defeat from the YWCA last Monday, Feb. 7, at the Y Gym. The Tigresses held their own for the first quarter but in the latter part of the game the Y put on the pressure to win easily. Jackie Galloway was high scorer for the Intermediates, hooping 14 points.

This weekend the Dal Intermediates travel to Acadia to participate in the Intermediate WMIAU Basketball Tournament with teams from Acadia, King's, Mount St. Bernard and Mount A.



OZZIE CRAWL (Swimming Coach) says: "A good start is what counts."

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FRIDAY NIGHT

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