

DALHOUSIE

Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

Munro Day

Tuesday;

Classes Wednesday;

Exams Soon

Few Copies

of

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Vol. LXXXIV

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1952

No. 38

FULL HOUSE ATTEND "IOLANTHE"



"Iolanthe" Rated Great Show.—The cast of "Iolanthe" are shown above taking a curtain call following the presentation of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operetta Wednesday night. In the lead role are, Brian Edwards, Audrey Powell, Bernadine Melanson, and Marion Johnston. —Photo by Williams

Institute Of World Affairs To Hold 28th Annual Session

The annual session of the Institute of World Affairs Inc. will be held at its Educational Centre, Twin Lakes, Salisbury, Connecticut, July 10 to August 28 this year. The conference, now in its 28th year was originated to give a carefully selected group of students of different countries an opportunity to gain experience in international living, study intensively in the field of international relations and receive training for leadership.

Juniors, seniors and recent graduates in Political Science, International Relations, Economics, Law and History are eligible. Candidates are required to meet high scholarship standards.

The cost of tuition, room and board for the session is \$300. Some scholarships are awarded to accepted candidates who find it impossible to meet the full expense. A few full scholarships are given to students from overseas.

Each university may nominate two or more students, American or non-American, for this seminar in international relations.

Among the seminar leaders this year will be Dr. Arthur Smithers, Professor of Economics at Harvard University; Dr. Nichols Myardi,

Oratorical Award To Be Given Tues.

Among the awards to be given Tuesday night will be the Macdonald Oratorical Award, a prize donated by Hon. Angus L. Macdonald for the student displaying the best powers of oratory in the University.

The winner will be one of three people — Bruce Lockwood, Ron Stevenson or Dunc Fraser. The speeches were heard Monday night by three judges — Mr. Justice Currie, F. W. Fraser, head of the Institute of Public Affairs and Professor Graham Murray.

The topic of the speeches was 'My Ideal for Canada's Future.'

Only those who took part in intercollegiate debates were eligible for the award. This was a fairly comprehensive system since there were trials before each debate and it is to be presumed that the best speakers in the University were chosen at these trials to carry the Dal banner.

Brian Edwards Again Stars In Final D.G.D.S. Production

The Glee and Dramatic Society's production of 'Iolanthe' is meeting with tremendous success among the students of the University and the public of Halifax. One of Gilbert and Sullivan's works, the operetta is meeting with as much success if not more as the four other operettas made by that pair which have been put on by the Glee Club over the past five years.

The leads in the play are done by Brian Edwards, an old faithful in Glee Club productions, Audrey Powell, who was outstanding in the Mikado last year and Patience the year before, and Marian Johnston who plays the part of Iolanthe.

Other dramatis personae are Ken Ken Stubington, Graham Day, Stewart Watson, Mike McCulloch, Bernadine Melanson, Sheila Piercy, Neva Eisner and Pat Staples.

On student night last Wednesday, a large portion of the student body were on hand. They were all very impressed by the singing of the chorus.

Professor Harold Hamer deserves much credit for directing the operetta. He has been working hard for many months to make the production the fine one it is.

'Iolanthe' satirizes a social caste in which success depends upon manners rather than upon the mind, and in which position and prestige have been inherited rather than earned. The objects of Gilbert's satire are the members of the House of Lords.

Reports from the Glee Club executive reveal that all seats have been sold for the remaining performances.

The Glee Club are to be congratulated on their work this year. All three productions have been a success. The other two plays were farces—Captain Applejack and Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.

Committee Releases Munro Day Program

The program for Munro Day, Tuesday, March 11, has been announced by Albro MacKeen, chairman of the Committee. Munro Day traditionally marks the closing of extra-curricular activities for the year.

Activities will commence in the morning when there will be a student skating session from 9 - 10.30 a.m., followed by a hockey game between the Interfac All Stars and the winners of the Interfac hockey league. At 12 o'clock there will be a hockey game between the Girl's All Star and the Boy's Hockey team.

In the afternoon the program will begin with a basketball game at 1.30 p.m. between Law and Med for the championship of the Interfac Basketball league. At half time the Boys' Varsity Hockey team will face the Girl's Basketball team in a hoop match.

At 3 o'clock the quartet contest will take place followed at 3.45 by the presentation of the candidates for Campus Queen. The eight girls will be introduced by their sponsors.

Following the presentation of the candidates the Rink Rats will present a show.

The evening will begin with the introduction of next year's Student Council followed at 7.15 by the presentation of the Gold and Silver D's and the other awards which will take place at 8.15 followed by the crowning of the Campus Queen.

The evening will conclude with a dance from 9.30 to 1 o'clock to the music of Don Warner and his orchestra.

Rink Rats Offer Sweet (?) Revenge

Have you harboured a grudge against someone all year? Have you subdued an urge to fling a thick, gooey pie into the face of your favourite enemy? No longer need you writhe in agony over your frustrated desire. If you have the cash you may outbid your opponent for the privilege of tossing a thick, gooey pie into the face of your favourite enemy.

It's all part of the "Pie Throwing Competition" sponsored by the Dalhousie Rink Fund Committee as their part of the Munro Day program. The Rink Rats will auction off pies which may be hurled, more or less gleefully, by the successful bidders at their enemies across the stage. Of course, if the proposed targets are allergic to lemon meringue, custard or similar sticky substances, they may—for a price—buy protection by outbidding their would-be assailants. The assaults take place after the presentation of the Campus Queen candidates.

Proceeds from the auction will go toward reduction of the \$10,000 goal accepted by the students in 1950, who promised to raise that amount to show their appreciation to the administration for the rink. So far the Rink Rats have raised approximately \$2,000 in the two years they have been active. Rink Rats are student volunteers who undertake various projects each year for the purpose of cutting down the \$10,000 promise. They elect their own chairman.

Dances, carnivals, and other events are undertaken by the Committee in their endeavour to raise the \$10,000. Their most recent project was the Maritime Amateur Boxing Tournament, held in the gym, where pugilists from various parts of the Maritimes vied with each other for the various amateur titles in different weight classes. From this tournament the Rink Rats made approximately \$500. They have never gone in the "red" in any of their undertakings which speaks well for the management of the committee.

Although additional members are recruited if the nature of the undertaking requires it, the Committee is usually composed of six or seven permanent members. Don Good is chairman of the present committee, while Gary Watson, Arpy Robertson, John Smallman, Gay Esdale, Joan McCurdy and Sally Roper are among its more active members.

French Evening

The Dalhousie French Club beg to request your attendance at its annual French Evening, to be given in the Auditorium (Room 21) of the new Arts and Administration Building, Thursday, the 13th day of March, 1952, at 8 p.m. under the distinguished patronage of Mr. Robert Picard, French Consul in Halifax.

The programme of this "Soirée Française" will consist of French songs and short plays, including a farce by Molière: La Jalousie du Barbouillé. Free admission.

Professor of Political Science at Bradley University; Dr. William Y. Elliott of Harvard.

Committee Announces Final Award List For Munro Day

Engraved Gold 'D'

Gerry Grant, Donald Harrison, Donald Kerr, Bliss Leslie, Bruce Lockwood, Andrew MacKay, Ian Palmeter, Sally Roper, Hugh Vincent.

Gold 'D'

Michael Delorey, Gay Esdale, Donald Hall, Scott Henderson, Dave Jardine, Dave Jannigan, Eric Kinsman, Barb McGeoch, John Nichols, Ronald Robertson, Struan Robertson, Ted Rountree, Ernie Semple, Carolyn Weld, Ethel Smith, John Smallman.

Silver 'D'

Vaughn Baird, Walter Bergman, Nancy Briggs, Douglas Brown, Dave Bryson, Mary Chisholm, Doug Clancy, Natasha Coffin, Carol Cole, Charles Connolly, Barb Davison, Brian Edwards, Pat Fownes, Jessie Forbes, Don Good, Noel Goodridge, Frank Hall, Heather Hope, Bob Inglis, John Jenkins, Joan Johnson, George R. Kerr, George A. Kerr, Eric Lane, Bill McCready, Dave McCurdy, Marion McCurdy, Albro MacKeen, Ian MacLean, Shelia MacDonald, Norma Messenger, Peter Mingo, Betty Morse, Frances Murphy, Joanne Murphy, Graham Muttart, Eliphah Nichols, Audrey Powell, June Prowse, Hazel Sharpe, Helen Snow, Spence Stewart, Bill Strachan, Bill White, Carolyn Wiles, John Williston, Donald Woodside, Eleanor Woodside, Elaine Woodside, John Wright.

Kerr And Cyr Attend Engineering Meeting

Newly elected Council President Buzz Kerr and his Vice-President, Roger Cyr, were guest speakers at a regular meeting of the Engineering Society yesterday morning. They were there on the invitation of Society President Bill Haley, who opposed Kerr in the recent Council elections.

The new president congratulated the society on the high percentage of their members who voted in the elections. Out of the 91 members of the society, 83 voted. This was a 91.2% vote.

Kerr then asked the three members who voted for him to rise. Continuing in a humorous vein, he told them that all was forgiven and that under his administration all students, whatever their faculty, would be treated fairly and on the same basis.

Cyr seconded Kerr's remarks and complimented Haley and his running mate, Sally Roper, on a fine campaign.

(Kerr also promised that the Engineer's Ball banner would be returned after Bill Haley informed him that it cost \$34).

Incoming Council To Hold First Meeting Tues.; Two New Members To Be Added

The new Students' Council will hold their first meeting on Tuesday morning at 11.00. The newly elected group will meet in the Study Room of the Men's Residence to elect a member at large.

The elected members of the Council are Foo Grant, Dave Bryson, Barb Davison, John Nichols, Mike McCulloch, (all from Arts), Bob Crandall, John Smith, (Meds), John Howard, (Eng.), Harris Young, (Comm.), Kevin Griffin, (Law), D. MacDonald, (Pharm).

In addition to President George Kerr and Vice-President Roger Cyr, there will be two more members. One is elected by this year's Council, the other by the incoming Council. Out of the total number a second vice-president is elected who is usually a female student.

Bernal Sawyer is the permanent secretary-treasurer of the Council. Before he graduated with an M.A. two years ago, he had served on the Council for three years.

The outgoing Council will also hold a meeting on Tuesday at 10.00. They will elect one of their number to be freshman representative on the new Council.

School Of Nursing To Hold Institute

Dalhousie University's School of Nursing will sponsor a special institute for nurses of Canada's Atlantic Provinces on March 18, 19 and 20. The main topic will be "Staff Education", or as known to laymen, training for graduate nurses now in service.

Miss Esther Robertson, assistant Superintendent for Canada of the Victorian Order of Nurses will be the principle speaker of the three-day meeting and Professor Alex Mowat, head of the Faculty of Education at the university will speak on the Psychology of Learning and Teaching.

Invitations have gone out to nurses in hospitals and public health organizations in the three Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland and it is expected that over 60 nurses will attend the conference.

The meetings of the institute will be held in the Arts and Administration Building.

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A Gentleman's Agreement and a Rule

The elections are over and the campus, following one of the most hotly contested campaigns in years is settling back once more. Before it is completely forgotten, however, we would like to draw attention to some regrettable election practices which occurred in both parties.

There has existed in past years, on the campus, a gentleman's agreement that no candidate will campaign during the 24 hours immediately preceding the election. No obligation rests with the candidates to observe this custom but until this year it has been observed and we were disturbed to see it broken during the recent election by both parties. Mr. Kerr and Mr. Cyr addressed several classes in the medical faculty at Forrest; Mr. Haley's and Miss Roper's supporters blossomed forth with yellow and black campaign ribbons.

The infringements did not stop even at this point. On election day a flag bearing the slogan, Vote for Kerr and Cyr was raised on the Studley flagpole, and balloons bearing Mr. Haley's name were floated from the window of the Men's Residence. This, in spite of the fact that there is a direct regulation in the constitution of the Council prohibiting all campaigning on election day.

We trust that the candidates guilty of the infringement were ignorant of the ruling and not merely ignoring it, but whether they were or not makes no difference just as it makes no difference that the infringement may have been done by the election manager and supporters of the candidates rather than the candidates themselves.

It is the responsibility of each candidate to see that those whom he has in his campaign party do not place him in such a position where he is seriously jeopardized.

We trust that next year we shall see a return to the old campaign rules both written and unwritten.

Letter To The Editor

Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette
Dear Madam,

With respect to the N.F.C.U.S. Executive action in the case of the Russian Forum I, personally, am in partial agreement with the "irate student." Since the referendum was held at Dal last term the local committee has repeatedly urged that action be taken by the National Executive, but to no avail. Now it is too late to do anything but the course suggested by the Executive since the approach of

exams on all campi renders the holding of a National Referendum impossible.

However, the delay will not be so long as it seems for the Russian students are going to be contacted and all possible arrangements made before the N.F.C.U.S. Conference in September. On this basis the tour could take place, if it is possible, shortly after the conference.

Yours truly,
Ron Robertson,
Dal N.F.C.U.S. Chairman

Review—

Always The Hills Beyond

—Thomas Wolfe

The New World has even been accused by the Old as having no respect for tradition, no culture, no sense of values. On the whole, a land of Philistines where materialism and the dollar are kings. Out of this land of the Present there have arose great voices of wisdom and Beauty but they are few and far between. And of all the voices, one was the loudest of all, one was really filled with a deep understanding of his people and his World and knew the value of the Old, the truth and falsity of both.

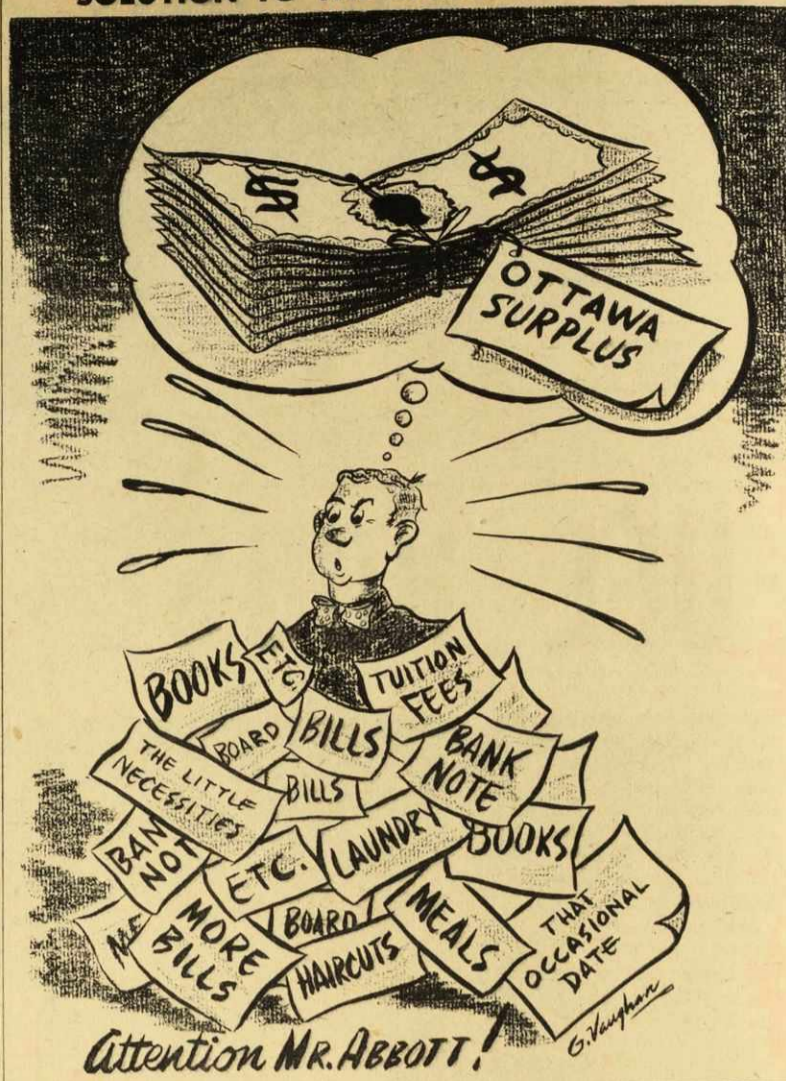
This man was born in the hills of Carolina. A country boy from a small town whose large, hard-pressed family were like strangers in a strange land. This man out of all of them, was destined for university. He had a thirst for knowledge that drove him to his death, for the books he read and wrote, long into morning, the cigarettes, the alcohol, the deliberate avoidance of food, gave him the weakness and the disease that killed him at 38. He was Thomas Wolfe.

Our New World had not heard such a poetry-in-prose before or since. His breathless descriptive passages, his knowledge, the ghosts of the past and the nameless anxieties that haunted him, and the loves he knew and lost, made his the voice of America, the translator and interpreter of non-comprehending Europe.

Look Homeward, Angel, Of Time and The River, You Can't Go Home Again and The Web and The Rock are the four big novels upon which rests his fame. All seem groping, non-coherent and bewildered just as was the writer, but through them all is the voice of auto-biography which more than accounts for the mist of futility. Wolfe's life time of searching for an answer to all "his frenzy and unrest", searching for "a stone, a leaf, an un-found door—" and for "the unremembered faces" is the story of his writings. In each man there lies a tortured, lost and homeless soul that is ever alone and comprehended by no one. This is the facet of living that he fastened his literary clutches on and in the dim caverns where man has always sought in vain he somehow succeeded, not in finding an answer to the inextricable complexities but rather in sizing up the immensity and reducing the overpowering emotions of aloneness.

As a result his novels have produced an epic of poetic prose, a great panoramic and kaleidoscopic view of our world against which men forever wander from birth to death, and none ever really knows them, wants to or care to. They

SOLUTION TO THE STUDENT'S PROBLEM



do not even know themselves. In our mother's face. Who has looked into his father's heart?—his words, from The Face of a stone, a leaf, an un-found door— Nation: and all the forgotten faces. O "—naked and alone we came Lost! and by the wind-grieved, into exile—on this gray cinder that is earth—we did not know ghosts, come back again.

The Killer Walks Softly

Dear Mary, my heart breaks to tell you
The things that this last letter holds,
For in truth I believe I still love you
And yet my desire is cold.
But because I can not bear deception
Nor the scorn of proud mockery,
I am ending the bright tale we started
As the end came to what used to be.
It's funny, but I can't remember
The days when love's passion was new,
When the promise of earth's days together
Was founded on kisses by you.
For all I recall now is sorrow
And how you sadistically chained
Under a false mask of morals,
A fire that couldn't be tamed.
And the night that you said "Do not kiss me"
Was the night when the quiet dusk came—
When the dusk deepened slowly to darkness—
That darkness where only the lame,
Vacuum-conqueror that is your successor
Walks with the memories we knew—
And, Mary, though Yesterday's over
Tomorrow will grieve but for you.

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Fiction Contest Results

The Gazette-sponsored fiction contest open to all Dalhousie students, has been duly completed and awards given. The judges were C. L. Bennet, head of Dept. of English, W. G. Allen, Prof. of English and A. R. Bevan, Prof. of English. First place honours went to Sis Nichols for story "Peccavi", the close second spot to Barbara McGeoch for story "The Grass Snake".

On this page the creative genius is displayed.

Peccavi

Father Stephen thoughtfully rose slowly from his knees, genuflected wearily, and turned to go into the confessional. It was nearly time to listen to a recital of human error, and the consequences that followed thereby. He was so tired of this parish, things drifted along in a murky stream—the tavern brawls, the squalid weddings, the christenings amidst rats and heaps of old bottles, in a rotten slum hole, owned by Mr. Mulcahie, the largest donor in the parish. How could he fight the wrongs . . . he was old, even his eyes reflected no stream of light, his greying hair straggled untidily over the collar of his worn cassock. He sat down stiffly and inclined his head toward the grill as the first steps shuffled in . . . "Father, I did not go to Mass last week, I slapped my wife because I was tired, she was so surly . . . I am truly sorry . . . I resolve . . . " "Yes, my son, te absolvo, in nomine . . . Your penance will be . . . " "The rigamarole of words ground out day after day like a worn out record player that people had forgotten how to turn off; again and again, " . . . te absolvo, in nomine . . . "were they really forgiven, were they really sorry, or were they only doing what other people expected them to do, was that all that he himself was doing, had life lost its meaning for all, had they forgotten the Son—"come unto Me, all ye that travail . . . I will refresh you." Had he not come unto God at his ordination, had not his whole life been dedicated to the glory of God, and yet he was not refreshed. Life became more and more like a desert, every day he stumbled over more bleak skeletons, at a great distance he was lightly touched with the sparkling oasis of a child's devout confession . . . and yet what was wrong?

Mr. Mulcahie came in with his petty recital of having forgotten to donate to a certain charity, having been a few moments late for Mass—his attitude toward God as a jolly friend of his who would naturally overlook any slight

error for a price. As Father Stephen began to mutter the Absolution a child rushed to the door of the confessional: "Father, come quickly, Mary is dying, the stairs fell . . . hurry, Father, before it is too late." Father Stephen moved swiftly from the confessional. Mr. Mulcahie was forgotten, a pious sinner on his knees in an empty box, frustrated from fulfillment of his week's duty, and the steps went out of the cathedral, the quick patter of the child's and the heavy tread of the priest. Mulcahie thought of the child, he knew the 'home', condemned years ago, but his lawyer had managed to keep the commitments away for a price. Now his greed swept over him, the enormity of his crime. DEATH by his own invitation had visited someone. He hurriedly rose from his knees, grasped his cane and hat and ran through the empty pews really praying for the first time in his life. "Father, peccavi, forgive me—peccavi, peccavi"—he staggered blindly to the rotten court where Mary's home was, past the doorways of lurking shadows of women of neither race nor age. A crowd had gathered around the door, sullenly they fell back as he broke through. Scalding tears streaked his cheeks—he went through the burly policeman at the door—and stopped, struck with fear as he saw that the ceiling would fall in a minute obliterating forever the three figures under the stairs. Mary, pinned by a beam was bravely smiling at her young husband, who stroked her white face, kissing her hungrily . . . Don't worry, darling, they will be here in a moment and get it off." Father Stephen held her hand praying softly, his eyes closed—no one heard the ominous crack in the ceiling. Mulcahie hurried to the group, pushed Father Stephen backward, threw Pat against the wall, and bent over Mary, shielding her view from the ceiling . . . "Forgive me, my child—" A heavenly smile suffused her glance, and she started to speak. At that moment the ceiling fell with a resounding crash, and dust arose in suffocat-

How To Invest Your Summer

Do you want to make your summer pay dividends? Here's how to go about it. The Student's Christian Movement of Canada is sponsoring three student works camps this summer. At each camp about twenty-five young men and women representing every major Canadian University come together to practice a system of co-operative living.

It is an education in itself merely to mingle with students from the length and breadth of Canada, as well as from the United States, but the potentialities of a summer spent in such an atmosphere become even more forcefully revealed as the students settle down to the business of tackling the basic problems which beset our present society with a view to finding the answers in terms of straightforward Christian living. By securing a job in the industrial or agricultural sphere the camper is able to identify himself in a practical way with the working class; thus as a result of first hand experience coupled with an honest approach, the student camper is able to gain a clearer insight into, and a deeper understanding of, the many complex problems that face the various classes of society. Finally, by pooling ideas and experiences, by discussing fundamental problems with all sincerity, honesty, and conscientiousness; and by comparing our society with the way of life as taught to us by Christ, the camper is able to find the answers to many questions—answers which can never be reached within the walls of the university.

The text as to how far the camper has progressed in his search for unity and Christian fellowship comes at the end of the summer when each camper, if he so desires, contributes his summer earnings into a common pool. From this pool, funds are distributed according to the basic needs of the individual. In this way, many students are able to return to college, whereas they would have found it otherwise impossible.

A summer in a work camp can achieve more than any college course in the way of broadening one's views and helping one to assume a global aspect on the facts of life.

This summer two industrial camps will be held at Toronto, Ont., and Montreal, Que. A third camp in mental work will be conducted at the mental hospital at Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

Anyone interested may obtain application forms from Rev. Blair Colbourne, at the S.C.M. office in the Men's Residence, or by contacting him at his home, 314 South St.

ing clouds. When they finally were dug out, Pat had only a broken leg, but his spirit was crushed forever; Father Stephen paralyzed for life, but finally filled with peace at the action of Mulcahie—and Mary—the peaceful look preserved by Mulcahie's body, which was crushed beyond recognition, but whose last words had been seeking true forgiveness . . . in nomine Domine . . . perhaps Absolution had been granted.

The Grass Snake

The great orange ball of the August sun flamed in the bottom of the bay, throwing the treetops which folded over one another on the upslope into black silhouette, that spilled over the dark water in a deeper ebony shadow. On the open lake the light was still clear and the oblique rays reflected red on the ripples which shimmered their ruddy image until they leaped across the water in streaking fingers. The canoe, caught in its path, burned, and the boy turned his eyes, stung by the brilliance, to where the sky edged into chill blue.

He was, perhaps, ten. His face, smooth-cheeked, had a clean bare look, swept of all emotion except the animal joy of the very young which showed in his eager eyes and the sharp plains of his face. The sun, a burning torch, sifted through his pale hair dying it red.

The smooth bole of the cedar paddle trailing in the water, swung in a slight eddy, turning in his hands and with sudden importance he gripped it tightly sending the canoe slipping across the surface. Dark whirlpools edged with gleaming froth circled out behind the boat and the bow, rising with each deep stroke, settled back with a short muffled clap throwing water out in tiny drops that dimpled the surface. The boy's breath came faster, a flush suffusing his cheeks as the canoe approached the far shore where the trees, a stiff border of black, reaching out to the canoe, stealthily receded as it drew closer.

Out of breath he leaned forward, the paddle drawing an aimless pattern on the water as he watched with childish curiosity the tiny ripples spread out from the bow. In a widening V they opened out rocking a small stick floating on the surface. It rolled gently with them, rising on each narrow crest to fall back again each time. As the boy watched, now idly, it convulsed, sending out small ruffles that met and fell back, engulfed, before the larger ripples from the canoe. It moved again and the boy saw the small oval head of a grass snake lift above the surface like some minute periscope, watching with bright eyes as the shadow of the canoe drifted over it. It was almost invisible on the black water.

The light swiftly sinking into dusk shone on the burnished soot color of its back gleaming with water, merging on the sides into a deep forest green. Thin willow green stripes marked the symmetry of its body, and in one place a lightning zag of pale yellow was streaked. Its small head glistened like rubbed ebony, the keen edges delicately carved and the soft curving throat shaded paler showing creamy in the light. Now the grass snake lay motionless, only its tongue, a narrow thread of forked crimson flickered in and out nervously.

The two figures were still, gauging each other, but as the small human remained quiet the snake twisted forward suddenly, its body moving in a sinuous double S. As suddenly it stopped the thin bright line flickering once in defiance. Cautiously, the boy had lifted the paddle, raising it high over his head and now he smashed it down a foot to the left of the frozen snake. The clap echoed over the lake filling the air with abrupt sound and bouncing off the woods bounding on each side. The boy smacked the paddle down again, sending small tidal waves over the tiny creature and then in a sudden fit of impatient anger as it did not move, thrust the weapon under its body. The snake twisted forward a few inches but instinct was strong, holding it motionless once more. Sudden pity and shame moved in the boy as quickly as he had been seized by irrational anger and slowly he backpaddled the canoe away.

The sun was lower now and drifting behind the snake as it moved, its body tracing a delicate pattern on the water, the boy wondered what had driven it out into the lake where it lay helpless. He looked back at the op-

posite shore remembering the brush that clung with wiry fingers to the rocks along the shoreline that he and his father had burned that afternoon. The flames even as they destroyed the brush had perhaps forced the grass snake out into the water.

The snake with the boy trailing were now quite near the shore and he looked with sudden apprehension at the trees which retreated in vast black depths before his eyes. He swung the canoe around and in a few strokes was out once more on the open water, where the sun showed an orange disc on the horizon paling overhead to a washed blue. He hesitated, fear swelling up within him, but drawn strangely back to the snake no longer visible behind him on the dark water. He shivered and then suddenly, half angrily, swept the boat around once more and paddled back in short quick strokes to the shore. His eyes swung over the water looking for the grass snake, in quick panic lest it might have disappeared or reached the shore already. Then in a moment it lay on the water in front of him moving steadily forward. It was within the deeper shadow of the tress now, barely distinct on the brittle black mirror. Giant trunks half submerged, reached out in dark masses under the water and nervously the boy willed the tiny creature to the shore, glancing at the trees through which the poplars, a ghost army, gleamed white.

A sudden sound drew his eyes back to the place where the grass snake lay. The surface stretched empty before him, marked only by small swirling hollows in the water, spreading in ever widening circles. His throat grew tight and quick tears blurred his eyes as he leaned over the bulwark of the canoe trying to peer beneath the surface where the speckled wall-eyed bass lay lurking under the rocks. There was nothing. The ripples washed against the canoe and disappeared and once more the water stretched smooth and black.

Terror and guilt rose in him. He had killed the snake, but there was nothing he could do, nothing he could have done. He swung the canoe, sweeping wide around the place where the grass snake had disappeared and as the boat moved away from the shore the dark shadow of the trees hid the water.



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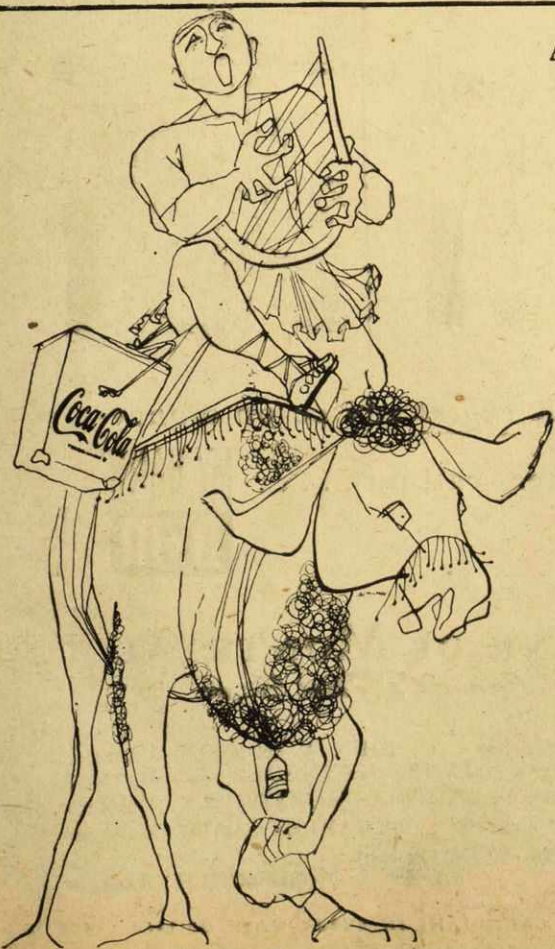
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DAL CAGETTES TO MEET U.N.B.



Monday afternoon the girls' Varsity basketball team defeated Acadia and thus regained the Nova Scotia Intercollegiate title they lost last year. The girls now play U.N.B. for the Maritime championship. U.N.B. are the New Brunswick champions by virtue of their win over Mount Allison. The first game in this home and home total point series will be played in the Dal gym Saturday at 2 p.m.

In the City League the Varsity squad are holding down second place. Wednesday they defeated the Kings girls 67-13, and Friday, in their last scheduled game, they meet Dartmouth in the Shearwater gym. With only one game to play, the girls have only three losses, two of which were given them by the league leading Blue Cagettes.

The girls' ice hockey team, winner of the Intercollegiate round robin held at the Dal rink two weeks ago, was held to a 1-1 tie last Saturday at Mount Allison. Marion McCurdy was the sole scorer for Dal. The team's last game will be played on Munro Day, when they are scheduled to play the members of the boys' basketball team.

To Foo Grant, Eleanor Woodside and Bety Morse, the new officers of D.G.A.C., congratulations on their success in the elections, and best wishes for next year. To Gerry Grant, retiring president, Foo Grant and Marnie Yeadon, officers of the D.G.A.C. for the past year, thanks are due for the success of girls' sports this year, and congratulations for a job well done!

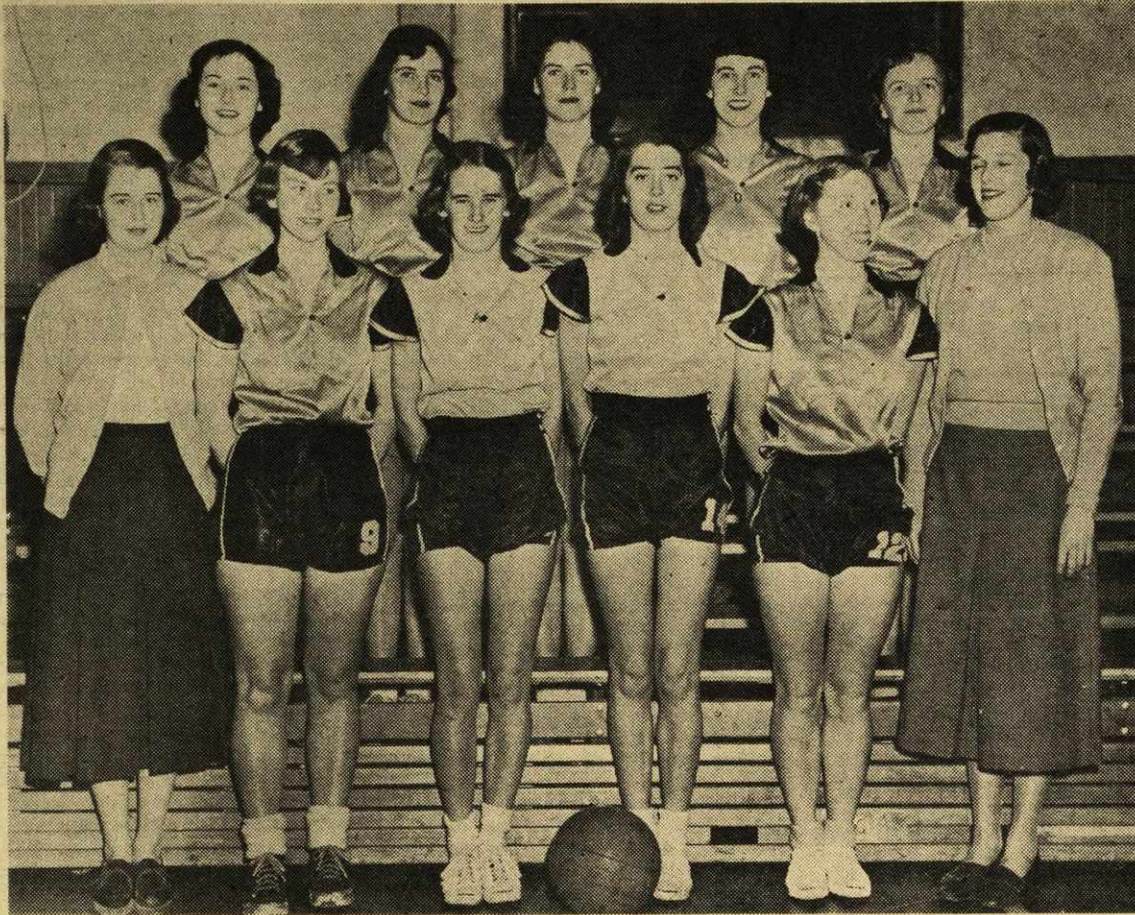
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Girls' Varsity Team in Inter-Collegiate Finals.—A final game in the Maritime Girls' Inter-Collegiate Basketball league will be played tomorrow afternoon between U.N.B. and Dalhousie. Shown above, left to right are members of the team: Back row: Gerry Grant, Barbara Quigley, Sally Roper, Jean MacLeod, Carole Cole. Front row: Team manager Sally Forbes, Jans Wilson, Eleanor Woodside, Elaine Woodside, Joan Johnstone.

Med-Dents Cop Championship

Playing a steady, well organized brand of hockey throughout the Med-Dent inter-faculty hockey team defeated Law 6-4 last Thursday night to keep the trophy at the Med School for another season.

The game produced some of the most exciting hockey seen in the loop this year as Med-Dents pulled into a commanding 3-0 lead by the middle of the second period, but then the Law boys put on the pressure and carried the play for the later half of the game.

Phil Jardine and Ozzie Delahunt were the top marksmen for the Med team with two goals apiece. Pugilist Johnny "Rocket" Williston was a very conspicuous figure, scoring one goal and picking up a pair of assists to match his two penalties. Alex Gillis scored the other Med goal.

Law marksmen were Ted "Frenchy" LeBlanc, Gordon Fitzgerald, Rogers, and John Currie.

Earlier this week Arts and Science won third spot in the final standings by virtue of a 3-1 overtime win over Commerce after a fluke goal late in the third period knotted the count and sent the game into overtime.

MEDS PLAY ALL STARS

One of the first athletic events of Munro Day this year will be a hockey game between the champion Med-Dents and an All-Star squad selected from the seven other teams in the inter-Fac League.

The game will take place in the rink at approximately 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Bob Marks (Arts & Science) will be in nets for the All-Stars.

The defence will be composed of George Clark (Arts & Science), Terry Goodyear (Engineers), Eric Kinsman (Law), Rusty MacLean (Pinehill), Fraser Mooney (Pharmacy), and Joe Rizzetto (Law).

Up front the All-Stars will have Ric Bouchard (Arts & Science), Chuck Johnson (Engineers), Tom Kennedy (Pre-Meds), Ted LeBlanc (Law), Mike McCulloch (Pre-Meds), Merril MacDonald (Pharmacy), Neil MacKinnon (Arts & Science), Guy MacLean (Pinehill), Fran Murphy (Arts & Science), Wayne Pendleton (Commerce), Don Shatford (Commerce), Andy Sim (Arts & Science), and Doug Wade (Commerce).

Mermen Meet In Offing

Vaughn Baird, Swimming Manager, has announced that a Nova Scotia Championship Swimming Gala will be held the last week in March. A Men's swimming team from Dalhousie has been entered in the meet and it is hoped that a sufficient number of male students will enter the meet to make Dal's team a strong one. All those interested and desirous of taking part are asked to contact Vaughn Baird at 4-2873.

The swimming practises are being held at the Stadacona Swimming Pool on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 4.30.

Maritime Title At Stake Saturday

The first game in the Maritime Girls' Inter-Collegiate Basketball finals will be played tomorrow afternoon in the Dal Gym at 2 o'clock between the Dal girls and a female quintette from the University of New Brunswick. The series is a total point, home and home affair with the second game slated for Fredericton some time next week.

This year the local campus has been blessed with a top flight co-ed basketball team, which under coach Florence Rowley has been a power in the City Ladies' Basketball League as well as winning the N. S. championship.

Two of the brightest lights on the star studded squad have been New Glasgow's answer to the Bobbys Twins, Elaine and Eleanor Woodside. The north shore pair for the second year are two of the most prolific scorers on the squad and the taller Elaine also captains the team.

When neither of the Woodies are sinking points for the Lady Tigers freshette Jans Wilson is usually doing the honors. Truro-born Jans came to star for Dal after getting quite a name for herself as a Hub Town High School star.

The other two forwards on the team are the long and the short of it—Spud Islander Barb Quigley being the long, at 5' 7 1/2", and city born Joan Johnstone being the short at 5' 3". Quig is a varsity veteran while Joan is playing her first full term with the squad.

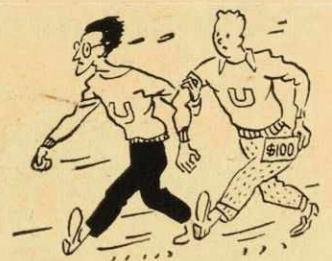
Another Halifax native is Sally Roper. Sally, well known because of her variety of other interests including student / government, swimming, badminton and tennis, is one of the outstanding guards on the team.

Gerry Grant comes to us from Calais, Maine to play basketball and serve as President of the D.G.A.C. This is her third year on the varsity team.

Carol Cole besides starring from her guard position on the cage squad was a member of the inter-collegiate ground hockey champs.

Last but not least, as the old phrase goes, is Jean MacLeod. Jean is presently playing her third year for her native city.

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