

Dabblings by J.A.M.

The Midway:

It was not the first time Max had been picked out of a gutter reeking with cheap alcohol. The world of bums, tramps, dives and slums was well known to him. He was an alcoholic and broke, but it had not always been like this. Back in the twenties he was the toast of the literary circles, ranked with Sandburg, Pound and Masters. In the days of fame and glory he and Ben Hecht founded Chicago's Literary Times. His books: *Naked on Roller Skates* started literary tongues wagging; the promiscuous *Replenishing Jessica* was a best seller in '25. His fame took on a new light when he found himself the successful defendant in a charge for selling indecent and obscene literature. In the forties he was forgotten. Last week Maxwell Blodenheim walked sobre but emaciated from a lock-up and like his fictional characters roller-skated straight to the lowest dives—and his inevitable death.

A recent double bill at a local theatre brought out an interesting contrast in the somewhat nebulous standards of beauty for glamor girls, by showing baby-faced Jean Harlow (died early 30s) and the recent headliner Rita Hayworth (today's suave type of femininity). Miss Harlow lisped and slunk through *Platinum Blonde*, playing the obvious role, and vamping everyone in general and a complacent reporter in particular. Miss Hayworth (who once spent some controversial time with India's high-castes) did some modern enticing as *Gilda* in the picture of the same name, with slightly more devastating effect than Harlow's meagre attempts. We note with some askance that the famous strip scene which wound up with Ford practically dragging Hayworth off the dance floor, was for some reason, in these chaste 1950s, cut.

All Our Yesterdays:

Doubtless we'll have many personal and non personal happenings to remember this year by, whether it be the football victory of last Fall, the Korean War, or an engagement. Last week the most startling incident of all occurred: the death of a great King, George of England. Across the world respects were paid. Russia's delegations dropped their flags to half-mast, messages of condolences came from every major country of the world and even the anglophobic Chicago Tribune bowed its head as England prepared to bury one of earth's great men. Then on Friday the official day of mourning, England buried its King and young Elizabeth, who as Princess graced Dalhousie's walks last Fall, ascended the most fabulous throne on earth, being in our time, the second Elizabethan Age.

The Muse:

From the Nonsense of Edmund Smeer, these lines:

What for look you little man,
With worried face and frowning pan?
Never wonder at the skies—
You waste your time to philosophize.
Unanswered questions in our brains
In dizzy cycle come again
And burn their never-dying brand:
So just accept things, little man.

Wax Tracks:

In the musical legend of the new world which has perhaps the most melodious people in the world, it is strange that there is no fundamental music, common to all people and of unknown origin that can be called true folk music. In future years just what will be handed down to qualify in this class is unknown. Will it be the best of the populars such as *Stardust* or *Sophisticated Lady*. Probably not as these are not universal to all classes.

What is left, then, is western ballads, the sad, long songs of the cowboy that go back to the days when the West was still new and wild. Perhaps the greatest champion of all for this type of primitive music is *Eddy Arnold* who preserves the old while creating the new. Perhaps he will be the king of the Troubadors to our future eras, the singing wanderer, who, with Ives sings the songs of those who still work like their forefathers and at night sit under the same stars by their fires, putting to music their troubles, emotions or the legend about some strawberry roan.

Miscellany:

Prepared, with headguards and bandaged hands, the pugilists of Dalhousie and the Maritimes, for this week's contest to see who has the best right and the worst glass jaw.

To *Tiny McDonald* and the rest of the Tigers around him, praise, for their noble stampede over the 'invincible' St. F. X. last week in the Gym.

Heard, the other day, a query about mathematically-submerged *Ian MacLellan*, who apparently surprised the observer by appearing in public with a girl. We assure him (the observer, and the good Prof., if he needs assurance), that worse things have been done.

Engaged again, that is, if Frat pins mean anything, *Gretchen Hewitt* and *Ian MacCulloch*, both for at least the second time.

Departed last week, for a 'weekend', by car, *Jim Tupper*, *Brian Drummond* and anyone else who could be packed in, with destination: the web of Boston. If the car holds up, if they don't get lost in Boston's aimless streets, if they miss the snowstorms, they should make it back by April.

The Tiger Smiles:

Sadie Hawkins, whose face will allegedly grow hair on a billiard ball, has decided that male members of the non-female sex at Dalhousie are a bunch of fat, good-for-nowthin' slobs, and shaking her cable-wire hair and anything else shakeable, has stomped off to some other hunting ground. In brief, the calamity postponed, it will probably not appear again this year.

A humorous occurrence the other night, without a key to his sole-va-tion, and the mercury kissing zero with lips of ice, and no other protection against the wind than wool socks, *Frederick (the Great) Hollett*, was marooned in the Gazette Office, his boots locked up safe to all comers (incl. him) in another room. After phoning frantically for the key he was last seen being carried across the wind-swept campus to a waiting car.

In conclusion: It looked like a slice of a huge pillar as it rested in peace in the New York museum with its curved side of rock sculptured to depict many an ancient ceremonial. It was the sacrificial stone of the Aztec Indians of Cortez's Mexico. There, on great feast days the two-mile-long lines of captives marched in endless procession up a pyramid where the priests awaited with curved knives. It was said they could remove a heart in a single movement. The hearts were said to satisfy their gods of sun and war. With four and five day slaughters, hundreds of thousands died in this gentle manner. In one spot alone Cortez found 138,000 skulls. Montezuma's peaceful, flower-loving people it appears had the bloodiest religion man ever knew.

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Mist

Mist, stealing over the hills
to mingle with the leaves
and float down upon the lake.
Mist, hiding the horizon
and the far-out sailboat from my view,
Mist around the moon,
Closing all the stars in darkness—
Fill my soul with dreams.
Banish there the sadness and the melancholy
Once more I stand on the silent riverbank,
Alone and void of tears.

Introducing . . .

SYLVIA MOHAN



The Gazette's foreign student for this week is Sylvia Mohan of British Guiana.

Hailing from the West Coast of that country, Sylvia came to Dalhousie after hearing glowing reports about it from graduate students in Guiana, and after her high school had advised it.

She is now taking Pre-Med and plans to finish that course at Dal, but she may go to an English medical school. Biology is her favourite subject and she likes all her others with the possible exception of Chemistry.

Like most of our foreign students, Sylvia is well-travelled, having been to Dutch and French Guiana, Trinidad, Puerto Rico and New York (which she says is wonderful, but too large). Flying is her favourite method of jour-

neying.

Sylvia lists her hobbies at knitting and sewing, with swimming and tennis her favourite sports. She has added skating to this list since arriving in Canada. As her father is a rancher, riding is another of her favourite occupations. She likes to play the piano and violin, and she intends to improve these accomplishments. Typing and shorthand, which she learned at home, are proving a great help in her studies here. Sylvia likes western and popular music and the movies. Her "pet peeve" is slang.

A good linguist, Sylvia speaks her own language fluently and she can understand Spanish. She finds the standard of High School education lower here than in her own country.

This South American Student is happy at Dalhousie and likes Canada. She is much impressed by the beauty of this country and finds the people very friendly, courteous and generous. She thinks that Canadians live very luxuriously, and her one complaint is that the weather is too cold, although she does admit that British Guiana can become uncomfortably hot.

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LAW NOTES

APATHY — Last year it was the proud boast of the Law School that, despite the growth of apathy of Dalhousie campus the Forrest Building was free from its encroachments. That this state of affairs no longer exists is quite evident from the disinterest exhibited by all and sundry towards the Mock Parliament. Only about one half of the students in Law took any interest in the affair, and even their enthusiasm waned as the novelty wore off. Only those keenly interested in politics or oratory attended all three nights. Of this number not all took part in debates.

Let this not seem a criticism of those who faithfully attended, but did not speak, for they were contributing as well as they felt they were capable of doing, and a speaker with a crowd at his back feels much more confident than one who is forced to say "My party believes . . ." and is backed by two or three lone adherents.

Those who justly deserve condemnation are students who let down their Law School, their party and themselves, and failed to attend even one session. It is not for fear of being left out of things, for all parties make it a practice to give speaking time even to those who seem most unlikely to make good political orators; and most of the time their confidence is not misplaced and debaters who have been keeping their lights under a bushel all their lives are discovered every night during Mock Parliament. This fact alone is sufficient justification for the continuance of Mock Parliaments. The speeches people remember are not those of well-known polished debaters, but of people who often have never risen to speak in public before in their lives.

It is hard to understand why some people avoid Mock Parliament which is so integral a part of legal training. It cannot be shyness, for it is well known that practice in public speaking is the one way to acquire polish along this line. It cannot be pressure of studies, as the library was almost deserted during the three nights. The only answer is laziness; and I hope it is this, for the more lazy lawyers there are, the better it will be for the rest of us.

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