

F E A T

Time to Clean Up the Mess

The mess of accumulated trash left by thoughtless students on the floor of the Common Room in the Men's Residence is a disgrace to the university and a reflection upon the standards of the student body.

Before the canteen was introduced into the Common Room the floor was occasionally messy, but not more so than could be expected under the circumstances. Last year, however, after the canteen was opened for the convenience of the students, the floor was littered with empty coke bottles, discarded chocolate bar wrappers, and other refuse.

People would buy refreshments at the counter and then throw the wrapper on the floor, among a litter of empty coke bottles and apple cores. The main reason for this was just plain laziness.

If a number of suitable containers were available however, students would be less apt to throw their trash on the floor. The Powers that be should make more allowance for human weakness and install a few more waste paper baskets in the Common Room.

This would solve the greater part of the problem, but there are some students, born trash-throwers, who can never be cured by such methods. More severe measures should be available.

To end this mess once and for all, the Students' Council should make it known that all students found throwing rubbish on the floor of the Common Room will be fined. Several signs announcing this fact should be posted in prominent positions, and an example should be made of offenders.

If there is no improvement this year, it would not be too surprising if the University authorities, disgusted by the mess, should withdraw canteen privileges, and thus deprive the students of a convenient refreshment counter. The students would have none but themselves to blame if this were to happen.

Dawn

There is a misty aura of sparkling gems
Dancing above the waves at dawn,
Apollo spilled them, his gift to day
As his chariot pranced
Through the pillars of haze.

The flickering fingers of quivering silver
Playfully snatch at each tiny beam
There are too many for the palm to grasp
They spill and lie forgotten
Until eternity gathers them in.

M. E. N.

Frosh News

The Freshman Class of 1950 made their official debut at Gym on Monday night and their Freshman Show was an outstanding success. The sophomores seemed to be enjoying their lordly positions, undoubtedly being spurred onward by the too vivid memories of their own trials and tribulations of last year.

The programme got off to a flying start with a presentation of an aptly performed "Bumble Bee" by Gloria Kent, followed by what sounded like a syncopation of "Three Blind Mice".

A quartet of four boys from "Canada's Newest Province" delighted the audience with their version of their old provincial Folk Song "The Squid Jiggin' Ground". They were followed by Ron Green with his imitation of Al Jolson. The Shirreff Hall contingent bid a fond "Goodnight, Irene" and a surprisingly lusty performance of the "Weaver's Song".

The audience was puzzled by the deapan "Lost Wanderers" but John Begin changed all that with a few poignant remarks. Those boys certainly know how to handle a "geetar". Wilfred Crouse, the "friend" of all frosh, was tossed into the act, and received as respectable an applause as one could expect for singing "Mountain Dew" in public.

Bill Haley presented Sally Ann Baxter and Doug Waller with the titles of Typical Freshette and Typical Freshmen of 1950.

The credit for organizing this successful performance (Continued on page 3)

A Frosh's View of Initiation

We freshmen are going through a grueling ordeal. We are informed that we are the lowest of the low, and the lofty sophomores won't let us forget it for a moment.

Our first real glimpse of college life was at a meeting on Saturday morning. We sat on hard chairs from eleven until half past one. The most honourable sophomores would do well to plan their next meeting a bit better. It lasted so long that even their speakers began to leave.

The climax of that glorious day came that night at exactly (hmm) eight o'clock. At long last we were taken to the lockers to be painted up and literally pulled apart. The grand entrance was very effective, complete with painted faces, arms, legs, painted placards, and various articles of clothing put on at crazy angles. We dizzily spun our way around the gym screaming "Glory, Glory for Dalhousie" at the top of our lungs. After we sang so much that our voices gave out they forced us to dance all night.

The sophomores acted in a juvenile manner. It would appear, judging by their actions, that some of them have definite brute complexes and should be psychoanalysed and be declared cured before they are allowed to associate with sane and civilized freshmen. Some have the mistaken idea that they are dictators.

Well Fellow Sufferers, they tell us the worst is yet to come. To you I extend my very deepest sympathies, but a ray of light creeps through the grey gloom—there are only seven more days of this.

Who's Library

There are always those few freshmen who seem to think that the library is a sacred precinct reserved for upper classmen and cramming before exams. Consequently the reading room resounds to the sound of their footsteps at intervals as few and far between as possible. This year, as in the past, the authorities have issued for the benefit of these students, a handbook explaining what the library is and how to use to best advantage its facilities. These may be obtained at the desk.

There are over 82,000 volumes in the Dal library which number does not, of course, include the large and excellent libraries of Med. and Law on Forrest Campus. There are available books on practically any subject as well as many interesting and valuable fictional and non-fictional works. In addition the Library subscribes to over three hundred periodicals which may be found on the large table in the middle of the reading room. Up on the third floor of the building is located the modern library containing over three hundred recent publications of the major authors. These books are available to all students and staff of the university.

Remember, the Dal Library is YOUR Library.

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