

Dabblings



The tame lips of Wilde in an era long dead, once gushed: "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about and that is not being talked about". It is with this in mind that "Dabblings by J.A.M." was conceived and begotten, with all the varried and succulent flavours obtainable. (But please don't suggest we be given a 'raspberry'!).

TALK OF COLLEGE:

Out of the night that is our complex University administration comes this revealing tale: a letter addressed to the Editor of the Dal Gazette finally arrived, after much unwarranted intervention, at its proper place next week. It concerned a request by Varsity for date on the rising cost-of-colleging. Somehow it got to the Journal of Public Affairs; somehow it was inadvertently opened there; somehow, with a surprising demonstration of non-confidence, it arrived on Dr. Kerr's desk with this note attached: "... thought you'd be interested". Really, gentlemen, High School students are trusted with more discretion than this would indicate.

We're waiting to hear the inevitable comments from our brother Maritime Colleges on Dal's withdrawal last spring from the technicality laden M. I. A. U. It should make interesting reading, if not enlightening.

Broken: one arm. At the other end of which is the fabulous Burns Martin. As the story goes he was caught in one of equally-fabulous Peter's overly-zealous tail-chasing whirlwinds. Grumbles Burns: "Winds howl around the loftiest peaks!" Sez Peter: "Mama will bark!" Say we: all kidding aside, our regrets, our sympathy and our congratulations in the early "cast-off!"

MISCELLANY:

In a Southern University, a new fad, almost as pointless as the '20's flagpole sitting or the '30's "knock-knock". Called, (we guess) grass-hopper eating. Being the only authentic tobacco-chewing member of its sect, it also has the annoying attribute of kicking on its way down. Said one gill-green Miss after a hasty and reluctant performance of the feat: "I hope it isn't picked up for speeding on the oesophageal curve by some white 'cop-uscle'".

TEARS, IDLE TEARS:

Married: somewhere in the Fundy fog, a former 'Mim' Spicer, second year law, to Buzz Kerr, of same destiny, she for her first

time, he for the first time, both, we trust, for the last time.

Under contract to marry, Judith McKeen, Arts, to Art Moriera, LL.B., and despite the crafty manipulation of the word "art" we know it's more than a case of 'Art for Art's sake'.

THE MUSE:

We will pay \$500.00 in any type of Chinese defunct currency to the one who can hang an author on this charming piece of poetic eloquence:

The centipede was happy quite
Until the frog in fun, said,
Pray which leg comes after
which?

It wrought his mind to such a
pitch
He fell exhausted in a ditch,
Considering how to run! (take
heed.)

SOME LIKE IT HOT:

The trail of the waxings in these days, like history, is repeating itself and seems unable to decide on a single standard of music for the present era, for it has given us a diversification unprecedented. There was the brief period of the 'corn' diet with western-like pieces on the hit parade; there was the neurotic dischords of bee-bop that before its welcomed decease, almost drove us off the brink. More recently an odd mixture of Dixieland jazz, the solid rebirth of swing and the carefully created chorus-work of oldies like THE SAINTS COME MARCHING IN. For examples of a musical world doesn't know consistency, try: DOWN YONDER (Dixie on an old Eastern reel); WALKIN' AND TALKIN' BLUES; DOWN SOUTH CAMP MEETING (a re-waxing by Goodman of the pre-war era); or the OCEANNA ROLL. Avoid Sinatra's CASTIE ROCK and expect to hear a whole lot of COLD, COLD HEART (an echo of O Foolish Heart, and destined for as much popularity—although we don't know why.)

HOLLYWOOD, WOULDN'T IT?

See M.G.M.'s SHOWBOAT but don't expect acting. To out-Olivier Olivier, see Ferrar's performance in CYRANO DE BERGERAC. PRINCE OF PEACE—unless you want to be robbed, avoid this insult to the paying public. Shelley Winters shows, as well as other notable attributes—a fine affinity to acting in HE RAN ALL THE WAY; A PLACE IN THE SUN—both well done, both sincere treatises of evil and youth's tragedy respectively. As

Dalhousie To Present "God Caesar" In Dream Festival

The Inter-University Drama Festival is held each year. The participating universities being Dalhousie, Acadia, Mount Allison, and King's. The Festival, under a Managing Committee composed of the presidents of the various university drama clubs, is an annual affair, in which one-act plays are presented on a non-competitive basis. This year Dalhousie is running the affair. Tentative date

for the festival is the first weekend in November.

On Friday night the plays will be presented at Dalhousie, Saturday at Mount Allison and Monday at Acadia. Dalhousie's entry last year, "The Marriage Proposal" by Chekof was well received. The entry for this year is "God Caesar", a Canadian comedy by Marjorie Price, and is directed by Professor Bennet. King's is entering "Everlasting Flowers" by Philip Johnson, and Acadia, "Abraham and Isaac." The name of Mt. Allison's entry is not yet known but it is expected that they will participate as usual.

"God Caesar" was entered in the Nova Scotia Drama Festival held in May of last year in Truro and was under the direction of Art Hartling, who will be remembered for his portrayals of many of Shakespeare's characters. At that time the play received a very high adjudication from Prof. Bennet. Joanne Murphy played in the role of Cleopatra, and Natasha Coffin that of Calpurnia. Both stars will be repeating their performance this year, under the directorship of Prof. Bennet. The role of Caesar, handled by George Tracy last year, will be played by Ron Pugsley; the state Taro, played by Robin MacNeil last year, will star Malcolm Macaulay. Admittance to the four plays will be determined at a later date. Last year admittance was twenty-five cents and Council card.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the Cercle Français on Tues. evening, Oct. 23rd in the Engineering Bldg. Everyone interested is cordially invited to attend. The meeting will get under way at 8 p.m.

Rehearsal For "Captain Applejack" Encouraging

Thursday night saw a good turnout for the first rehearsal of the Glee and Dramatic Society's initial venture for the '51-'52 season. "Captain Applejack".

The club is fortunate in being again able to secure the services of H. Leslie Pigot, the astute director who has guided such triumphs as last year's "Romeo and Juliet", and prior to that, "Othello", as well as many delightful comedies.

Although parts were not cast, Mr. Pigot familiarized the potential thespians with Walter Hackett's play, enticingly described as "An Arabian Night's Adventure in three acts", and "round robin" readings were held. Plans being made for a more decisive rehearsal in the near future, our Oliviers and Bankheads scurried home to study their scripts.

DAVID, Peck was fair; as BASH-EBA, Hayward was miscast; for such an emotional story there was too much of Hollywood's colour and lust for sensationalism. In closing, PEOPLE WILL TALK was no parallel to the Directors' previously famous, and rightly so, ALL ABOUT EVE.

U. N. T. D.

UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISIONS

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The following was written by a cadet, one of 150 cadets of the University Naval Training Division taking sea training on board HMC Ships La Hullose, Crescent and Swansea.

Six short weeks ago, I, like all my companions, was a college student, talking politics over coffee in the campus hamburger stand. But for the past month-and-a-half I have had little time to think of politics, let alone discuss the subject.

It has been an eventful six weeks. In that brief time I have been taken out of civilian clothes, dressed as a prospective officer and given the title of cadet. On arrival at the coast, I was put through a whirlwind navigation course, and sent to sea. I have crossed the Atlantic, been lowered in a sea-boat, toured naval establishments in Great Britain, spent a weekend in London and a day in Edinburgh—all this within 50 days of my first sight of salt water.

It has been an eventful six weeks—but no holiday. I worked harder, for longer hours, than any civilian job has ever demanded. And I have been seasick. Seasickness is a good joke when you are spinning a yarn ashore but while you are sick it is unmitigated misery.

I have come to feel the discipline imposed on me by my superiors, at first appearing somewhat unnecessary, was entirely for the well-being of both the service and myself. I haven't taken all this discipline meekly, having done my share of complaining, wondering at first but with much more understanding now.

But there have been pleasures to balance the nausea, the long night watches and the crowded messdecks, I have been learning seamanship and have come to take discomfort in my stride. I have felt something of the rough and ready companionship of men living in HMS Excellent, the Royal Navy gunnery training establishment at Whale Island, and in HMS Victory, the flagship of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

I have seen England with its lovely lanes and trees, such a contrast to my native prairie. I have stood 'midst "beauty's filtered dust" in Westminster Abbey and I have seen the final dress rehearsal for such famous and traditional pageants as the trooping of the colour and the Royal Tournament at Earls Court.

Yes, in the past six weeks in the University Naval Training Division I have learned worked, suffered, laughed, and seen. In short, I have lived more in this period of time than in any six months of my life.

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Commanding Officer Dalhousie-Kings U. N. T. D.

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