## GIANT PEP RALLY PLANNED FRIDAY; WRITER DARES STUDENTS TO ATTEND



FROM THE TOWER
New Tuition Scholarship Made Available At Law School, Gift of Distinguished Grad

Geology Profs In Talks at X


## Seek Rebirth of Student Spirit on Eve of Dal's Last Grid Game of 1951




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## A Simple Process

While the frost in going into the ground and hoping that when it omes out in the spring time enough will have been given the university or some action we would to mention the uniformly disgraceful condi

Without exception it can be said that there is not one unpaved oad on the campus which is not so filled with potholes and bumps that driving over them is at all times uncomfortable and at times hazardous. It is a virtually impossible task for anyone to drive his car over and around the hundreds of holes and in the end it is a question whethe there are any springs left in the car or not.

The condition of the roads has been getting steadily worse for the past two years but this autumn they have hit an all time low and it is time something was done about them.

To visitors-and they are many-the drive through the campus nust have a distinctly discreditable reflection. Dalhousie is one the those who see it for the first time that the roads have not been graded since its inception.

We wonder just what the private reactions of the Royal Couple were during their visit two weeks ago when they were subjected to driving over one of the worst stretches-that between the Men's Resi dence and therience.

We fully appreciate the cost and problem of keeping the university grounds in $100 \%$ condition all the time, but this is not a situation that has just recently arisen and we can see no legitimate reason why so long.
If the cost of paving is prohibitive, grading is a relatively simple and inexpensive business and we can only recommend to the university that they take advantage of it.


## players please

CANADA'S LEADING CIGARETTE

Letter to the Editor
Dear Madame, the Editor: the bed of "Student Apathy" and
compelled compelled
opinions.

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out the "Bigt Flop the letter
Flop twirp
eason. N.H.M. has the right season. flop is a flop no matter
idea, a how you say it. What I would
like to know, however, what the Class '55 President hope to ac-
complish by heisting comic-strip complish by heisting comic-strip
foolishness onto a group of intelligent students. Not only did Twirp
season fail but it is hoped any further childishness will also fall by the way.
My second
My second item covers the con-
troversial Russian student troversial Russian student ex-
change. U.B.C. in line with some change. U.B.C. in line with some
of its more progressive ideas, is
definitely way ahead in proposing definitely way ahead in proposing
the go-ahead to the exchange plan. NFCUS, by rejecting the
plan, has left us in a perilously plan, has left us in a perilously apologetic position regarding the
nations prosperity, under free enterprise, and intelligence in democratic state. Since the ex-
change plan has become an issue change plan has become an issue
it appears that we must invite it appears that we must invite
the Russian students in order to the Russian students in order to
prove our belief in our free

## ystem.

NFCUS stated that any Rusbe well indoctrinated by the party and the risk of allowing them to sew seeds of Communism would
be too great. If NFCUS believes be too great. If NFCUS believes
the Communist ideals might be more appealing than our own, we had better admit defeat and ac-
cept their doctrines now. McGill cept their doctrines now. McGill
has an active group of Communhas an active group of Commun-
ists and as time goes by the McGill reds only lose ground politiour beliefs; bring the Russian students over and let us show them the light. I personally feel strongest convictions.
By fearing that Russian students might leave a seed of comed a negative attitude. Is there not a good possibility we might send back a few converts to add to the number of dissentors now One convert has the zeal of a hundred men when he campaigns against his former master or

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## REID SWEET

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teacher. History is full of such
converts; St. Paul was a great
example of a convert who saw the
right way example of a
right way.
In the Soviet are, for example, milions of freedom-loving Ukrain-
ians who only need the knowledge of the existerice of a beacon of freedom somewhere to stir them
up to be a formidable adversary to communism.
It only takes a leader to start every Russian who learns ou ways is a potential leader.
History has shown us that rule by force always falls, we know it,
the Kremlin knows it, why take advantage of every opportunity to get light past the curtain the eventual fall of the Moscow tyranny,
The ISS and UBC should be
applauded for their resolution.
the lead and take an active part
in promoting the scheme. The
Maritimes are well known
throughout Canada for being over cautious and conservative. It
would speak well for Dalho would speak well for Dalhousie if
we were prepared to answer the
call for international learning.
A. Dyer.

Greetings Students
from

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## Dablengt, niiv

Miscellany:
On a streetcar named 'perspire', this week, in Halifax, this weird
drama: A man is, sitting beside an arty gentleman in a blue beret. drama: A man is sitting beside an arty gentleman in a blue beret.
He's looking at a blank piece of paper and with a free hand jerking his collar. He sweats profusely. The blue beret is giving a long, this voice: "But what is it?" "A cow eating grass", gurgled the beret. Faltered this: "But I don't see any grass!" "The cow ate it," "Tas the answer. Silence. The next question was scarcely audible: The cows" "Oh, you don't expect a cow to hang around where a the grass is gone, do you?" To surrealistic art, no limit? o be paid for all music played. How far can a thing like this Before you know it there'll be no bathtub singing without it costing something:

## Wax Tracks

Died last week, Sigmund Romberg, composer of world-famous Desert Song and over two thousand other tunes and melodies, of a
cerebral hemorrhage. In his own words he write not the jazz of the low-brows, the opera of the high-brows, but all for the "middle-brow"

Just down the road a piece there is a hot spot where young Dal-
sie meets. Called: The Med-O Club; officiated over by Jazz-man Donald (Gabriel) Warner. On Saturday night last the sound of revelry and levity unsurpassed was heard with the best part of the Sig Fraternity (and their sweethearts) contributing to the gaiety. Trumpeter Warner, in his own inimitable fashion, blew, danced and contorted through many a melody and novelty. A showman to the core Mr. Warner has a fine group of musicians and is especially to
be congratulated on his saxaphone unit. If you want to meet the gang all trying to let their hair down farther than the next person, that's the place to go
Hollywood Would. Wouldn't It?
The Day the Earth Stood Still was the day that a C picture equally scientific dialogue, it had everything, including an over-sized flying saucer ( $400 \mathrm{~m} . \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{h}$.) and an incidental love interest whose participants had obviously taken night classes at the Parisian Academy of Osculation. Conspicuous by their absence: Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, though their presence was momentarily expected. Out of said
saucer which conveniently landed in Washington, emerged one ordinary man plus an extraordinary robot, whose evil eye melted any stray tanks that got in the way. The picture failed in its purpose of trying to reveal man's immaturity and his greeds ánd hatreds. After giving a dramatic father-to-child sermon of peace-or-destruction import, space man and robot disappeared into the cupless saucer and headed
straight for the fartherest star. Talk of College:

Threats of the week: Perhaps the biggest of these is the display of sadism which is incorporated in posting of Exam time-tables. As in Nevada, we read and weep. Also in the line of a threat to basket-
ball: that perhaps Arpie (Napoleon-was-small-also) Robinson will not be using his undisputed shooting for the glory of the basketeers this season. Reason: one leg well twisted. In Tiger Murphy lies a threat to all Dal's ice opposition. On the gridiron: the ominous threat of Air Station power which faces Dal on Saturray. Nothing but praise can go to the Tiger team; nothing but the best wishes of all can be
To Joanne Murphy, last week, in a Captain Applejack rehearsal,
much embarrassment. Omitting choice details and thus exercising much embarrassment. Omitting choice details and thus exercising
discretion which is rare in this column, let us suffice to say that it all discretion. Which is rare in this column, Met us suffice to say that it all
involved a fall to the stage by Miss Murphy, a group of by-standers looking innocently at the ceiling, and the most treacherous hoopskirt you've ever seen.
Tears, Idle Tears
Experimented, two Chem 2 students, whose names are withheld for reasons of security, and who were obviously under the affluence course. As an extra-curricular innovation the impish two utilized
cart of the 'Coke' in the operation much to their scientific satisfaction and Epicurean delight.

Landed, quite safely and for undisclosed reason, on the top of our architecturally amusing (at least to some students), tower, one
large eagle, grasping with painful tenacity the predominant dome and looking with nerve-wracking scrutiny down on Studley. over the annoyingly unanswerable questions in the recently Gazettepublished The Questioner.

Fallen, into the lives of Fraser Mooney and Donalda McLeod, a little rain, as on to the reefs of Trouble their ship of romance was
hurled. From the Weather Bureau this communique: Tomorrow, conhurled. From the Weather Bureau, this communique:
ditions unchanged; but who believes the weatherman?

## THE ROOM

The room was enormous. There
seemed to be no beginning and no
end to it. It was so large that
one was not able to see the limits of its length, and it was almost impossible to see the walls end-
ing its breadth, for its extremities ing its breadth, for its extremities
were shrouded in deep and melancholy gloom.
A delirious atmosphere pervad-
ed the chamber. The furnishings and ornamentations were very odd. In what seemed to be the
centre of the floor there stood a small table of brilliant gold elaborately wrought. Perched on
the edge of the table was a the edge of the table was a
shabby battered vase containing shabby battered vase containing
one flower. It was, or more correctly, had been a rose, but now it whose brown petals lay scattered on the floor, crackling mysteriously with every mounrful breeze that passed over them. The floor ings of great but mystic significance imprinted upon ornament completely devoid of which disappeared into engulfing which disappeared into engulfing
gloom. It was a very simple, poorly drawn picture of a tiny speck of a man, falling through a planets of madiy revolving out the outlines of the painting for the dusty darkness seemed to drive away concentration. Opposite the table, and barely pertall French the distance, were two French doors, one of which tood ajar. There was no other Suddenly there was a ma
shabbily dressed, somehow resem-
bling the vague, struggling shape in the painting. He was standing in the doorway, his hand on the From the distance he had an eyes seemed glazed with a curious flashing light. He gazed hungrily at all that was to be seen in the
room. His starved, expressionless room. His starved, expressionless eyes seemed to consume all that
came under their searching gaze, Finally he relinquished the doorhandle, and strode into the room. It seemed to be daylight outside the door, and light that did not appear to come from anywhere at
all, poured into the centre of the room. But, as the man stood there in the centre of the room, gazing at nothing, thinking of nothing, a mere blank in space, the light gradually began to dim,
and a steady twilight stole around him, until at last there was only hollow gloom throughout the chamber.
Then w Then with a quick startled move-
ment, he turned and raced madly ment, he turned and raced madly light, and he could not see. He stumbled against some object in the dark. Rising, he glanced fearfully around as if pursued by ome unknown, unutterable some-
thing; but there was nothing to se, nothing to hear.
Black horror gripped the man. There was something with him in that vile, insane den. What was
it, what was it? He shrieked, and in that was it? He shrieked, and
in thent, his poor fuddled in that moment, his poor fuddled
mind gave out. Like an idiot, he
pounded on the object before him,

## The Snoring Client

Recently I was reading an in-
eresting story all about a burg lar. They really do seem to lead
lhe most fascinating life. The the most fascinating life. The such gentleman stated that the only time that he was truly happy
in his profession was when his clients' were snoring deeply. He was a domestic burglar wh specialized in small jobs in suburban homes. Somehow it made me think that if a burglar could be
happy when confronted by snores, why not the professors on our campus. Surely it is a mark of heir greatest success when we are able to snore peacefully
throughout the lecture. our throughout the lecture. Our
thoughts are raised to that high thoughts are raised to that high
evel of meditation, the wheels are working so busily, that we sobbing and pleading for whole ternities, it seemed, but all to no avail length. limp and bleeding, he crumpled in death to the floor. In that instant, essence of EVIL pervaded the atmosphere, and never again did the leering black-
ness lift from out of the Room.

## Mourning

It is late, and I am cold In the gloomy dusk
I mourn for you.:
The wind is sighing among the trees
My soul is filled with the need of thee.
The soft rain mingles with my tears Fragments of heavenly light
Penetrate the depth of night
The drifting, flowing, shaggy clouds
Become my stifling, clammy shroud. -MEN.
give all the aspects of being ling. At a specified time each bored. That is not really so. The night he would start on his
'clients' that are snoring, are rounds, make sure that every clients that are snoring, are rounds, make sure that every
really contemplating with awe the person was in the place where he marvellous job of the burglar. If expected and then go to work. they dare to interrupt his work, One night, a 'client' awoke, and it is only that they don't under- demanded, "What do you mean?", stand. Surely, also, it would
make the gentleman most self- "Oh, you are just dreaming," and make the gentleman most self- "Oh, you are just dreaming," and
conscious if eyes followed his the man continued in that state. every move, and wrote notes of Burglars, who make mistakes, end the wise things he was doing. behind civic bars, but is their The same burglar that was so
pleased by the snores almost conpleased by the snores almost con- professor who is
ducted classes in the art of burg- hind moral bars?

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Football will be decided this Santamarians' net, some Saturday at Studley when they
meet HMCS Shearwater for the league championship. The Tiger's
claws should dig deep and furious mour of the mighty airmen. to pull the mighty airmen down to The game itself should be typito anything else but sensational all shapes up to big Tigers against come out of the mad dash as the It's a pretty tough job to pick hopes rest. Dal's team has the
unique distinction of being a team inated the scoring. The closes is Reg Cluney. Reg acquired this style. He plays his sparkling something was brought out when with injuries. At that time Cluney Oluney immediately stepped bac eader, is the sign of good coach ing, good players and a good team ters continuckey front Dal's puck up another victory last Thursday
ur anch exnemies St. Mary's.
Dal racked up this victory by a

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