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The Muse

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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POISON PLOTTERS PAY PENALTY

One of the most vicious plots of modern times was recently brought to light within our own walls.

The victims of the plot were young Memorial College men who had committed no other crime than spurning the amourous glances and intentions of a group of Household Science girls. These young ladies then decided that if they couldn't have these elusive Romeos, no other women should have them. Police estimate that the plot was hatched during the break between Household Science I and II on Jan. 16th, 1954.

During the week of Jan. 11th to 15th, the girls cooked for themselves. The climax of this week was the annual tea-party with the faculty and S.R.C. as guests. Great amounts of cakes, cookies, sandwiches, etc., were prepared for this feast. All through the party huge throngs of men students lurked in the corridors and washrooms waiting to devour the left-overs. Finally the last guest emerged and the half-starved wolf pack closed in. At a given signal the door was opened and with a great roar the mob poured in, ravenously devouring cake, cookies, plates, sandwiches, saucers and anything and everything that vaguely resembled food. It was then that your reporter noticed that certain of the young men were being served refreshments personally by the girls. But he was too busy fighting for possession of a piece of chocolate cake to attach any significance to this strange behaviour.

Less than five minutes later, James "Cuddles" Young of football fame, collapsed to the floor where he lay writhing and moaning and clutching his stomach. Next to fall prostrate was Fred Bradbrook who gasped as he collapsed "My throat's on fire." His face was the color of the fiery beret he wears, as he lay convulsed in agony.

Bruce Pardy and Don McNeil of basketball fame, were the next victims. Pardy was seen to be in such pain that his hair was standing on end while McNeil looked as if he had swallowed a basketball.

Wince Green our Classical scholar, met the same fate as did his idol, Sophocles.

"Spike" Spurrell was stricken as he was sipping a cup of tea. As he crashed to the floor, some young wit remarked that it appeared as if somebody had spiked Spike's drink.

Ray Caule was overcome as he too was drinking tea. The tea must have been made from bitter roots.

The victims were rushed to hospital where the staff worked all night with stomach pumps, oxygen masks and other equipment in frantic efforts to revive the stricken men.

Meanwhile the C.I.D. had been called in and were soon on the job. The suspects were rounded up and were booked on a charge of "Attempted Murder." If any of the victims died, the charge would automatically become "Murder."

Luckily, thanks to their clean living habits and powerful physiques (particularly Young's) the victims rallied and in three days all were pronounced out of danger and well on the road to recovery.

"Smoky" Elliot and Bob MacLeod also suffered some ill-effects for several days, but in their case, it was their Scottish natures which got the better of them and prompted them to over-indulge in the free food.

As bail was not allowed, the culprits were kept locked up in the A. U. dressing room while awaiting bail. Prominent among them were Noreen Sharpe, Gerry Pleasance, Janet Carter, Ruth Lawrence, Cynthia Jones, Joan Rooney, Ethel Gaudoy and Janet Ewing.

Specimens of the food used in the plot were sent to the Government Lab for analysis and it was on the lab's reports that the Crown planed to base its case. But their plans were rudely upset when the analysis showed that there was no actual poison in the food. The report went on to state that the food received its lethal power from the way the ingredients were mixed. It was obviously an amateurish attempt both at cooking and at murder. The Crown had no alternative but to release the girls into the custody of their intended victims. But this was not punishment enough. Tried before a student court, with an all-male jury, the girls were sentenced to bake a pie each and then eat it. A cruel fate, but we must, as Gilbert and Sullivan once wrote "Let the Punishment fit the Crime."

Cigars Galore

Naturally, as soon as information reached me through certain cigar-puffing individuals, I was given to no dilatory movements, but raced through corridor and stair till I had at last reached the celebrated A.U. Office.

He stood near the gym door surrounding by screaming women and scoop-hungry newshawks, flashing brilliant lights. I pushed my way through and found myself gazing up into his ruggedly handsome face.

"Sir," I began, "I represent the *Muse*. I am told that you have been blessed in a . . ah . . . er . . . matrimonial sort of way."

"My dear boy, I've been married for years and years!"

Forcing a grin from my mask-like countenance, I tried again.

"All right Pop, let's have the facts."

"Come into my office," he invited, sweeping his hand over the immediate gathering. "Have a cigar!" He passed a box of Daily Doubles.

"Thanks," I said, biting off the end "what'cha gonna call 'im?"

"Helen Elizabeth," he sighed, a lovely light radiating in those clear blue eyes of him.

"Oh, a bouncing baby girl!" (What else from a basketball family?) I struck a match.

"Details!" I applied the flame.

"Seven pounds, two ounces; at 8.30 a.m. Sunday."

"Oh, in the morning!" I queried, beginning to green at the gills.

This highly intellectual remark evidently returned him to the A.U. desk, because he exploded with

"Listen! Here I am with tons of work to do, and I stand around gabbin' with you guys. Get the he—— out of here!"

My mind said "Yes," but my legs said "No." However, they extracted me and walked me to the Fire Hall and back.

I sold the rest of it to Smoky.

—B.R.

Army Sinks Navy . . .

. . . Girls Swamp Pepperrettes

Led by Jim Gushue who sank 28 points, the COTC basketball squad trounced the UNTD quintet by a decisive 71-25 margin, to take the best of three series two games to one.

Bruce Pardy was also in fine form and, combined with Gushue, was too much for the sailors who looked rather wobbly at times on the court. Don McNeill shone in defeat for the Navy team.

In the first part of Saturday afternoon's doubleheader, our girls' team were terrific as they swamped the Pepperettes 41-19. Pat Henderson and Ruby Jones were deadly on the basket and Janet Carter played a strong game at guard. The victory, won by such a large margin, was especially satisfying, coming as it did on the heels of a thumping defeat administered by the General Hospital Nurses on Friday night. Perhaps the girls felt self-conscious in their new uniforms that night.

If the girls maintain the standard of play shown in the game, the forthcoming intercollegiate series may well provide many an upset.

Sawbones Scuff

Prominent among events on this year's social calendar was the Pre-Medical Social held on the evening of January 14th.

The auditorium, with its attractive decorative scheme and soft lighting, seemed to draw the couples onto the dance floor. The Rythmaires were in top form for the occasion and among selections played were the Moulin Rouge Theme, Blue Moon and many others dear to the collegiate heart. Tables were provided for patrons and waiters in smart white jackets attended to those present. These innovations received favorable comment and lent a further note of excellence to the evening. A "professional" atmosphere was achieved, it is hoped, by that magnificent display of fossils, on stage. N. B. Embellishments by G.G.G. They date from the Mesozia era according to a noted authority. Similarity between these human skeletal apparatus is to be politely overlooked.

We were glad to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Gushue, together with other Faculty members, and their wives. Also attendance by Freshmen, especially Pre-Meds, was tops!

The elimination dance, an event always looked forward to, was won by Baird Hawkins and Linda Winter.

The Society would like to thank Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Andrews, who acted as chaperons for the evening.

All Pre-Meds feel that this was one of the outstanding socials of the year. Though small in numbers, the spirit of the Society will prevail against all who seek its downfall.

"Dear Brutus" Shaw Out

George Bernard Shaw received harsh treatment from the Dramatic Society last week when members decided to drop "Pygmalion" and "Geneva" as vehicles for this year's crop of Thespians. J. M. Barrie returned triumphant for the third successive season with a final decision, on Sunday, to present his fabulous fantasy "Dear Brutus."

"Pygmalion" was set to roll last October, but several members of the cast were summoned to Faculty offices after the Christmas exams, and even Dr. Seary bowed out as producer. Undaunted, the remnants of the Society regrouped, read and half-cast Shaw's "Geneva", but a required slate of twelve men was found impossible. And so on Sunday it was "Dear Brutus".

Brutus has already been cast and will definitely be produced in mid-March, under the direction of Martin Sherrat. Rehearsals are at 8 p.m. on Thursdays.

Sullivan, Ryan at N.F.C.U.S.

SRC President Art Sullivan and Council member Aiden Ryan made the arduous train journey to Sackville, N.B., last week to attend a Maritime Conference of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. Originally scheduled to go by TCA, the two Memorial representatives had their flights cancelled, and had to be satisfied to arrive at Mount A. when the conference was half over.

The Conference agenda was not available up to press time, but it is understood Prexy Sullivan was to enquire into the possibility of Memorial's seeking admission into that organization, which counts some twenty universities and colleges in Canada as members. NFCUS exists for the promotion of interests common to all students, including reductions in travel rates, book prices, and the increase in number of scholarships available for higher studies.

Not all the time spent by Memorial's delegates at Mount A. was devoted to business—at least, judging in Mr. Sullivan's unwonted interest in a certain issue of the Argosy Weekly, which featured pictures of candidates for a Beauty Queen contest at that university. Moreover, both he and Mr. Ryan will be renewing acquaintances with former Memorialites including Bob Butler, "Tooley" Windsor, Graham Frampton, Roy Wellman, Chris Pratt, and some 30 others.

Prof. Parade

Next on our list of new Professors is Dr. Anderson, the new Associate Professor of Chemistry.

Dr. Anderson is a native of Winnipeg and received his early education at Winnipeg public schools. He then proceeded to the University of Manitoba, where he obtained his B.Sc. and M.Sc. Next stop was Evanston, Illinois, where he received his Ph.D. from Northwestern University!

From 1947 to 1949 Dr. Anderson was a Lecturer in Chemistry at the University of Manitoba. 1952-54 found him at Oxford University as an Overseas Post-doctoral Fellow of the National Research Council and a Corday-Morgan Fellow of the Chemical Society of London.

Dr. Anderson—a bachelor, is interested in photography, listening to music, and "watching" sports. He also would like a chance to do some skiing this winter, but so far hasn't been able.

The inevitable question "What are your impressions of Newfoundland?" brought forth one word from Dr. Anderson: "Windy!" (And after the weather here of late, who would disagree?)

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THE ARMCHAIR ATHLETE

Hymie Cole credits Milt Schmidt ,the Boston Bruins durable center, with an assist on Hymie's decision to return to the hockey wars. Milt was quoted the other day as saying that every spring he decides to retire from hockey, but each fall he finds that he can't resist the lure of the blades. Guess Hymie took his words to heart, for when the team returned from Bell Island, there was Hymie, laden down with hockey gear . . . Wonder will Jack Hodder and Bruce Pardy change their minds and decide to play? Memorial has topped the league for the last few seasons. It would be one thing to lose the title through lack of material, but it's something else to lose because the players won't play. . . . A badminton match between the faculty and the students would be interesting. Mr. Genge is generally conceded to be the best player in St. John's, and Dr. Forbes and Mr. Sherrat can certainly hold their own . . . What's this about Bill English flattening all opponents in the Navy's boxing tournament? They tell us pro boxers make more money than engineers, Bill. Maybe you're wasting your time at school. From the look of that eye, Don Janes needs some lessons in ducking. He says somebody butted him but we have our doubts. . . Inter-Faculty boxing might prove popular. What about a match between Ev King and "Beans" Moore, or Artsman Gilbert and Jim Young. If this were last year, we could match John Carter and "Furious" Jim Furey. . . . Speaking of big people, we saw Ruth Lawrence and Rosemary Gosine playing badminton the other day. Ruth was hiding behind her racquet. . . It's not true that the Army team will be court-martialed if they lose the basketball series to the Navy. They'll just be shipped to Korea . . . Ruby Jones is as good a piano player as she is a basketeer. At least Wince Greene thinks so. But now we're cutting in on the Mudpuppy's territory. . . We must rate the Engineers as favorites to take the inte-fac basketball with the Arts close behind, though upsets may happen. . . . Wouldn't it be nice if some benevolent patron would present the A.U. with about 25 new badminton racquets? . . . It isn't true that John Cahill got a bad scorching on his neck from the red light while playing the Guards the other night. Just a mild sunburn. . . . Ferocious Jim Young dumping bodies all over the Forum. Don't let those baby-blue eyes fool you. That kid is just plain hard. . . . Geoff Steele thought an octopus was guarding him in the Arts-Premed Basketball clash, but it was only our Mike Taylor. . . .

The Monkey Speaks

By THE MUDPUPPY

"The time has come," somebody said, "to talk of many things' . . ." —mostly of course, who's going with whom, and where.

To start off with a bang, and I do mean "bang," bombshell Pat was caught by Fred and is wearing his ring. Ruby is another sporting an Engineer's ring—Bill's of course (or is it Spike's now?)

Gerry hasn't lost any time since she and Bill broke up. First Don, and, at the time of writing, she and Scott are an item. Saw Noreen and John at the Social, and Noreen with orchids, no less.

Maureen seemed to be enjoying herself with Gord at the dance. Nice going, Fritz. Don't know what happened between Ray and Ruth, but it seems to be all off. Reg, of the big brown eyes, took the Engineers' favorite girl to the Pre-Med shindig.

Ilze turned up with Heidi's brother. They looked very nice together. Pat asked Marina to the S.R.C. party! They sure keep things in the family, as she arrived at the Social with Dev—what happened, Ann? Aiden and Betty were on the outs for a while—saw her at the show with Bud, but that was a long time ago, and by now everything is going smoothly.

Bill has been squiring Jean from P.W.C. lately, but he has his eye on a cute first-year who is going steady in a half-hearted kind of a way.

We wonder what Emmy is going to do when Mona goes to the mainland for three years! Jan and Grant have entered their second childhood—enjoyed themselves thoroughly when they went sliding one day.

Noticd the female population eyeing the Guard of Honor on the Lieutenant-Governor's visit—also some of them getting eyed back.

The eternal triangle of Bill, Shannie and John has turned into a charming couple of Bill and Shannie.

Fashion flash—dig those crazy red trousers . . . Brookes again naturally. We hear T. J., the ex-D.J., crashed the cartooning field. How many sidelines have you got, Tom.

Bill used to drive around in Sheila's Chev . . . now he's got a car of his own. Must be more money in supervising than teaching.

Enough for now, but your regular dirt slinger will be back with more who's, what's and why's next issue.

P.S.—Latest flash from the Clean Spaniel (Mudpuppy's brother) —Now that razor blades are reduced (but not in size) we see that Bert can afford a shave . . . and just when we thought we'd have another Easton!

OUR BUSINESS IS *All Sport*
THE SPORTS SHOP

THE SPORTS DESK

Campus athletic activities are undergoing reformation after the Christmas layoff. Bowling, from its original high spot on M.U.N. extra-curic agenda, has waned and died a swift death, although A.U. and enthusiastic supporters of Rip Van Winkle's favorite pastime have banded together under an "all for one" banner, as it were, to keep this "striking" pastime alive, and "spare" it from utter desertion.

Inter-fac basketball has livened up considerably, and all faculties have by now assembled teams, or reasonable facsimiles thereof. Engineers and Education inaugurating the series on Thursday, as you may have witnessed. Engineers seem to have a powerful team individually, but lack coordination and precision as yet. Inexperienced Educationalists will have to stow lots of practice under their belts, if they covet a playoff spot.

Game scores: Engineers—76, Education—14.

Future games on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5.30. Cellar teams will be required to retire from further participation at the end of the first and second jousts. Third round will decide champs, and none of you varsity heroes can wrangle a game.

Recollecting aforesaid hour of 5.30—wasn't that the o'clock appointed for Men's Volleyball to be run off? Apparently quite a majority were either misinformed or modesty overcame enthusiasm. Where, on earth, is the conglomeration of John Henrys were wont to scan on the notice board before Christmas? If some of you guys sign your checks the way you do those A.U. efforts, the teachers won't be the only ones to whom Joey will be dishing out money. Let's hope Basketball doesn't meet a like fate.

Girls' basketball practices are going full blast, as a varying assortment of backboard hungry females jockey for positions on the ladies (?) hoop squad. J.D.'s driving the fems like mad, gunning for another court title, no doubt, in the Inter-Collegiate series, scheduled to start shortly.

Designed originally to benefit those who could not play inter-fac, General Series (male) ball has fallen through, but with an itinerary as full as M.U.N.'s sports culturists, who will miss it?

The second city basketball tourney is practically annulled, although the "Flyers" did journey to Argentia to spar with Yankee Sailors on their own decks. There should be an inside story kicking around somewhere about that.

Badminton seems to have entrained quite a following around the dear old halls as racket wielding has reached an all-time high on M.U.N. athletic roster. Saturday night, Jan. 31st, saw St. John's engage in combat with M.U.N., here at the University.

And wasn't that a ping-pong table I oogled, standing boldly on the gym, yesterweek? How's about a tournament among table tennis enthusiasts? What say Wince? See "Louie"—he's not doing much these days.

HOCKEY TEAM TAKES IT ON CHIN

"How the mighty have fallen" may well be the theme of this year's hockey team as in the opening game of the Section B Hockey League our Red and White team fell before the Guards 14-4. However, the team and its supporters have no cause to feel ashamed over this setback, for it was a raw and green crew that we sent against the Guards with only 2 returning veterans from our championship squads of 52 and 53. The majority of the Guards team have been playing together for as long as 7 years. We'll console ourselves with the old motto "You can't win 'em all."

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NARASSUAK TEAM VISITS MEMORIAL

On Saturday afternoon January 30, we played host to the touring Narsassuak team. These boys from the frozen north were certainly hot on the basket as they pumped in 87 points to our 67. However, 'twas a pleasing contest though the reffing left something to be desired.

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STUDENT FAILURES

The marked improvement in exam results at Christmas has been ascribed by faculty members to the crack-down on class attendance. The rules for attendance at class, laid down years ago but only spasmodically enforced in recent years, were, in a sense, resurrected this year as a means of checking the alarmingly high percentage of failures among students in all years, freshmen in particular. While we are inclined to suggest some relaxation in these rules for upperclassmen, we support the action in general in view of the circumstances. Our only aim in opening the subject at this time is to recommend consideration, by faculty and students alike, of the reports of two student committees of McGill University on the problem of student failures.

Main cause attributed by these committees is, of course, the infringement of extra-curricular activities on the time and industry of students. There is nothing startling about this conclusion, but the remedies suggested are both interesting and, for the most part, sound and practicable. As an immediate remedy, it is recommended that an average of 65 percent be maintained by every student taking part in any time-consuming extra-curricular activity. This would include sports and executive positions in all student organizations.

A second proposal is that students be allowed fewer optional courses, and that freshmen be encouraged to give more thought to their reasons for coming to college. Most original proposal is that a refresher course in lecturing technique for all lecturing staff be instituted at prescribed intervals. Here, if we may say so, a realistic note is struck, for, blame-worthy as students are, lecturers are too apt to blame students for apathy and inattention, and very quick to dismiss the thought—if it comes at all—that they themselves are doing very little to arouse any interest.

A final comment by the McGill committees lays much of the blame on the high schools, for failure to provide the training necessary for those wishing to enter university. The transition from the largely supervised and compulsory-study pattern of the high schools to the freer one of the university is seen as the great problem of education, the conclusion being that such sudden transition places too heavy a demand on the self-discipline of the student.

Whether the solution is to relax high school supervision or to increase supervision in university is not definitely stated. Action in both directions would seem the best approach until such time as university restrictions may be relaxed.

It may well be that it's a little late for New Year's resolutions, yet the old adage "Better late than never" contains more than a small measure of truth and certain students would do well to rid themselves of a very annoying habit. The bad habit we refer to is making promises that we never intend to keep. This editorial has its inspiration in the threatened collapse of the second bowling league of the academic year. Both bowling leagues failed for the same reason—non-attendance of too great a percentage of players.

In early November a notice appeared on the Athletic Union notice board inviting all students who wished to participate in the bowling general series to sign their names. From the list of signees, teams were formed and a schedule drawn up. To the disgust and chagrin of the interested and faithful bowlers, half the participants failed to show up. Little or no excuse can be offered for their action. Ample notice of team structures and times of games was provided. The bowlers themselves realized, or should have realized that when they signed their names, signifying their desire to participate in the series, they were in effect promising to obey the one simple rule of the league—BOWL ON YOUR BOWLING NIGHT. The league had to be abandoned.

But the A.U., and it is to their credit, were not willing to abandon the bowling because of the thoughtless action of the quitters. A second notice was issued requesting those who did not wish to bowl to remove their names from the team rosters. Thus a second, a smaller but it was hoped a keener league was formed. Yet the same problem remains. A few people are not showing up and are crippling the league.

These people we hope will mend their ways before they leave university, and enter the hard, cruel world. If they don't they will soon find that it is one thing to allow their neglect to ruin a college bowling league but quite another thing to trifle with people who will wield more powers of punishment than do the hard-working members of our Athletic Union.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I notice that the Debating Society, which made such a fine start last year, has not been reformed this year. Many reasons have been given for its failure, but I think I know the real reason. Several notices have been placed on the S.R.C. Notice Board inviting those interested in debating to sign. Each time the notice has been filled with names, but whose names are they? Georgi Malenkov. The Rosenbergs. Igor Gouzenko. The Wrecker. Harry S. Truman. Rocket Richard. Lavrenti Beria (whose address was erroneously given as Siberia). Boozer English. The Dragon Lady and many other weird characters.

How can such a worthwhile and cultural pursuit as debating function when vandals desecrate notices pertaining to it? Let us have less of this unseemly behaviour in future.

—THREE D. MAGEE.

Dear Sir,

We write you as spokesmen for a large group of students who are dissatisfied with the way gymnasium reservations are handed out so freely to outsiders. It appears as if we have the only gymnasium in St. John's. Last year the situation at times was unbearable. It seemed for a time as if everybody but Memorial students had access to the gym. This year the situation is not too much better, and when the City Basketball League begins it will be considerably worse.

The average student has a busy week, with classes and labs. and assignments, etc. He or she must also have some recreation. Now we realize that it is possible for groups of students to make gymnasium reservations, but the difficulty is that we are unable to know much in advance when we will have an hour or so to spare and if we feel like using the gym at that particular time. This is why the gym should be available as much as possible to the crowd who feel like having a shot with a basketball or a game of badminton. After all, the idea of the gym is to provide recreation for as many students as possible, and it is censoring to drop over and find Cactus Academy or an American Service team carrying with Memorial students looking on from the side. Well, I guess I've taken up enough of your space with my griping. I think I'll stroll over to the gym for a game of volleyball, that is, if the Home for the Aged and Infirm hasn't got it booked.

—THE OLD GRIPE.

Dear Sir,

As a person who has been interested in sport during the two years I have been at college, I have a few comments to make which I hope you will consider worthy of printing. I was an onlooker at the first game of the current inter-faculty basketball series which pitted the Education team against the Engineers. The outcome of the game was to the surprise of nobody, a lopsided 76-14 win for the Engineers. I know that I am not alone in opinion when I say that I consider this drubbing to be one of the worst exhibitions of unsportsmanlike conduct that I have ever witnessed. Let us review the compositions of the two teams.

The backbones of the Engineers team are Jim Young and Ray Caule, both of whom I understand were standout intercollegiate players and could easily displace most of our varsity players if they wanted to play. The remainder of the Engineers' team, for the most part, came from large St. John's high schools and had the benefits of well-equipped gymnasiums and capable coaching and were fairly good basketball players before they ever came to Memorial.

Now let us look at the personnel of the Education team. I am not making fun of them, for I am an Education student myself, when I say that previous to entering Memorial, the great majority and perhaps all of them, had never seen a basketball game. Very little basketball is played outside St. John's, for our smaller schools have neither the facilities nor the coaches necessary to give the future teachers a background in this highly intricate and technical game.

These are the circumstances when the Inter-Faculty Basketball season begins. The other faculties have a nucleus of seasoned players around which to mould their teams. The Education Society has to begin from scratch and it is greatly to their credit that they even enter a team in a league in which they have no chance of winning. They play for the sake of the game. This is true sportsmanship. It is true that the Education team held more practices than the other faculties, but how can the efforts of a few hours of practice be expected to offset the years of experience which players of the other faculties enjoy!

Under these circumstances I do not think I can be accused of being a cry-baby when I express my resentment of the drubbing handed out by the Engineers. Nobody begrudges them the victory. They had the better team and the better team won. That is how it should be. But there was absolutely no need to win by such a prodigously large margin. Whether they realize it or not they are retarding sport by their conduct. I am not suggesting that they throw the games, but by giving their substitutes more of a chance they could be aiding all concerned.

Mr. Editor, the greatest single exhibition of unsportsmanlike conduct that it has ever been my ill-fortune to witness was perpetrated in an inter-faculty basketball game last year. The hero concerned was a former Varsity basketball player, now, I believe, at Dalhousie medical school, who thrilled the ladies by scoring some 54 points against a gallant but overmatched Education team. Let us have less childish conduct of this sort and keener competition at Memorial.

NAUSEATED FAN.

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Flicker Fancies

Another of those M.G.M. Technicolored musicals is the bright, and decorative "Give a Girl a Break." Its fairly routine story is handled quite imaginatively, and the picture seems to avoid many of the mistakes of other musicals. It concerns three young girls, competing for the same role in a Broadway musical ,and their attempts to win over Gower Champion, Bob Fosse and Kurt Kasznar, who have to pick the winner.

As the dancers, Marge Champion, Debbie Reynolds and Helen Wood add quite a lot to the attractiveness of the film. It's Stanley Donen's direction, however, that makes the picture. Donen, himself a dancer, seems to give the film a smoothness not very often seen in musicals. The musical numbers flow into the story without any effort, so that when somebody suddenly bursts into a song or dance, it seems quite natural.

You may not remember the music forever, or the picture either for that matter, but it is entertaining.

* * *

"Take the High Ground" (M. G.M.) is another of those colored movies that might easily pass for a U.S. Army Training film—it might even be called an ode to the glory of the Army's basic training. Naturally, we have the tough sergeant (Richard Widmark), who barks most of his way through the picture, for when he isn't barking at his men he's barking at a mixed-up girl who can't stay away from soldiers. (Elaine Stewart).

It has the same familiar theme, of the tough sergeant, who has to make soldiers out of a bunch of raw recruits, which include the bragging Texan, the know-it-all college man, the pitiful Negro, and the coward (H-mm, wonder where I've seen those boys before?) Of course they all hate him until the last few minutes when they realize what a glorious hero is, and then they march of as superbly trained soldiers to live happily ever after. Quote: Your reaction to this will be strictly personal.

M. U. N. in '74

Dr. Alex Powell, distinguished Canadian physicist and 1972 Nobel prize winner, who has spent the last 12 years doing research on Mars, tells of a visit to his old university.

From his suite at the Newfoundland Hotel, Dr. Powell took a Capital Helicopter bus to the university. In his day the university had been near the waterfront, off Parade St., but the new university is situated in mid St. John's, on Elizabeth Avenue.

He was greeted on the University steps by the President and vice-Chancellor, Dr. Arthur Sullivan and the Dean of Arts, Dr. David Eliot. Dr. Powell then proceeded to the Auditorium where he addressed the student body of 7,500. With becoming modesty, Dr. Powell exhorted the students to apply themselves diligently to their studies so that someday they might approach him in scholarship.

Dr. Powell reurned in the afternoon and visited individual classrooms and laboratories. Mr. Leo Cole, dean of engineering, conducted him through the drafting lab. Mr. Cole was showing Dr. Powell the work of his prize students, Messrs. J. Young and F. Bradbrook, when he suddenly rushed away and returned with the news that 54 year old Maurice Richard had just scored for Montreal.

Dr. Powell next visited the lecture theatre where Prof. Winston Greene, of the Classics Department, was describing the beauty of Homer's "Iliad" to an enraptured class. Suddenly Prof. Greene remembered to the delight of his pupils, he suspended his lecture and rushed to the gymnasium. Dr. Powell followed him to the spacious gym where Messrs. Pardy and McNeil, the Physical Instructors, were holding a class in the fundamentals of basketball. Among their pupils were Roy Abbott and Patrick Gushue, who have returned to university after teaching for 17 years. Mr. Pardy said that the addition of Roy and Pat should make the Education team formidable contenders for the Inter-Faculty Basketball crown.

The next classroom visited was the Household Science Lab where Miss Noreen Sharpe was giving a class pointers on the fine art of cooking. Miss Sharpe said her class was an exceptionally beight one, with the exception of Misses Janet Carter and Maureen Fitzgerald who still have to learn how to boil the kettle without burning the water.

Dr. Powell next examined the C.O.T.C. notice board where he saw the latest Part I orders issued by the commanding officer, Lt. Col. Gosine. The orders confirmed the promotion of Officer Cadets J. Gushue, D. Spurrell and A. Ryan to the rank of 2/Lts. Officer Cadet J. Devereaux had failed his entrance board for the 57th time, but is confident of success in the near future.

Dr. Powell turned from the notice board and beheld an old comrade, Mr. John Fahey, busily sweeping the corridors. The two exchanged a short greeting (17,384 words to be exact). Mr. Fahey then had to return to his work, but the two have promised to get together some evening for a nice, long chat.

A visit was then made to the university stadium, called the Cahill Memorial Arena, and erected in memory of a former great Memorial goalie, John Cahill, who was killed in a hockey practice back in 1954, when struck by a bullet shot from the stick of Jim Young. Engaged in sweeping the ice surface was Mr. Robert Andrews, who gained invaluable experience for his present job in the days when he presided over the old U.S.O. bowling alleys, long since demolished.

Strolling around the beautiful campus, Dr. Powell stopped to watch the girls field hockey team practicing under the guidance of Miss Ruby Jones. Miss Jones was optimistic about the girls' chances of victory under her coaching and predicted that within eight years they would score a goal.

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