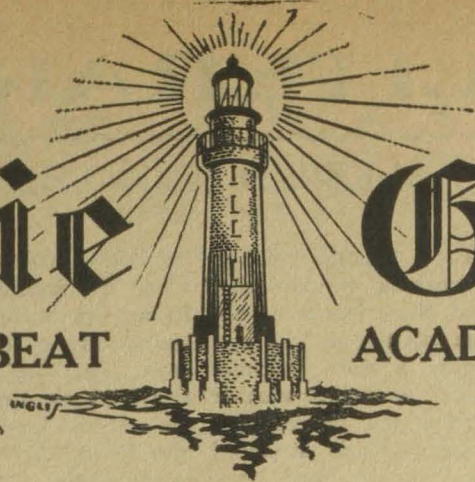


★ Open House at Shirreff Hall at 8:30, tomorrow evening.

Dalhousie Gazette

"BEAT ACADIA"



★ Tea Dance tomorrow afternoon in the Gym after the Acadia Game.

VOL. LXXIV HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 31, 1941 No. 5

GIANT PEP RALLY TONITE

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

by DON BLACK

An interest in the conscription issue, now being pushed in certain circles across the country, is shown in the university press. Most of the comment seems to indicate that Canadian students don't believe that it is necessary and also that it would not be worth the disruption most likely to come in the country's political life.

The lighter things in life noted in the Varsity remind us that our own Law Ball is on Nov. 14 (plug). Advice to those who "lak a wee drap" upon their descent to the floor:

- (a) Just lie there: they'll think you fainted.
- (b) Get up gracefully; they'll think it's part of the step.
- (c) Begin mopping the floor with your handkerchief; they'll think you work there.

The Gateway from Alberta gives a bunch of orchids to the university radio station CKUA with its increase in power and all that. From the cuts its a nice set-up.

The Gateway also adds: "I don't like her." "Why not?" "Her neck's dirty." "Does her?"

Queen's has put a coed into office as head of its alma mater society. This, coming on top of a centenary celebration seems an omen. The world isn't going to the dogs but we'll give you three guesses as to where it is going.

A poll in Mount A's Argosy tells us that freshettes think college men above average. Sophs and Juniors have a definitely negative opinion. Seniors are undecided. An analysis of the senior attitude might be to say it was one of resignation but maybe the seniors aren't such a bad lot after all.

Note: Any students from other Canadian colleges wishing to see their college papers drop into the Gazette office practically any day between 12 and 1 p.m.

Maritime Debating Conference Held

The annual conference of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League was held last Thursday afternoon, the 23rd, in the Forrest Building. All the colleges of the League, Dal, St. Mary's, St. Francis Xavier, St. Thomas, Acadia and Mt. Allison, were represented except U.N.B. and King's, — the former, however, is participating in intercollegiate debates this year, while the latter may not be able to remain an active member.

A tentative constitution for the League was the first business on the agenda to be attended to. After a quick, but thorough revision of this document it was officially approved and adopted as a fitting constitution for the League. The question of mixed debates was left to the option of each college.

The following schedule of debates was then drawn up:

- Dalhousie vs Acadia at Acadia.
- Dalhousie vs. St. Thomas' at Dal.
- Dalhousie vs. St. Mary's at Dal.

Dal was represented by Walter Gaudet, Ed Morris and Ted King.

After the conference Sodales was host to the representatives at a dinner in the Lord Nelson Hotel.

Arrangements are now being made for the Dal-St. Mary's debate about November 20th.

Watch the bulletin boards for further announcements and make this a banner year for debating at Dalhousie. You might be advised that four debates (20 points) give you a gold D, and a Radio debate, which we are endeavouring to arrange this year, 2½ points.

During the month of December the Postal authorities require the services of a larger number of temporary employees to handle Christmas mails.

Students, male and female, are invited to apply for temporary positions, beginning after the Christmas examinations, or earlier for those who are free.

Application should be made as soon as possible to the Superintendent of Mails, Room 301, Federal Building (Post Office).

ENTHUSIASM HIGH AS DAL - ACADIA CLASH

Cheers, Songs, Dancing Feature Rally

Plans are nearing completion for a gigantic Pep Rally to be held this evening in the Gymnasium in preparation for the Acadia game tomorrow afternoon. The Rally bids fair to become the largest thing of its kind to be witnessed at Dalhousie for many years. The last such Gathering was conducted two years ago on the night before the Dal Tigers took the field against Caledonia in competition for the McCurdy Trophy, emblematic of Rugby supremacy of Eastern Canada. Since that time enthusiasm has gradually been submerged at Dal and a spirit of inertia has gripped the campus. In an attempt to whip up this enthusiasm once more, with another City League title in sight, the Council has made extensive plans for this evening's program in an endeavour to make it a huge success. The Rally has been planned to bring out every student to support the



WEBSTER MACDONALD President of the Students' Council and Promoter of the Pep Rally to be held tonight in the Gymnasium.

rugby team in its drive for City League supremacy. It is under the direction of Council President Web MacDonald who has, along with several other supporters of the scheme, devoted time and energy in undertaking the management of the event and he strongly urges every Dalhousian to attend the gathering in order to drown for once and for all the ever-increasing impression that Dal has no vestige of College Spirit remaining.

The Rally is to be held partly in the gymnasium and partly on the campus. Web MacDonald will launch the meeting with an address to the assembled students. He will be followed by Professor Bell, Major Hogan and Coach Burnie Ralston, who plan speeches of encouragement to the team. Following this, the players themselves will be introduced individually by Major Hogan. Cheer leaders Inez Smith, John McClellan and Alex MacIntosh are planning to lead the students in cheers, while John Windebank and Al. (Moose) MacLeod conduct the songs. Mimeographed sheets of both songs and cheers are being prepared and are to be distributed upon entrance to the Gym.

Plans had been made in preparation for a huge bonfire to be built on the campus, but at the time of this writing difficulties had arisen in obtaining permission for this from the Air Raid Precautions Committee. Whether or not there is to be a bonfire, however, a dance in the Gymnasium following the Rally will conclude the evening's events.

Tigers Bid for Title In Decisive Clash

Tomorrow afternoon the Dal Tigers begin the final drive toward the City League Title and, beyond that, Caledonia and the McCurdy Cup. By clinching the match with Acadia the Tigers are at least assured of a tie at the top of the League standing, with the Navy as the only possible competitor. But with the Navy having to meet a rejuvenated Wanderers' club tomorrow at Redland and then Acadia in the final League fixture next week Dal's position is anything but hopeless.

With the Pep Rally tonight calculated to stir up some interest in tomorrow's match, a large turnout is expected. All the color of a College game will be apparent, as Dal intends to make an all-out effort to display to visiting Acadians that they in Wolfville do not possess a corner on "College Spirit". The Dalhousie band will be in attendance.

Alec MacIntosh, Inez Smith, and John MacLellan are to lead the cheers and it is rumoured that a surprise has been prepared for Acadians during half time.

The Tigers enter the game in tip top condition and have shown fine form throughout the week in practices. Their best performance to date was displayed against Acadia in Wolfville two weeks ago. Last Saturday the Tigers gave a convincing show of power against the Wanderers during the first half but wilted badly in the latter part of the game. The main fault of the team seems to be lack of tackling on the part of all players. It is apparent to everyone that the ball is being loosened up in the backfield much more so than at the beginning of the season. There is, however, still a very pressing need for a dependable place kicker. To date, of those who have been used, Don MacLean seems to have shown the greatest promise in this line. Of the game, Coach Ralston would only say that the team would win if the players got into the spirit of the thing and played the way in which they are capable of doing.

The Intermediate game is scheduled to begin at 2 o'clock, with the Senior Match to start at 3 o'clock. A tea dance is to be held in the gymnasium immediately following the game and in the evening an Open House will be conducted at Shirreff Hall. Everyone is invited to attend this and a nominal sum of \$25 will be charged to help defray expenses. The Open House begins at 8.30 and dancing will continue until 12.

Lineup:

Probable lineup for the Acadia Game:

Forwards: Ideson, MacIntosh, Anderson, MacGregor, Milligan, Wilson MacDonald.

Halves: Forsyth, Kerr, MacIntosh.

Three-quarters: Maclean, MacKenzie, Fiendler, MacDonald.

Fullback: Webber.

FRESHMAN SHOW NEXT FRIDAY



Shown above are prominent members of the Freshman Show cast as they were snapped at a recent rehearsal. Reading from left to right, they are: Lynn Marcus, Les MacLean, Babe White, Doug Robertson, Dorothy Rose.

Rehearsals have finally been put under way in preparation for the Gala Freshman show which has definitely been set for November 7, (not November 4, as previously stated.)

Script writers have put the finishing touches to their manuscripts, casting has been undertaken and a veritable galaxy of beautiful, gorgeous, etc. gals are awaiting the curtain. All that has to be done is to round the show into some semblance of shape. At least the show will be novel, which is something for which we may all feel thankful. Even the length of time over which the series of skits, revues, dances, dialogues and what have you will extend is something new. It is predicted that the entire show, stretch it how you may, will only last for one hour.

Instead of the usual programs, an ingenious directorate has engineered a scheme whereby two shapely Betty Grable's in scanty costume will parade before the footlights with large placards to introduce each act. Not only is this something different, but it is also one of the methods which the Glee Club intends to make use of throughout the year in order to make both ends meet financially.

As to the show itself, rumors of strip tease chorus girls galore are flying about hither and yon. Oh, shades of Minsky and Gipsy Rose

Predicting . . .



. . . A fine show for next Friday evening, Don Kirkpatrick, President of the Glee Club, called upon the audience to give their full cooperation by refraining from heckling the actors.

? DIPO ?

(Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion)

Should Dalhousie Erect a Men's Residence?

Apparently this was not a particularly good question to ask, as there was no difference of opinion on the matter. All the students quizzed said that such a building should definitely be erected, and many blamed the lacking of school spirit at Dal on the absence of a residence. Several students suggested, however, that it might be advisable not to undertake such a project until after the war.

Do You Know Rufus Rayne?

An attempt was made this week to ascertain the number of Frosh who had as yet not made the acquaintance of our local Dictator. The solon of the Gym seems to have a large and avid following among the campus newcomers, for only 13% of those questioned did not know who Rufus Rayne was. One neophyte thought that Rufus was the Major's batman, but your reporter set him straight on that.

What Is Your Opinion of D.O.P.E.?

"Kind of Dopey" was the general response to this. Apparently everyone reads it, though, because of those questioned, only one was a trifle dense as to what D.O.P.E. was, or perhaps he was just dense; and an ardent supporter declared it to be the only organ through which the dopes of the campus could express themselves.

Make Your Choice of Dal's Sweater Queen Today!

A ballot form is included in this issue. Tear it out and mark your favorite.

Slip the ballot under the Gazette door or in the letter box at the Forrest Building under "G" before Wednesday noon and next week we'll announce the winner.

If you don't know a sweater when you see one, just shut your eyes and choose at random.

Studley, augmented by the Freshettes, seems to have the largest number of likely candidates, but as the Meds have Adelaide Fleming, strong support can be expected for their candidate in true Med fashion. Law seems to be solidly behind their candidate, Miss Ritchie. The Dents, however, can safely rely on the judgment of Tick Fennell or Bob Bingham to cast their ballots rightly.

If you were chiseled out of your vote in the N. S. elections or whether you just like to cut coupons in soap contests, satisfy that hidden urge and choose DALHOUSIE'S SWEATER QUEEN.

P.S.—We almost forgot post-grad Joan Ballem, local originator of "Sloppy Joes". She is a most deserving candidate.

SWEATER QUEEN CONTEST BALLOT

(No reasonably accurate facsimiles accepted)

My Selection (Name)

Faculty (of Nominee)

Type of Sweater (Sloppy, moderate or form-fitting)

All ballots in by Wed. noon. Forrest mail box or Gazette office. (See above for details)

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

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TOWARDS A CAMPUS RINK

A subject under discussion at meetings of the Students' Council lately has been the advisability of providing an outdoor rink on the campus. The proposal, which certainly appears to have merit if it is practicable at this time, has found some support on the Council, but the opposition has also been quite vocal. The time may not appear opportune. Allocations from the budget to all societies have been cut considerably, and this cut has affected the athletic activities of the university most of all. It might seem advisable to leave this project, like the Students' Union building, until "après la guerre."

The only serious objection to a campus rink at the present time is a financial one. No one denies that it would be a very good thing for Dalhousians to have an opportunity to skate on their own campus on the nights they want and without paying high prices to downtown rinks. Even in ordinary times, it is difficult to obtain a suitable night at a city rink, and the money we pay out thus would go a long way toward supporting a rink of our own. The war has added to the difficulties of obtaining other rinks. The Forum has been taken over, and the Arena has had to take over all its business. In the future we may expect even greater difficulty in obtaining skating sessions there.

It has been one of the great misfortunes of Dalhousie that circumstances have compelled students to find their main recreation outside the boundaries of the campus. Our large dances, our hockey matches, even some of the meetings of our organizations, take place of necessity outside the university. A rink on the campus would help to solve that problem. It would enable Dalhousie boys and girls to get together at Dalhousie as Dalhousians. Such a cementing of university consciousness would not be a bad idea.

In discussing such a matter at this time the expense involved should be considered carefully. It should be remembered, however, that such a project would save money as well as spend it. There would, of course, be considerable expense involved in equipping and maintaining such a rink, but it would end the present necessity of paying out money whenever we want to play a hockey game or have a skating session. It is the considered opinion of a number of students that, in the long run, we would be saving money, rather than losing it, while in the meantime we would be skating oftener and enjoying our evenings more.

IN DEFENCE OF NOT CHEERING

It has long been the custom of rival college papers, when nothing of interest has been taking place on their campuses, to "pan" Dalhousians for the lack of some mystical thing called "college spirit", or, to be specific, for not cheering at football games. College activities have apparently been at a new low during the past weeks, judging from the number of comments on this very thing. Dalhousians have usually been very tolerant about these insinuations, so much so that others have even presumed that we accepted them as true. We feel that it is about time to rise up and make a real defence of our habit of remaining silent at games of any sort, which is our inalienable right.

From this don't imagine that we are against cheering. On the contrary, we are all for it. What we do object to is the habit prevalent in some quarters of judging a student's loyalty to his college by the amount of cheering he does and the number of college sweaters he owns. It is all too common a mistake to judge the value of a college education by the number of yells memorized at the end of four years and the fervour with which graduates pronounce the name of their *Alma Mater*.

If Dalhousie does not measure up well by that standard, then we are proud of her. Most of us came to college for a liberal education, hoping to find a university at which we could enjoy an atmosphere of tolerance and where we could take part in the disinterested search for truth. We are, generally speaking, interested in college affairs, even football teams, but we are not rabid. We expect our football teams to be good, and when they are we consider it nothing to be excited about. And when fans from other colleges, seeing their teams go down to defeat, make loud noises to encourage them, we regard it as hardly sportsmanlike and are so disgusted that we keep a stony silence. This always disconcerts our opponents and we usually win. Our teams are used to loyalty, not hysteria, so they understand us perfectly.

This is not to say that we are against cheering. Of course we like cheering. We do, however, protest against judging a college education by something which should be a small part of college life. During four years in university we should learn something about art and music, something about the great masterpieces of literature which have been produced, and we should gain some ability to make an intelligent appraisal of world trends in politics and in general thought. If we do not learn those things in the course of our life at a university, we are not likely to learn them later. These things are the essence of a college education, and they should be kept foremost in our minds.

PLEASE!

For weeks now the Council has been calling for applications for the post of Editor of the "Bulletin". Do you like the present appearance of the bulletin boards? I know I don't. Surely some student with a sensitive eye will apply. It will be a public service.

LITERARY

"BLESSED ARE THEY"

A Short Short Story

Prokov raised himself on one elbow and groaning involuntarily, looked out of the window of the small bedroom into the moonlit yard as he had done a score of times during the night, an endless number of times during the interminable series of nights which stretched back further than his dazed sense could recall. Turning with an effort from contemplation of the still scene outside he allowed his gaze to wander over the drawn face of his young wife who lay beside him, twitching and murmuring in a troubled sleep. A wave of pity welled over him, pity for her, momentarily bringing him a queer relief from his own anguish and despair.

From the far corner of the little room the tiny voice of their baby continued its shrill screaming, drenching the whole house and its other two occupants with its agony.

Prokov painfully lowered his head onto the pillow and traced with his eyes the pattern of the tattered window-curtain through which the moonlight filtered. Every detail of the room was fixed in his mind as sharply as though it had engraved on his brain with hammer and chisel. Cursing inaudibly he tore his gaze from the curtain and closed his eyes, shutting out the wierd unreality of the scene and forcing his attention on the terrible screaming from which his every sense was straining to escape. Back through an eternity he remembered the morning when the baby had been born, recalled with a pang the sudden relief he had felt when he learned that Olga was well and heard the strange, fragile voice which announced that their baby had begun its life. For nearly two years they had watched their little son's development with hope and satisfaction. And then one morning in March, when the brown earth was just beginning to break through the winter's snow, the periods of unexplainable crying had begun, gradually lengthened, and returned so often that they became almost continuous. Specialists, called in from the city, had told the parents that cancer was gnawing at the sensitive organism of the child's sight. They had found no way of relieving the little creature's pain, had despaired absolutely of any cure and had promised that the end would not be long.

The wracked, tortured man in the bed, his slight chest heaving with effort, fought for control of his thoughts. Fantastic things occurred in his mind during these terrible nights—fear held him in vice as he sometimes tried to imagine the suffering of the little figure in the crib, the distraught workings of the infant mind. Quivering from the bursting pressure in his head, he finally summoned the strength to grasp his overcoat and move out onto the front step. As he closed the door the sound diminished its intensity and he sat there, feeling in his pocket for pipe and tobacco. The expanse of prairie, where remnants of the first snow of another winter lay in glistening patches, flooded in on Prokov's mind and soothed his sense. Here he could steady himself, and grapple with the idea that had been returning to his mind with repeated emphasis at intervals throughout the weary summer and fall.

In the morning Prokov drove into the city and purchased twenty feet of hosepipe. He muttered something or other in return to the clerk's polite amenities, carefully inserted the change into his purse in an effort to cover up his agitation and strode from the store. On the way back he mentally rehearsed each step of the procedure he had planned for his return. He was steady now, firm and resolute. Olga had recovered after a brief period of hysteria and agreed to the plan. Pushing back a straggling lock of brown hair from her forehead with a slow movement of her arm she had raised her burning eyes to his and told him she would stand by him. From everything about her appearance at that moment Prokov

knew the intensity of courage by which the decision had been made. In her desire to continue living had slowly ebbed along with the hope that the baby's sufferings would be released. The waiting for the end had been so long that hope abandoned, she now moved about mechanically, attending her child with a pathetic tenderness which seemed to be her heart's only manifestation of life. To grasp the situation in her own hands had required shaking herself free of the heavy stupor which had possessed her and cast its protecting film about her mind. To agree to help kill her own child and then face life on the future side of the action was almost more than her weakened physique could bear.

When Prokov backed the car up to the window, affixed the hose to the exhaust pipe and handed her the other end she lowered the window, supporting it with a stick of wood so that it would not rest on the hose and laid the end of the pipe alongside of the still screaming Charles Albert Prokov, age two years and six months, covered the crib with a blanket and paced aimlessly and distractedly about the room, waiting for the screaming to cease. When it did she could control her impulse no longer, she caught up the child, striding about the room with it as she kissed it and held it against her. It was dead.

Olga did not remember her husband coming into the room, but she suddenly became aware of his inert body slumped across the hosepipe in front of the closed window. After placing the child in its crib with exaggerated care she began to drag the unconscious man to the doorway. Just as consciousness left her she was aware of the sound of the car engine, still running outside and the pounding of an excited fist on the outside door.

Staring out across the prairie from the prison window, Olga had a feeling of being separated from the earth and its weight of tragedy by an infinity of space. The news that her husband was in a critical state in a mental hospital had left her with an odd absence of concern. Two thoughts possessed her. She had been merciful where they would not be. A world of agony had been quelled and the screaming had stopped. Now there would be a solemn trial, and those who had refused mercy to her child would sit in judgment upon her. The strange rules of society which had forbidden her to solve her problem had now been presented with a problem of their own. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall receive mercy." Amen. "Thou shalt not kill." Amen.

A woman's laugh cut into the prairie stillness like the ragged blade of a woodswallow.

To the Lord Major Hogan on the Proposals of Certain Doctors at the Committee for Military Exemption.

Hogan, our chief of men, whose voice doth make
 A thousand willing feet to move as one.
 To stand, to turn, to walk, and even run.
 Oh, Dulcet one, thy tones do cause to quake
 The hearts of stalwart men, and even shake
 The ground beneath thy sacred feet, have done
 With base civilian dogs. There should be none
 Who do not bow and follow in thy wake.
 Haul forth these cowards who know thee not;
 These fools who think that they to college go
 To get an education. Thou must show
 These beastish swine that they are talking rot.
 And those poltroons whom fate has granted E's
 "I don't mind telling you" must bend their knees.
 (Apologies to J. Milton.)
 (Not in our unit.—Ed.)

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» THE FEATURE FOLIO «

THE MENTOR

HOW TO WRITE AN ENGLISH 2 THEME

One of the many Courses intended to baffle the minds of the Student is English. In this field, the most difficult and interesting is English 2, which invites you to expose how little you know about anything by writing Themes on it. About the only thing which seems Definitely Settled about this course is that on a certain hour on Monday morning these Themes must be deposited at the Library. On the assumption that everyone knows where this is, here is an attempt (unofficial) to enlighten those taking English 2, in the practise and fury of Theme Writing.

To begin with, the Title of the Theme for the following week is generally announced sometime during Monday's Lecture. The exact time of this is, of course, kept Utterly Secret by the lecturer, to assure a little attention. The purpose of this to give you a Head-Start. Take the Title down carefully, and contrive to lose it before the next lecture. This will assure a Good Theme.

The next thing to observe is that the following lectures have nothing to do with the theme. This is to enable you to think about it. No one has ever been able to discover what the lectures in English 2 are about, but they are designed to sooth you into a false sense of Security. This will not be discovered by the unwary until Too Late.

Having Thought about the theme, you are now confronted with the problem of writing it. For the beginner, the hours between 2.30 and 5.00 a.m. Monday are recommended as the best for Good Theme writing. By this time, the realization that the Theme must be finished will lend Wings to your thoughts. Allot yourself a good 2 to 3 hours and attempt to finish in the given time. This is invaluable training.

The first requisite of a Good Theme is that the Title must be changed. This is essential. To hand back a Theme with the Original Title is nothing short of Heresy (or Hearsay). Any other Title is acceptable, whether it bears on the Theme or not, but it is recommended that you leave this until the last.

The subject of the Theme can be left to the discretion of the Writer. Some clue to what is expected is generally given by the Title. This, however, can be completely disregarded. Let us suppose the suggested Title is, Shakespeare: His attempts at the Reformation of the Young, during his fifth Period. It is well to disregard this completely, and write on something you know a little about. Look Carefully, and try and find some juicy quotation. Write your Theme around this.

To illustrate, let us take the Quotation "Out, out, damned Spot". From this any number of successful Themes could be derived. For example: Shakespeare's use of Strong and Abusive Language; His Morals; His rejection of the Third (or any) Period; Period Literature; His use of Punctuation; Etc., etc. You see how simple it is?

Having established your topic, it now becomes necessary to write 800 words, generally dealing with this. A safe plan to pursue is the following. For the first 300 words, attempt to compare Shakespeare to Milton. This will land you in deep water, but endear you to the Lecturer. Extricate yourself, and for the next 300 words, go on to show that Shakespeare didn't write anything; but only copied it from someone else; or that he was Ben Johnson or someone else himself. This will show you know a little about Shakespeare, though it won't endear you to anyone. All this should occupy a good three-quarters of your theme. You can fill the rest out with Quotations.

This is the most important phase of Theme Writing. The most successful plan is to secure a good book of Quotations from the Library. Look through this, until you come to Shakespeare. Pick several good, meaty Quotes, and write them in your Theme Book, anywhere. As the Theme develops, you will find yourself running into them, and generally they can be made to fit somehow. Be sure to state the correct reference for your Quotes, though its best not to mention the Quotation Book itself.

If you have difficulty in making your Quotes fit, discard them ruthlessly. This only goes to prove that Shakespeare isn't as versatile as you are led to believe. Instead, invent yourself Quotes, and forge references in boldly. As an example, it might become necessary to illustrate the statement that Lady Macbeth wasn't a nice person. You are stuck for a quote. Well then, invent one, thus: "O, Soulless spouse, thou damnous dame". Attribute it to any of Shakepeare's numerous Servants or Attendants. As a last resort, for the exceedingly unimaginative, you can put Quotation Marks around any given Sentence in your Theme and leave it to the Lecturer to find who said it.

If, after these Helpful Hints, you still continue to make D minus on your Themes, you are advised to become an Engineer, for this is undoubtedly your calling.

D. O. P. E.

The Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far Behind?"

Jim Vibert, 1st Year Arts.

Goodness gracious, by the feel of the weather, Spring won't be very far behind this.

Royce Mallam, 3rd Year Arts.

Well, (interval of time) Well . . . Oh! Ah! Eh! . . . Are you referring to the Canadian Winter. Well, I don't know.

Mac Grant, 3rd Year Science.

No, we must take into consideration the progression of the equinoxes. The theory of the seasons, of course depends on the progression of the equinoxes, and . . . (Hasty retreat on part of your reporter.)

Dorothy Stairs, 1st Year Arts.

Ha, Ha, let's see. I hope not.

Carl Little, 1st Year Engineering.

If it's in Halifax, yes. Then it all depends, if you'd ask me a sensible question I'd tell you something.

Doug Johnson, 2 Year Engineering.

Huh? It's a h— of a long time to go.

Abe Schwartz, 1st Year Arts.

Yes. Shelley being a poet of beauty, from which I take it this quotation comes. I await what beauty shall arrive in Dalhousie in the Spring. (Phew!)

Jim Stevens, 2nd Year Arts.

Ah Spring! Ah Winter! Ah nuts!

Unseen Wonders

"I don't see what keeps you coeds warm at those cold football games."

"Brother, you ain't supposed to!"

Voice over phone: "A burglar has broken into the Old Maids' Home. Will you send a man down at once!" Station Sarge: "Who's speaking?" Voice: "The burglar."

Many a girl thinks she shows distinction in her clothes, when the proper word is distinctly.

Spoof . . .

This is
One of
Those
Damn things
That you have to read
Clear down to here
To fine out
It's just
Another one of
Those damn
Things.

—Western Gazette.

The March of Grime

We were sorry to hear that Milligan was unable to make his usual week-end pilgrimage to Acadia last week. What have Acadia freshettes got that ours haven't (except Milligan). Who is this Barbara, anyway, Jim?

And speaking of Acadia, what drags Jackson and Rice there over the week-ends. These migrations don't speak so well for our institution on South Street.

The happiest face on the campus last week-end was that of our 'Bunny' due to the arrival from Brockville of none other than our Reardon. We take this opportunity to welcome him home, though it won't be for long.

We should like to point out that the Best Man's job stops at the altar, Murray, so how about giving the newlyweds a chance. You know what we mean.

We are indebted to Don for the nice low lights at Council Dance. Personal reasons, Don, or were you trying to please the crowd. Greater love hath no man . . .

Bobby Musset, being at the moment unattached, would like to use this column to find 'some nice girl to take' to the Med Ball. Freshettes

will find him in the gym store after any 'D' coy, parade.

Don McKeigan seems to be having his troubles, too. You can't beat these Navy lads, though maybe Joan has other ideas.

Too bad these Scottish names all sound so much alike on the phone, Sue; you'll never be forgiven.

Could "muscle-bound" Marcus have been blushing at the game last Saturday? Perhaps it was the reflection of her neighbor's coat, but our guess is that it was the remarks coming from the boys in the back row.

We should like to know what happened to Bunny McNeil between the hours of one and four, after the dance. Surely it didn't take all that time to say 'good-night.'

We think it's about time those 'Pine Hillbillies' stopped pestering a certain lady (?) and her friends at a well known residence on Hollis Street. It just isn't nice.

What's all this we hear about Red and Bob Blois. Can this be the beginning or the end of a beautiful friendship. Who were the two stooges?

Grime marches on . . .

T-SQUARE

The boner of the year goes to the Meds, for deferring their Ball to a time when it conflicts with the Boilermakers, and the Junior Prom. Do they think their brawl can compete with the only real party on the campus—the Boilermakers' Ball? Ask anyone.

And now for some dirt Bill Hagen proves himself to be a modern Romeo—he has quite a way with women. Bill can have them in tears within five minutes, but really, old man, hair-pulling is not quite playing the game. Even young Parker can do that.

C.Q.—Hank Johnson—who was the Y.L. you were sporting last Saturday?

F. B. om. 88 (speaking to a "ham", one must use the official language).

Doug Large is losing no time in becoming a real Dalhousian—he has developed the protective spirit in regard to Patsy. We thought Bruce Bauld was her white-haired boy.

Is there any truth in the rumour that Johnny MacLean is in the market for a steady? Why not try

Miss Mavison, Johnny? (Johnny, by the way, really wants us to open up a Dorothy Dix column).

Hey, Wick, you should know by now that those whiskers won't hide lipstick. Next time be careful—you may not be so lucky—everybody might find out about it.

Fred Russell is still going strong—to the Hall, we mean. Don't you think you ought to open a book a week, anyway, Fred?

Well, Mack, do you think now there's more than rocks and fish in Newfoundland?

Ted Canavan had an unfortunate accident this week. That bottle he had in his pocket is no more. Did it break up or blow up, Ted?

Well, Nov. 15 will see all good Engineers of Dal embarking for Amherst on the annual "educational" trip. After arriving at Amherst we expect to visit the Canadian Aircraft Plant and the Robb Engineering plant. After these sight-seeing tours we'll all find ways of enjoying ourselves. Any bets that Mussett won't hitch-hike to Sackville?

Say, Mackie, remember that night? You know, the night you came into the Diana Sweets after "driving" around in a car. Lipstick is embarrassing at times, isn't it?

ettes, who were eagerly grabbed up by Rob Murky, who shovelled them mechanically into a receptacle labelled "Crackerjacks", where they were gently tapped on the head by Ignatz Schmidt, who was draped in shrouds of black (and gold) and sinning an aria from "Glorryglory". It was the great pep rally, and a fine spirit of camaraderie prevailed as Wubber MacTunnell and Elk MacLoud vied to reach the highest rafters.

In the midst of all this merriment, the door sinisterly opened and a great congregation of lobster fishermen, C.O.T.C.ers, and A.T.C.ers, burst into view, led by genial Major Hokum. Immediately they burst into the Soldier's Chorus, the Major weeping under the broad shoulders of J. Windebag. While the latter performed a fugue and dance.

Was this too much for Wilbur P.? Or did he just wake up? More next week.

Julius has a blind date. He's all dressed up to please her. But oh! What disappointment When Julius Ceasar.

» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

Episode 3

Sweater as the Days go by
A bewildered figure could be seen darting frantically from one female figure to another, marking down on a slip of papyrus wierd signs which might mean anything at all, then gazing high up into the smoke-filled air and ighing, "Oh, Roy! Oh BOILING ESSENCE! OH Lana Turner! Five points for Henny Hatch-all. Ten points for Hay Kicks. A hundred points for Sissy Macaroon", as he tabulated points for Dalhousie's sweater contest. The furtive individual was Wilbur P. Fizzleque, who still believes that you get a prize for every contest you go in. Just then around the corner came Galling Schmidt, yelling "Thousand points for . . ."

Meanwhile the haze of BOILING ESSENCE grew thicker and thicker over the already befuddled Fizzleque, accordingly he had a vision.

The Vision of Wilbur P. Fizzleque.
As the high-pitched voice of J. Windebag reached a new crescendo, a stream of little bunny rabbits could be seen gently falling like the evening dew, being transformed as they landed into shimmering Fresh-

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TIGERS WHIP WEARY, WAYWORN WANDERERS

TIGERS WIN BY DRIVE AND FIGHT BUT CUBS NO MATCH for MIDDY MIGHT

The Dalhousie Tigers won their fourth game in five starts last Saturday when they turned back the Wanderers 12-8 on the Studley field. The Tiger squad was out to take over first place in the league standing, while the Redmen were determined to notch up their first win of the year, and the contest developed into a rugged struggle before the final whistle blew.

The Dal fifteen started out where they had life off the previous week when they defeated the Acadia Axemen, and carried the play deep into Wanderers' territory from the initial whistle. The Dal forwards proved to be the most aggressive group on the field in the early stages of the game, with Ian McGregor, "Muck" McIvor and Web McDonald following up fast, and taking part in many of the line runs. The first score came four minutes after play began, when the Tiger backfield carried the ball thirty yards to the Wanderer line, where McGregor plunged over for the try, and a three to nothing lead for Dal. Jack McKenzie's attempt at convert was unsuccessful.

Play moved down to the other end of the field following the centre-field kick-off by the Redmen, but the Dal drive and push soon carried it back to the Wanderers' line, where the Red team strove valiantly to stem the tide. The Dal scrum clicked on the five-yard line, however, and when Jo-Jo Feindel was tackled on the goal line and dropped the ball, McIvor recovered and fell on it to give the Tigers a 6-0 lead. Again the convert was missed.

Shortly before the end of the first half, Jack McKenzie picked up a ball dropped by the Wanderer's Smith when he was tackled hard by Feindel while trying to clear the pigskin to safety. The resultant 9-0 was sufficient to indicate the Tigers superiority over the Wanderers' fifteen, but with the whistle to begin the second half, the Tigers seemed to have lost some of the steam which had characterized their work in the first half.

In spite of a lack of condition, the Wanderers took over the play and pressed the Dal team consistently, keeping the Tigers constantly on the defensive. Bus Phillips, who for the past few years has performed in a D.A.A.C. uniform, split the Dal posts squarely, on a penalty kick, to give the visitors their first score. The Tigers had scarcely got back into the game before Smith, of the Redmen snared a ball at centre field and romped down the sidelines, and over to register the sixth Red point. At this stage of the game the general attitude of the Dal fifteen seemed to be: "Aw, shucks, somebody else will get him. Why should I try to stop him?" But nobody seemed to be able to lay a hand on the elusive Mr. Smith, and when Phillips clicked on the convert, the scoreboard read Dal-9, Wanderers-8, and a lot of people began to forget the cold, to concentrate on the ball game.

However, the Dal backfield warmed up their toes sufficiently to lay a few accurate kicks to the Wanderers' "coffin corner", and following a scrum on the Redmen's five-yard line, McGregor tallied his second score to the game by plunging over with the ball tucked securely under his arm, and most of the Wanderers hanging on his neck. "Andy" Anderson had meanwhile been banished from the game for a show of belligerency, one of the few signs of spirit demonstrated by the Tigers in the entire second half.

Among former Dal players performing for the Wanderers were Norm McRitchie, Bus Phillips, and Bert Vail.

In an intermediate game immediately preceding the senior fixture, the unhappy Dal Cubs continued their losing streak when they absorbed an 11-5 loss at the hands of a team from the Royal Navy. A great many of the visitors were experienced in the English style of play, and their kicking and passing attack was too much for the Cubs to overcome.

CO-EDS ONLY

By M. PARKES

With winter attempting to enter earlier than usual this year, we see ground-hockey and tennis hastening to their close, and basketball and badminton getting the benefit. On Wednesday afternoon the Edgehill girls came down to visit us, and incidentally to play a game of ground-hockey. The Dal turnout was really very good, considering classes and such, with a full team in play. But alas, the younger generation was just a little too much for us, and the game ended with a score of 5-0 for Edgehill. Ah, well! wait until they get as old as we, from sitting through lectures!

Last Tuesday it poured rain, or did you know? but in spite of that fact several girls turned out to show that D.G.A.C. night really does mean something. Basketball was very successful and all enjoyed it. We are very glad to see that the Freshettes don't let a little thing like rain stop them, as it did some of us old seniors. Badminton followed at 9.15. Next week we want twice as many at least to turn out at 7.30 for the whole evening, for, alongside of the radio saying:

"There's friendship in a cup", we can do even better with: "There's friendship in a game."

This all brings us to the most important topic of the week, the Athletic Clubs. Did you know that every co-ed belongs? That the names are posted in the Locker-room, and in the Arts' Common-room? That your name is there either in the Red, Black, or Gold Club?

These clubs are for the purpose of giving each co-ed an aim in athletics of any kind. There is to be appointed a captain for each activity in each club, and these captains are to make up teams to compete with each other on Tuesday evenings and at other specified times, with Munro Day as a probable "grande finale" for the best.

Each team will try and do its best throughout the year, and points will be given for games won in each separate sport. The club with the most points at the end of the college year will win an award. We hope each club will obtain the interest of each of its members and thus make fairly strong teams in all sports, so that competition will be keener. So state your interest.

Aim for the top of the Badminton Ladder that is posted on the first floor of the Gym, way back in the corner. Directions are there as well as downstairs. If your name is not posted, notify the manager and it will be. You bet!

SPORT Spice

by AL. MacLEOD

O Woman—in thine hours of ease,
Why so coy and hard to please?
You've lurked behind your window shade
And missed the games your own team played.
While Tigers fought for Glory's golden bough,
Where in the name of Rufus Rayne wert thou?

To the Ladies: How about you co-eds bending the ear beautiful to this plea pitiful? For the last few weeks we've been complaining in this column about lack of interest in, and want of enthusiasm for, the Dalhousie rugby machine. And after some consideration we've decided to put the whole responsibility upon the fair sex of the university. Most of you, we feel sure, have taken the attitude that since you don't know much about the game, you wouldn't get a great deal of satisfaction out of watching one. We disagree, and most heartily. Those of you who have, as the humble doggerel above suggests, remained at home on these bright Saturday afternoons, have lost a number of golden opportunities to benefit not only yourselves, but your Alma Mater as well. You have neglected an excellent opportunity to develop some of the "college spirit" which is fifty per cent of a university education. You have failed to support a group of men who have sacrificed time and energy to give you reason to be proud of your gold and black banners. And, solely as a result of your own inertia, you have failed to get full value for the price you paid for that little Student Council ticket.

The team has reached the last rung, or at any rate the second last rung in its climb to the championship. On Saturday the Acadia team will be in town to make a desperate effort to take it from us. Won't you string along with the male portion of the undergraduate body, and lend your heartiest support? Everyone would appreciate it. And it would help make Shirreff Hall look less like the British Museum or the Smithsonian Institute.

To the Team: You chaps have played five hard games to date, and you are to be complimented. If you win one more, or two at the most, the championship of the Halifax City League will be your reward. Perhaps you have noticed, however, that you won your best victories, and showed the best form on those occasions when every man on the squad tore into the fray like the tiger he was named after. When you have showed fight and drive, and have contested every foot of ground you gave, you were real champions. When you were content to get by on your reputations, to let somebody else take the bumps, your victories were "narrow squeaks". We know, and you know, what you can do. But perhaps Acadia and Navy will have to be pounded before they're convinced. We trust you do the pounding.

To Everybody: On Friday night, at seven-thirty, it is your bounden duty to repair to the Gym and make with the yells, the songs, the bonfire and the little dance. A little pep at this stage, and in years to come we shall have cause to remember how the Tigers humbled Acadia, and drove the Navy to their ships. Will you come? We knew you would.

Exchange Scholarships Announced

Names of students who have accepted exchange scholarships from and to Dalhousie University have been announced by the National Federation of Canadian University Students which provides the scholarships each year. Two students have come to Dalhousie under the exchange plan. They are Miss Marguerite Ritchie of the University of Alberta, who is enrolled in second year law at Dalhousie this year, and R. L. Brennan of McGill University, who is in Arts and Science.

William Kopak of Nelson, B. C., who last year took his law course at Dalhousie is attending the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. The scholarship enable students wishing to take a year of their course at some university outside the particular area in which they are studying to do so at no extra expense.

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ARTS AND SCIENCE SOCIETY MEETS

With its president, Inez Smith, in charge, that long expected meeting of the Arts and Science met Tuesday. Conservatism conquered over the rash idea of dissolution, and the meeting broke up with the happy note that at the next meeting a financial report would be presented. The fresh class, present with the largest gathering of all the classes was told it had no vote until the next meeting of the society. Besides the discord there were nominations for the student council post from the seniors. The meeting accepted those of Alec MacIntosh and Andy Dunn. For the society Anne Goodeve was elected Secretary-Treasurer, and a Special Events Committee of Royce Mallam, Helen Henshaw, Bob Murphy, Sue Morse and Penny Patchell was set up. To the D.A.A.C. went Jeff Bagnall.

This year the great problem seems to be lack of ice for practices and league games, and there is a possibility that this will greatly curtail hockey activities. However, representatives of the college ice circuit are to make inquiries in this direction, and a report will be made at a meeting in the near future. If possible, it is hoped to have a few of the games before the Christmas vacation begins.



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