



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

"IT'S HERE T' STAY"

Wal, I'll be dad-blamed effen ah won't git duded up in mah store cloes, rev up the flivver 'n skiddadle to the Big City fer a real toot one 'a these days.

Shucks, the place ah'm talkin' about is Halifax—and I'm an enlighten'd listener to Halifax's three radio outlets each morning. Just throw a saddle on the old Marconi, turn over a washbucket and I'm ready for anything.

Oh, now and again I catch myself lapsing into ruralese, but on the other hand look at the great understanding of American Folk Lore I have acquired simply by tuning in to a local station (as if I could get any other). Of course I'm not an addict yet—I knew a guy once who listened faithfully for two consecutive weeks. On the morning of the 14th day they found him sitting beside his Baby Champ, twitching his ears and whinneying at Quaker Oats commercials.

The hillbilly and hambone hours daily pour a veritable Niagara of culture over this snowbound metropolis. The washboard-and-fiddle set thrives on lyrics like this:

Pick me up on yore way down
Ya bin honky-tonkin' round the town (note trochaic metre)
Yore always tryin' to break mah heart
So I know we'll never part.

Hardly anybody honkytonks any more, but if it means loud talk and carryin' on I'm agin it. Anyhow, each morning are paraded the latest million dollar efforts of a handful of cleft-voiced "singers" with ranges extending from one (Johnny Cash) to six (Ray Price) notes. If you're really talented and own a range of darn near a whole octave, you're automatically ineligible as a country and western singer and you become elevated to Rhythm and Blues, man.

The best western washboard men will tell you the key of "G" is best emitted through the left nostril, while "A" minor, for real purty songs, is reserved for the right one.

Since I still find it hard to believe that the demand for cornpone equals the limitless supply, I went down to one 'a them tar raddio stations to see fer myself. As I entered the building I was struck by an overpowering odour of wet overshoes and hay. Advancing instinctively towards what I knew would be the Control Room (a sign over the door said "Control Room") I passed an old clothes line on which were strung mackinaws, mittens, a checkered shirt with no back, the program director, wet overshoes, and hay.

There, snoozing quietly over a jug of apricot brandy and a couple of raw potatoes, was the disk jockey. He was smiling. A bent straw protruded from a vacuous gap between two prominent incisors and his left hand clutched the Simpson's catalogue for 1953.

On the wall by the "on the air" light a handwritten sign said: Be

Able to Know and Distinguish—Cow, Horse, Cod, Lobster, Program Director. Below it and to the right, Cow was defined in the classic terminology as "any animal that lumbers along mooing, regardless of sex." Horse was named "man's best friend . . . no, that is the dog."

The control booth man was bent over his dials, hard at work. He was a third of the way through a crossword puzzle. He was called an Operator, and wore an ivy league suit (small checks), button-down collar, ultra-thin tie and French cuffs.

"The ole clock on the wall" ticked down upon the pastoral scene, and an Ernest Tubbs LP spun slowly on the turntable.

A bushel basket of records — freshly pitchforked — was at the shiny Italian leather feet of the Operator and an alarm clock by his outflung pencil was set for one o'clock. Here was a scene in which I felt almost awe; I was in the heart of Americana, from whose sanctified premises issued daily the symphonic nourishment of a nation. Actually I may not have felt this, for all I can remember next is being outside the station, running.

In my hands were the basket of records, the program director, and a slightly tarnished tuning fork that still bore a few wisps of hay. And I was running toward the harbor.

DAL DANCE BAND PRACTICE

Saturday - 2:30 p.m.

Music Room in Gym

College Flyboys—Newest Campus Heroes?

by ROLF J. SCHULTZ

Flying is the ability to stay in the air as long as the motor is willing. To the beginner it signifies an excitement in adventure, to a submarine watcher a cool form of entertainment, to a married man a justifiable escape, submarine watcher a cool form of entertainment challenge in finding the right motion to describe the word. But no matter whether your favorite pastime be dancing, bowling, or parking, why not linger a while and let me reserve a seat for you on one of these semi-decrepit "J3 Cubs" and take a tour around Halifax?

"The Halifax Flying Club now owns five planes here at Waverley," third-year Engineer Butch Adams and an old hand at flying, points out as we wiggled our way into the cabin of one of these Cubs, "and in the past few years there's been a steady increase in the number of private planes which operate from here." He pressed a couple of buttons and set the oversized switchblade into motion in front of my nose.

The motor wasn't exactly the quietest object on earth and so I found it no surprise to hear my delapidated bones rattle to the

steady beat of the engine. However, I was assured that everything was proceeding as well as could be expected, and so I prepared to settle back into a comfortable position and entertain myself for the next little while, reading the safety instructions which pointed out how one may save one's life in five easy lessons and something told me that I had made my first mistake for the day.

Fly Now, Live Longer

I was informed by my calm and trustworthy friend that we were flying at a height of 2500 ft. with

an average speed of 75 mph, but I remembered my home-made definition of flying and so continued to memorize my safety instructions. But my attention was soon drawn to facts which stated that flying is safer than driving a car and that the government, to encourage young people to fly, refunds \$100 to every flying graduate under 33 years of age.

Exams No Snap

"A flying course takes about 3½ months," Butch continued, "with about 20 hours dual time and 10 solo, dual flying ranging between \$12-\$14 per hour and solo slightly less." He went on to point out that the examinations to obtain a license are similar to those given when applying for a driver's license, except much longer (the pass-mark is 60%), and that 17 is the minimum age at which one may hold a license. I must admit that my fear had diminished considerably and for the first time dared to stick my nose against the window-pane, but it was so cold that I quickly withdrew. However, I did manage to get a glimpse of the Bedford Basin below us.

Just like any backseat driver in the front seat, I now tackled the question concerning gas consumption and was told that a "J3 Cub" will use about 4 gallons of gas and 1 quart of oil per hour, and the tank holds about 15 gallons. This part of "the sport for kings" sounded quite economical, the gas costing about 38 cents per gallon.

Cheaper Than You Think

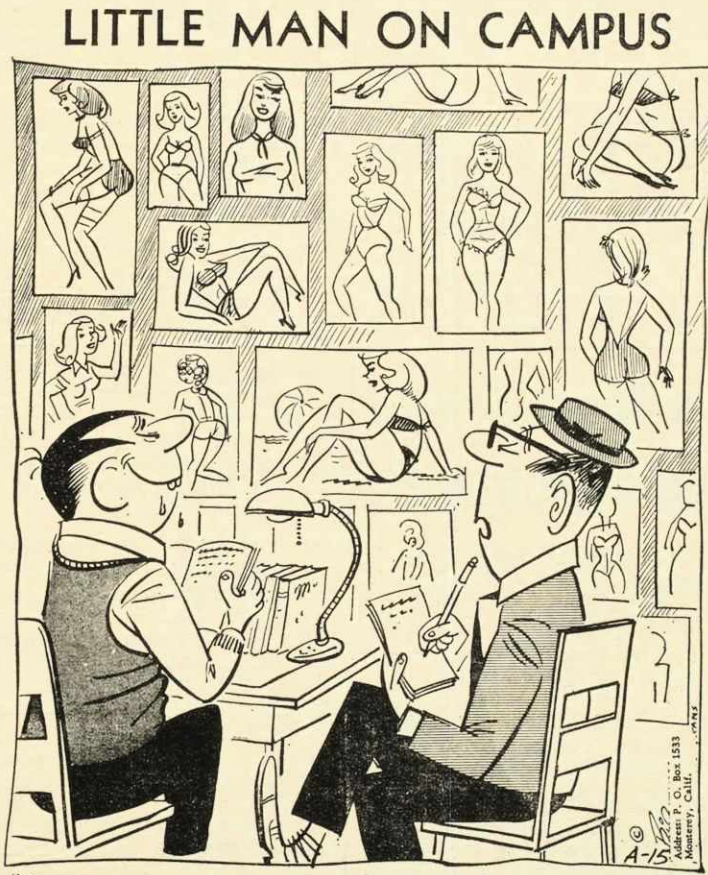
On returning to our base, I had completely overcome my odd moments of fear and inquired about prices for a good second-hand plane. "Well, a good four-seat Tri-pacer will run anywhere between \$3000-\$5000, but a good buy and an ideal investment for local flying would be a second-hand two-seater which may cost anywhere between \$1200-\$3000. With these words I thanked Butch and wended my way homeward along the cursed provincial highway.

Later I had occasion to interview Noel Adams, third-year Dent student, who informed me that the RCAF offers an excellent course for prospective pilots, with basic training being given on the Chipmunks in Centralia, Ont., followed by more progressive training in various centers across Canada on the B-47 twin engines.

The Choice is Yours

As I trudged back towards Studley, I wondered how many others on campus would be interested in forming a flying club and perhaps would have enough ambition to learn some of the rules of the sport.

On second thought, why not the old-favorite pastimes aforementioned, and leave flying to those not interested in dancing, bowling, or parking. Why not live and enjoy ourselves today at the expense of the few who may later be called upon to defend an entire country?



"AFTER BRIEF OBSERVATION, I THINK I'VE FOUND THE BOTTLENECK IN YOUR PLAN TO IMPROVE YOUR STUDY HABITS."

C. I. C. Kitty at Dal Staggering

by KEN MACKENZIE

Although Chemical Students apparently don't know it yet, they are all eligible to join a National Body. This is, curiously enough, entitled the Chemical Institute of Canada (32 branches—6000 members). For the ridiculously low fee of \$2.00, the student can reap the benefits of contact with experienced men, since famed chemists are inveigled into the Maritimes in quest of the most recent developments in his subject and, best of all, gets a free subscription to the last word in Canadian magazines, "Chemistry in Canada."

If the student manages to graduate, the Institute sweeps him into its fold, having absorbed 31 Canadian student chapters with 1500 members in this way. Dal accounts for only 14 of these members. It seems incredible that so few students are interested in such an invaluable organization. In a determined attempt to pry out the underlying reason, we trapped two graduate chemical students in the canteen—Mel Heit and Don Whalen.

They were at as much of a loss as I. Mel pointed out that C.I.C. has been on campus for years and years and years, although no one

has been aware of it. Membership has been so small that the funds, unused, have grown into a staggering amount. The interest alone on the treasury paid completely for last year's expenses.

This lack of enthusiasm is impossible to attribute to a dull program. This year, government chemists, speaking on why they are government chemists, will attempt to rival the arguments of professors, who uphold the academic profession. There will be films, tours of other universities' chem labs, as well as excursions to Imperial Oil, the dockyard, Mersey Paper Company—all

with processes of inestimable fascination for the chem student.

Mr. Whalen hastened to add that in addition there was to be a tour of Oland's, where there are also interesting processes taking place. Upon close interrogation, the chemical duo confessed that the disinterest could probably be termed apathetic. They were envious of Mount A's C.I.C., where the large membership enables them to throw an annual party. In fact they were beginning to debate the advisability of embezzling the back revenues for a private orgy as I obliterated myself from the rapidly degenerating interview.

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