



Just what those sections of this column were called has more than escaped the writer's mind. So for the first in 1952 we'll make it sectionless, as if it made a difference!

They call it the festive season, when even the aged know the hilarious significance of 'that extra drink'. But here's one for the record. We'll call them A and B. It is disputed whether it was before or after New Year's Eve, but A and B, two local students, boarded a west bound train for a Truro affair. En route, in the fine traditions of unspoiled youth, one or two were imbibed. Details remain unknown of course, but with the dawn this was the final disposition of our two escapists: A was in a Truro hospital with a broken leg and B later reported to all interested parties from Montreal when he again saw clearly the light of day!

The tracks the wax makes: strongly suggestive of Boston's commons is Jo Stafford's Shrimp Boats, with all the lusty backing of a hopped-up chorus. A startling and excellent introduction features Frankie (Black and Blue) Laine on ever-improvised *Jalousie*. Teresa Brewer (a succulent surname if correctly spelled) is in her Music, Music element with *I Don't Care*, a song that reflects the tenderest of sentiments in her own incomparable fashion.

Still to be seen on down town walls, that proud brand of victory D-A-L; fickle memory may forget what constant water paints does not.

Assaulted, with all the frenzied of premeditated fury, the old Arts Bldg., which is being stripped of all the markings of habitation. Ring leaders in the attack which will bring Law to lawless Studley: Coles, Palmeter and Henderson. While the old traditions thus fled a new arrival: from fertile mother Dalhousie, a proud smile, and this announcement: "We will have a new addition, a machine, with a wall around it, to record earthquakes!" Why not one to spot the wind velocity of our so frequent typhoons? And in the pink walled, many eyed, unmolested new Arts Bulg., students consulted diagrams, asked directions and wandered, lost, in the wilderness of endless halls, looking for classes to further lose themselves in. In one instance certain instructor Webber, seemed about to call a cab for some unexplored corner in that complexity of walled splendour.

To Commissars, Bruce Lockwood and Bob Smith, advocates supreme, went publicity in a recent spread of our Bugtown Bugle. It seems a mock General Assembly of the U.N. will be sponsored by the local Y.M.C.A. and the aforementioned students will represent imperial Russia.

And to laurels-laden Ron Robertson went the highest award of all: the Rhodes Scholarship, the fruit of diamonds, conquest and Empire.

The Muse still will be heard:  
Let this be stressed for all to hear  
Too soon we sigh, and tears will stain  
Away the songs of yesteryear,  
So while we may, come let us reign  
With ever-dancing, tearless flames,  
Of laughter.

Aloft arises this voice of indignation in its just entirety:  
Dec. 4, 1951

Dear Madam:

I would like to register a protest against J.A.M.'s reference in his Dec. 4 column to 'the only resurrection from the grave on record that ever succeeded'. The use of facetious remarks such as this reflect, at the least, a bad taste, which conflicts with the high standard of the paper, including the work of the above named author. I hope it is not an indication of things to come.

Graduate, '50.

Out of the shatterings of glass, one Nosey Nesbitt and company eke a timid living. Broken windows, eye glasses or beer bottles, are reported but part of the unique articles of this glass-restoring association. All fees are moderate.

Prize complaint of the year: the insufferable service of the slow-moving waitresses at the cafeteria at Studley. A hungry man could die while awaiting their equally insufferable sandwiches. In fact, he would rather die—than eat one.

Athlete of the year: Don Harrison, whose touchdown in an otherwise scoreless game gave honour to the team of the year: football.

Tragedy of the year: the morning the marks were posted in the lower gym, when tears and shrieks for mercy arose and fell in the ominous air.

Marriage of the year: C. F. Fraser, of Institute of Public Affairs fame, to Berengere Marie Aimee Pare. The conventional route of romantic escape lies through Boston and Montreal.

Films of the year: 1. The Browning Version (Redgrave was superb); 2. A Place in the Sun (for a tragedy as old as the earth itself); 3. A Streetcar Named Desire (a realism that left you cold); 4. The Lavender Hill Mob (a comedy whose subtlety gave it a humour unseen since Chaplin); 5. Strangers on a Train (between the suspense of tennis sets, a murder).

Five of the worst:

The Big Carnival (Gilmour's second best); King Solomon's Mines; The Great Caruso (as biography); The Prince of Peace (everything in general); Hard, Fast and Beautiful.

Speaking of the hard, the fast and beautiful, these quite irrelevant reflections: at a New Year's Eve dance at a local Yacht Club: contented Barb Doull danced with a young doctor; while Dave MacKeen amused blonde Eve, and danced in similar fashion.

In closing, a fact in line with the dead festive season: in ancient times (when Romans were like brothers) there was one Novellius Torquatus who didn't need a celebration to accomplish this amazing feat: he downed three gallons of wine in one draught. For this he was known as Tricongius, whatever that means.

## Wine and Women in Canadian Universities

With the tricky assignment The Silhouette was handed at last year's CUP Conference in Ottawa, —'University Manners and Morals'—this year's staff will do its best. Although queries and questionnaires were sent out to all of Canada's leading Universities from coast to coast, several of them regrettably enough did not respond. The replies that were received ranged from the hilarious to the strict point-system. As Jim Knight of The Varsity said, "there isn't much one can determine about morals; one can just guess."

One of the best of these 'guesses' came from the McGill Daily, especially on the subject of alcohol. A reply received previous to their suspension of last year considered alcohol with "the status of an old and honored member." Beer, which can be bought in the Quebec grocery stores, and other drinks made their appearance at most games, dances and other social affairs. Legal restrictions on alcohol were heard of only in the envious murmurings of visiting Ontarians. Although the college never supplied alcohol at the dances, the undergraduate organizations which sponsored them usually provided coke, soda, and other mixers for the many who "brought their own".

The "good old days" included the traditional "smoker" parties in the Student's Union, the inevitable gatherings of the "whiffen-pooofs" for beer at the "Shrine"—Cafe Andre and the rugby games played in Molson Stadium where "our spirits included many a bottle and can of that well-known beer. As Mary Draper, CUP Editor of the paper, said in her first letter to us, "There are no rules forbidding alcohol at McGill, and no written rules allowing it... we don't think that our professors would exactly approve of alcohol in lectures, but there is no rule which forbids it!" and again, "You ask is there any special place set aside for this purpose. Why set it aside? ... We don't believe in setting aside places for drinking here—we leave them out in the open."

Last Christmas, however, when intoxicating beverages were sold at a mixed student function in the Union, McGill was forced first to submit itself to a suspension, then to a number of new regulations concerning intoxicating beverages: alcohol is forbidden at dances, beer is to be allowed only at Stag and Club parties and smokers, and cocktails can only be allowed at the McGill Union "if the President of the Students Society has given his written approval, but in no instance may cocktails be served at any functions whatsoever for which tickets have been sold." The Students' Union, however, which is open to men and women, is still the only Student Union in Canada where alcoholic beverages are allowed in any form.

At Toronto, there is also no university regulation against alcohol, but the Caput rules provide for punishment to those whose conduct, due to alcohol, is unseemly. As at McMaster, it cannot be served anywhere on the campus, and is forbidden in Hart House and the residences under University control. Feature Editor Kert said: "It is actually the Liquor Control Board that handles the alcohol regulations here. For example, there is no University statute against throwing a big beer party on the front campus, but the Liquor Control Board would step in and break it up. The pretext would be that the college has no license."

The amount consumed by the individual student at Toronto, however, is a different matter, since who drinks, and what he drinks is something left up to him and him alone. "There is more drinking,"

says Kert, "than there was ten years ago, but now it is so much easier to obtain liquor."

Only one case of drunkenness in which punishment has been handed out has occurred since the war at Dalhousie University at Halifax, which forbids the serving of alcohol at any university function. Any breach of this regulation or any other unbecoming conduct is subject to regular university discipline. Drinking is definitely prohibited on the campus of Acadia University, too. As far as the co-eds are concerned there is no drinking whatsoever in residence. To be caught drinking in residence is punishable with expulsion. This also applies to the male population on the campus.

### Speaks for Everybody

L. C. Coleman of the Queen's Journal states the case for Canadian students in regard to alcohol: "Canadian students don't necessarily drink too much but rather drink in the wrong manner. Their object, often, is an end effect of drunkenness instead of a desire to use drinking as a social stimulus and a source of pleasure to the palate. This, I feel, is something common in our whole society and not confined to universities alone—undoubtedly one of the after-effects of the prohibition era. However, as is commonly felt, university students, if anyone, should be enlightened, and if our society is to adopt saner

ways who take these girls out, and lack of facilities for entertainment in one's own home and lack of any degree of privacy, are a constant headache. Necking, which is a popular pastime among people of student age has to be done out in the open or else the participants have to develop a certain degree of resourcefulness. Co-eds who live in Kingston become unduly popular and those who board in a place where they can entertain become worth practically their weight in gold."

The Queen's counterpart of our Rec Hut is the "Student's Union", or to be precise, the coffee shop. While most of the Union is out of bounds for the co-eds, they are allowed in that part which contains the coffee shop. Prices here are low and the seats are comfortable which results in many of the students forming almost an addiction for the place.

Another institution in Queen's is the annual Sadie Hawkins' Week. For one week during the early part of November, the co-eds take over the social initiative. "There are many pros and cons regarding this institution. At a university like Queen's... it not only provides a relief to many male pocket-books but also provides many of the girls with an insight into the financial problems which exist for many of the men... It can also produce bad results with the egos and inferiority complexes of many of the

### Bubbles

Love is a sparkling melody  
Love is the heartbeat of eternity  
Love is gay and bright and free  
I only wish that you loved me.

Love is tender, love is cruel;  
Love is harsh, and love a school;  
It brings me pain, it brings me joy,  
But love is not a baby's toy.

If it's cheap, it's not worth buying;  
If it's true, it's worth the sighing;  
If it's good, it's worth the trouble;  
If it's false, it's like a bubble.

Bubbles soon disintegrate,  
So does love, it seems my fate.  
Bubbles, troubles, pain and tears  
Don't hurt me, if you are near.

—MEN

ways, they must be among the first to adopt them.

The larger percentage of students at Queen's, when they first arrive there, have done little or no drinking. They also are usually faced for the first time with absence of parental restriction. Like most people, they have a fair amount of the sheep complex,—i.e. follow the leader — the leader in this case being the senior students. They note that these students drink and often to excess. To show that they are 'one of the boys', they also start to drink, and to show that they aren't 'stick-in-the-muds' they don't hesitate to tie one on. They get the idea that they are being pretty smart and boast about their exploits with the bottle, rather than being ashamed of their weakness.

"Apart from the problem engendered by the ratio, sex life at Queen's has little that is exceptional apart from the fact that most of the girls at the university live in residence which produces a slightly abnormal atmosphere. Residence rules are a constant irritation to men. The traditional climax to this week is the dance on Friday night. In past years this was referred to as the Dogpatch Drag and often approached the proportions of a Bacchinal. In 1946 the Drag reached such proportions that uni-

versity authorities clamped down on it and since that time it has been a somewhat watered-down affair. One of the chief objections was to the costumes worn, many of which were supposedly quite indecent. For the following two years costumes were banned, but in the last year or so they have been gradually making their reappearance. Drinking which is occasional at most Queen's dances is somewhat more prevalent at this one, and it is not too uncommon to see a couple arrive with a gallon jug of ready-mixed 'Kickapoo Joy Juice.'

"As a result of the decreased revenue, more dances are held on the campus, rather than at the big hotels downtown. Since liquor is forbidden on the campus, it has become more difficult to get the stuff from the bottle into the drinker at a dance. When a dance is held at a hotel, it is customary for a group of people (anywhere from 4 to 40) to rent a room in the hotel where drinking can be done in peace, if not in quiet.

However, we do make bold to say this: University morals are not very much different from the morals of people everywhere; censure seems to be invited largely because of that inevitable element of concentration, common to all universities the world over.

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