

# Us Engineers

Special bouquets to the Engineers of the Dal Tigers who did a fine bit of playing this past season. Such greats as pass-receiver Chuck Johnston, lineman Bain Henderson, scrappy Pete Adams, plucky John Fitch, aggressive Don Smith, Rock of Gibraltar Dave Thomas, hardluck Finley, star tackler Pat Porter, flying express Bobby Goodfellow, and to a great guy who isn't an Engineer but we feel he should be, David "Nipper" Theakston.

Last week we were quite serious and messed, I mean mused, upon Marc Anthony and Cleopatra. This week being so close to exams we have a sermon for you. It runs along the lines of last year's popular "Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep," and also, we received great inspiration from that literary achievement known as "Pogo."

Brethren, the words of the text are:

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone:  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog has none."

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose to analyse their meaning and to apply it, loftily as it may be, to our everyday life.

Old mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone: a widow . . . a friendless, old solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or write a poem, or go to the library? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip or run, or jump, or use any other "peripatetic arti-fice," she merely and solely went to are cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely and we now further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are "the cupboard." Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right hand cupboard,' or the one above or the below or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard . . . the one humble little cupboard the widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones or costly apparel or feasts or any other attributes of wealth? IT WAS TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard . . . in hope, in expectation, maybe . . . to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar . . . to open it for the poor dog.

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog got none.

'When she got there.' You see dear brethren, what perservance is. SHE GOT THERE. There were no turnings or twistings, no slippings or slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told SHE GOT THERE. And how was this noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare! Barer than the Engineers canteen. There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious lodestar of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, or even Professor Theakston making coffee, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise.

Many of you will probably

say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry that university students think they obtain, that "The widow, no doubt went out and bought her dog a biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless wordlings would despise (and here I am almost in tears), in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived . . . or I might even say saw . . . at once the relentless logic of the situation not being an Engineer, she did not attempt to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. "The poor dog had none" and then at this point our information ceases. But do we know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Suffice for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons, i.e. avoid being widows, to shun the name Hubbards (though this might be hard on people having summer homes in said spot), to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all, and to avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones.

BUT . . . if fate has ordained that we should go as Mother Hubbard, let us, like her, accept the inevitable with steadfastness, and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog, and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write of us in the beautiful words of our text, "And so the poor dog got none."

NOTE: Should there be any readers who, even after reading Pogo, have not learned to apply double meanings to what is said; let me explain that the inevitable is exams, the hungry dog stands for unanswered questions, the empty cupboard—ourselves, and the closing line wants us to fully appreciate just where we stand.

## The Continental

The Brunswickan, protege of the University of New Brunswick, announced in a recent issue that the Student Council reversed their original position and voted for NFCUS membership. This move by the Council will increase the amount paid per student from a previous 10c to 40c. In a concluding paragraph the paper stated that "the motion was bitterly fought throughout the meeting, and after many rebuttals and withdrawals the motion was passed that NFCUS receive \$94.50, forty cents per student for the coming year. The voting went 9 in favor, and 6 against, with one absention."

Poor Mount Allison is plastered with red and black paint from gym steps to beer bottles. It seems that a lusty crew from aforesaid University of New Brunswick, invaded the "Swampland Campus", in order to pay their respects to the "shrine" as they termed it. Of notable mention is the inscription of the U.N.B. crest on the Mt. A. football field, which took 150 pounds of lime to complete, and observers say that the prank was so effective that it will not fade out for approximately three years. (The crest that is!)

Apart from a depressing story the Silhouette tells of their trouncing by the Queens University Gaels in a field covered with four inches of the white and fluffy, their most interesting story concerns a debate on the old question — fraternities. Supporting the "con" side, Marian Passmore stated that the "Greek Letter societies would be just another campus organization superimposed on an already crowded events schedule", while her colleague asserted that "the exclusion of many students contributed to a smug feeling of superiority which in turn may produce a warped personality."

On the other hand the "pro" side assured their listeners that fraternities "not only have made a valuable contribution to society, but have promoted lasting friendships and have fostered deep intellectual experience hand in hand with the University itself. "Her colleague went on to say that they "would lift the cloud of apathy now dampening the real old college spirit at McMaster." The big question, however, remains unanswered. Who won the debate? They don't say.

On the sport scene at Queen's the university's Golden Gaels had the door to the playoffs shut in their faces, by bowing to the Toronto University Blues 6-1. This was somewhat softened by the news that Fritz McDougall of the Kingston College eked out a win over Toronto's David Preston to claim the Senior Intercollegiate Harrier Title.

A quick look at the Ubysey, shows a banner headline titled "UBC Joins Attack on McCarthy"—so let's look further. Here we find a controversy over something that has been going further up since the 'Gay Nineties' — hemlines! Male students seem to prefer them about 13 inches above the knee — say they are better at this length for driving motorcycles. It goes on to state that when "skirts go down the Women's Christian Temperance Union rides again, they go up and everybody's morals are shot all to h—, which is the way I like it."

To conclude did you ever hear the one about the school child who wrote on an examination that "when a lady and a gentleman are walking on the foot-path the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

# INVITATION TO CHOOSE

Good English is simple English. Short, clear Anglo-Saxon words have weight and force: long "dictionary" words confound the reader and defeat themselves by weakening the meaning of the message. To prove this statement, there is printed below a passage from the Bible, and then the same passage written over in "intellectual style." I invite you to choose which passage is really the more intelligent.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Psalm 23.

The Lord is my paramount leader, I shall not be destitute. He induces me to repose in verdant sanctuaries, he leads me beside tranquil waters. He reinstates my psyche, he leads me in the routes of virtuousness that his appellation be glorified. Indeed, though I walk through the valley of the penumbra of demise, I will fear no pernicious calamity; for you accompany me, your instruments of authority

console me. You furnish a collation before me in the immediate vicinity of my adversaries, you anoint my head with an unctuous substance, my fortune inundates. Assuredly goodness and clemency will proceed after me to the termination of my earthly existence, and I shall inhabit the personal establishment of the Almighty Deity indefinitely.

—N.W.

## Med Corner

In the cross-country run on Remembrance Day the Forrester Men placed second to Engineers. Willard McKay coached the nine-man representation. Doug Brown, Phil Murphy, Ab Sewell and Mike Delory were the first four Med runners home.

Our inter-fac champion hockey team should be even better this year. With one exception, all last year's team has returned and the team is bolstered by four additions from last year. Four or five new players will strength-

en our two basketball teams. Practices have begun in both sports.

Two Med students showed up well in hockey games played last week. Bill Janes capably handled net chores in the Dal-Saint Mary's contest and Larry Travis turned in a steady game on defense for the Islanders at the Forum.

Good news has been Gordie Grandall's return to classes after a rugby injury hospitalized him for a week or more.

## Tub-Thumper

Last Thursday night was a big night—and I mean B-I-G—the students who saw "As You Like It," certainly received a terrific surprise. Lay it down to the Drama Club for their fine production; good direction, stage crews and all the many jobs that go to make up such a successful hit.

Rehearsing for a play is not easy. Nor is the directing. A lot of people get fed up with all the orders and changes—they are ready to quit—but they don't—they're show people and the stage means too much to them. I wonder if the little company at Dal ever felt this way.

Well back to Shakespeare. Now how would he have liked it? I'm sure that he would have felt quite at home with it. Let me describe the set-up. Lanky pageboys handed you programs, listings the players and various workers in the Society. At a little after 8:15 Mr. Peel stepped out from behind the curtains but the spotlight had not hit the centre of the stage as yet so he popped back inside and waited. After his oration the curtains parted for the first scene. Just a plain stone wall and dark lights—and the hoot mon—what was that scratching my ear drum!

"Mon Dieu!" sobbed Willy. Poor William. Nobby told him about St. George and the fire-chief dragon. The trumpets bared "Dragnet." I must say it is the first and probably the only time this will ever occur in the annals of Shakespeare's plays. So—a salute to Dalhousie's Drama Club.

The production certainly did have an Elizabethan atmosphere. The costumes were wonderful. Especially the fool's rig. The shifting of the props and all the stage techniques were well handled.

For the play itself I think that it went off pretty well—being the first night. However it was not perfect but few plays are. In the first place the beginning was slow and forced. There was not enough movement. When the Ladies of Duke Frederick's court and all the other courtiers were the stage, hardly a twitch came out of them. They were like an audience themselves. Surely they were not so scared as to laugh or show an ankle. What ho?

The play picked up considerably in the second act and whirled to a successful climax although at times the party was rough.

And now for the acting. Again I say that it was stiff and unnatural in the first act. Everyone seemed to spring to life in the second act. There was one exception though—Anne McCormick, who played the part of Celia was good all the way through. Ken Stubbington as the Joker was superb. I only wish he had let himself prance a little more. He seemed a bit unsure of himself at times. How about somersaults or cart-wheels? Rosalind was well cast; Sally Roper did a good job. She was especially good in the second act, especially the first scene. Dave Peel, an old hand at this stuff, proved amiable and gave a polished performance and was the prettiest boy we'd seen in a long time.

Roland Thornhill held his ground throughout the play as Orlando and I hope that we see him in future productions. Nancy Wickwire as Phoebe was excellent. She has natural stage movement and self confidence.

I have just about used up all my space for this column. The play was a good production and the audience and performers all had a swell time. I hope that their next production will be as good as "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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## Ode to the Dal Male

I pick up the paper and read  
To my very great interest indeed,  
That a lot of the girls, at least, so says K.K.,  
Thinks the boys are like some kind of weed.

What a lot of objections there are  
To a man, or his clothes, or his car—  
And the things he must do, or must think, or must say  
Are, to me, way too many by far.

For example, if some I may cite—  
To make late dates or drink is not right,  
And a fellow is damned, if his papa owns land  
Or his small talk is not very bright.

The objections to swearing are great,  
And, (the sucker,) so sad is his fate,  
That when out with the girl, if he likes her or not,  
He must raptly attend to his date.

His grammar should be of perfection,  
And, (on reading some more in that section,)  
He must be very neat, very light on his feet,  
And, in short, never need a correction.

Now if this were all true, (let me grouse!)  
Lots of guys, whether sober or sousé,  
For one fault, maybe two, would be put in a zoo  
As a sort of uninteresting louse.

Oh, let Grable be choosy — she can —  
But the rest of us don't give a damn,  
For we all will agree, most emphatically,  
That a man is a man is a man.

H.A.M.

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