

TWO DELEGATES FROM DAL ATTEND I. S. S. CONFERENCE

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

TEA DANCE
IN
COMMON ROOM
AFTER GAME
TOMORROW

DAL VS
SHEARWATER
AT STUDLEY
TOMORROW
AT 2.30

Vol. LXXXIV

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1951

No. 6

MIDL CONFERENCE GETS UNDERWAY



THEIR LORDSHIPS—Newly appointed to the Bench of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie are Robert Webster, Bill O'Hara and Donat Pharrand. Frank Gallant who is chairman of the Moot Court Committee is Chief Justice. They presided at the first session of the Moot Court, an annual function of the Law School when Third Year students act as Judges, Second year students act as Counsels and First Year students assist them. The court continues three afternoons a week till all the students in the Law School have made an appearance according to their year. It ends in February.

Nancy Creighton, Danny Soberman at Conference At McMaster University

Nancy Creighton and Danny Soberman are Dal's two delegates to the I. S. S. National Conference which is being held at McMaster University in Hamilton this week-end.

The National Conference is the main organizational body of I. S. S. in Canada, and it meets annually. A National Committee is elected, and the authority of this committee is delegated to a secretariat which carries out the ideas of the Conference.

Law Ball Scheduled For Friday At Hotel

The Law Ball will be held next Friday evening. This annual affair will be held in the Nova Scotian Hotel with music by Les Single and his orchestra, dancing from nine to one.

Tickets are going on sale this week. They may be purchased from members of the committee consisting of Don Good, Kevin Griffin and Shelia Parsons.

This is the first big dance of the year. Dress will be optional.

Sodales To Draw Up Schedule On Monday

Sodales, the Dalhousie Debating Society, are holding a meeting in the Munro Room, (Forrest Building), at 7.30 Monday evening. The managers of the faculty debating teams are requested to attend so that a schedule may be drawn up for the inter-Faculty debates for the ensuing year.

Last year the debating shield was won by Delta Gamma and great things are expected of that group again this year. It is also hoped that a representative from King's College at the meeting so that an early exhibition debate between Sodales and the King's Debating Society may be arranged.

At this meeting there will be a report from the delegates to the M.I.D.L. conference which is to be held this week-end in Antigonish. George Kerr, 2nd year Law student, is president of Sodales this year.

Co-Editors Appointed For Dal Yearbook

Two students have been appointed by the Students' Council to edit Pharos this year. They are Shelia MacDonald and Alan Garcelon, both of whom have had experience on the year book before.

The editor of Pharos is usually appointed for one year at the end of the previous year. Last spring however, there were no applications made and at two Council meetings again this year, no applications were forthcoming.

At the third meeting held last Wednesday night, the application of these two students to act as co-editors was received and accepted.

Pharos is the Dalhousie year book which is sort of a souvenir for graduating students who carry the book as a record of their last year in the University.

Formerly Pharos was a much larger book and had pictures of all students in it. It has become necessary in the past two years to make a much smaller book with pictures of only the graduating students.

Alan Garcelon was business manager last year. This year in addition to carrying out the position as co-editor he will also look after the business matters of the publication.

Group of Students Assist In Red Feather Campaign

A group of students have got together to canvass for the Halifax Community Chest. They have been soliciting funds from all parts of the campus and passed around the familiar red boxes at the two football games last Saturday.

Information recently released from campaign headquarters reveals that Dalhousie University is still far behind the quota expected. But a small percentage of the \$1,500 hoped for had been realized earlier in the week.

The bulk of the amount comes from the members of the faculty. The rest comes from the students. When the final returns from the efforts of the group of students canvassing is known, it is hoped that this figure will reach, if not exceed the quota.

The campaign closes today.

MacPherson Elected As President Of Pre-Meds

The first meeting of the Pre-Medical Society was held last Monday. Bill MacPherson presided.

Elections of officers for the coming year were held. The officers elected were:—

President—Bill MacPherson
Vice-President—Mary Isherwood
Secretary—Joan Cahill
Treasurer—Mike McCulloch

John Potts was appointed to head the Dance Committee and the Sports Committee. Bo Epstein and Jim Briggs were appointed to handle publicity and Gordon Devlin offered to organize a pre-Med Glee Club.

It was agreed that several persons from the Medical School would be obtained to speak at future meetings. The next meeting will be held on Monday, Oct. 22. All pre-Med students are requested to attend.

Ron Robertson To Introduce New Constitution For C.U.D.A.

Two Dalhousie students are at present at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish attending the annual conference of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League. Main business at the conference will be the drawing up of the intercollegiate debating schedule. A new constitution for the Canadian University Debating Association will be presented for approval.

The two students representing Dal at the conference are Ron Robertson, Arts, and Neville Lindsay, Law. They left on Wednesday for the start of the convention yesterday.

Ron Robertson will present a rewritten constitution for the C.U.D.A. He rewrote the existing constitution at the request of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, of which group the C.U.D.A. is a part.

Robertson is chairman of the Dal branch of N.F.C.U.S. and received the job of rewriting the constitution at the conference of the Federation which he attended last summer.

George Kerr, President of Sodales, announced yesterday that the two delegates to the conference will also introduce a proposal which would alter the procedure at intercollegiate debates.

At present the procedure is that each participant in a debate makes his main speech and then has a rebuttal. This means that there are four speeches and four rebuttals.

The proposal calls for only one rebuttal which would be made by one of the members of the affirmative side.

Also to be discussed at the conference are any required amendments to the M.I.D.L. constitution.

Twelve Maritime colleges are members of the M.I.D.L. They hold a conference at one of the colleges each year. Two years ago, Dalhousie were hosts to the other colleges at a conference.

NEWS BRIEFS

Psychology Club—The first meeting of the Psychology Club will be held Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7.30 in the Reception Room, Shirreff Hall. All are invited to attend.

Cercle Francais—The first meeting of the Cercle Francais will take place Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, at 7.30, in the Engineering Building (Room 20). All those interested are invited to attend.

C.U.P. Conference—The Maritime division of the Canadian University Press are holding a conference this week-end at St. F. X., Antigonish. The Dalhousie Gazette was unable to send a representative.

Nov. 8 Holiday—It is believed that there will be no classes held at the University on Nov. 8 which is the occasion of the Royal Couple's visit to Halifax.

Ground Hockey—Dalhousie plays Acadia tomorrow morning at 11.00 on Studley Field.

Record Homecoming At Western U.

ONTARIO — (CUP) — Three thousand Western Alumni attended the annual Homecoming her recently, renewing old friendships, reliving old memories and generally having one whale of a good time.

A full week-end was planned and included teas, receptions, dancing and football. The campus received the full treatment with

Address Unknown? Please Phone In

Would the following students please report their local address and phone numbers to the editor of the Students' Directory immediately. Phone 3-0476.

Alley, Charles M.; Antworth, Carvell; Doig, Ian M.; Dower, Thomas; Ducklow, Ronald; Enkhus, Kurt R.; Graham, G. Malcolm; Jenkins, John C.; Meating, James Henry; Santry, Dallas C.; Stacey, Donald L.; Wadden, Melvyn H.; Yee, Hugh Lum.

Also any students who have changed their address since they first gave one are asked to report to the editor.

Delta Gamma Holds Meeting

Last Tuesday the first Delta Gamma meeting of the year was held in the basement of the Arts and Science building. Its purpose was to make some elections. Nancy Briggs, the president, presided.

When Sadie Hawkins Week and the Shirreff Hall Open House comes along, Betty Morse will be in charge. A Social committee of five girls were elected to help her. Ethel Smith is the city social manager. Margot McLaren, with a committee of six, will look after the decorations for the dances.

Estelle McLean, Sally Forbes, and Pat Staples were elected as the junior, sophomore, and freshman representatives respectively. The manager for dramatics is Jane Clow. Mary Chisholm is in charge of the Delta Gamma scrapbook.

After the business of elections was finished, Barbara Davison gave a very interesting talk on the I. S. S. seminar she attended this summer. It gave those at the meeting more knowledge of what the I. S. S. does.

Strange Noises At Hall Only Initiation

If anyone was alarmed on Wednesday night of strange noises or sights at Shirreff Hall, have no fear; it was only an initiation. Each year new girls at the Hall must undergo an evening of drudgery given by those in their second year of residence.

Rotten fruit was a specialty, but there were many more too gruesome to mention. When everyone had regained their senses a sing song and eats were enjoyed. For the next two weeks the new girls will have the pleasant job of fagging for an upperclassman.

marquees, purple and white bunting, banners.

This was a record attendance for Homecoming.

NOTICE

Newman Club — The Newman Club will hold its first Communion Breakfast of the year on Sunday morning at 9.30 at the old St. Mary's College. There will be a social at 8.30 that evening.

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
Member Canadian University Press

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A TIME FOR ACTION

This year as in every year past, as the term gets under way the inadequacy of the common room and cafeteria facilities becomes apparent.

The situation rendered desperate last year when the snack bar in the Men's Residence was forced to care for every student on Studley campus with the result that no one was satisfied, was partially remedied this year by the installation of the cafeteria bar in what was formerly the men's dining room. But while this is an improvement, it is still inadequate. Aside from the cafeteria the students still have no place in which to hold meetings of the campus societies and are forced to call them at awkward times when the classrooms in the University buildings are free—times which are few and far between.

The answer lies in the erection of a Student's Union building on the campus with the facilities for all these needs. McMaster completed this term a new building to take the place of the wartime Recreation Hut and the University of Manitoba expects that the new Student Union building there will be completed by the end of the Christmas term. But while other universities proceed with this idea it is still a remote dream at this college.

It is time that something more than dreaming was done about it!

EACH MAN'S DESIRE

... early one evening, a strange excursion.

Not in the wastes beyond the swamp and sand or beyond the distant reaches of the seas, but in a land that is to men unknown, where for unrecorded times pale stars look down and where things happen that do not happen here, there lies the well of all the centuries. There, where the moonlight plays forever on its undiscovered shores and where soft breezes sing a constant song of love, where hate and sorrow never dared to tread, men's memories live. It is the land of the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega of the world's experience. It is the place of birth for virtue, the grave of vice, the hand-cuffs for human fallacy and greed. It is the place where men are lulled by the music of human kindness and where ambition is a word unknown. And legend names it Halcyon Vales.

Now Spud, a dweller of our unromantic world, early one evening wandered through the pines and reached a lake by which he sat alone. The moonlight march sedately through the woods, smiling a wan smile and stepping gingerly around many an amorous tryst, until it rested on the lapping waves below. There in ethereal silence it seemed that Time stood still, the cold embalmer of man's experience, yearned to suppress no more. And lifeless pine trees stood beneath the moon like silent sentinels or as star-witnesses of God, pointing voiceless fingers at the sky. So Spud, like the wanderers of old in lonely solitude sat in quiet cogitation of things to come and of his by-gone days. He thought of his dead love, the fair Katarina, and with heavy heart and brushing aside a reluctant tear, wished there was some way he could bring her back, or go to her. Then he remembered the legend of the Halcyon Vales where things happen that do not happen here, and dozed and waked and dozed again and dreamed. Dreamed of Elysean field and a pilgrimage through Time and of the summer laughter that had danced in Katarina's eyes until its winter came with frozen tears. And then awoke, but he was not alone.

Not alone, for, sweeter than red roses in the rain, with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes, and as lovely as an angel in a myth, there stood a womanly form. With a voice as soft as April but with the power of the stars, she spoke: "Be not afraid, and wipe away your tears. Be happy now for I will take you where no living man has ever walked before. Back across the years. To no man's land where stands still and where beds of pungent Asphodel send sweet greetings to the craters of the moon."

"Where's that?", said Spud recovering some composure after his initial embarrassment. He thought this dame had nerve intruding in his personal reverie.

But added politely: "Who are you?"

"I am the Goddess of Time. I can take you to Katarina in Halcyon Valley, where silvery waters lap at the undiscovered shores; where—"

"O.K., O.K.," said Spud impatiently. "What can I lose? But, of course, he had no intention of going anywhere.

Beneath his audacious exterior Spud was secretly nervous. His bold talk was just a cover-up as hesitantly he took this option on Yesterday and did not know he'd only find the fresh-dug grave of Today and the reservation for Tomorrow. So he yawned and stretched and when he opened his eyes his Goddess was gone and what was worse, he'd been moved.

It was broad daylight and he was on a road, in a valley, and sitting beneath a sign post that read: "Halcyon Valley—The Gateway to the Stars". And in brackets after it: "Please don't pick the flowers!"

So Spud arose, munching contentedly at a bunch of grapes that grew conveniently by, and wondered what to do. "Ah wilderness, thought Spud, were Paradise enow!" and started down the sleeping road that traversed the languorous vales, where Yesterday is but Today and where there is no Tomorrow.

Presently he came upon a wood with moss covered rocks beneath the stately trees, and in a small ravine a moaning waterfall, and by the falls, a youth lay dreaming. Now, thought Spud, as he drew near the incumbent, maybe I'll get some information on this place and where to find Kate.

"Pardon me," said Spud jovially, can you—"

The stranger gestured violently and plunged back into the labyrinth of thought.

"But—", began Spud again.

"The sounding cataract", said the stranger, deliberately weighing every word, "haunts, no haunted, me like a passion—the tall rock—yes, rock, that's good—the deep and gloomy wood—were then to me all in all."

"What are you doing?" asked the bewildered Spud.

"I'm composing a poem".

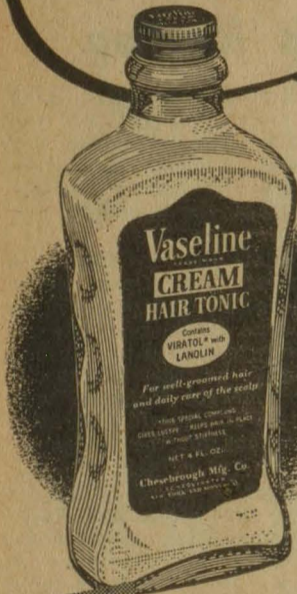
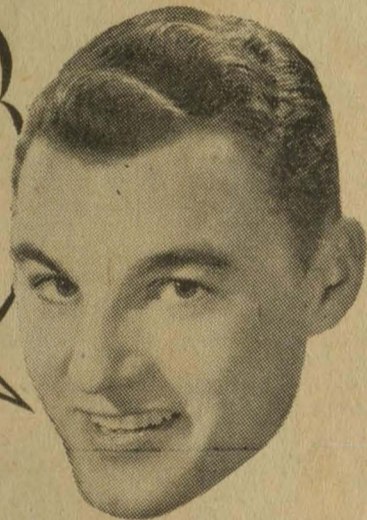
"You mean you think you are! That stuff was written before by a guy named Wordsworth".

At this the stranger jumped up and striking his chest vehemently cried: "Dolt! Scoundrel! And who do you think I am? I'm William Wordsworth. I'm re-writing it." He sighed audibly, and added abstractly "The still sad music of humanity", shaking his head from side to side.

"O.K., O.K., O.K." said Spud. "But take time out and tell me what kind of a place I'm in."

Continued on page three

BEST I'VE EVER TRIED!



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U. N. T. D.

UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISIONS

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The following was written by a cadet, one of 150 cadets of the University Naval Training Division taking sea training on board HMC Ships La Hullose, Crescent and Swansea.

Six short weeks ago, I, like all my companions, was a college student, talking politics over coffee in the campus hamburger stand. But for the past month-and-a-half I have had little time to think of politics, let alone discuss the subject.

It has been an eventful six weeks. In that brief time I have been taken out of civilian clothes, dressed as a prospective officer and given the title of cadet. On arrival at the coast, I was put through a whirlwind navigation course, and sent to sea. I have crossed the Atlantic, been lowered in a sea-boat, toured naval establishments in Great Britain, spent a weekend in London and a day in Edinburgh—all this within 50 days of my first sight of salt water.

It has been an eventful six weeks—but no holiday. I worked harder, for longer hours, than any civilian job has ever demanded. And I have been seasick. Seasickness is a good joke when you are spinning a yarn ashore but while you are sick it is unmitigated misery.

I have come to feel the discipline imposed on me by my superiors, at first appearing somewhat unnecessary, was entirely for the well-being of both the service and myself. I haven't taken all this discipline meekly, having done my share of complaining, wondering at first but with much more understanding now.

But there have been pleasures to balance the nausea, the long night watches and the crowded messdecks. I have been learning seamanship and have come to take discomfort in my stride. I have felt something of the rough and ready companionship of men living in HMS Excellent, the Royal Navy gunnery training establishment at Whale Island, and in HMS Victory, the flagship of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

I have seen England with its lovely lanes and trees, such a contrast to my native prairie. I have stood 'midst "beauty's filtered dust" in Westminster Abbey and I have seen the final dress rehearsal for such famous and traditional pageants as the trooping of the colour and the Royal Tournament at Earls Court.

Yes, in the past six weeks in the University Naval Training Division I have learned worked, suffered, laughed, and seen. In short, I have lived more in this period of time than in any six months of my life.

Train for a Commission in either the permanent force or the reserve of the Royal Canadian Navy.

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See Lt. Cdr. H. D. SMITH, R.C.N.(R)
Commanding Officer Dalhousie-Kings U. N. T. D.

Room 20, Arts Building, Afternoons 2 to 5

EACH MAN'S . . .

(Continued from Page Two)

"Place? Place? This is but the gateway to the stars, where men's greatest moments are arrested to live forever, where what we found the happiest in life lives on and on in death. This is the highway between heaven and hell, where we all wait patiently for a final Judgment Day, when we will be finally disposed of. All mankind is here—all of history is around us. For those who were good it is blissful, for those who were evil, it is barren. I trust you don't cross the Line of Segregation by mistake."

"I won't" Spud said, "but I must find Kate."

"Kate? But you are too soon. You're not dead. You're time is not now."

"I'm here on special permission. The Goddess of Time—"

"The G. of T.! What was that old shrew doing here where Time stands still and youth never passes away? So. You're a tourist! Very well, your Kate's name is now Fantazia. She lives in the Garden of Eros—that way. Stick to the road and don't cross the Line."

"Thanks", said Spud and turned away.

"She won't know you, William called after him, "you're too early."

But Spud paid no heed and William shrugged and thought of a new phrase: "Whereby his fire the hermit sits alone", he muttered carressing every word.

When Spud got on the road again he saw where the Line of Segregation was, for on the right the fields were green and filled with flowers, while on the left all growth was stunted and everything looked in a state of disrepair. So Spud walked along the Line being careful to stay on the right side, until he came to a man dressed in velvet and lace who was watering his horse. Spud noted that he was on the left side of the Line. But being tactful, he resolved not to draw attention to this and noting that the horse was branded 'Desire', greeted him.

"My name is Spud and I'm—". But he stopped as the gentleman looked up, for here was a face gutted by premature age, unbearable fatigue and unforgettable shame, and yet its desecration held the traces of what was once great beauty.

He smiled sadly, comprehending Spud's embarrassment and said: "Like the painting of a sorrow, a face without a heart, isn't it? Ah, well, nowadays, when we know the prices of everything and the value of nothing, we can't expect to reap anything but what we sow. The name's Oscar. Oscar Wilde. And at your service."

"Oscar Wilde! Say, Oscar, old boy, is it true what they say about you and the Marquis—"

"Don't mention that name! I'm cursed enough with all the evil memories of my life without having you remind me. You know, a man in my position doesn't take lightly to scandal and that period in Reading Goal was no picnic."

"Sorry", said Spud. "But I thought here men existed forever in their happiest moments and were always young."

"Only on the other side of the Line. Here it is the reverse. Here our sins and shame, and the consequences thereof, are our constant burdens. Our crown of thorns; our cross."

"Well, anyway," said Spud consolingly, "at least you wrote some wonderful stuff."

"The best. That's my one hope to get over there". He nodded toward Spud's side of the Line. "I mean that at least I created beauty. Does that end justify the means? Well, I must get back. Farewell."

With this he mounted 'Desire' and rode off through the desolate fields like the fleeting recollection of some half-forgotten sin.

Went this way. Came to a small house marked 'Desk Clerk—check your reservations promptly!' On the wall there was a chart of the Valley divided by the all important Line. On the left he read the list of reservations. "Luciano, 19—", "Joseph Stalin, —". Then to his dismay directly beneath Stalin's name: "Spud Stanley, 19—", and greatly perplexed and feeling like he'd like to die, that is, when his time came, he saw it was extremely close to the Line, but at least on the right side of it. Hurriedly he left the place resolving to go to Church more often in the future.

Through the land of dreams and dewey memory, Spud went his solitary way and felt the unknown breezes on his brow and saw a sky no man had seen before. Passed through the ageless masquerade of History's pageantry, read the prevalent air of expectancy on a face of prehistoric man or the teen-aged boy from Calgary who died in a car in 1936. Came to the river Styx, along whose cheerless waters Hitler walks with Herod and Nero plays at dice with Al Capone. Lingered near a tavern where William Pitt spills rhetoric to Julius Caesar, while Cromwell sits with Washington talking war.

A place of dreams, a wonderland of myths. And across the Fence of No Repentance voluptuous Amber leaned and gazed at the forbidden fields with languorous eyes. And on a hill, to soundless violins, Beethoven worked his magic on an unfinished symphony. Whispered low desire in a glen as Henry lay with Anne while nearby stood their unborn child, Queen Bess, conqueror of Spain, regretting her illicit heritage. In Aztec splendour Montezuma stood, as Cortez on him

looked with scornful eyes. Came to the Nile where Cleopatra walked with Antony and with her eyes sung soft to him of love. Came and stopped beneath a swaying palm, and spoke:

"My name is Spud. I'm looking for—"

And Antony made reply. "Eros. In the Garden of the moon. Name's Fantazia now". And turned back to his Queen to drown his brand of shame with lips of love.

The alchemy of moonlight lit the sky with dulcet radiance and rode on steeds of shadow down the fragrant hills to the hollows where mystic Eros lay; laughing Eros, the Garden of the Moon. And with the echoes of all bygone days singing in his ears Spud walked through the byways of his dreams to where a girl in white played with red roses, and but for a white swan in a stream below, sat alone. The magic of her beauty filled the night; the magic of the night, the timeless stars, the ageless splendour of living memory, filled his soul as there, as in remembrance, sat his love humming a song she always used to sing before death came with soundless feet seducing her with promises of sleep.

"Darling!" he cried, exulting in his joy and bounding to her side. "Darling, it's been so long."

A frightened girl jumped up and looked askance with eyes as wide as some young, startled deer, and haughtily replied. "Who are you, sir, and why do you address me with such familiarity? What right have you to suddenly interrupt my dreams."

"But Kate", faltered Spud. "I'm—you—. Oh, don't you recognize—"

"You call me, sir, and with a familiar voice, by names my old lover used to use. My name was Kate then and his was Spud—(and here her eyes filled with the tears of love and glistened like diamonds in her eyes)—and we loved like no one dared to love before that day I had to go away."

"I am Spud and you still are Kate and I've come back—"

"My name is Fantazia," the maiden said indignantly, "and I'll thank you not to assume his sacred name." She suddenly quieted down and with a wistful look added: "His time is not yet. But I will wait. He'll be but a moment."

"A moment!", Spud almost screamed, thinking of imminent death. "You mean a lifetime."

"There is no time here", she quickly said. She went on distractedly "You know, Sir, you remind me of him. But he was different in those days. He was kind and gentle and you seem bitter and hard. Oh, no offense. It's just that I love him so. I wish he'd hurry back."

"Back?" Confusion settled on a bewildered mind. "You were the one who left."

"I didn't leave him, I only died. Our deaths are really our births, our births but death. I wish he would die so we could live again our love." She stopped a moment, and troubled waves, like April's breath on water, crossed her brow. "But he must be good. I watch him all the time, you know. His reservation now is too close to the Line."

"You watch him?"

"Oh, yes. He worries me quite a bit some times. For instance there was that little hussy Jean—"

"Ah—er—ah", Spud cleared his throat and blushed. He made a brave attempt to change the subject. "Tell me, can you see him now?"

Chapel bells were sounding in her laugh. "Of course. He's sleeping by a lake beneath the pines. And, why yes, he has a smile on his lips and his dreams are all of me."

Spud was quite disturbed. Perplexed to find there was a smile upon his lips; that he was thinking of her—or rather, of Kate in days gone by. He quickly erased the smile and scowled.

She sighed. "He smiles no more. In fact he's frowning. I wonder what he worries about now?"

To Spud this was the last straw. Here was Kate who didn't even know him telling him he was sleeping by a lake in some unknown grove of pines. And he was right here! Well, he was, wasn't he? He made a final plea.

"Honey". His tones were measured and deliberate. "I'm a very fortunate fellow. I've been allowed to revisit my past, here—a chance to relive my happiest moments. Don't disappoint me."

"But I don't understand", she said. "There is no past here. I don't even know you, but I must say there's something about you I like."

"It used to be more than that". "Pardon me?"

"Nothing."

Fell the darkness and the moonlight began to fade. The lovely garden appeared to dissolve and the trees assumed shapeless masses against the blending hills. A whirlpool of flowers and perfume, a dizzy descent for a tired brain. He saw her features still lovely in distortion; he heard her say, "Here sir, you look pale. Take—this—rose—a fond remembrance—". Then it was cool and he dozed, awoke and dozed again. Awoke once more beneath the pine trees by the lake and saw the silvery frolic of the moonlit waves. And heard the night cries in the forest and the distant wail of a train beyond the hills. Remembered Eros and the girl Fantazia, shrugged and arose to leave for home.

O.K., he thought, so it was a dream. But then he did feel tired as if he'd walked a long, long

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way. Why, he said suddenly to himself, it's only nine p.m. That was the time I sat down here by the lake. And my watch hasn't stopped!

And as he slowly walked toward his home he realized that he carried in his hand a rose and with a start remembered Fantazia's gift in Eros, the night his dream-world crumbled. So long ago it seemed and yet, no time at all had passed. Where now was the land to men unknown, where things happen that do not happen here, down in the well of all the centuries and where pale stars look down? Where now, he wondered sadly, shrugged, and pondering the rose, rewalked the shattered drawbridge of his dreams.

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Subsidization scheme now provides for the payment of books and instruments required for studies.

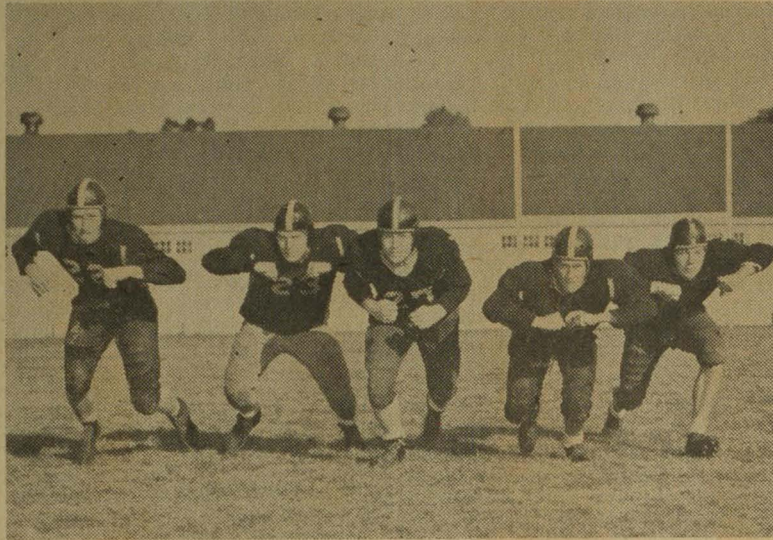
—THE TIME IS NOW!

Dalhousie Team Ties Invitation Tennis Tournament



Girls our chance to show the boys that they are not the only ones who can uphold the glory of Dal has arrived. This Saturday our ground hockey team plays Acadia, starting at 11.00 a.m. on the Studley Field. Miss Rowley says that the team members work well together, and she feels sure that they will make a good showing. Playing the forward positions will be Betty Morse, Sheila Piercey, Patty MacLeod, Gretch Hewatt, Jane Cox, and Joan Johnstone. Carol Cole, Sally Forbes, Hazel Sharpe, Mary Ann Lohnes, Caroline Weld, and Kira are the guards on the team. As yet the goalie has not been named.

Last Saturday while the football team was noisily cheered to victory, two blocks away, members of the Dal tennis team managed to hold to a tie for first place, a combination team of students from St. Mary's and Mount St. Vincent. Ethel Smith and Heather Hope joined forces to play the ladies' doubles for Dal, but unfortunately the Mount team proved too strong. Dal's points were scored in the girls' singles and the mixed doubles. Sally Roper was lucky enough to come through in the singles, and Jerry Regan and Hazel Sharpe proved too good for their opposition in the mixed doubles event. The St. Mary's-Mount team got their second win when Frank Nolan and Paul Napier won the men's doubles. Burpee Hallett and Jim Gibson played in this event for Dal. The Technical College's entry of Ken Reardon won the men's singles, in which event Dal was represented by Ernie Semple.



THE CHARGE OF A HEAVY BRIGADE: Dal's powerful line will run into heavy opposition from the Flyers line of Shearwater Saturday. Bearing the brunt of the attack will be staunch linemen Rusty MacLean, Bill MacCready, veteran Pete Mingo, Don Goode and Bob Inglis.

—Photo by Norwood.

Crucial Game Saturday Tigers To Meet Flyers

This Saturday at Studley field Dal will meet its arch rival Shearwater, a team which the Dal Tigers have never beaten. In all previous games the matches and the scores have been very close and Dal will be out to rectify this mistake. Coach Vitalone's charges, now leading the Canadian Football league, are hoping to continue riding the crest. The game Saturday will determine their position and the real potential strength of Dal's team.

Stiff scrimmages have been the order of the day, every day, all week. Defence and offensive plays have been run through time and time again to insure the utmost for Saturday. Pass defence, a weakness in Saturday's game

with the Redmen at Wanderers park has been stressed and an aerial offence has been planned and polished. The team is in peak condition and the injuries and bruises suffered in previous encounters have been almost overcome. Stiffness is hidden from the eyes of the coach as the players prime themselves for what may be their stiffest opposition of the year. Tempers have flared and tongues fired in the hot hard scrimmages which have taken place prior to the big game.

The team definitely is up and ready for the big match of the year. Let the student's themselves get out and lend some vocal support to their winning team.

Team Cops Mixed Doubles And Women's Singles Titles

The Dalhousie Invitation Inter-collegiate Tennis Tournament was held at the Cathedral Tennis Club last Saturday with seven colleges participating. Entries from Dal, St. F. X., Kings, Mount St. Vincent, N. S. Tech, the Sacred Heart Convent, and St. Mary's fought it out, with Dal finishing in a first place tie with the joint entry of St. Mary's and Mount St. Vincent. Each of these teams took honours in two events and placed in two others to become co-holders of the championship.

Sally Roper playing her sophomore year on the Dal squad copped the women's singles title by virtue of her wins over Maur-

een Connelly of the Convent, 6-3, 6-1, and Ellen Meagher of Mount St. Vincent, 8-6, 6-3. Hazel Sharpe and Jerry Regan accounted for Dal's other title by winning the mixed doubles crown. They defeated Paul Napier and partner of St. Mary's 6-3, 6-3, in the first round and stopped Andre Gagnon of St. F. X. and Coleen Courtney of the Convent 6-2, 3-6, 6-2, in the finals.

Burpee Hallett and Jim Gibson scored a point for Dal by defeating the men's doubles entry from Tech before losing out to Frank Nolan and Paul Napier of St. Mary's in the finals. Ethel Sith and Heather Hope scored Dal's other point as runners-up to Jane Brennan and Anne Streeter, a very comely doubles combo from the Mount. The score in this match was 6-3, 7-5. The men's singles was annexed for Tech by Ken Reardon with two convincing wins over St. F. X. and St. Mary's. Reardon stopped Scriven of St. Mary's, 6-3, 6-2. Dal's entry Ernie Semple had been previously eliminated by Jim Scriven of St. Mary's.

Rugby Team Plans Trip

Dal's English Rugby team will journey this Saturday to play an exhibition game with the city team of Saint John in New Brunswick. The players themselves arranged this game hoping to get in practice for the successful season on which they have begun. Tying Truro in their first game was unexpected and their showing against Wanderers, though the score was one sided, was impressive. The team making the trip will include Gordie MacConnell, and Mike Delorey, who both played Stadacona Saturday, George Kerr, John Bowles, the combination of Rod and Hugh Sutherland, Stru Ferguson, Jim Cruikshanks, Don Betts, Bob Andrews, Don MacLeod, Bill Murphy, Doug Waller, Ed Sullivan and John Williston.

Basketball Notice

Varsity and Junior Varsity basketball tryouts are being held in the gym every evening at 6 p.m. All those interested will please report.

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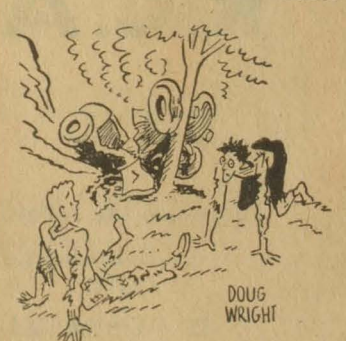
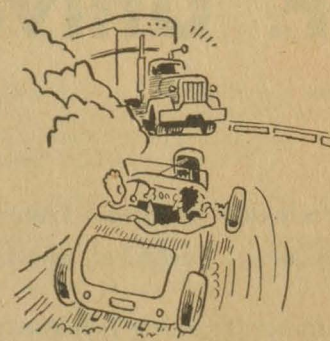
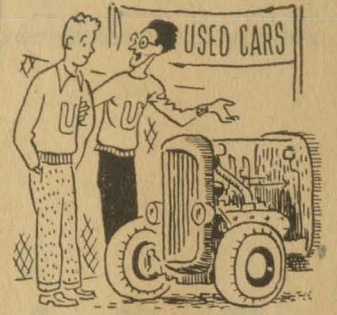


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