

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

DALHOUSIE
Gazette
AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

A. G. VAUGHAN

Vol. LXXXIII

HALIFAX, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1950

No. 19

XMAS



Christmas bells are ringing
Through the frosty air,
Tinsel stars are twingling
Snow sparkling everywhere.

Carolers are singing
The timeless soft refrain
Floating on the midnight—
Christmas once again.

Christmas trees with silver hung
Coloured lights that gleam
Holly sprays and mistletoe
Yuletide red and green.

Candles in the window
Winking to the sky
Two thousand years are passing
As the night goes by.

"Oh Come All ye Faithful"
Sing the holy bells
Child-taught the Christmas spirit
With the voices swells.

Moyra Seeger.

THE GAZETTE STAFF

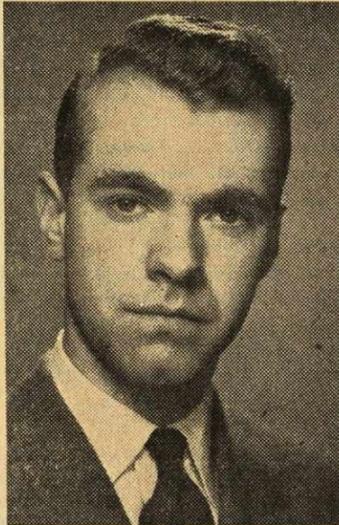
If you have been wondering who we are, or what we look like, this generous picture of ourselves should do the trick.

Front row, left to right: McGeoch, Goodridge, Harris, MacIntosh, Ingarfield, MacDonald. Middle row, left to right, Hall, Seeger, Livingstone, Hills, Hope, Smith, Davison, Beaubien, Hall. Back row, left to right, Potts, Chittick, Medjuck, Rogers, Cross, Findlay, Haines, Smith, Anderson. Missing: Horne, Nichols, McCready, Nichols.

A Christmas Message

On behalf of the Council of Students, I would like to extend to the Student Body, the Faculty, the University staff, and to all those connected with, or in any way interested in Dalhousie, the wish for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Let us hope that the coming year will be for our University



one of advancement, that the aims and ideals of her leaders may be realized, and that in the Student Body we shall achieve harmony and success in all our undertakings.

Let us hope further that the vanishing year may carry with it the black and uncertain period through which we are now passing, and the New Year may witness the rapid victory of the forces of the United Nations, moreover that mankind may be reminded of the wisdom of "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

SHERMAN ZWICKER
President
Students' Council

December, 1950



Lord, send us for Christmas,
fields blanketed with snow
and hills that darkly-quiet lie beneath the sombre skies
of Christmastide.

Send spruce, and fir, and pine
to scent the rooms within the house
and deck the walls.

Send joy and song to warm the heart,
hymns sung by men
amid a winter snow.

Let sleigh bells jingle in the
frosty air,
and silver chimes ring from the steeple tall
to carol in glad Christmastide.

But, most of all, O Lord,
send us,
the love of near ones, dear ones, all,
and peace throughout the world.

J. H.



Classes to End

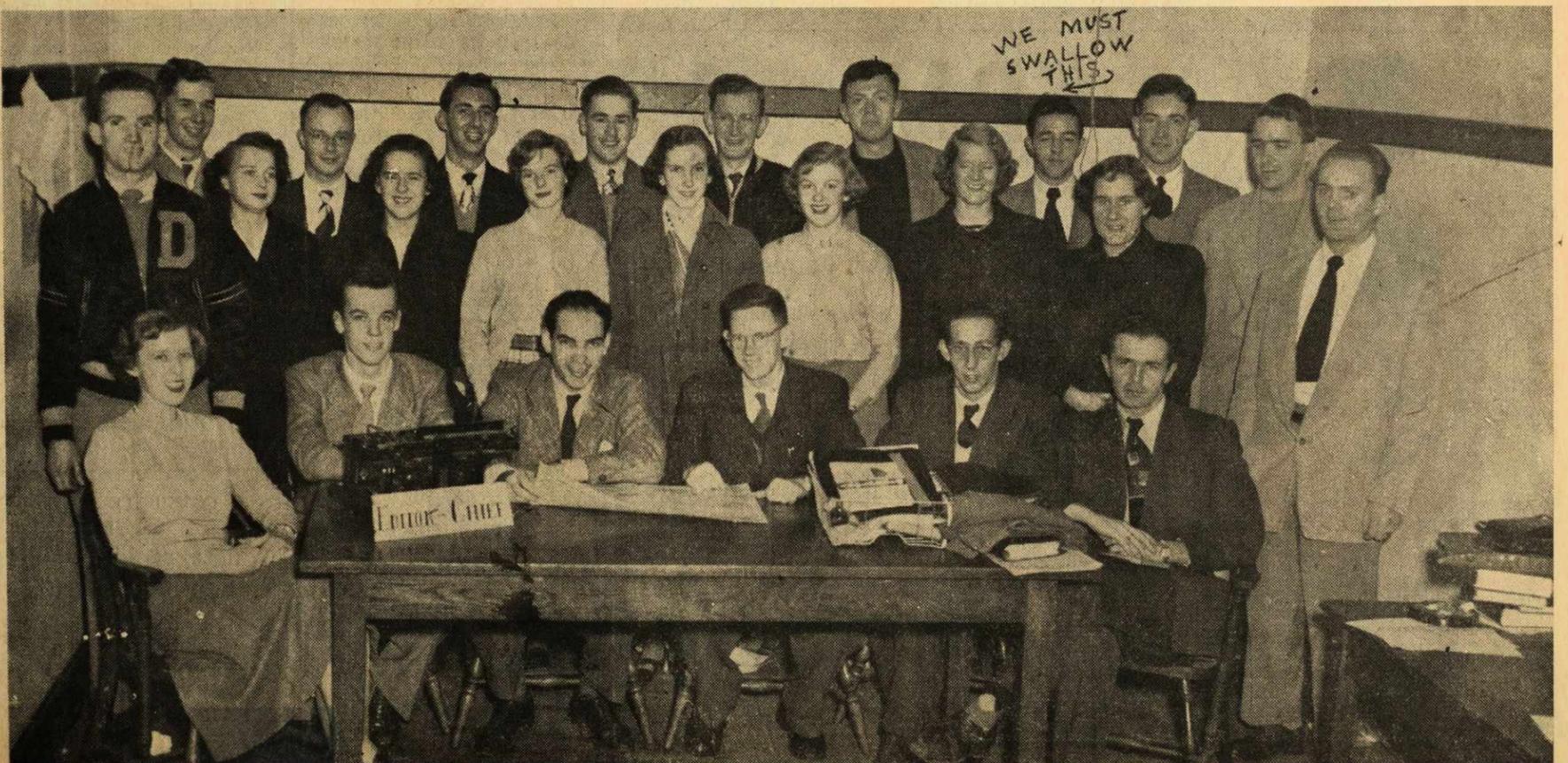
For all you people that do not know it, classes end officially Dec. 18. At this time you are expected to go home and enjoy yourself, if you can.

If you live in or around Halifax and you miss the old place, give some student who has not gone home due to distance or some other factor a call, he may be missing you.

Classes to Begin

For those of you who do not care, and there are many, classes begin Jan. 3 at 9 a.m.

If Santa leaves you things you are not particularly keen on, do not bring them back to throw at your friends or auction off, after all we do wish you a Happy New Year.



DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER
Member Canadian University Press

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Are We Next?

Once again a catastrophe has awakened Halifax. First the explosion of 1917, which brought about some reform in medical treatment, then the Queen Hotel fire, which brought about some publicity, then the explosion of 1945, which proved that people can live in tents on the Common, and now the fire at Kays Limited, which will result—?

It takes a great disaster, such as the recent tragic fire in which ten perished, before the public becomes interested in elementary safety precautions. Even then, there is only a slim chance that there will be any action taken to remedy the situation.

There is a general code of regulations governing building construction in Halifax. It is very unlikely that the Condition of the building in which the recent tragedy occurred was not covered by these regulations and certified unfit. If they were not forbidden, the fault must lie with the legislative authorities, whose duty it is to see that the public is adequately protected. In this case it would seem that resignations are in order.

If there were regulations covering the situation which apparently caused the loss of life, the administrative agency is at fault. There is a definite duty incumbent upon the administrative agency to enforce these regulations. The agency is set up for the protection of the public, not for the convenience of those who own buildings, and it is its duty to enforce the regulations to their fullest extent for the protection of employees and customers in the various buildings.

Whether there were such regulations in existence and whether or not they were enforced will be brought out at the public enquiry to be held this week.

If past actions are any indications, it is very unlikely that there will be any real action taken as a result of this enquiry.

If local governmental officials continue in their present course of indifference to the whole situation there will be no constructive legislation to cope with the problem and no tightening of enforcement.

Dalhousie students may be among those in the next disaster. It is up to the students as the future leaders of the community to add their voices to the public clamor. Their minds are as yet, it is hoped, unobscured by petty interests and prejudices.

But we bet nothing will be done.



JOE LEVISON, first year law student, who recently left Dal to join the Special Force, is reported on his way to Korea. Well known about the campus, Joe was a writer for the Dalhousie Gazette and is serving with Public Relations in the Canadian Army.

Letter to The Editor

The Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette

Nov. 23, 1950

Sir:

Re the anonymous article on page one of Tuesday's, Nov. 21 Gazette (it is easily seen why the author of the column headed "NO" prefers to remain anonymous). I don't mind saying that I too, would remain anonymous in his position (or condition).

We understand from his argument that he believes the Sabbath day to be a day set apart for relaxation. The Lord, never having skated, neglected to classify skating as work or play. Some people find relaxation from the cares and trials of the week in skating. For these people then, skating cannot be classified as work. If you want to class it as D . . . foolishness you might have an argument.

Some, like myself, and our unnamed philosopher, perhaps find it rather difficult to maintain our equilibrium for long on those perilous blades; to us it is work. We should not indulge on Sundays. Agreed?

Perhaps our friends the cockroaches should have been called in for consultation on this very difficult issue. In this age of enlightenment, to see such a feeble argument advanced against Sunday skating indeed speaks ominously of the advantages of education to our youth. Is it for this, then that we nurture them, for this that we allow them to drink at the springs of learning, suffer them to tread the hallowed halls of this venerable old institution. Are all the gems of philosophy and logic which our civilization has produced, being cast before—well, you say it, I

(Continued on page three)

If You Believe

"For a long time you have looked out the window, Rene. You like the country?"

The remark, made by Edouard Landor, and indeed made somewhat timidly, was addressed to the small lad who occupied the seat directly behind him. The lad, Rene Neville (as le conducteur had said he was called) had been sitting in like silence for some time, his gaze fixed upon the French-Canadian country side, as it hastily passed by their windows. At the remark, the boy turned turned his eyes to the man's face.

"It is a beautiful country, monsieur." His eyes twinkled, as child's eyes will do.

"The snow is all white and the trees—why they look all lighted from the shadows of the candles."

With this the boy fell silent again, an expression of sadness upon his face. Monsieur Landor for a time, paid no attention. His gaze also went to the snow and the trees of which the boy had spoken. It was Christmas Eve—and the blanketed snow and the laden trees, glistened with the red and blue of the lights that shone from a hundred scattered little homes that dotted the landscape. To Monsieur it was "tres picturesque."

"Does it remind you of France, Rene?"

The boy, who had left his country for Canada only a few days before smiled. "Oh, oui, Monsieur, oui!"

"You know, Rene," Monsieur Landor said, "Christmas in Canada is much like it is in France. There is here, just as there is there, la partie, the toys, the games and of course, we must not forget—le pere Noel." If he had expected a burst of enthusiasm from Rene, he was due to be disappointed, for the child remained silent. "What is it, Rene?"

The boy was near tears. "Monsieur, my aunts and my sisters—they do not expect that I should come so soon. It is Christmas! No presents, for le pere Noel will never be able to find me so far from my home. I know he will not find me, Monsieur."

Monsieur Landor smiled. "Mon enfant," he said gently, "le pere Noel will find you, I am sure. He comes to this country also, you must remember." He placed a

hand upon the lad's knee. "Christmas is a good time, Rene. Here in Canada, all try to be very happy. No one forgot le petit Jesus on Christmas, so why should le pere Noel forget you?" Monsieur Landor's deep laugh brought a smile to Rene's face. Monsieur Landor was pleased. He said, "Laugh now and be happy, mon enfant. A la Noel, all should be happy."

Putting Rene in the sleigh, which was at the station platform when they arrived, Edouard Landor directed the driver to take the lad to "la maison de Madame Landri," which was the name that the boy had given him. As the sleigh moved forward in the snow, he stood waving to the tiny figure that waved in return and called to him, "Merci, monsieur. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Rene," and Monsieur uttered a rather silent prayer that Christmas would truly be Christmas for the lad, that "le pere Noel" would not forget.

With Rene's appearance the home of Madame Landri became more upset than usual, if such was possible.

"Mon, Rene! It is early you have come. We did not expect you for two weeks. Ah, but it is good to see you." Her big arms but smothered the little boy and his gasping for breath was interrupted by Monsieur Landri, who shook his hand, patted his back and kissed him in French style on both cheeks.

"We are glad you have come, mon enfant. A la Noel, many strangers come. You are welcome."

Rene wandered from room to room in the old house, his eyes widening, as the huge tree, with the tinsel, the ornaments and the candles; at the big wreaths that hung in the windows.

Christmas Eve passed, with its candies and its games; with its voices that broke the night's still with the songs of the season. Rene, in his bed, closed his eyes to blink back the tears, as he thought of his home country and the goodness of the whiskered le pere Noel.

As Rene slept, the Lanri house buzzed like Santa's workshop, if one knows what Santa's workshop would be like. Little Marie, who was Rene's cousin had said, "We must make presents for Rene, mama. If not, he will not believe in le pere Noel." "He will believe," was the answer.

Monsieur Landri's red scarf was embroidered with reindeers, Mama's fur packet, discarded last year, became a hood for an Eskimo, who was manufactured from wood, cotten batting and cloth, plus a few dabs of the artist's brush, and every old toy that would interest a child, that could be done over to look like new, was made fitting to a prince, by the morning hour.

Rene opened his eyes to a world of gayly dressed parcels, and all that any homeland might have given him. Christmas day was filled with "Oh's and Ah's" from the little boy. "Ah, le pere Noel is so good," he cried, "even here he is so good. Canada is so good, too. I shall love this country, I know."

With each gift unwrapped, all gathered about the biggest Christmas tree in the village and they sang.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play."
"Oui, monsieur, it is a beautiful country."

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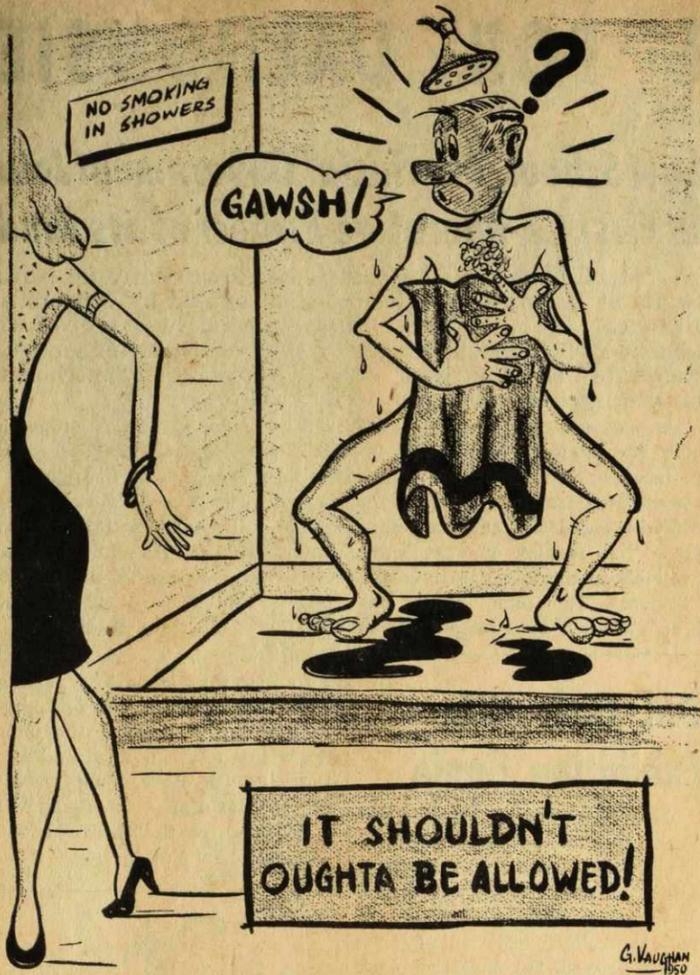
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Thoughts on Christmas

As the news from Korea and Lake Success continues to grow worse, the term draws to a close; one varies inversely as the other. The radio announcer's voice displays less and less of its customary indifference as the seesaw of losses and small gains goes on, as two immense world forces continue towards a head-on collision—one apparently helpless in the face of the other's recklessness.

At his work and away from it the student perhaps becomes aware of an increasing restlessness—perhaps more so in the case of ex-servicemen, who more than any of us know what it's all about. It is a vague malaise that eludes analysis: it is not simply fear, and certainly not bravado. It might be the vague uneasiness that afflicts the human animal about things of which he is aware but which he does not understand.

Such feelings are becoming increasingly evident in far more exalted circles. Governments and great men are beginning to sound muddled, to run around in circles.

Some people wonder why one hundred and fifty-five million people in Western Europe, with their great moral and industrial resources, waste their time arguing about local interests when their existence is threatened, when

united they could create a powerful influence for the peace they want. It puzzles some of us, simple souls that we are, that Spain and Yugoslavia are vilified until somebody discovers that General Franco has forty-three divisions, and Marshal Tito thirty-two. United in the first place with the countries represented in the Strasbourg assembly, all could have assembled more divisions than the Russians could afford to keep on their western frontier.

And we wonder, if the old man in Aesop's Fables were to go to Europe with his bunch of sticks and show the great men that one stick breaks easily, whereas all together cannot be broken, would anybody be impressed?

In the midst of the atomic age we sit, and write that theme or prepare this lab report, and wonder if during the night we and the town might pass away in a great explosion. After this, after the war, after the exhaustion of nations, there might conceivably come a time when there were no warriors left, and the meek might inherit the earth. Thus are prophecies fulfilled. When the heaven and the earth have passed away, and there is no more sea . . .

It may be auspicious that this crisis comes at Christmas, when we may be all the more probably be inclined to take stock of ourselves as well as of things. It may be that we will remember what Christmas is, and that we, the members of the democratic nations who are also, incidentally, Christians, will shake off our lethargy, both moral and physical, and remember our strength as well as our weakness.

Epistle from the Monastery

Pine Hill varsity made their first appearance in the N. S. intermediate intercollegiate basketball, going down to defeat 31-30 to King's, defending champs in an exhibition game. The Holy Terrors were lead by Alex Farquhar, former Dal and Grad star.

The hockey team has been practicing lately. MacBurnie looks good in nets with "Bruising Andy", 235-lb. rearguard and dashing Don MacMahon sure starters.

In the annual "Out of this world series" the Atheists defeated the Theologues in a 3-game series, for the Pine Hill title, behind the pitching of Northsider Gord MacKenzie.

In retaliation the Theologues whipped the Atheists in a so-called hockey game. The score of said game was a matter of debate but the outcome was agreed on by almost all.

The annual Pine Hill Fall Ball was the outstanding social event of the year (for those who attended). The ballroom was attractively decorated in Hallowe'en style. The only complaint was the poor support of the orchestra, who underestimated a party thrown by the Hill.

"Honey" MacLeod's pride and joy, the billiard table, has been reconditioned for the fall classic—the billiard tournament. Also slated for this week is the ping pong play-offs, as all enthusiasts are Bat-ting for honours.

The new editor of the Pine Hill year book is Guy MacLean, who is taking over from Keith Fleming. The latest addition to Dal college spirit is the black and gold, Pine Hill and Pharmacy cold-rod, lately seen about Forrest.

The Council at the moment is trying to stop the flow of water on the second floor, but we are informed that rebellion is brewing amongst the angels with dirty clothes. To their efforts we can only say

Amen.

T-Square

by BUD KINGSBURY

The Boilermakers' Ball committee members have had their heads together for the last two weeks and have come up with a very fine program and a huge publicity campaign. As the month of February will be a very busy one socially be sure to reserve Friday the 16th, for the biggest ball on the campus, for as everyone knows . . .

The hockey team is planning on a big year with no lack of

players. There are about thirty competing for berths and this will give a very strong reserve force to back up the main squad. When they return from Christmas holidays, the boys will be sporting their new sexy black and white sweaters. The lack of rink time has not fazed some of the fellows and a really rough and tumble game rages every noon time on the square in front of the "shack". Many sticks have been broken, but so far we have had no broken bones or windoks. It is a toss up as to which will occur first. More gravel gets moved here than at Hubley's and people are being warned to look out for flying missels.

LETTER TO EDITOR—

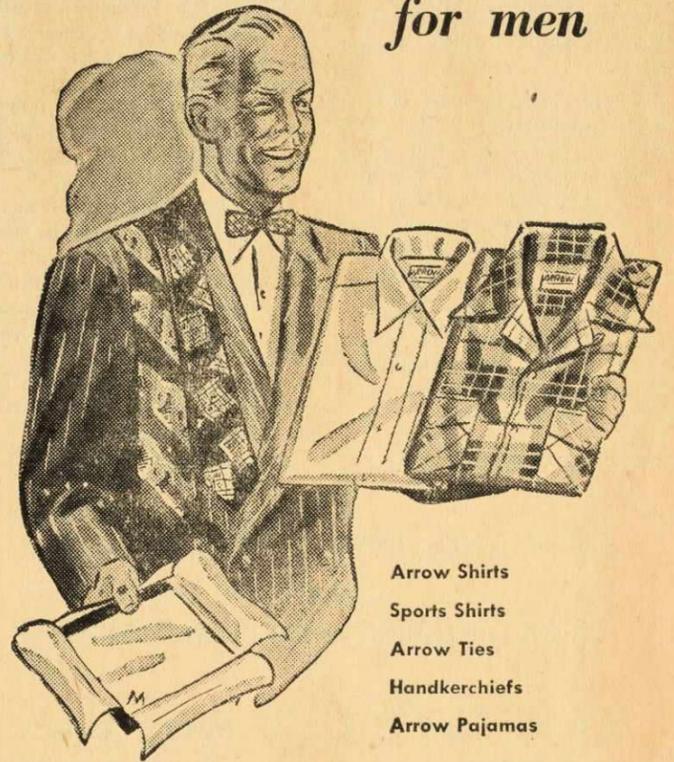
(Continued from page two)

haven't the heart. Or is it a case of (as I think it must be) of not being able to get anyone of reasonable intelligence to support the negative side of the argument.

This gentleman brashly makes the statement that skating, which is work (to him) should not be carried out on Sunday, rather, the day should be devoted piously to doing homework, which is not work (to him, I presume). In his case, I wholeheartedly agree that it might not be a bad idea to work on the mind-improving angle a bit, but I think that such activity

(Continued on page four)

ARROW CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS for men



Now is the time to shop for Christmas presents—not later during vacation when the rush is on.

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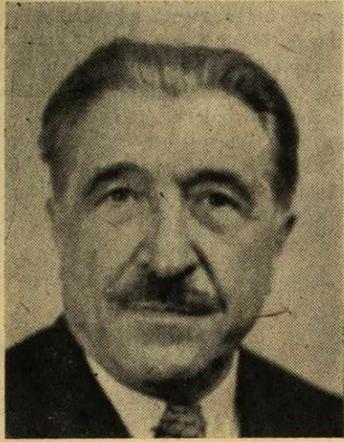
OTTAWA, Dec. 5—The Civil Service Commission said today that it is seeking a number of Junior Administrative Assistants, perhaps as many as twenty, for the various government departments at Ottawa. The starting salary is \$2400.

The first year of employment is largely devoted to training in administrative procedure and to gaining experience in a variety of work. Those who show promise of greatly increased usefulness will receive \$2700 at the end of a year, and thereafter yearly increases of about \$120 until \$3180 is reached. More rapid advancement to higher grades is also possible.

To apply, persons must be university graduates or in their final year of study. The Commission is seeking the better than average students and those who fall short of that standard may not be admitted to the written examination.

Full details may be found on poster announcements now on display at the universities and elsewhere. The closing date for applications is December 16.

Well Known French Prof. to Lecture



Dr. Lucien Wolfe, a former president of a French University and an outstanding lecturer, has been invited to speak before Dalhousie students.

His lecture, on the famous writer Andre Gide, will be delivered in English, Friday, December 8, at twelve, Arts Building.

Dr. Lucien Wolfe was for many years Professor of English Literature and Dean of the Faculty of Arts of the University of Rennes, where his scholarly publications on the English Romantic poets, particularly John Keats, and his translations of novels by George Meredith and H. G. Wells earned him a high reputation.

Civil Service To Hold Interviews

Mr. T. M. Powers, district representative, Dominion Civic Service Commission, Halifax, will be available for interviews concerning summer employment on Friday, Dec. 8.

Any Dalhousie students interested in summer employment with the commission are asked to see Mr. Powers in the basement classroom in the Arts Building between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. this Friday.

At the same time Mr. Rice, of the National Employment Service, will make his regular Friday visit to help those students looking for part time employment during the university term.

Law School, Provincial Government Join in First Co-operative Project of its Kind

Establishment of a Legislative Research Centre for Nova Scotia at Dalhousie Law School is announced by University President, Dr. A. E. Kerr. First co-operative project of its kind ever officially undertaken by any law school and government, the Centre initiates on a modest scale an experiment in both legal education and public service.

Its purposes are, first, to provide law students with some experience in using methods of research and drafting essential for effective legislation and, second, to make the results of that work available to the Legislature of the Province. The plan, which has been endorsed by Premier Angus

L. Macdonald, K.C., was proposed by Horace E. Read, K.C., Dean of the Law School, who has had extensive experience in work of this kind in both Canada and the United States. He is Director of the Centre, and Associate Director is Henry F. Muggah, K.C., Legislative Counsel of Nova Scotia.

Work done by the students will be the practical laboratory portion of the Law School course in Legislation and will be under the joint supervision of Dean Read and Mr. Muggah, with other faculty members as consultants. A room will be provided for the Centre in the Dalhousie Law Building.

Dal Girls Win Exhibition Game

The Dal Varsity Basketball Team (female division) defeated the Tartans 24-19 in a very fast exhibition game which was played in the Gym Tuesday evening. It took the college girls a little time to get started, but once they took the lead they never lost it. At the end of quarter time the score was 8-2 for the Tartans, but Barb Quigley and Elaine Woodside started to put them in, and by half time the score was Dal 12, Tartans 8. Foo Grant opened the scoring in the second half and was followed by Mary Munroe of the Tartans. The pace was fast, and there were a great many penalties. In the last quarter Marg Eustace was put off on fouls.

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Do we have any Ontario—preferably Toronto—students at Dalhousie who would like to go home for Christmas for the price of a one-way ticket?

There's a young lady in Halifax who will let you drive her two-weeks-old car from Toronto to Halifax after Christmas, if you are reliable. For complete arrangements about the set-up telephone Rosalie McLaughlin at 3-4862. You'll be doing the young lady a favor by bringing back the car, and you'll also save yourself the price of transportation from Ontario to Halifax.

LETTER TO EDITOR—
(Continued from page three)
should be confined to week-day evenings. What doth it profit a man to improve his mind on Sunday if he is going to allow it to disintegrate over a coke at Joe's on Monday, where I think the article in question must have been conceived and brought to fruition.

If whoever, wrote the article secretly inclines toward Sunday skating, he could have not have made his secret point more clearly had he written the same article on the other side of the page under "YES". If this was his purpose, I take everything back and say, "Tis a far, far better thing you could have done in the interests of winter sports on Sunday, than you could have done if you had argued in its favor".

I am sure if the verbose gentleman in question had argued in favor of Sunday sports we, his reading public, would all be thoroughly convinced of its power to undermine the entire structure of our society.

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