



The Midway:

Sailor Beware, a hilarious conglomeration of rapid-fire slapstick comedy, brings together the multi-million dollar team of Martin and Lewis, and throws in Frenchwoman Corrine Calvet wherever most appreciated. High-tension Lewis gets into the usual amount of trouble and somehow continually escapes; Martin sings; Calvet parades her wares behind a sarong. The picture as a whole, amuses.

Out of England and into Africa went the highly ranked cameras of Rank and to take truly remarkable wild life pictures of sundry animals and capturing the vastness of timeless Africa hung same upon a plot concerning a man and family struggling with the creation of a game preservation. Featured a young boy who persisted in playing with deadly snakes or robbing lionesses of their cubs; featured a slightly irritated rhino as he charged (with appalling sound effects) our hero's jeep. And on the side, where the picture found its name, was an ivory trader who hardly respected the sanctuary's limits and had no noble sentiments about Africa's wild life at all. You'll be glad to know his life ended somewhat abruptly as he and a load of tusks, cannon-balled emphatically over a rather steep cliff.

Wax Tracks:

Too often these days the unprecedented voice of Johnny Ray rides to death the airwaves and waves to life many a thought of torture chambers, Spanish Inquisitions and strangulation. If you hear a sound that suggests the singer doesn't know whether to sing on key or off, on tune or by variation, it's Johnny (broken-hearted) Ray who meanders painfully and aimlessly over Cry and an idiotic chanson about a white cloud that was little as well as tearful. However, we've seen many a vocal craze come and go and the more unorthodox they try to be, the less it sounds like singing, and the more brief is their span of popularity. So to the dust of mediocrity fell Velvet Fog Mel Torme and the bobby soxer swoon-screams that once greeted Frank Sinatra are now all but forgotten. We can't tell when Ray will go but it can't be too soon.

The Tiger Smiles:

**A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS
By Cyanide Burns**

SYMBOL: Wo. Thought to be a member of homo sapiens.
Atomic Wt.: Reputed to be 120. Isotopes are known though from 100 to 180.

Occurrence: Found both free and combined. In the combined state they are found with man.

Physical Properties: All colors, sizes and shapes. Seldom found in pure state. Boils at nothing and freezes without reason. Surface is usually covered with a film of paint or oxide in colors and depths. Unpolished specimen turns to green in the presence of a highly polished one. All varieties melt with proper treatment. Very bitter if used incorrectly. Density is not as great as generally supposed.

Chemical Properties: Highly explosive and dangerous in inexperienced hands. Extremely active in presence of man. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and other precious stones. Has the ability to absorb great quantities of the most expensive foods. May explode spontaneously when left alone with man. Undissolved by liquids but activity is greatly increased when saturated by a spirit solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction. Ages rapidly.

Uses: Chiefly ornamental. Efficient cleaning agent. Acts as positive or negative catalyst in the production of fevers. Probably the most powerful reducing agent known.

Miscellany:

Wearing an emblem that is as nondescript as they come, itself lost amid a weird and wonderful display of other crests and insignia in a veritable panorama of colour and unknown glories placed on every available inch of (we suppose) a sweater, Sis Nichols, bore with pride her latest emblematic acquisition: nothing less than a Valleyfield Badminton Crest. We feel it is more than indicative of supremacy with a racket—suggests it not a call of distant and anxious love?

Playing major roles, in a behind-the-scenes drama on the same amorous subject, and founded on the so reliable source of guaranteed rumour, is Hugh (golden topped) Vincent and a Stevenson girl named Marnie. No more to say—the rumour was not copperative.

Licking their chops profusely, sharpening teeth and equipping themselves with knuckles made of brass, is every unattended female in this college who this week will formally take the initiative and peddle their varieties of pulchritude to the expectant male. The heat will steadily rise at Studley and the walls of the red-hot Hall will glow, and by Friday night there will be born—or buried—many an unrequited love.

They thought it was a hurricane. Those passing by saw the frame building shake and tremble, and in the lonely darkness of Studley the sound of revelry rose to the awe-struck sky. Next morning the truth was out. The mute attestation lay the fatigued debris—an overturned chair or six, a table all askew, a floor carpeted with papers and other intriguing items. The boys had had a party as only boys can have one—and somewhere in the Men's Residence's deserted halls, memories had been born.

Preserved, in a glass jar at some local pathology lab, the impudent appendix of Ron (Romeo) Pugsley while his Juliet keeps her balcony watch in frustrated and futile patience.

Engaged, by an agreement of far reaching implications and restrictive covenants, Lawyer Jim Palmer and breath-taking Barb Quigley. Consideration: one ring to build a hope on!; one kiss to build a dream on!

**Introducing . . .
OSCAR PUDYMAITIS**



"Dalhousie girls are too unapproachable". This daring declaration comes from Oscar Pudymaitis, a Lithuanian student now at Dalhousie this year.

The author of this questionable statement was born in Kaunas, Lithuania, and attended primary school there. After moving to Germany he went to high school and later spent a year at Leicester College, England. Oscar also studied for a year at St. Francis Xavier University.

Itinerant Oscar, who has travelled in Germany, Denmark, Russia and Poland to avoid the communists and who lived for six months under Russian occupation, thinks Canada strikes a happy medium between Europe and the United States. He cannot think of a thing that he dislikes about this country and plans to make it his home. And although he has journeyed in almost every province, he prefers Nova Scotia to them all.

Dalhousie also comes in for praise from the six footer, as he says that he likes the university very much, except for his already quoted view of Dal co-eds.

A real linguist, Oscar speaks several Slavic tongues. He is at present studying Arts, with a Political Science major and he intends to enter the Canadian Foreign Service.

Fond of swimming and travelling, one of Oscar's hobbies is drawing, especially cartoons. "Crazy about" square dancing and jiving, he also likes movies very much especially (believe it or not) Abbott and Costello and Frankenstein thrillers, in fact, anything with plenty of shooting and killing. He considers American movies to be technically better than European ones, although often the content is not as good. Oscar is an upholder of the let's-have-less-happy endings school of thought.

It is a certainty that when Oscar hits the Department of External Affairs, he cannot help but make just a big impression as he has at Dalhousie.

The Critic's Corner

"God Caesar"

K.M.

On Friday afternoon the D.G.D.S. put on its production of "God Caesar" at the regional drama festival. The play itself is most inconsequential but at any rate was twenty minutes of good fun. There is a feeling however, that if it went on any longer it would become rather boring. Natasha Coffin as Calpurnia had a gorgeous costume and a graceful stage presence but her voice seemed very high-pitched and her words came bouncing back at her, which made some of her lines almost inaudible. Jane Clow as Cleopatra had a beautiful dark-hued voice which suited the seductive queen to perfection. However she was inclined to boom her lines in an attempt to get them across. Her costume was exotic but hardly attractive. Her movements were appropriately slinky and her acting was never overdone, as would have been very easy in this part. Frankly, Miss Clow did not look to me like Cleopatra; I had always thought of her as very tall and stately.

Ron Pugsley in the part of Taro carried off his lines very well but I don't think that he made the best of the acting opportunities in his role. His portrayal of the statue was not static enough and failed to convey the full humour of the situation. David Peel was a regal Caesar and was aided by an equally regal costume. His interpretation, however, was rather wooden and did not convey much to me. He did not delineate sufficiently the arrogance of Caesar and his eventual downfall

Snowfall

I stood
there in the light of the lonely streetlamp
and watched the snow
come down, down.

It came like a stream continuously
No break
a polkadot stream
falling down, down.

Into the light the snowflakes dance,
they glisten like diamonds
and melt on my face.

The night air was cold,
the night sky white,
the houses black,
lonely, deserted,
yet beautiful.

I was not lonely, for I knew
You were there—
somewhere in the city,
standing in the light of a lonely streetlamp,
solitary, yet not alone.

R. G.

No Sunrise Tomorrow

He paced back and forth across the room in a jerky irritated fashion. His face seemed drained of colour except for two feverish blotches on his cheeks. His lips trembled, his hair and clothes were rumpled and disorderly as if they had not been combed or pressed for many days.

Now and again, he would stop in his tracks, and scrutinize the four bare walls of the tiny room, but there was no visible opening anywhere, no windows, no doors, not even a crack or knothole. He was trapped like a tiny insect floundering helplessly at the bottom of a well. There was no escape! Trapped! Soon they would come for him and it would be all over.

Was this then to be the end? Was this the reward for his long and futile climb? Was it a crime to seek out the meaning of life, to try to give meaning of life? And yet it was probably better this way. He was an old man at twenty-seven, disillusioned, bitter and ready for death.

He remembered now the eagerness, and passionate idealism with which he had devoured Tchekov, Turgenyev, and all the others, and how he had begun to see the baseness, the emptiness, the spiritual poverty of his own home. He remembered now going to church on Sunday, and how he had hated what he thought was the shame and hypocrisy of it. He remembered the shocked expression on his mother's face when he had sneeringly denounced the dogmas of the Church. He remembered his father's funeral, and the feeling he had begun to have of the futility of his life. It seemed to him then that his father's life had been insignificant, even meaningless.

The memory of that white face lying in the coffin came back to him now. The multitude of lines around the forehead and eyes symbolized for him weariness, fatigue, and defeat. His father had lost in the struggle of life. He realized then that all their lives were futile, meaningless, and inwardly he had turned and fled, and lost himself in his books.

brought about by a glass of wine. The sets were most imaginative and set just the right mood of unreality and humour.

The many virtues of this performance were particularly noticeable after having sat through the two previous one-acters on the afternoon bill presented by the Annapolis Royal and Lunenburg groups which were of a much lower calibre. False beards, muffed lines and awkward pauses were rampant.

The evening performance of "The Second Threshold" by Philip Barry, presented by the Halifax Theatre Arts Guild, was drama of a very superior sort. The play was an extremely difficult one and the presentation left little to be desired. It had a slick quality of professionalism acquired only by many hours of rehearsal.

Mr. Lefevre, in adjudicating, remarked that if there had been a prize for a one-act play, that Dalhousie would have taken it, and that the play struck him as a "fresh breeze."

There had been other men, great men, who had shared his feelings. Tchekhov had seen through the folly and emptiness, and had written of a better way: a way to save the peasant and the proletarian. "What was the use, he had said, of mass education, when the masses had to work from dawn to sunset? What was the use of medicine for their bodies, when their souls were sickly and starving?" He had said, "Share the work equally, let everybody do his share from the highest to the lowest, then all could devote their time to the pursuit of learning, and discovery of Truth.

His family had never quite been able to understand why he had turned to Communism, and he knew that when, after graduation he had gone to the Soviet Union, he had become quite the skeleton in the family closet.

But the books, and the fiery political discussions in college had not prepared him for this: for Bolshevism, Terrorism, Totalitarianism. Communism was dead, or perhaps it had had existence only in theory. It was a beautiful theory, he found, but perhaps man was, as yet, too imperfect to accept it.

He smiled cynically now, as he remembered the bitter disappointment, no, even stronger than that, the death blow to all his hopes and ideals, that had come with those first ugly revelations . . . and the writings, full of venom and hatred that had followed . . . and so finally they had caught him and brought him here, to this bleak and empty cell, to wait and hope for the end.

R. H. G.

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When I consider how my life is spent:
Exams at Dal, at home the rent;
While my gastric juices yearn
For some good food for them to burn,
Though love is free I have to fall
For some fair prisoner of the Hall.
I've just stopped in to have a coke—
You've guessed it rightly, I was broke!

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