

REPORTING ON—

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thy Macdonald and Sally Creighton have achieved remarkable success. Phyllis Webb is about to publish a book of verse. Pierre Berton has become one of the senior editors of MacLeans Magazine. Jean Burton, who died a short time ago, had made a name as one of the best of the present day biographers.

Eight books out of a hundred do not measure the achievements of U.B.C. authors nor do they indicate the successes they have already attained, nor the place they are likely to attain in the world of authorship in the near future. This is just the beginning.

Millionaires Sweater Dance

The Commerce Society will present its annual Millionaires Sweater Dance this Friday night in the gym with popular Dal man Don Warner and his orchestra in attendance. The Society informs us that pictures of beautiful females like the ones which decorated the gym and were such a big hit last year, are again being prepared for this Friday's dance.

The Society further assures us that, following custom, a "distinguished" panel of judges will confer on the night of the dance and choose a Sweater Queen presenting her with a sweater.

Admission will be, as usual, \$1.25 per couple, with a 25c fine levied on ladies who arrive at the dance not attired in sweaters. The Society advises the men to be sure their gals wear sweaters, if they want to avoid the fine.

Chaperons will be Professor and Mrs. R. S. Cumming and Professor W. Berman and appropriate companion.

Employment

R. B. Griffiths, a personnel selection officer of the Civil Service Commission, will visit Dalhousie on January 21 to meet any students who are interested in the Civil Service, either for employment during the coming summer or on a continuing basis.

Information as to the time and place for interviews will be posted on the notice boards before January 21.

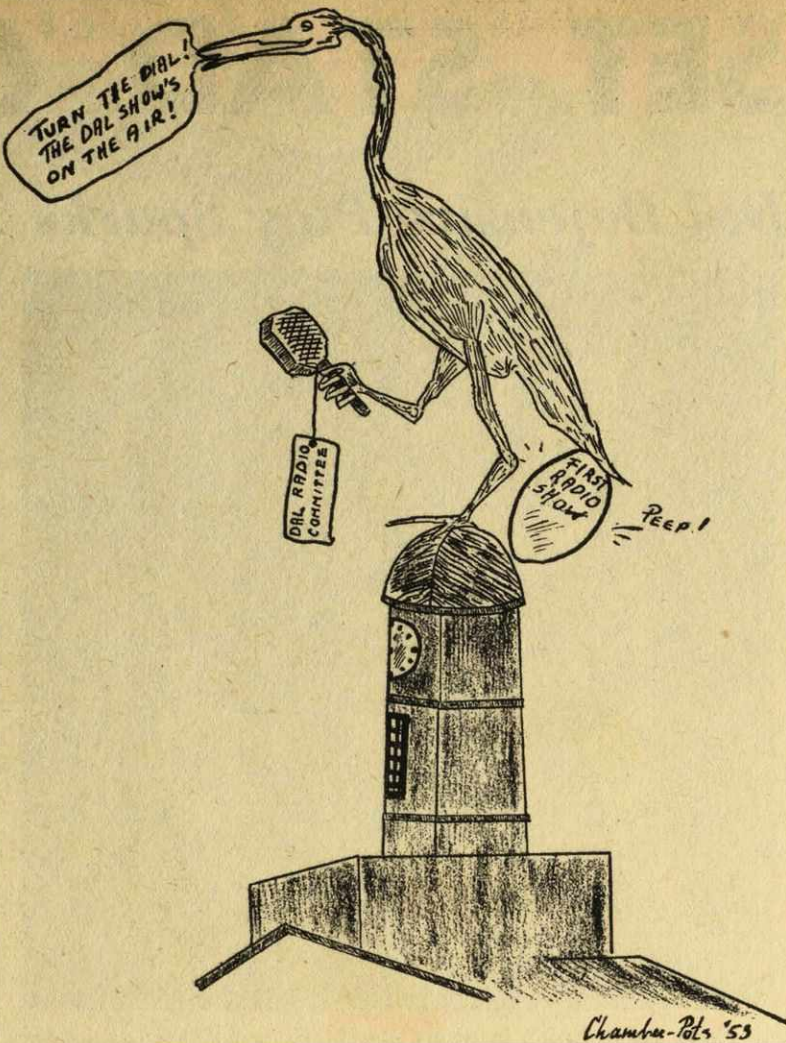
THE MIRACLE OF SUNOVA BEACH

by S.O.S.

The small town of Harvey lies deep in the Bible belt of the sunny south where the very illiteracy and gullibility of the populace fires the imagination of even the most aggressive of evangelists. It was a sunny afternoon as Hoodoo Simpson staggered down to the beach of nearby Gospel Lake. A nearly empty silver flask in his jacket pocket flashed in the sun. Hoodoo was nearly sober; in fact he prided himself on being sober after three weeks of intoxication. The noon sun, however, was too much for Hoodoo's weakened constitution, so he sat down on a small hill of sand to recover his composure. The hot sun tormented him. He raised bleary eyes to gaze at the flaming orb — and then the miracle happened! There, right before his own bare eyeballs, the sun was dancing around the sky. He blinked and looked again — but there was no doubt, the sun was moving across the sky.

Hoodoo jumped and ran into the town—the parish parson must hear of this. His rum-weakened frame unfortunately, was exhausted before he had covered two hundred yards so he slowed to a walk. He decided he needed another drink so that when he reached the edge of town he dropped into the town saloon for a short one before continuing to the parson's house. That was his one big mistake. For while in the saloon he related his miracle to the alcoholic assembly. Thus, as Hoodoo went one way to the parson's house, a large boozey mob headed the other way to Sunova Beach to view the miracle.

By the time the credulous parson and Hoodoo had arrived back at the beach a miracle was truly taking place. The crumby crowd was scattered all over the beach,



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HOBBLER ON FREEDOM

Congratulations, CBC! You have successfully protected Canadians from television for five years after our American cousins fell victim to it, and promise to continue to protect us for some time. You have saved our pure Canadianism from the contamination inherent in American commercial radio.

"A Good Wireless System", in The Manitoban recently by F. L., vigorously defends the CBC for actions like those mentioned. He attacks the quality of Canadian private radio, the "lobby" of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, and all those, like the Manitoba University Liberal Club, who have advocated the removal of the CBC's power to regulate private stations.

F. L. forgets many things. He forgets that the record programs he complains of originate largely because the private sponsors are

not allowed to form networks, and therefore can't attract sponsors able to finance live broadcasts.

He forgets that some American cultural influence is inevitable and that we would do better to absorb rather than to oppose or ignore it.

He forgets that the CBC has prevented and is preventing Canadians from enjoying the information and entertainment conveyed by television, even though private companies were ready and willing to shoulder the expense and risks involved. He forgets that our taxes and license fees are used by the CBC to educate us in the way the CBC feels we should be educated, whether we like it or not.

Most amazing item of all F. L. completely forgets, or chooses to ignore, the fact that none of the groups he attacks have suggested that all controls over private radio be removed. They have asked that some separate government body be set up to handle the regulatory function so that the CBC will not be at once competitor and referee. Why, then, should F. L. rush so desperately to the rescue of our Canadian way of life?

No sane man would consent to enter any contest where his opponent was also the presiding official. No other business, industry, public service or what have you in Canada is forced to operate under such conditions. What the critics of the CBC demand is another body to regulate Canadian radio, while the CBC continues to operate its present network.

It is not denied that the CBC has acted with fairness in most of its dealings with private stations. But to allow an impartial umpire to play first base for the opposing team is still a bad and dangerous principle.

This writer believes that too much regulation has stunted the growth of a healthy and vigorous Canadian radio, and that the same sort of control will possibly so channel television that this most important media of communication will be unable to bring to the Canadian people the breadth of information vital to our continued existence as an expanding and vigorous nation.

But this is not the issue raised by F. L. That question is simply one of elemental fairness. His misleading statements cannot be allowed to bind us to that fact.—D.B.

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Editor's Note: The following Dal song has been printed as the ONLY entry to date in the Dalhousie song and yell contest, sponsored by the Students' Council. This contest was mentioned several months ago, on this page. Should this be considered a fair indication of student spirit, or rather student apathy? The following entry was, in fact, handed in by a member of the staff, Mr. A. O'Brien. If any student would like to set this song to music, send your entry to this office, and for those who would still like to contribute songs and yells, and especially yells, we would like to remind you that the contest is still open.

DALHOUSIE SONG

by M. Alan O'Brien

Let's really go Dalhousie,
We'll show them how to play the game
They may think we're not so hot
But they will see we're not so tame,
So let them see our spirit
If we don't win you're not to blame . . .
'cause when we hear the Tiger's roar
Our hearts will really soar . . .
When you reach the Halls of Fame
You'll read Dalhousie's name . . .
They're all our old real pals . . .
They're playing hard for Dal . . .
Come on Dalhousie . . . WIN!!

The Wall

*In almost all my friends
There is a wall,
A Hard Impossible wall,
A wall of Pride,
And I cannot get through to them.
Sometimes my head aches so
From beating it against the wall,
That I could cry out with chagrin and frustration . . .
Yet I always knew the wall there,
And probably always will be
But with the friends who KNOW
There is no wall,
For we are one another,
Indissolubly united, forever—
And when I meet someone for the first time
I can tell whether or not
There is a wall.
And when there is no wall
We find a greater interest,
An intense, unbreakable attraction.
Just watch next time
You enter a room,
You enter a room,
(If you are one of those who KNOW)
The waves rise up and hit you in the face,
Powerful, terrifying powerful,
And you can tell at once
If the people in the room have walls or not.*

T. C. S.

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