

Dance At  
Shirreff Hall  
March 26

# Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



Mt. A.  
vs  
Acadia  
Dal Gym  
To-Night

VOL. LXVIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH, 18th, 1938

No. 20

## STUDENTS VOICE CRY FOR COMPETENT COACH

### Graham And Grant Named Gazette Editors For '38-'39

The meeting of the Council of Students started amidst bright sunshine promptly at three o'clock. At thirty minutes after three the Council members were furiously smoking cigarettes and haggling over the editors of the Gazette—they were still at it at 7.30 in the evening.

Two applications for the editorship of the Gazette had been filed. They were the successful combine of Messrs. Bernard Graham and John Grant and the defeated duo of John Dickey and Ronald Buckley. The first pair were quickly catalogued as scholars and Philosophers while the second soon became stigmatized as genuine representatives of the Fourth Estate—in short they were labelled as 'newspapermen'. For some reason, which it ill behooves the writer to mention, the Council of Students was not in a mood to adopt newspapermen as editors. The cry was that the Gazette had been daubed too much with the veneer of 'the lurid sensationalism of the press' and so Messrs. Graham and Grant received the palm—they were awarded the editorship of the Gazette and they inherited, though they may not know it, a headache which no quantities of sedatives will subdue.

'Honest' Freddy Barton, Henry 'S. W.' Ross and Henry 'Just a minute gentlemen', Reardon received contractual rights to operate the Dalhousie Gold Mine for the year 1938-39. The (Dalhousie-King's Student Directory.

Syd Gillies, a freshman, was awarded the business managership of the Dalhousie Gazette. He was the lone applicant.

Clarence Gosse, the man who aspires to the role of Barnhill but who is as yet only on the second rung of the ladder, was named as editor of next year's edition of Pharos, the Dalhousie Year Book. He, too, was the lone applicant.

### Elect Officers

Last Tuesday the Arts and Science Society, at the most hectic meeting since its inception, had its election of officers for the forthcoming year. Douglas MacKean, Class '40 was elected President, with Irene Pentz, Vice-President and Jackie Cahan, Secretary-Treasurer.

All the Studley blowhards were in attendance as George Corston took the chair and called for nominations for the Presidency. Before anyone had a chance to speak Roly Hurst stood up and made the motion that this body change its name and become a Studley Society with a view to having their votes cast in one direction next year. That statement precipitated many outcries especially from Jack Dacey and Doug MacKean who stated the idea was not in accordance with the Student's Council constitution, since the Arts and Science Society being listed in that document could not fold up without an amendment. The suggestion was thrown out.

Mr. Corston again called for nominations. Bill Logan was nominated and after more uproar he was found to be ineligible because he was an Engineering student not registered in Arts and Science.

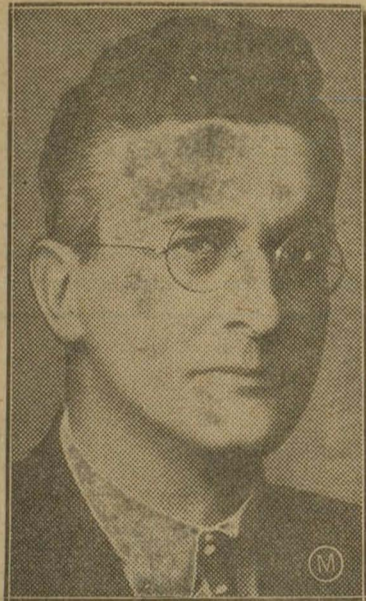
The fiasco reached its climax when twelve people were nominated for the Vice-Presidency. Most of these came from Engineers who proved they were not so brilliant, after all. Irene Pentz was chosen from a representative group.

### Sees Greater Day For University

Visioning the time in the near future when Dalhousie will have her own covered ice rink and shed facilities on the North West Arm for sculling, President Carleton Stanley foresaw a greater day for this University in the realm of true sport as he addressed the D. A. A. C. Letter Banquet at the Halifax Hotel, Monday, March 7.

Loud cheers greeted the words of the President as he pointed out the fine facilities for shell-racing on the Arm. Shacks and shelves for the shells could be built on the seven and a half acres owned by the University along the shore-line, he said. He deplored the fact that Dalhousie had not taken part in the sport in the past with such a stretch of water almost at the edge of the Studley campus.

The speaker also mentioned the asphalt tennis courts to be constructed at Shirreff Hall. This alone, he hoped, would interest more students in athletics, for all should play sports. "I want you to realize that some of us know the importance of a covered ice rink," Dr. Stanley told the assembly, and intimated that the day would come when Dalhousie would have a rink.

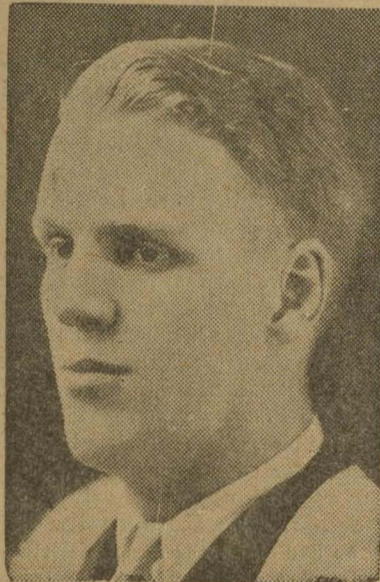


In conclusion the President stressed the importance of sport for its own sake in student life. This, he believed, was characteristic of Dalhousie and was exemplified by the unfenced rugby field at Studley. He decried the fact that some Canadian universities make their rugby teams a money-making unit, with a winning squad essential to the welfare of the institution.

D. A. A. C. President Gordon Thompson in remarks from the chair thanked Dr. Stanley for his remarks and spoke of the interest the President has taken in sport at the University. "I have seen him on the bleachers at a rugby game in the pouring rain," he said, "when 90% of the students were absent."

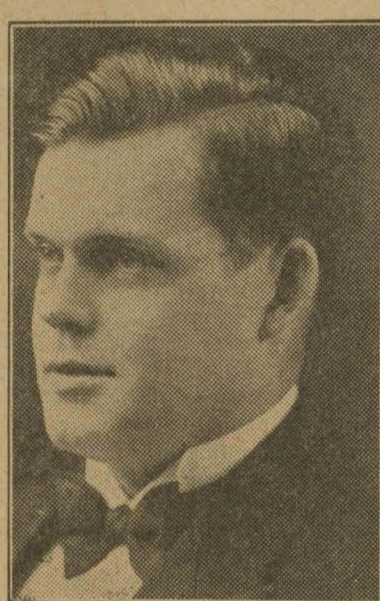
The toast to "the athletes of Dalhousie" was proposed by Fred "Tag" Day, President of the Students' Council and responded to by Bob Armstrong, member of the senior rugby team for the past two years. Other speakers were Dr. Hugh Bell, Sam R. Balcom, Honorary President of the D. A. A. C. and Tom Sheehan, President-elect of the athletic governing body. Among others at the head table were George Thompson, Barney Barnhill and Gordon Thompson, Presidents of the D. A. A. C. for the past four years.

### For Malcolm Honour Award



IAN MacKEIGAN

This year the award was split between two outstanding students, Ian MacKeigan, 3rd year law student and Edward Barnhill 5th year medical student. Ian has been a very well-known figure in both Studley and Forest campus. He obtained a B. A. with great distinction in '34, M. A. in '35 and then went into Law '35. He has taken a prominent part in student affairs being editor of the Gazette in 36-37 and Law Representative on the Council 37-38. He was also one of the delegates at the National Conference at Winnipeg this Xmas. He has been active in sport as well playing basket-



EDWARD BARNHILL

ball and has also high scholastic standing, winning the Carswell Prize in both '36 and '37. He has held offices in Phi Kappa Pi.

Barney came from Mount A. in '33 and obtains his M. D. degree this year. He has been prominent in the political world of Dalhousie and was also president of the D. A. A. C. for two years from '35-'37 doing outstanding work for Dalhousie through that body. He is an all-round student and has distinguished himself particularly in athletic executive positions. He was also been president of Phi Rho Fraternity.

### "My Tomboy Girl" Big Success

It's come at last. The show we've been waiting for all year has finally arrived. After a season that has hardly been renowned for good shows, the Glee Club has given us an effort worthy of any amateur theatrical group. What your correspondent is trying to say is that its about the best thing we've seen on a Glee Club stage. Maybe it stands out in comparison with the rest of this year's shows, we don't know and moreover don't give a damn.

On analysis it is difficult to understand why it pleased so much. The story was weak there was no outstanding songs, but what the hell, for not since the last circus was in town have we laughed, hooped and altogether bothered an audience so much, as we did on Wednesday night.

There are important items, especially in this production, that most people are inclined to overlook; and that is the work of those people in back of the set. For the first time this year the lights were used to their best advantage. We only saw one flaw, one spot where they slipped, but in the act of getting so excited over the way they were handled throughout we've forgotten where it was. Congratulations, George.

The sets? We believe the sets spoke for themselves. Only one that we can remember (the masterpiece for "Hay Fever") surpassed those of Wednesday night. Another old-timer was responsible for those, we believe. A brand new set of test-tubes to you, Jack!

All of which brings us around to the cast—the darlings! If one can say, this person was outstanding and that was outstanding, (and we doubt it) the palm goes to Marion Geldert, Evelyn Embree and Lloyd Dalton. Miss Geldert handed out a polished performance

distinguished by the comico-serious way in which it was handled, and some of the sweetest warbling we've ever heard. Incidentally, by way of lighter criticism, we liked the way she sang "Tears in My Heart" but thought it was a bit heavy and out of place. It was a grand finale to your Glee Club days, Marion.

When bigger and better character parts were written Evelyn Embree is our choice to play them. Tillie Dilgock in her hands, became the worst fool we have ever seen, but she was liked. You may have your Fannie Brices but we'll take Ev.

Good Heavens! For three years Dalhousie has been housing a great burlesque artist and not until Wednesday night did she find out. Lloyd Dalton did just about everything on that stage except stand on his head and the audience loved it. We still have black and blue spots on our caudal region from bouncing up and down on the chair, (caused by pains in the abdominal region through extreme laughter.)

It's possible to go on taking each character and show why he or she was good, but they know it, the college knows it and we know it, so why bother. Gus and his fine voice, Lorna, Shirley, Fran and Joan who showed that beautiful girls are not so dumb. Ruth MacQuarrie who really can act! Kay Faulkner and Bill Stevens, (who in his strip-tease looked just as embarrassed as he was supposed to) all gave fine performances. To all the rest of the cast we give our congratulations.

There are a few we would like to single out for congratulation and those are the three old standbys, Joe Connolly, Wally Roy and Jack Dacey. To them chiefly goes the credit.

### Knowledge of National Games Is Requisite For Instructor

#### Ex-Dalhousian Is Awarded Bursary

Recently Miss Alice Blanche Lewis, who graduated with an M. A. degree from this university three years ago made an important addition to that list of achievements.

Regarded by Prof. C. L. Bennet, as 'one of the best students we have ever had in the department' (the English department) her efforts in the scholastic realm have been rewarded with a \$1200 Graduate Scholarship offered by the Canadian Federation of University Women for competition among post graduate women students from all Canadian Universities.

The award depends not only of evidence of great scholastic ability and capacity for original research, but on qualities of character and personality for advanced study abroad.

At Dalhousie University, she gave evidence from the beginning of unusual ability in all departments of study and was awarded the following scholarships and prizes during her course: Geo H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship; Khaki University Scholarship; William Inglis Morse English Essay Prize, 1934; Governor-General's Medal; William Inglis Morse English Prize, 1935; Eddy Travelling Fellowship for Women, 1936.

#### Are Awarded Honorary "D's"

Two of Dalhousie's loyalist alumni, J. MacGregor Stewart and Dr. J. W. "Lucky" Logan, have been awarded honorary Gold D's by the D. A. A. C., it was announced at the Letter Banquet of that body on March 7. The announcement was made by Dr. Hugh Bell, who paid high tribute to both men for the fine work done by them in Dalhousie athletics. Members of the rugby team during their student days at the University, Dr. Bell told of the great interest each has taken in Dalhousie teams since graduation. Mr. Stewart was a member of the athletic management committee in 1911, the speaker said, and had always run things "quietly and well."

#### Munro Day

Munro Day is over, whether or not the sparkling Glee Club performance was responsible for the words of hundreds who said "Best Munro Day ever." but let it be said that the whole programme was well up and perhaps over the usual high standard.

If anything marred an otherwise perfect day, it was too insignificant to notice. The whole schedule was carried out fairly well, "My Tomboy Girl" was excellent, the sports were entertaining and the music for dancing was good. To all those who worked for the success of the 1938 Munro Day and especially to Clary Gosse and Maurice Lipton, co-chairman in charge, we extend our heartiest congratulations and sincere thanks.

Two hundred of Dalhousie's students raised their voices in unison on Tuesday noon in the Chemistry Theatre, in favour of a physical instructor capable of instructing athletes in the fundamentals of Canadian sporting games. The occasion was the third and last student forum for the session 37-38.

Gordon Thompson, President of the D. A. A. C. stated his association's position in a clear and concise two minute speech when he declared, "The D. A. A. C. feels a man should be in the Gym who can instruct students in the fundamentals of the different sports, such a man is not there."

President "Tag" Day of the Student's Council was in the chair at a meeting which saw the active Post-Graduate Society attain their end by having the Constitution amended to enable them to get representation on the Council. The idea pleased the students, for almost a 100% of them voted for the proposed amendment.

The meeting began to hum with interest when President Day, stated that he had been asked to include on the agenda an article which would enable the students to have an open discussion on the Gym problem. He called for opinions and after a short pause Mr. Thompson stood up.

"A physical director is one who can instruct students in physical training," he said. Mr. Korning, our present physical director, deserves credit along those lines. However, the D. A. A. C. feels it unreasonable when "it should have to ask men from down town to look after the coaching of athletes."

"In view to interesting Mr. Korning in the various sports he was given a written invitation to come to a D. A. A. C. meeting, but he refused stating he had to go to lunch."

Mr. Thompson went on to say that we have a man who can only look after P. T.—no other sports. He said it was in the interest of the student body to push the thing to its logical conclusion. Either get someone to look after the sports or have Mr. Korning "vanish into thin air." This was greeted by stamping and cheers.

President Day then called any Freshman to give his views on the merits of Freshmen P. T. George Hagen, Prexy of Class '41, stated that it was all elementary that they were still doing things started last October.

A heckler from the rear asked Mr. Thompson how Mr. Korning had been appointed. The answer was that neither "the D.A.A.C. nor the Senate Gym Committee were approached about the appointment of the Physical Director."

The Chairman then called for a resolution and it was stated as follows: "that this meeting go on record as stating that a capable physical instructor be employed to look after the Gym, instruct the students in Canadian games and physical training."

With the exception of one man and two girls the resolution received unanimous support.

#### Wish Best Of Luck

Bernard Graham of Halifax and John Grant of Pictou have been appointed editors-in-chief of the Gazette for the year 1938-39. The present editors wish their successors the best of luck in their new responsibility.



# Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869. "The Oldest College Paper in America".

### GAZETTE STAFF.

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**Leonard Kitz,** **John F. Finlay,** B. A. **Peggy Merkel.**  
**Byron Hatfield** **Lloyd Dalton**  
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### THE STUDENT BODY HAS SPOKEN

Sven Korning the Man is popular. Sven Korning the Physical Director is unpopular. This was proved at a crowded Students' Forum held in the Chemistry Theatre Tuesday, when a resolution that "This meeting go on record as stating that a capable Physical Instructor be employed to look after the Gymnasium, and to instruct the students in Canadian games and Physical Training" was passed by an overwhelming majority. The phrase "Canadian games" is significant. Through no fault of his own Mr. Korning is unable to instruct or even help Dalhousie athletes in the fine points of the great majority of our major sports. In rugby and hockey especially he is unable to assist in the coaching. True, he is well-acquainted with Danish gymnastics, and this *does* help to build up the body for the other sports, but this University apparently cannot afford to employ a man to teach Danish gymnastics alone.

Mr. Korning ran the gymnasium well. The majority of the students were satisfied on that point. But they were not satisfied to have a man at the head of the gymnasium who does not have even a working knowledge of our national games. We are forced to have this editorial go to press before the students' resolution is presented to the Senate Gymnasium Committee. What that committee will say is unknown to us, but we are inclined to think they can do nothing but agree with the student body. To have a Physical Director next year who has lost the confidence of the student body—for the resolution is proof of this—could only result in discontent and perhaps more serious results. The students work more closely with the Physical Director than with any faculty member. Speaking for the good of the University we can only hope for the best.

### "ONE TWO THREE"—OUT!

Next Fall we shall hear the age-old cry of "no college spirit at Dalhousie." May we make one suggestion before passing these columns to new hands. When there is no college spirit in the Fall, it is meant there is no concerted rooting at rugby games, even when the students turn out en masse. We believe that if our famous yell of "one, two, three, etc.," were relegated to a less prominent place and a more rhythmic conglomeration of words with some ingenuity to their construction were placed at the top of our yell sheets, that the Dalhousie grandstands could hold their own with any university in the Maritimes. We agree with Dr. Stanley's address at the Letter Banquet but would like to point out that one thing we could copy from Upper Canadian universities would be their treatment of football cheering. We are firm believers in tradition but some things can be carried too far. It is only tradition (or, perhaps, laziness in writing another yell?) that keeps our "one, two, three" in the fore.

### AVE ET VALE!

The end of another Gazette year rolls around and the Editors prepare to pass their burden on to another pair of, as yet, unbowed shoulders. We, like all of you, are about to pick up another pen, that of study, and now that Munro Day is a thing of the past we are girding our loins for the long struggle that ends on Convocation Day.

In a review of the past year we find that it wasn't such a bad year after all. What does it matter if the football team was unsuccessful or that the basketball team did not win the league title? Those who played had a lot of fun and got the health and exercise from it that they expected.

The Gazette staff has endeavoured to keep the lofty tradition of the oldest college paper in America as high as before. Perhaps we were successful and perhaps not, but any success that we have had is chiefly due to the efforts of our staff who tried in every way to lessen our load. For this we thank them.

There have been many changes at Dalhousie since we first took office. We saw a new physical director arrive, the department of Commerce temporarily suspended, changes at Shirreff Hall and a renewed interest in elections at Studley. There will be more changes next year, and it is our sincere hope that the Gazette will handle any decisions it has to make with wisdom and good judgment. We are confident in the energy and ability of our successors and extend to them best wishes for the coming year.

In conclusion we wish to congratulate the leaders and executives of the various student organizations for a very successful term of office. We take the liberty of pledging the support of the Gazette to their successors. We entrust this paper to those who follow us with high hopes and leave the recommendation to every student that the Gazette warrants the support of all.

## Fantasy - - Fancy and Fact

By Leonard A. Kitz

### The Dalhousie Gazette

This is the last number of the twenty issues published by the students of Dalhousie. This and the preceding nineteen will soon be filed away to oblivion. Before parting we should consider that the *Gazette* has had a pretty good year. The Studleyites and the mature Forrest men reach eagerly for the publication when it appears. Perhaps its merely the power of print. Perhaps, sacrilegious thought, it's to search for errors as in the *Bold Bulletin*.

The editorials have been fair. There have been no writings in the column to my left (Editorial column in case the gentlemen move me) that sounded a call to arms. No editorials like the cynical "Peace—So What" of Nate Green of a few years back, nor bold attacks or searching viewpoints that used to appear when Harry Sutherland rapped his typewriter. However that is comparing it to the best of a decade and by and large the material has had high standard.

### Middle Europe

The thing that struck everybody last week in the evening meal that Hitler had to appease Germany's hunger was the perfect timing for such a territorial bite. England had just backed down to Italo-Germanic attitudes and thrown Eden from the inner chambers where policy is formulated. Russia was having what has grown into a monthly purge. France with a score of parties was trying to find one group to take over the government. Austria was getting ready for a plebiscite that was worded in a form antagonistic to Germany. Italy, very apparently, had been bargained with.

### What Now, Little Man?

Most observers think that now Germany has gobbled up Austria she will continue her campaign to sweep all of Central Europe. Perhaps. But is it also not likely that Hitler will remain quiet for a while. The seizure of Austria, though greeted with startled headlines was considered coming as soon as Germany found the opportunity. But further encroachments on Czechoslovakia will be indubitably bring forth a war. Of that there is little doubt. Having now made a tremendous step for the mental, and to be fair, the economic gain of Germany, will she not rest for a while on her laurels?

The only thing which does not fit into this little pattern is the question, What when and where is Italy going to be paid of for her change of heart towards that country which is now a province of Germany, that country that for several hundred years was the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, and the gay but powerful Austria-Hungary. My Latin is weak but I imagine even the Austrian Nazis with that heritage of centuries of rule greeting Hitler with a *AVE CAESARE! TE MORTUARI SALUTAMUS!*

### The Bitter Parting

In the words of the old bar room song "Adieu, Adieu, I can no longer stay with you." With the kindly aid of lenient professors I for one will leave Dalhousie. It has been a pleasant stay. But most graduates have the feeling that they are glad they are through. That feeling that the halls of a University should be left and the cold world taken strongly in both hands and that which we call a living begged, squeezed, seduced or plucked from it.

So this column ends. FANTASY there has been much. My mind has wandered with little difficulty in realms of FANCY. To my critics I charge that the column is built on FACT. It's not a bad title actually; it gives shelter for a host of ideas. Most of it has been in jest. I bow out in a gesture of celestial modesty, with Shakespearean quotation. "It is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury Signifying nothing."

Girl at florist's—"Have you any passion poppy?"

Old Clerk—"Gol ding! Just you wait till I lay down these roses."

"The Manitoban."

## Obiter

By James B. Milner

Nova Scotians are all agog to-day. If you were to inquire, the answer would be that they have discovered innumerable "child prodigies." When you think of this, and what it means for Dalhousie, the second paragraph won't be too depressing. In about ten or fifteen years there may be someone in the province so brilliant that even the professors of Dalhousie will be amazed. That should be encouraging to the Reunion committee. They ought to include it in their prospectus. Of course, if child prodigies are exploited the result is often misery. But can that be harmful to Dalhousie? I gather from so many sources that Dalhousie is such a miserable place it wouldn't make much difference. The graduates, please note, do not make such wild statements; they may have while they were here, but since they have been paroled they speak very kindly of the old school. (Too bad we haven't a school tie. That always sounds good don't you think?)

### RETROSPECT

It has been a rather droopy year, hasn't it? First we dropped the musical production. Then we dropped the radio broadcast. And even Munro Day has been kicked around as though it were not entitled to any respect whatsoever. I am not sure even yet that it will come on the promised day. It is too bad we lost that hour on the air. It's not as if we hadn't had plenty of warning. There are rumours that some people on the campus knew about it before Christmas. It was shortly after that that *Pinafore* was dropped. Perhaps the disease was catching, but took a month or two to incubate. Munro Day appears to have had only a light attack. In fact many of the Glee Club shows had about the same misfortune. At Studley even the voters seemed to have had a somewhat droopy day. In the field of athletics we seem to have done fairly well, considering the local wars carried on against discipline and dictatorship. One thing you can say about the *Gazette* is that the Drama Critic was critical. (Not I). Of course there is always next year. Before the Christmas exams, its "next year" and now that we are through with that, it still seems to be "next year." Cheer up, that is one thing we can say, we don't lack dreaming ability.

### Au Revoir but not Goodbye

It was all in fun. That sounds like the name of a song, but what doesn't nowadays. If anyone can compose a sentence of not less than four words and not more than five and not say the title of a popular song, then surely the students council will give that one a "D." I hope no one has taken this column too seriously. After all, no college could be as bad as Dalhousians, in their efforts to improve, think this one is. (I have run out of appropriate Latin tags, but I think English will do. In fact I personally think it is better than either Latin or Greek.) As Shakespeare says: "If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended, That you have but slumbered here While these visions did appear." I can only add this, if the visions have in your opinion been bad dreams, you should not have been sleeping.

## Gazette Standing

Below is the Gazette Point Standing not inclusive of this issue. Gold D's have been presented to Leonard Kitz and Archie MacKenzie and an inscription has been awarded to Edgar Stewart.

- C. Roberts, 21 1/2; R. Gold, 22; P. S. MacNutt, 18; J. Dickey, 22 1/2; Betty Pearson, 9 3/4; M. Lipton, 9 3/4; Marg. Drummie, 13; Dick Murphy, 21 1/8; R. Hurst, 12; A. Mercer, 11; J. Milner, 15; T. Beeber, 5 3/4; I. MacKeigan, 8 1/2; Fran Martell 7; Peggy Merkle, 5; C. W. Burchell, 5; Barbara Murray, 5 1/8; L. Raider, 6 5/8; B. Parlee, 8 1/5; Marjorie MacLean, 15; B. Levin, 3 3/4; Marion Geldert, 3 1/2; Joan Blackwood, 4; I. Rubins, 3; Margaret Hall, 4; Walter Murphy 7 3/4; G. Daley, 3 1/2; Maureen Allen, 2 1/4; Helen Connor, 2 1/2; P. Macdonald, 2 5/8; Marg. Schwartz, 2; Ron Wallace, 1 1/2; G. Murphy, 1 1/2; L. Freed, 3 1/2; G. Piercy, 2; L. Dalton, 3 1/4; G. Corston

(Continued on Page 7)



"He's trying to make a double date for tonight . . ."  
"O.K.—but tell him to double-up on the Sweet Caps, too!"

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## America-Land Of The Free

By John Finlay, B. A.

With a large section of the American press, Northern and Southern, screaming battle, murder and sudden death against tyranny, Naziism, and racial persecution, it is interesting to note a little item appearing recently on most journals of Canada and the States. The gist of this bashful report, reduced in most cases to a paragraph, is that Congress, after much heated discussion, has relegated the proposed "Anti-Lynch" bill to the remote background for an undetermined period under pressure of "more important" matters, such as rearmament. That legislation one would think to be of the very essence of any nation venturing to declare itself a democracy should not have been enacted years ago and rigidly enforced can be ascribed to the bitter opposition of representatives from the South, expressing, apparently, the wishes of the majority of their electorates.

Not that the gentlemen from Dixie smile benignly upon lynching in U. S. A. The land of justice, as is proper, would no doubt fall ruthlessly upon the instigators or perpetrators of any such barbaric crime, against a white man. Unfortunately, in their ignorance, the sponsors of this regrettable anti-Lynch bill have classified both white and negro under the common denomination of humans. These misguided persons would actually have drastic penalties imposed upon savage, bloodthirsty mobs which tear negroes from legal confinement and string them up, without trial, on the nearest lamp-post.

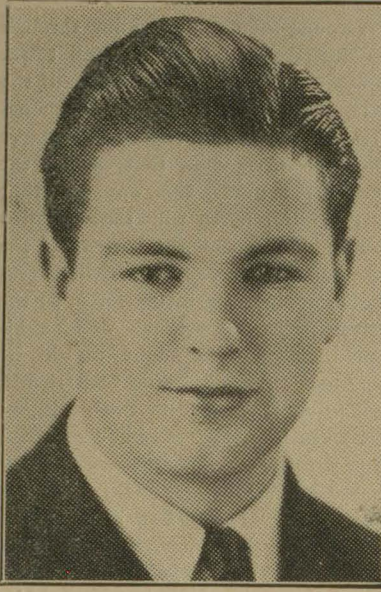
Nestling unobtrusively, like most of its kind, on the back pages of several American newspapers of recent date could be described an informative item of some interest. It described a jollification held one evening by a gathering of good citizens of one of the Southern states. A coloured man, guilty of offending the delicate susceptibilities of his lighter-skinned neighbours, was wrested from gaol—the warden being conveniently absent-by a troop of those enlightened Disciples of Freedom, the Klu Klux Klan. He was then escorted to a duly prepared pyre of blazing logs—and flung alive into it. And a good time was had by all—always, of course, excepting the negro. But he doesn't count, anyway. His offence? While intoxicated, this fiend in human form had committed the heinous crime of deliberately and violently jostling a white woman off the sidewalk.

Indeed, all these blacks appear to be possessed of a satanic streak. Only last summer, another walked into the kitchen of a white man's home and demanded a meal, in insulting language, from the lady of the house. Happily, both husband and a shot-gun were upstairs at the time. The body of the negro was removed shortly afterwards. In neither of these cases, nor in the great majority of similar instances, was the slightest real effort made either to discover the identity of the principals, or, when this was known, to visit upon them any retribution whatsoever, save perhaps, a judicial reprimand and a small fine.

Over practically the entire territory popularly regarded as the "South"—as distinct from the South-West with its radically different views—there hovers, in fact, an oppressive pall of civic and state legislation so tyrannical, unjust, and racially-biased as to be almost incredible to a Canadian or a citizen of the Northern states. In many cities, negroes are not permitted to use the same trams as whites; negroes are restricted to one side of the thoroughfares; negroes' voting privileges in civic and state elections are in a number of regions so attenuated as to be virtually non-existent.

Not that the Federal authority can itself be accused of condoning such violations of the very spirit of democracy; by the Constitution, of course, such matters as the rights of citizens, in reference to local affairs, fall almost exclusively within the domain of the particular state. Nor should the existence of an intelligent, liberal-minded minority in the South be disregarded. Nevertheless, it remains a fact that below the Mason-Dixon line the mass of the population support and even encourage actions, measures, and legislation as retrogressive and dictatorial—in regard to negroes—as any created and administered against religious, racial or political bodies by European governments.

## New Vice-Prexy



GEORGE CORSTON

Here is the man who will substitute for President-elect Bud MacKenzie. George is well-known and really needs no introduction, but we present his picture for the benefit of those who have never met this quiet-mannered gentleman from Arts.

## Mock Parliament Opens With Pomp

With traditional pageantry and ceremony, though without black horses and gold carriages, Dalhousie's Mock Parliament assembled last week for the first time in two years. Mr. G. W. Kytte, K. C., honoured the Law Society by acting as His Excellency the Governor-General and Mr. Leonard W. Fraser officiated as speaker.

No fewer than 6 high silk hats and several bowlers gave an air of dignity to the occasion while several well-decorated full dress suits provided the comic relief.

Professor Cowan as speaker of the Senate despatched the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the Commons in the Munro Room. The latter knocked three times on the door of the Commons entered and bowed quite awkwardly three times, nervously proclaimed that the Governor-General desired the attendance of the members in the Senate Chamber, repeated the awkward bows, and clumsily backed out. Members then went into the Senate Chamber and His Excellency read the speech from the throne.

Ex-Conservative leader Parlee walked to and from the Senate Chamber with one of the lady members hanging on his arm.

Upon the return of the members to the Commons the Speaker read telegrams from Prime Minister King and Premier MacDonald and loud applause arose from all parties.

The Prime Minister then introduced Bill Number One, to eliminate the roll call and nine o'clock classes. It was passed without debate.

The address in reply to the Speech from the throne was moved by Ben Karrell and seconded by Dunc Chisholm.

Mr. Thorpe, leader of the Conservative Opposition opened the debate. The Rowell Commission became one of the objects of his attack and the House rocked with laughter from all sides when he humourously parroted R. B. and accused Professor MacKay of being one of the worst partisans in Canada. One of the most precious moments occurred when Mr. Thorpe reminded Labour Minister Kitz that a gory-coloured necktie symbolized the overthrow of governments. Mr. Kitz waved his hand majestically at the scarlet of the speakers gown, and grinning his inimitable grin of self-satisfaction, declared immodestly: "The Speaker and I are one." "Order," (Continued on Page 7)

That Canadians can have no adequate conception of the colour-problem confronting the people of the Southern states may be true. That southern negroes are at present, on the whole, entirely unequipped to assume the full burden of citizenship may likewise be correct. Yet the remedy employed by a democracy under such conditions should surely be the education, training, and preparation of the coloured American for his eventual reception on a basis of equality. And such is not the process being followed by the Land of Dixie.

## May Be I'm! Wrong-Who Knows

Time: Five minutes past the hour. Scene: lecture room.

A low drone pervades the classroom and all eyes are fastened on the door with mingled expectation and fear. At the exact instant when the witching moment of seven minutes past the hour arrives, some bold and daring youth leaps to his feet with a triumphant:—Seven minutes. Who's going?"

I rise, along with several others. I do this invariably, day after day, although I have never yet been known to venture as far as the door.

—“Okay, c'mon, what are you waiting for?”

I glance around, irritably, at the wild gestures the class is making at me.

—“Scared, huh?”

At that opportune moment I meet the professor's eye, blush furiously, give him a forlorn and sickening grin, and sit down, mumbling, “Why didn't someone tell me?”

Before the lecture begins there are several preliminaries to which the lecturer must attend. The window must be flung wide open, at which several of us shiver meaningly; it must then be shut, at which several others breath stifle breaths; it must then be cautiously raised several inches, at which all are satisfied. The blind must then be lowered, so that no speculations on the delightfulness of the warm, sweet sunshine are allowed to cause our thoughts to wander from the course of the lecture. The electric lights must then be turned on. The proper degree of discomfort having been attained, the lecturer proceeds to inform us on what he is about to lecture. Years of experience have taught me this is a safe guide—he will deal with aspects of human life and thought imaginable, with the exception of the topic he has mentioned.

It is now twenty minutes past the hour, and the lecture is about to begin, I open my notebook, remove the top from my pen, and write the date with a great flourish. After having caricatured the professor, the peculiarly shaped head of the person sitting in front of me, and various other objects of interest, I am ready to begin that strange and mysterious process known as “taking notes.” I sit back expectantly, and I might add, almost breathlessly. I am about to learn something. The great store of my knowledge is about to be increased. Alas, I spoke too soon. The lecturer has by this time worked his way around to that trite and hackneyed subject, “What is wrong with Dalhousie?” Nevertheless, I breathe a sigh of relief, close my notebook, replace the top of my fountain pen, sit back and listen eagerly. Hackneyed though it may be, there is no subject which fascinates me more, being of the opinion that there is nothing wrong with Dalhousie except too much criticism. What strange new fault was to be attributed to our fair college by the sea?

The lecturer proceeds as follows: “The real trouble with Dalhousie is that you do not have enough real, honest-to-goodness nonsense.”

I nod my head admiringly, he has the right idea after all.

“You never rise to the heights of the sublime, so that you cannot descend to the depths of the ridiculous.” This is getting above me. I wish he would tell us what kind of fun he recommends.

“There is entirely too much dancing.” (Deep groan). “Far too small a number of you enjoy the winter sports, or take time off to appreciate the beautiful scenery for which Halifax is noted. How many of you, for instance, have been to Mount Misery?”

A solitary hand is raised. I myself had been there once, but something fine and noble inside me, prevented me from raising my hand. I had not gone there because I appreciate the finer things in life. I had been forcibly dragged there by some friends, and, as could be expected, it rained when we got there. I have never felt more wretched or stupid in the whole of my existence than when, cold and shivering, I stood on the mountain, and mumbled oaths at the gorgeous panorama lying before me. My mind wanders. I think of the last gym dance. How divinely beautiful did we waltz to “Dalhousie Dream Girl.” During that dance I felt much nearer the sublime than when I stood on the heights of Mount Misery and swore. Poor professors From the bottom of my heart, from the depths of my soul do I sympathize with them. They are such remote people. How little do they understand human nature.

I smile with a start. Again I remove the top from my pen, again open my notebook, and await something worthy the honour of entrance into my notebook. The bell rings. This is the signal for the lecturer to recall what was supposed to have been the topic for the lecture. He then proceeds to make several remarks about the subject, which would rival the greatest names in English literature, or it may have been something else, but I'm not sure, for their clearness and insight. Everyone else writes furiously, but I am adamant. It is absolutely against my principles to take notes after the bell has rung. I fidget for several moments in order to make my seat creak. I look very meaningfully at the professor, but he continues, blissfully unaware of the glances cast in his direction.

When we are all worked up to the stage where we are considering what desperate means to take to bring our torture to an swift a conclusion as possible, he closes his book with a loud bang, nods his head briefly, and there follows a mad rush for the door. About me there are such remarks as “Damn good,” “He sure has the right idea.” I shrug my shoulders and hurry down the steps. Maybe I'm wrong.

## A Letter To The Editor

There was a very enthralling subject discussed at Dal all last week. It was about the lack of interest taken by Studley students in campus life. Every body has had a great deal to say—in fact, a great deal too much has been said, but NO CONSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN MADE. The so-called apathy of the students starts with their Freshman year. This is due, mainly to the way in which new students are received at Dalhousie. Only a very feeble effort, if any, is made to introduce the Freshman to the different societies on the campus. It is all very well to say that notices are given by the different organizations of their meetings and that all Freshmen are cordially invited to attend. It takes more spunk than most new students possess to go barging into a meeting to which they have not been personally invited. If, however, each society on the campus appointed a freshman representative whose job it was to see that all Freshmen interested in his organization turned up at its meetings, I think a lot might be accomplished. This year every new student filled out a form given them by the Initiation Committee and one of the questions asked the student was what organization, whether Glee Club, Sodales, Gazette, or what have you he was interested in. The Freshman Repre-

sentatives from the different societies could find out from this form what Freshmen were interested in what. Once the Freshmen showed an interest in some society by coming to its meetings it would be that organization's responsibility to see that its new members were given something to do. No man will take an interest in any University when he is not responsible for any job, however small, and where all the work is done for him. If the Glee Club can't find any work for its new supporters, I suggest that they make them make new shields for the gym. The Gazette might make its helpers responsible for taking the paper down to the twelve forsaken Meds. The D. A. A. C. might make their gang of Freshmen get out and do a little cheering at the games. If these organizations are not strong enough to absorb their quota of Freshman and get them working, well... Every year the Freshman class brings to Dal a new wave of enthusiasm, all anybody has to do is to utilize that power

The New Enthusiast.

Editor's Note—We quite agree with ideas expressed in this letter. For “The New Enthusiasts” information, the “twelve forsaken Meds” have been receiving 12 copies of the Gazette for the past month and a half.

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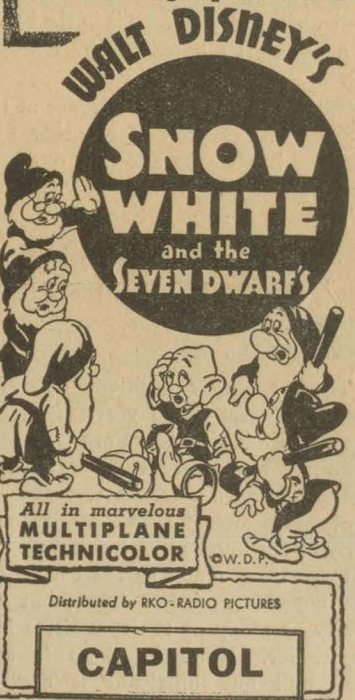
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**Book Review**

"Forever Ulysses" by C. P. Rodocanachi, 315 pages. Viking Press, New York. \$2.50.

"Forever Ulysses" is an interesting tale of the everlasting Greek, of the indomitable spirit of the mythological Ulysses which survives in the modern Ulysses of this story. His commercial career is, at various stages of his life, closely linked with the smuggling of hashish into Egyptian bordellos, the overthrow of the Sudan Mahdi, with the donation of great universities and churches to his native land until his bankruptcy, with the making of a tobacco fortune in America and lastly with the amassing of an enormous fortune with the sale of armaments for the last twenty-five years of his life. Ulysses' charm is that he is not like any other character that you or I have ever met in ordinary life. He is at one and the same time an absurd fantasy and a very real person. For that is how he was painted. Rodocanachi himself tells us that Ulysses is a composite character, fashioned after living models, plus a certain distillation of what Rodocanachi considers to be essentially Greek spirit. The result is, as I mentioned before, unbelievable.

The degree to which you believe the traits of Ulysses to exist in one man, will, I believe, inversely affect your liking of the character. The thought of ever actually meeting such a man in a business deal is an uncomfortable one to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Ulysses is too ruthless and single-minded ever to be enjoyed as a reality. But if you consider Ulysses to be primarily unreal, then you will like him. He is fascinating just so long as he remains on paper. The minute you think of him in terms of mutual relationships, much of his attractiveness wanes. For instance, I liked Ulysses more when he was a bootblack in Athens or diving for pennies in the bay of Argostoli than when I thought I detected traces of Sir Basil Zaharoff in his life among the munitions.

However, it is Rodocanachi's self-confessed aim to catch the Greek spirit and to interpret it for the rest of the world. And there is a subtlety of detail, an authenticity about this story of Ulysses that impresses even an untutored observer with its accuracy. The whole picture is painted with casual strokes which shed sudden and unexpected high-lights on the character of Ulysses in particular, and of all Greeks in general. Its obvious sincerity leads one to believe in the truth of this portrait. But despite this it is not easy to say how well or how accurately Rodocanachi has accomplished his aim. It is easier to say what he has done, and to repeat his result. For Rodocanachi (incidentally a Greek himself), the best Greek is a nationalistic being, one who acquires a large fortune abroad and who returns home to spend it on his family, his relatives, his native town and Greece. If he doesn't return rich, he is a failure and is reviled by all his neighbours. Of course, even if he does return wealthy he is still reviled, for praise comes hard in Greece. The difference is that the more successful he is, the more vile are the epithets cast his way, because, in Greece, the highest compliment is the most unsavory term. He flatters best who is most obscene. That trait smacks of a certain saltiness only to be found in the air of maritime nations. A Greek must never deny the superiority of his part of Greece over all other parts and it is part of the national tradition for every Greek to assert that all other Greeks are doomed to an unprintable failure by reason of their unprintable origin. On the other hand he must always defend the same neighbours against reflections cast upon them by any foreigner. The Greek nation is a perfect example of family life played on a bigger stage.

These, then, are some of the impressions obtained from a reading of "Forever Ulysses." Whether you believe the spirit of the story to be true or not, whether you admire the character of Ulysses or not, I think you will be attracted by this book, by its air of difference, and by the sense of satisfaction with which it leaves one.

**My My**  
An amusement place is any place where a car pulls off by the side of the road.  
**Growth**  
You certainly have a barrel chest. Yes, I raised it from a pot.

**Dal Employment**

The extract to follow is from an article written by Professor G. V. Douglas for the Alumni news and which he granted permission to use in the Gazette for those students who did not see it in its previous form.

"There are possibly three types of men and women who come to a university. First of all, there are those who come for a specific purpose, to gain knowledge and practice and perhaps wisdom in some particular line of endeavour. Secondly, there are those who come not knowing the paths which they ultimately will wish to follow—these are searching for those paths which seem to them most suitable and possibly profitable. Lastly there are those who come (or are sent) to have a good time and for the pursuit of pleasure and who pick up a certain amount of culture and knowledge may make them less barbarian.

"For the first two classes the question of employment is most imperative. The real world about us is the theatre of action, the vision of that world, as gleaned by the young observer from the university portal, may differ from reality. The binding of the ideal with the real is the combination most likely to yield successful results. Again the question of employment may have another significance. There are many who come to the university with inadequate financial backing. Employment or non-employment may mean the continuance or non-continuance of their courses at college.

"For the third class the question of employment should be thought of more in the light of a diet advised by a physician to allay some ailment which may become chronic.

"It is to meet these needs that an Employment Bureau was started at Dalhousie. The Bureau is in the hands of a Committee appointed by the Senate.

"We do not ask for preference at the expense of the product of other universities but we do ask that our men and women be given equal chances."

To date 20 applications have been received by the Bureau asking for varied positions. Some of these, who so wish, will be placed on the ten man staff of geographical survey going to Newfoundland.

There are four positions open for men who must be 23 years of age or over. In addition there are four men definitely wanted for summer work in connection with a transport company. Students were asked to register early at the bureau. A few did so, but not nearly as many as the committee had hoped for. A few did so, but not nearly as many as the committee had hoped for. However, there is still time and any applicant is assured that his or her tender will receive every consideration.

**Ain't It Grand**

Four years ago, I entered the University, and since then I have spent a little short of 28 months, come this April, within its walls. What have I done?

Well, to begin with, I smoked 17,000 cigarettes, drank 740 cups of Tuck Shop coffee, and 650 glasses of beer. I bought 65 books, 40 of which I subsequently resold, and went to 450 lectures, 350 of which were not worth listening to. I came into personal contact with 10 professors, 3 of whom were teachers in the best sense of the word, and 5 of whom I considered more stupid than myself. Three of my 20 courses I passed by learning the notes of a friend taken more than 5 years previously. The professors had not improved, or even changed, their lectures by so much as a single word. Three hundred examination questions were set before me in answer to 280 of which I was to regurgitate a nauseous mass of partly-digested lecture notes.

More valuable and vastly more interesting were the 100 "ball" sessions I took part in. In the course of these, I argued for communism 50 times, for a controlled capitalism 50 times, proved there is no God 99 times, and made, also, 3000 very wise remarks concerning women.

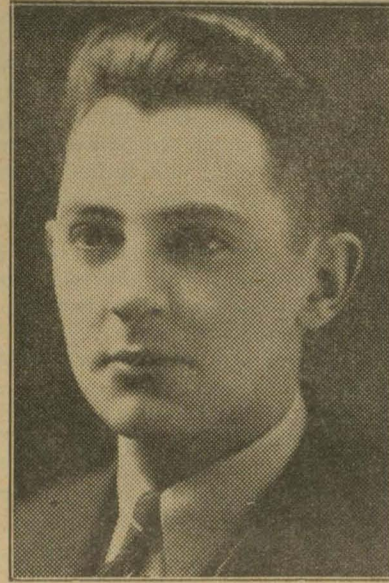
From the library I drew 300 books, of which 60 were reference books, and the rest chosen with the selective care a magpie might use in a five-and-ten-cent store. I resolved to read the

(Continued on Page 7)

**Retiring Presidents**



GORDON THOMPSON



"TAG" DAY

Above are shown Fred "Tag" Day and Gordon "Dictator" Thompson retiring Presidents, respectively, of the Council of the Students and of the D. A. A. C. Both these gentlemen have had the good of Dalhousie at heart, and have worked tirelessly to further her interests. We wish to congratulate them for jobs well done as they hand over their staves of office to their successors.

**D.A.A.C. Meeting**

The semi-annual meeting of the D. A. A. C. was held in the Halifax Hotel at 6 P. M. Monday, March 7th before the Letter Banquet. About 100 members were in attendance and several of the items on the agenda gave rise to spirited discussion.

After the reading of the minutes, President Thompson announced that a motion which had been passed at the last semi-annual meeting giving girl students the right to attend D. A. A. C. meetings and which appeared in the minutes had been declared unconstitutional and ultra vires and was thus of no effect. Mr. Thompson did not disclose what court had delivered the ruling. The minutes were then accepted.

Two amendments to the constitution were then put before the meeting by the Managing Committee dealing with Tennis awards. In the discussion which followed the racket wielders strongly opposed the proposed changes in the system of awards on the grounds that a player would be required to play more matches to win a D than could be played in the short season. The supporters of the amendment contended that it would not be at all impossible to play the required number of matches and that the amendment was designed to further tennis at Dalhousie by insuring greater efforts would be made to arrange tournaments. The first amendment was accepted by the meeting without change and a

(Continued on Page 5)

**Dalhousie**

Thanks for the memory  
Of library lights and noise,  
And Helen Connor's poise,  
Of Walter's giggle, Cameron's jiggle  
And moments with the boys  
Thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory  
Of rainy afternoons  
Of haunting Phi Delt tunes  
And hockey trips and burning lips  
And Bennets tests and moons  
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory  
Of dances minus me  
One night you lost my key  
You may have been a headache  
But you had a comfy knee  
How lovely it was.

Many's the time that Jack's jested  
And many's the time that Kirks kidded.  
Do you think it would last if we did it?  
Twice they're having fun  
And no harm's done  
How lovely it is.

Thanks for the memory of 1938  
Of Elections worked by Fate?  
Of Glee Club shows and penniless beaux  
And the best year up to date  
So thanks Dal so much.

**Shakespearean Shades.**  
"2 B or not 2B?" murmured the drunk as he stood before the apartment.

**A Fantasy**

A Gazette Short Story

A young man went striding through the deserted streets of a small town. It was a winter night. Overhead, the stars, blue in the intense cold, shone forth from the black cloak of the heavens. The little snow that was on the ground was blown this way and that by the bitter north wind that whistled and whined around the corners of the streets. An overcoat was little protection against the biting force, so the man's body was cold as well as his heart. His spirits might indeed be despondent for he had no real friends; he had no real place in the world; he had no talents. He only had ambition and a longing for, and an understanding of, the greatest things of life. In the place from which he had just come he had left friends, acquaintances, but no comrades. They would not notice that he was gone, they did not need him to make their evening more pleasant, he thought bitterly. And why should they? He was awkward, queer fellow who could not talk freely with people and was self-conscious through egoism. He realized this himself and it made him more self-conscious than ever. When he realized that, this realization made matters worse and it sank him to the depths of despair.

Gradually the beauty of the evening cheered him. He loved the lamplight on the white snow at the street corner, the black outline of a tree against the winter sky; the lights from the brown wooden houses shining on the streets—representing to his imaginative brain births, murders, lovers, death, pain and cosiness.

(Continued on page 7)

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### Sex Education From Western

This article, I believe, is destined to be the most widely-read of this series. As it appears in print in various University Press, eager students will grab it and lap it up. What a comfort it would be to my vanity if the reason lay in the charm of my style. But no, it is merely that the word "sex" is in the title, and sex is a first-class drawing card.

Ah, say the protagonists of sex education (especially at Queen's. I suppose), there is the best argument for sex education. The majority of students need instruction. It is scientific curiosity which attracts them to the magic little three-letter word.

True, true, every word of it. The need for sex education is very great. Havelock Ellis says so. Bertrand Russell says so. A lot of people who went to Winnipeg last Christmas said so. Surely, all these people could not be wrong, especially when the need is so obvious.

Where the sex education agitators are wrong, I believe, is in saying that the place for sex education is in our university courses. In support of this belief, they bring up the argument that the main purpose of a university is to fit the student for life, that sex is an important factor in life, and that therefore... The flaw in the logic is that by the same argument a university would be the place for the teaching of children to walk and eat and talk and perform other functions that people who have never taken psychology call instinctive.

The obvious place for sex education is the home. However, it is easy to see that unless an unlikely change takes place in the attitude of the average parent, little hope can be held for this ideal condition. Just where it should be taught, I, not being an expert of any kind, cannot say. I simply wonder how people have managed all these centuries. The fact that the world's population has steadily increased seems to indicate that some sort of workable compromise was reached.

It is interesting to observe this rising demand for sex education. That it is a demand of the present generation is somehow rather typical. It is typical of the solemn attitude that this generation adopts toward so many things that its forbears accepted with equanimity.

To a man of the eighteenth century the sight of bespectacled and solemn young men and women peering into Havelock Ellis and discoursing gravely about D.H. Lawrence would have been highly amusing. Petronius Arbiter, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Voltaire, Smollett, Thorne Smith, and even James Branch Cabell, are gentlemen of the old school—they realize that there are some things that are very important, but that their importance vanishes when you take them too seriously. D. H. Lawrence, on the other hand, takes the whole matter as seriously as Calvin did, with the same result—unhappiness.

There is undoubtedly a need for sex education. The danger is, however, that if the sex educationists get their way we shall soon suffer solemnization of everything else in this world that brings joy and amusement.

Surely there are some things that don't need to be intellectualized. D. H. Lawrence, I realize, protested against this intellectualism, but his very revolt against intellectualism was in itself intellectual to an unhealthy degree. His "ecstasy" was a thing of the mind, in spite of himself. His ideas were perhaps correct, but it is impossible for anyone who has the temperament to think out such ideas to put them in practice.

It will be interesting to see if the sex educationists get their way, and what the results will be if they do.

### Advertising

It's easy to write stories for advertising, especially for the illustrated ones. For example:

First picture: A very thin girl is quietly weeping into her lunch alone. She is alone because she has acne, rancid hair, lifeless finger-nails, tattle-tale teeth, cosmetic ears, and is not fresh, never having been dated. She is crying because everybody in the office got a raise, except her. Nobody likes her. They laugh when she sits down. They say she has A. A. (antidiluvian armpits.)

### To "D" Or Not To "D"

By Prof. C. H. Mercer

The Dalhousie badminton players are not very good politicians: they would have had a "D" long ago, if they had only known how to go about it.

All you have to do is to get a D. A. A. C. meeting scheduled for 12 noon, when the football, basketball, and ice hockey players are not looking. The Chairman rises and says, "All those in favour of badminton being made a Major Sport please stand." You get up on your legs along with two-thirds of the other fellows (invited, persuaded, cajoled, bullied or otherwise dragged into the meeting for the purpose of supporting the motion), and the trick is done;

Is that all? What next? Next, you enter an all student team in the City Church Badminton League, and play against the Anglican Church, the Baptist Church, the Presbyterian Church, and the United Church of Canada.

I know what you are about to ask me: Who was it that started the McCurdy Cup badminton games in January, 1933, and invited Clyde Sperry, the Dalhousie law graduate and John Dobson, the graduate in dentistry, and Minnie Batt and Annie Longard, graduates in Arts and Science, and other alumni, to join the Dalhousie McCurdy team, and thereby make it constitutionally impossible for the D. A. A. C. to award a "D" to students who have played on this combined Alumni—Student McCurdy badminton team?

Who was it that told Manager "Spec" Murray in January, 1933, that he would rather be a doorkeeper in the Dalhousie Gymnasium than play on an all-night game inside a Church Hall? Who was it that persuaded the Hon. F. B. McCurdy to present a Trophy for competition between the Dalhousie Student-Alumni Badminton Club, the Halifax Badminton Club, and the Militia Officers Badminton Club?

To be sure, the McCurdy Cup series, or as it is officially called, the Halifax City Badminton League, has stimulated the interest and increased the quantity and improved the quality of play, but at what a cost! It barred the D. A. A. C. "D." If you have read the D. A. A. C. charter, constitution and by-laws, you may know that to play on the same team as an Alumnus ipso facto disqualifies the Dalhousie student for the coveted D. A. A. C. D-Major.

Having organized the McCurdy Badminton League with the confident expectation that it would bring added glory to Dalhousie and individual benefit to the players themselves, it grieved me very considerably to be told by the Badminton Manager that the Alumni members of the McCurdy team were not to appear on the Dalhousie Badminton Team picture in the 1938 Dalhousie Year Book; further, that so long as we persisted in playing a combined Student-Alumni badminton team, it was useless to ask the D. A. A. C. to award "D's" to the Dalhousie students who played for the McCurdy team in the Halifax City Badminton League.

### College Notes

She was standing by the rail And looking deathly pale Did she see a whale?

Not at all. She was papa's only daughter Throwing bread upon the water In a way she hadn't oughter— That was all.

—"The Gateway." IF

If you are prim and prissy and a proper sort of egg And shield your eyes from obscene sights, such as the human leg; If you from beer and cigarettes have guarded yourself well And never at unguarded times let slip a tiny "hell,"

If you conduct yourself in ways that are both nice and wise. And avoid the machinations of profane, unholy guise; And ponder hard at midnight over dusty secret lore; In order to become in time a sage myopic bore; And grimly are determined to keep on doing what you've done— Why, dammit, keep on doing it—but you won't have any fun.

—"Argosy Weekly."

### D. A. A. C. Meeting In This Corner

(Continued from page 4)

member of the tennis team is now required to play four matches as a member of the team in any one season to be eligible for a felt D. The second amendment was to require that the Tennis manager to earn a Gold D must conduct a minimum of 10 tournaments. The meeting amended this to make the requirement 8 tournies so that the D. could be earned in two years and approve it in its amended form.

The trophies for Interfaculty sports won this term were then presented. The Basketball Cup to Law and the Hockey Shield to Medicine. The Softball cup won by the Freshmen was not presented.

The meeting then approved the granting of Gold D's to the list recommended by the Managing Committee which were to be presented later in the evening at the Banquet.

Mr. Sam Balcom was then re-elected Hon. President of the D. A. A. C. by acclamation and warm tributes were paid to him for his interest in athletics at Dalhousie. by President Thompson and President-Elect Sheehan.

In the light of such facts, it would seem to the onlooker little fitting that the Southern journals most prone to ignore the blots on their own escutcheon should be those most prominent in their blatant denunciations of foreign methods of rule. It behooves them rather to look to themselves. "Cast first the beam out of thine own eye."

Some of the Badminton players then laid before the meeting the material and spiritual needs of Badminton but the meeting, anxious to repair to the banquet hall, could not see its way clear to do anything about it and then adjourned

### Thoughts of the Week

Some Seniors are hoping that B. A. doesn't stand for Back Again.

### Mellerdrammer

"Curse it Curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girls waist. "No, it ain't neither," she retorted. "It's a girdle."

### Modern Mother Goose

Little Jack Horner, Sat in a corner, Watching the dames go by He spotted a beauty And said, "Hello Cutie" And that's how he got his black eye

### Commerce Cracks

"The girl went swimming with a Commerce boy. The next day she floated alone.

"You're like a promissory note, its an obligation but I have to meet you."

### Not qualified

"Are you a member of a college crew?" "No." "Then stop stroking me."

### Double Trouble

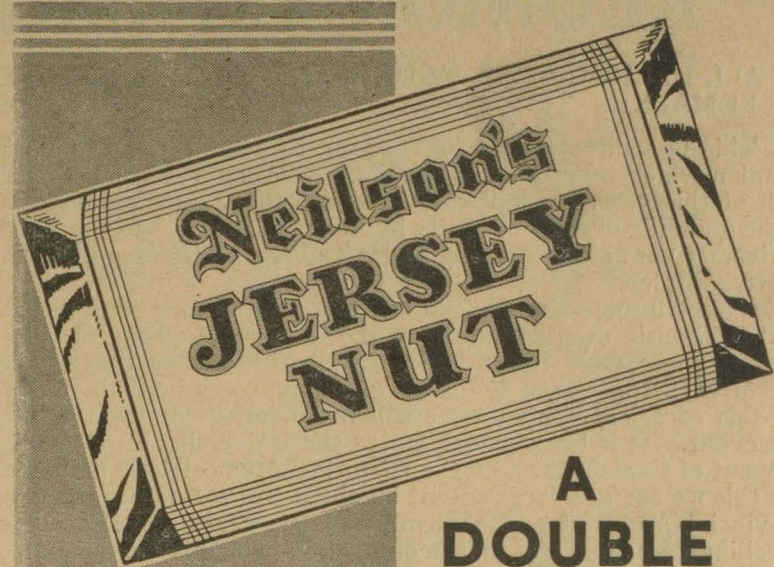
One Siamese twin to another—You must have had a swell time last night. I look a wreck to-day.

### Is That So?

Burglar—Where have you been? Accomplice—In a fraternity house. Burglar—Lose anything?

### Pardon Us.

Captain—Don't give up the ship. Passenger—I haven't eaten one.



## A DOUBLE DELIGHT

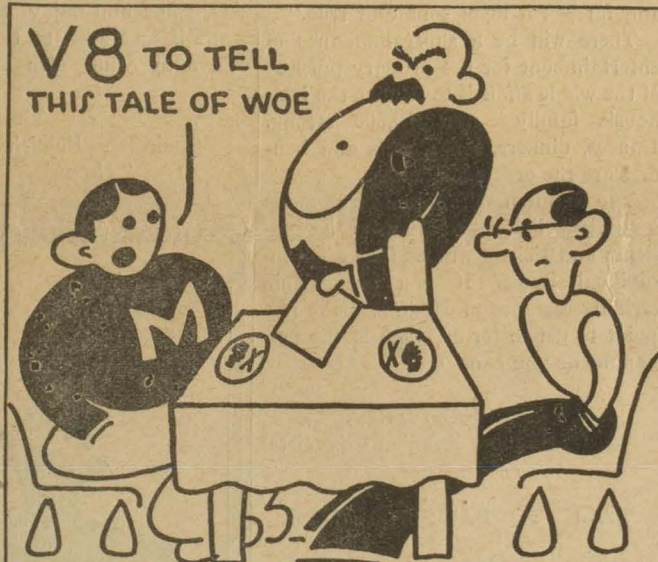
finest roasted filberts Jersey Milk Chocolate

A TREAT - ANYTIME

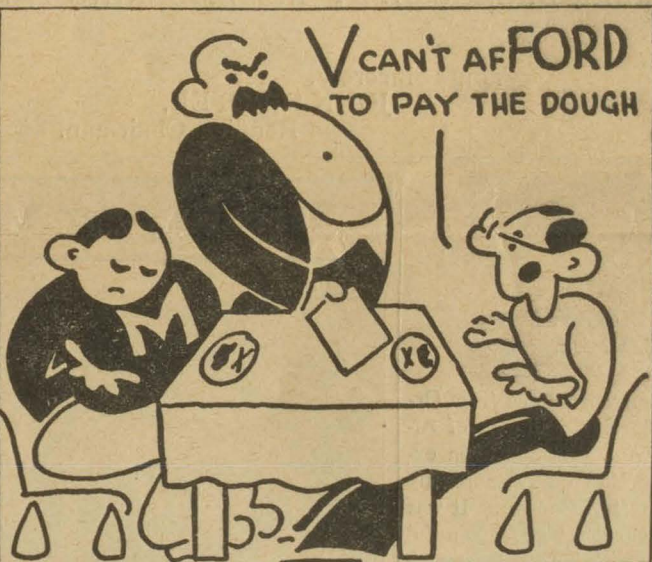
### ENJOY A NEILSON BAR-DAILY

c.3713

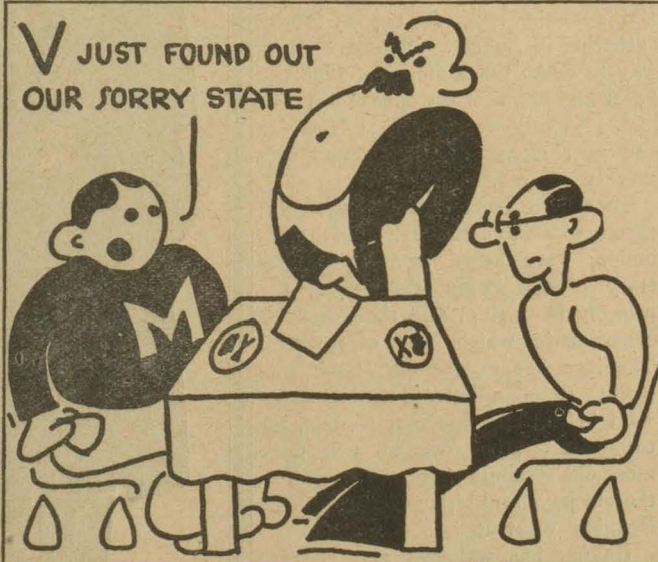
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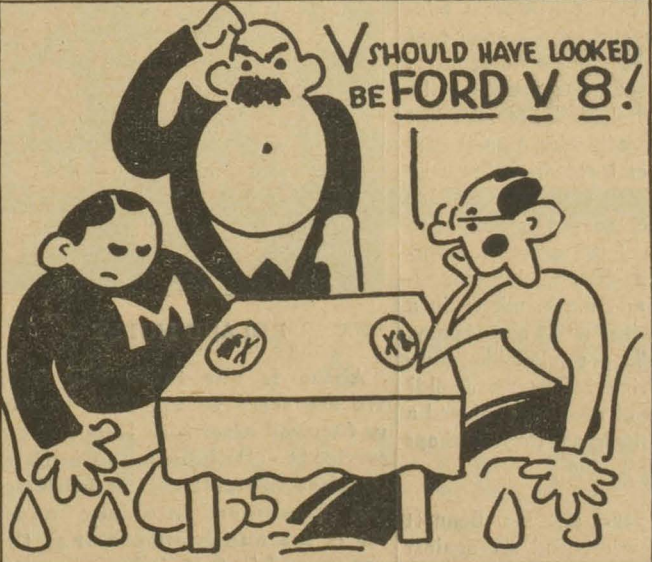
V8 TO TELL THIS TALE OF WOE



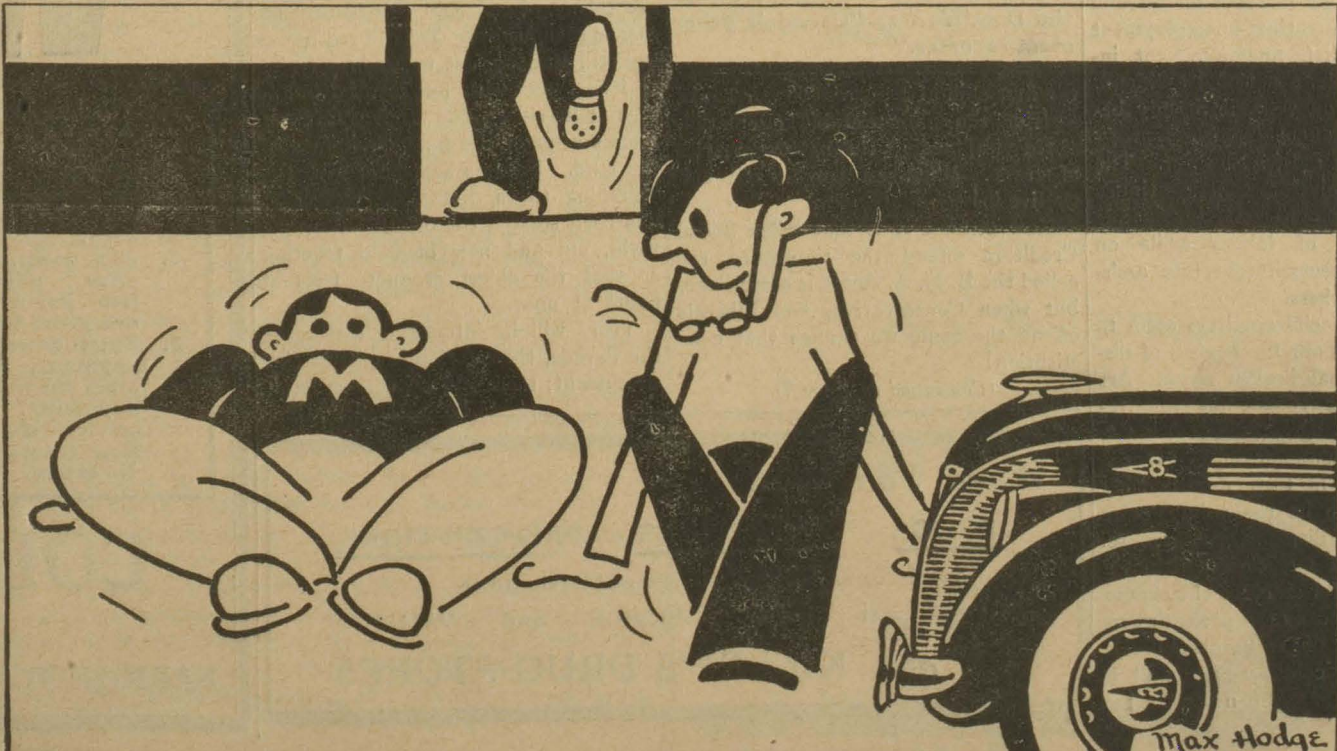
V CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY THE DOUGH



V JUST FOUND OUT OUR SORRY STATE



V SHOULD HAVE LOOKED BE FORD V 8!



Max Hodge



# REUNION COMMITTEE LAYS PLANS

TO ALL DALHOUSIANS, YOUNG AND OLD, MALE AND FEMALE:

This is a direct invitation to you to attend the Dalhousie Reunion which takes place in Halifax on August 16th, 17th and 18th of this year. It will commemorate the 120th anniversary of the founding of the University by Lord Dalhousie, and the 100th anniversary of actual teaching under Thomas McCullough, D. D., of eternal fame.

You will remember that in order to found our University, Earl Dalhousie used monies from the Castine Fund for the purposes. These were funds levied by British troops during the war of 1812-1814 when the town of Castine was in their hands. On this occasion a monument will be unveiled commemorating this event. It is being presented to the University by the Government of Canada through the Historical Memorials Committee. For this we are to a large extent indebted to Prof. D. C. Harvey, Provincial Archivist and a member of the Class of 1910. The unveiling ceremonies of this monument are in his very capable hands.

We will also during the Reunion dedicate the new Medical Library which should be built by this time.

Around these ceremonies the rest of the Reunion programme will centre. There will be a grand march of all Dalhousians from the Forrest Building to Studley. There will also be Class dinners, Class reunions, boat sails, golf and everything else to make the Reunion a most enjoyable function. Dalhousie has not had a Reunion since 1929, so it is time that we should have a jolly get together. It is only by the union of past and present Dalhousians that we can create the college spirit which means so much in an institution such as ours. I therefore, say to you remember the dates, August 16th, 17th and 18th. Make them RED LETTER DAYS in this year of Grace and come and be with us on this occasion.

Information regarding special railway fares can be obtained by applying to the nearest railway station. Committees have been formed of Dalhousians in Halifax to look after housing, entertainment, transportation, parade, special guests, and a host of other necessary things.

Halifax is a very attractive place to come to in the summer time. Here may be had every attraction which goes to make a perfect summer vacation. Add to these this Reunion and you will see that you should be here with us at Reunion time.

Come to Halifax in August and see what kind of men and women other Dalhousians are. Further information can be obtained by applying to the Reunion Office in the Gymnasium Building.

REMEMBER DALHOUSIE BY REMEMBERING THE REUNION.

Yours sincerely,  
JOHN S. ROPER,  
Reunion Chairman.

## Letters From Committeemen

My privilege has been a fascinating one—to sit in the Alumni Office and by turning the pages of the Alumni list to watch the generations go by. Each succeeding wave unfolds the treasures of personalities once young, gay, frivolous—just college students as ourselves—now the moving tempo of thought in our fair Dominion, in act, the people who make the news.

In doing so, one cannot help but catch a glimpse of the moving life, the vibrating pulse, of Dalhousie. Our glorious past, our striding present. Dalhousie, as we know, really is an institution to be proud of.

This will be brought out more than ever during the Reunion. For the reports already reaching the Reunion Office foretell the largest gathering of ex-students ever assembled on our campus. On that occasion there will be shown joyous camaraderie among those who have built fame and fortune for themselves and those who have been content with a smaller lot; just as once not so long ago they, like we now, slapped one another on the back.

This to me is perhaps the greatest appeal this Reunion can possibly have for one still at Dal. From it we must realize the living spirit to the name Dalhousie. Perhaps then also we will understand in some measure just what responsibilities are ours to our Alma Mater.

The programme should prove to one's desire for in it is packed everything that the City of Halifax, the Province of Nova Scotia and Dalhousie has to offer in order to make it a gala occasion. Upwards of 2000 are expected to attend. They are coming from near and far—"All loyal sons and true."

There will be a superabundance of entertainment for the primary purpose of the whole affair is to reunite the Dalhousie family now 10,500 strong. Dances, dinners, songs, sails and bonfires are the orders of the day.

The Reunion Committee have made a specially low registration fee for students and tickets will be issued for individual items. If you are within striking distance of Halifax, make it a point to get in for as much of the programme as you can.

Gordon K. Daley,  
Secretary Reunion Committee

### BACK TO DAL'S FIRESIDE.

Great preparations are afoot. Old Dal is making ready for the big family gathering in August. Plans are under way to make the Reunion of 1938 the finest and happiest the college has ever had. Already we know that from far and near many are coming and success is assured.

Those here before are coming again; those, who have not attended a Reunion, have heard from others the story of the happy times had, the princely fellowship, and the delightful camaraderie which was everywhere. The idea has caught on. Each succeeding Reunion bettered the one which went before, and this year we look for the finest of all because we will have more old students than ever, and it is the old boys and girls which make the Reunion what it is.

Halifax has wakened and changes are taking place. Old Dal has by no means been asleep. The old red building still stands—lost today in a forest of foliage and with fine medical buildings at its side. The Studley Campus houses some of the finest buildings in the land. Dal has kept pace with the marching times, but while expansion has been steady, the old traditions remain, old and new blended together so that the oldest graduate feels at home at once.

There will be interesting features—the Parade, the erection of the Castine monument; there will be very eminent

visitors; and there will be distinguished personalities present from among Dal's own sons and daughters. There will be the many get-togethers. The old and young will both be there; those who knew Charlie and Eben and MacGregor and Archie and the choice group of others who did so much to make Dalhousie what she is.

We will miss dear old Dr. Forrest and the rest who have gone on, but those who sat under them will tell again the story of the days when they sat at their feet and the generation of today will listen with bated breath to the tales which have gone to the making of the tradition of exactness and scholarship, which has given character to Dalhousie.

We want every son and daughter to come. It matters not how gray the hair or how recent the graduate. A royal welcome waits you, old friends will greet you, and when you come the years will fall away, and we promise you some of the happiest days you can possibly spend. President Emeritus MacKenzie will be there, and his successor, and from them and from all you will get an old-time welcome the moment your feet touch the city streets. You will get and you will give—for every graduate has his tales and his memories, and above all, his friendships, the something not built into stone and buildings, but which gives life and color to them all.

Last Reunion one charming daughter wrote she had six perfectly good reasons why she could not come. Those reasons will now be pretty well grown up and we hope this time to see her. Some may have like or other reasons which may stop them, but where it is at all possible to come back to the Dal fire-side, come and enjoy the happy time yourself and add to the happiness of others by your own genial presence.

George Farquhar  
Chairman Publicity Committee.  
"Alumni News."

*In a class by itself!*



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It's Spring!**

Greet the new season in a freshly cleaned SPRING COAT, SUIT, AND HAT.

Cousins' Dry Cleaning restores freshness and newness to any garment or fabric.

Colours are bright and clear again, spots and stains are removed, shape and style is restored. Minor repairs are taken care of—FREE.

#### SPECIAL STUDENT RATES

SUITS 65.—SPRING COATS .65.—HATS—.50.

**COUSINS Limited**

Master Cleaners and Dyers

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## Social Credit Stand Is Taken

BY  
JAMES CURRY, M. A.  
N. C. C. U. S. Delegate

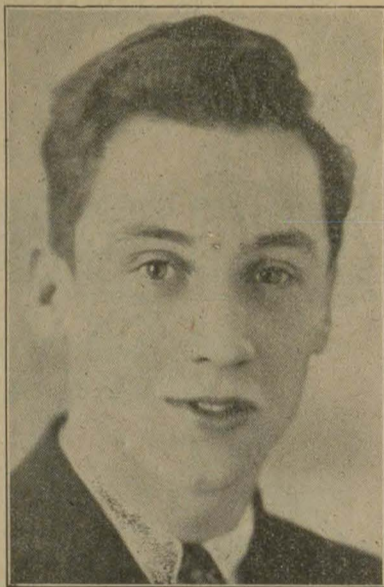
A few days ago word came from Ottawa that the Social Credit Act of Alberta was unlawful. As had been expected it was declared ultra vires by the Supreme Court of Canada. It was a foregone conclusion that a handful of apostles, even with far greater genius and knowledge than the Alberta ministers, could not cleanse a system that had been decaying for over a century.

The press around the world can be depended upon to administer the last rites to Social Credit with a great deal of pleasure. Yet there are a few who will view with deep regret the pitiable end of a much-needed attempt to remedy the lot of the army of unfortunate wretches damned by circumstances to live and die in misery in a land flowing with milk and honey. Mr. Aberhart did not fulfill his promises but what Prime Minister ever did? Have the forces of reaction achieved a victory as glorious as they perhaps think it is?

About eight years ago Mr. Bennett and Mr. King were dead set against relief but as time marches on we find them both draughting unemployment insurance. Relief, unemployment insurance, the dole, a national dividend, (call it what you will), is rapidly becoming a permanent man-sized growing figure in the national budget. The industrial Revolution still continues and on one hand our economy demands the reduction of labour while on the other it necessitates state assistance for ex-workers.

Only the Social Creditors seem to realize that it is our mechanism of distribution that has broken down. Are there any other economists who recognize that credit (i. e. money) is the life-blood of commerce? Whether right or wrong in their remedy they would appear to be the only doctors who can even diagnose the disease. In past ages the medicine man had a famous remedy for all cases of sickness. Leeches were placed on a patient's arm to suck up some of the "excess" blood. To-day, economically, we are still in that primitive age. Whenever we feel

## Fine Reporter



ROLAND HURST

Above is our inimitable Roly. We are sorry to say that he bids us farewell after four long years of service to Dalhousie, culminated by that difficult job of initiating the Freshmen into our midst. He is a staunch supporter of this paper, and in fact, is known across the Dominion as "Canada's other great reporter."

the first chill of a depression our banks restrict the unrestricted circulation of the vital medium through the arteries of trade. What an enlightened age we live in!

How strange it is that when Social Creditors offend the time-worn rag called the B. N. A. Act it is a sacrilege, but when Conservatives and Liberals offend the same we change that constitution!

(Continued on Page 7)

## When You Need

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## Only Five More Weeks To EASTER



### Men's SUITS

Personally selected suits in the new double or single breasted models. Feature fabrics this spring are Donegal and Herringbone Tweeds. Models and sizes to fit young men and men who feel young. Priced from—

\$19.00 to \$45.00

### Men's TOPCOATS

Step out in one of these new spring Topcoats—Raglans, single breasted slip-on, and smart young men's double-breasted fitted coats. New fabrics are English Loden, Scotch Tweeds, hand woven Harris and Camel Hairs. A good coat from—

\$20 00 to \$50.00

### Made-To-Measure Service

Our spring and summer 1938 sample swatches are here ready for your selection. Get your new suit for Easter on order now. Now down payment. For thrifty shoppers who want the utmost in value we offer a range of suitings at .. \$24.95

### Spring NECKWEAR

Saxony wools in blended stripes, checks and novelty patterns also "Shannon" poplins in a wide choice of patterns. These ties will give maximum service plus smart appearance at a very moderate outlay. Each .....

\$1.00

### Spring Shirts

The new fabrics and style ideas reflected in our spring shirt range will make it a pleasure to buy. Colwell quality will ensure lasting service, and the values are approved. Style note—ask to see "Check Blends", "sky line stripes" and "The Traveller." A good shirt at .....

\$2.00

### New Spring HATS

The "Streamline", a new hat for smart dressers, featuring the snap brim with cap style brim, skyline crown and bow to the rear. All fur felts in the new metal grey shade. A solid value at .....

\$3.95

### Men's GLOVES

No article of wearing apparel will add so much to your finished appearance as a new pair of gloves. We recommend hand stitched real chevette, a velvet soft washable leather in shades of natural, brown or grey. Per pair .....

\$3.00

### Men's Early Spring SHOES

A smart new brogue style in medium toe, solid leather heel, medium sole, heather grain leather, black or brown, width C or D, sizes 6½ to 10½. An idea shoe for now Guaranteed to wear. Per pair .....

\$5.95

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"The English Departmental Store"

BARRINGTON ST.

HALIFAX, N. S.



## Report Of College Store

The Editors, Dalhousie Gazette, Dalhousie University. March 10, 1938.

Gentlemen: The Dalhousie University Store Trustees have requested that the following statements of the Dalhousie University Store for the fiscal year ended April 30, 1938 be published.

Yours truly,  
DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY STORE.  
per H. A. Renouf.

### Auditors' Certificate

We have examined the books and accounts of the Dalhousie University Store for the year ended April 30, 1937, and have received all the information and explanations which we have required.

In our opinion, the attached Balance Sheet is so drawn up as to exhibit a true and correct view of the Store's affairs, according to the best of our information, the information and explanations given us, and as shown by the books of the Store.

LLOYD & CO.,  
Chartered Accountants.

Halifax, N. S.,  
August 25, 1937.

### DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY STORE BALANCE SHEET April 30, 1937

Assets	
Current:	
Cash on Hand.....	\$ 59.04
Cash in Bank of Nova Scotia—Current a/c.....	\$ 426.09
—Savings a/c.....	178.27
	604.36
Inventory.....	543.36
Less: Res. for Deprec. of Inventory.....	54.34
	489.02
Investments—Bonds.....	500.00
—Bond Premium.....	84.37
	584.37
Accrued Interest Receivable.....	9.17
	\$ 1,745.96
Deferred Charges:	
Supplies on Hand.....	8.30
Fixed:	
Equipment.....	128.60
Less: Res. for Depreciation on Equipment.....	27.33
	101.27
	\$ 1,855.53
Liabilities	
Current:	
Accounts Payable—Second-Hand books.....	\$ 80.38
—Manager.....	35.87
	116.25
Surplus.....	1,739.28
	\$ 1,855.53

### DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY STORE TRADING & PROFIT & LOSS STATEMENT Year ended April 30, 1937

Trading	
Sales—New Books.....	\$ 3,635.67
Less: Cost of Sales of New Books—	
Inventory April 30, 1936.....	\$ 409.78
Purchases.....	3,099.04
Freight In & Express.....	69.60
Excise Tax.....	27.72
	3,196.36
	3,606.14
Less: Inventory April 30, 1937.....	543.36
	3,062.78
Gross Profit on New Books.....	\$ 572.89
Sales—Second Hand Books.....	351.00
Less: Cost of Sales Second Hand Books—	
Purchases.....	315.25
	35.75
Gross Profit on Second Hand Books.....	35.75
<b>Gross Trading Profit.....</b>	<b>\$ 608.64</b>
Profit & Loss	
Gross Trading Profit.....	\$ 608.64
Less Expenses:	
Salaries.....	\$ 125.00
Insurance.....	19.50
Telephone & Telegraph.....	27.69
Stationery, Printing & Postage.....	35.51
General Expense.....	3.30
Advertising.....	10.00
Depreciation—Equipment.....	12.86
—Inventory.....	32.64
Amortization—Bond Premium.....	5.63
	272.13
Net Profit on Sales.....	\$ 336.51
Add: Interest Income.....	30.62
	\$ 367.13
Less: Exchange.....	8.48
	358.65
Less: Manager's Commission.....	35.87
	\$ 322.78

### DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY STORE Reconciliation of Surplus Account As at April 30, 1937.

Balance April 30, 1936.....	\$ 1,547.91
Less Expenses:	
Student Services.....	\$ 50.00
Donations—Magazines.....	40.91
Painting.....	23.00
Audit Fees.....	17.50
	131.41
	\$ 1,416.50
Add: Net Profit year ended April 30, 1937.....	322.78
	\$ 1,739.28

## Padlock Law Is Explained

By John MacDonald

C. U. P.—The Quebec Padlock Law is now almost a year old and so far been invoked about fifty times. It is a law which enables the Government of Quebec to close any building or newspaper which "propagates" communism. The definition of Communism is not included in the act but is left to the discretion of the Attorney General. (Mr. Duplessis).

The law is being used against the political enemies of the Government according to some points of view. In Quebec it is evident that the Church and the Government are very sympathetic towards one another and it is even suggested that the Padlock Law was passed after representations had been made to the Government by the ecclesiastical authorities. The Government is also using the law to fight labour union organization in the Province.

The majority of the English-speaking people in Quebec are definitely against the Padlock Law. It is reminiscent of the Middle Ages in England when the Star chamber was the order of the Day. On the other hand the majority of French-speaking people feel that the Government has done something worth while, they associate Communism with Anti-Clericalism; and who speak or act against the Padlock Law are presumed to be in sympathy with the Communists and therefore against the Church.

Representations have been made to Mr. Duplessis to have the Law repealed. They have been in vain. The Quebec Government cannot back down on its stand or it will lose political prestige and it must not be forgotten that there is a strong nationalist element in Quebec today which would make political capital out of such a repeal.

Thus there is only one other recourse short of litigation. This is Federal disallowance. It has been felt that

(Continued on page 8)

## Gazette Standing

(Continued from Page 2)

1 1/7; T. Sheehan, 1 1/2; G. Lea, 1 1/2; E. Barnhill, 1 1/4; S. Pauker, 1 1/4; J. Morrison, 1; J. Likely, 1; A. Nancekivell, 1; Anna Hirsch, 1 1/4; H. Veinot, 1; H. Reardon, 2 1/4; L. MacKay, 3/4; R. Plummer, 5/8; L. O'Brien, 1 1/4; Lola Harris, 1 1/3; W. Wright, 3/4; L. MacHattie, 3/4; F. Barton, 5/6; B. Graham, 1/2; F. Berkowitz, 1/2; Nancy Lawson, 3/4; B. Scott, 1/4; R. Ash, 11/2; Lily Hirsch, 13/4; M. MacLeod, 4; H. Mitchell, 3/4; G. Thompson, 1/2; C. Egan, 5/8; F. Day, 1/2; P. McLeod, 2/3; D. Mahar, 1/8; H. Gold, 1/2; E. Cragg, 14; R. Buckley, 2 1/4; J. J. Curry, 4 1/4; R. Stubbs, 1/2; G. Firth, 1/2; Gene Morrison, 1/2; W. Roy, 1 1/8; G. Collins, 5/8; Wilf. Burchell, 4; H. Ross, 1 1/4; Marg. Morrissey, 1/4; J. Grant, 1/4; D. Whitman, 1/2; A. Becker, 1 3/4; D. MacKeen, 1/4; Jackie Cahan, 3/4; Evatt Merchant, 21 1/2

## Ain't It Grand

(Continued from Page 4)

reference books, go to lectures, and thereby make high marks to please my parents 68 times.

In my spare time, which was plentiful, I attended 11 Varsity formal dances 11 of which were boring, 50 motion pictures, 3 of which were excellent, and took out 19 different co-eds, 4 of whom were pleasant companions, and 6 of whom I wouldn't marry to Adolph Hitler. On 5,653 occasions I worried about the future.

Soon I shall be Educated. Ain't it grand—"The Gateway."

## Critic Criticized

The Editor, Dalhousie Gazette, Dear Sir:

I would like to commend to your attention the tone of last week's *Gazette*. This I hold to be true, that a critic is weighed by what he criticizes ("Axiom Y" for further reference). If such be so then I have a noble and weighty task before me. Taking "axiom Y" as a law, I wonder if it might be determined scientifically what is the Specific Gravity of our Drama Critic. Without doubt his criticism of the play of Friday, February 25, is specific enough and has its own peculiar gravity (but paradoxically it carries neither weight nor seriousness?) His pacificism would bring a glow of pride to a warrior. His criticism to say the least is helpful and constructive (but should be "left in school where it belongs") When anyone presents before his critical genius "anything above the level of dignified slapstick"—then is their "theme trite...the offspring of a Divinity Hall"—(Woe is me you will drive me to theology) His words of reproof, to him that would profane the sacred precincts of a playwrights office, fall like the gentle dew from heaven (therefore i.e., rather indiscriminately.) If the staging and acting of last Friday night's play "was satisfactory" it took coloured glasses to see it—but our drama critic is most ingenious with such instruments. (We only regret that he left them on when it came to the theme and plot.)

I remain,  
Yours to be criticised,  
A Dalhousian.

In answer to the above letter which contains some excellent ideas, we would like to question the veracity of his axiom Y which states, "that a critic is weighed by what he criticizes."

Unfortunately the position of Drama Critic necessitates the criticism of everything that appears on the Glee Club stage. If that material is poor the critic has only one object in mind, to destroy that with the most effective destructive criticism in his power. If that appears to be harsh, as we surmise you do, we would suggest you consult the works of all modern professional critics from Shaw to Nathan including Hunehe, Walkely, Atkinson, etc.

In defense of slapstick we would like to point out that all notable contributions to the American Drama in the past twenty-five years have contained elements of slapstick. By slapstick we gather you mean an element of vulgarity and commonness applicable to the common citizen. Such being the case we would ask you to consult the efforts of Ibsen and see if perhaps a vulgar theme may be treated in a lofty manner.

However, we would not say the effort was above dignified slapstick but rather much lower in that it was imbued with a sense of maudlin sentimentality which anyone who was in the least acquainted with the theatre would assure you was cheap, undignified and at no time approached a form which could be called fanatic.

The "sacred precincts of a playwrights office" you must remember, dear sir, are in no way sacred. Anyone, so inclined, may criticize a drama if he feels the desire, but in fairness the opportunity is given only to those whose intelligence is at least equal to a moron; vide G. J. Nathan on the subject.

Hoping we have cleared ourselves and squelched you, we still thank you for the interest.

Drama Critic.

She: "Joe, give me the fly swatter."  
He: "What's the matter, there aren't any flies in here."  
She: "I know it, I just wanted to mash the potatoes."  
"The Sheaf."

## Mock Parliament

(Continued from Page 3)

Order, Order," roared the Speaker as a big laugh revolutionized his hitherto austere countenance.

Mr. Dickey, leader of the Independents, the largest body in the house, reproached the government for failure to mention the abdication of the former king and the accession of George VI in the Speech from the Throne. The Prime Minister interrupted to remark that it had taken place over a year ago but Mr. Dickey informed him that Parliament was in session for the first time in two years.

Premier O'Brien accused the Independent Party of being like Christopher Columbus who didn't know where he was going and didn't know where he was when he got there. Mr. Milner reminded the Prime Minister that Columbus discovered America.

When the vote was called about twenty Liberals gave a weak "Yea" while Conservative and Independent Oppositions roared a thunderous "Nay." However, the Speaker, being a little deaf in his left ear as a result of prearrangement with the party leaders, thought that the vote was carried.

Resplendent with tails and cane and a dignity becoming his position, the Hon. W. A. Burchell representing the Coke Ovens, stole the show with a speech sparkling with wit and humour.

Mr. Parlee sought information concerning the wheat trade but the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Cohen was equal to the occasion and bored the opposition into silence by quoting an abominable amount of figures.

On two occasions the Prime Minister was guilty of speaking disrespectfully of the Independents and attributed their distaste for corruption to the zeal of youth. He was reminded that there is no fool like an old fool.

Liberals and Independents cheered the Speaker lustily (if indecorously) when he reprimanded some of the Conservative members "for making animal noises."

The second session was not the equal of the first in brilliant repartee but was marked by several spectacular and drastic moments. Almost at the opening the Prime Minister rose on a point of order and appealed to the Speaker about an article which had appeared in the *Gazette* under the caption "Precedent Set By Dal Cabinet." The Speaker ruled it was a reflection on the government, named Mr. Merchant, and demanded an apology for the publication. The *Gazette* Editor, however, refused on the ground the article was true and declared with dignity that everything published in the *Gazette* was always true. The Speaker then instructed the sergeant-at-arms to remove the member from the house for five minutes. Mr. Baird wrapped his huge arm around the editor and he departed without a struggle. Upon his return he was warmly acclaimed by Conservative and Independent members.

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## A Fantasy

(Continued from Page 5)

The gaudy glitter of lights on a cold night always had the same effect on him. He felt himself to be a poet, a prophet to whom the world listened with awe and wonderment. He felt that he could see things in the evenings, little unnameable beauties, that could be seen by no other living man. The intoxicating sharpness of the wind made him feel that in God's good time he would be allowed to astonish the world—the universe, with his wonderful pictures.

He strode on through the winter night sorry that each step took him nearer home. He clenched his hands. In those, he felt he had the power to move the peoples of the earth. For a moment he was a conqueror; not a new Alexander, but another type of leader. He was a man who could influence all the souls of men, and all the souls of all the men to come.

He was home. He walked up the path, stamping his feet on the verandah to clear them of snow. He went straight to his room, sure that this time he would be able to put the beauties that his mind had photographed down on paper. That he would at least be able to make a negative of them.

He sat down at his desk to write. Pen and paper were at hand. He picked up the pen and thought for a long time. It was no use. He could not transcribe his impressions. They must stay locked up in his brain. He groaned with the horror of it. All the lovely thoughts that he, and he only, possessed must stay locked forever in the dark recesses of his mind. He could not write, he could not speak, he could not paint. He was incapable of any form of expression. The full meaning of his captivity dawned but slowly on him. As it did, his brain began to beat against his prison like a madman against the bars of his cell. The blood drained from his heart and went pounding in his head. He threw his head back and like that other doomed man cried: "My God, my God, why dost thou not deliver me?"

## Social Credit

(Continued from Page 6)

In a world that kneels so obsequiously before Mars and Mammon we can not be surprised that Social Creditors prove unpopular. Their iconoclasm would never do. The anathema of modern capitalism must be their reward. But let us keep one thing, in our minds, Social Credit has not failed but, like Christianity, has never been really tried.

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# STUDLEY WINS SHIELD IN MUNRO DAY SPORTS

## Keen Studley-Forrest Rivalry In Annual Test of Supremacy

The athletes of Studley by showing marked superiority over their Forrest Campus foes in Basketball, Indoor Hockey and the Tug of War won the right to hang the Munro Day Shield on the younger campus for the next twelve months. Amid the excited cheering of their under-grads supporters they climaxed a fast moving afternoon of sports by battling their way to a 4-2 win in a wild hockey match which proved to be a thrilling finale to the afternoon's entertainment. Winning 3 of the 4 events the Studley crew piled up a total of 10 points to Forrests, 3 exacting full and sweet revenge for last year's defeat.

Forrest opened the programme with a convincing 5 to 1 win in the softball match. Finding the Studley hurling staff no problem at all the Forrest men began rattling loose hits into the corners from the start and forged steadily ahead during the full 2 1/2 innings. This victory accounted for Forrests lone 3 points.

The gymnastic class display followed immediately. These boys under the direction of Maurice Lipton gave a very pretty display working on the High Box and Parallel Bars. This was followed by some Tumbling and the display closed with an effective pyramid.

The Studley vs. Forrest Basketball match came next with Studley eking out an 18-15 decision after a torrid battle. Play in the first half was fast and even the lead changing hands twice. At the change over Forrest had a single point margin but as soon as play resumed Studley jumped out in front and managed to fight off the desperate Forrest attacks and keep just far enough in front to win. This placed them on even terms with Forrest each having 3 points.

Next, Messrs. Douglas and Murphy gave a short display of how Badminton should be played, but did not have time to declare a winner as the Tug of War teams were ready to do their bit. In this event a heavy Studley team picked up three comparatively easy points pulling the Forrest men over the line without a great deal of trouble thereby going ahead in the competition 6 to 3. Two action packed rounds of boxing were now served up by "Haymaker" Munro, 145, and "Dead Pan" Gordon, 148. The boys laid to with a will and provided plenty of action in both heats. This was a no decision bout so both gladiators left filled with honour.

As soon as the floor was cleared the Alumnae and Co-ed Basketball teams trotted out to provide ten minutes of somewhat one-sided play. The Co-eds were evidently in better condition and held the Alumnae scoreless while tossing in 9 points for themselves. A brief exhibition of the manly sport of ping-pong followed immediately as a very fitting prelude to the final battle of the afternoon.

The last engagement proved to be the crowning glory of the programme and kept the enthusiastic gallery alternately on its toes and scattering for safety as the whirling mass of players and flying sticks surged into the corners and against the walls. It was a wild and even battle which went scoreless until the last few minutes for the simple reason that the boys had more important things to attend to than scoring. As the end of play approached and a decision was necessary to decide the shield competition the goal tenders were removed and then the counters came quickly. Studley scored first and then again, this last bitterly protested by Forrest. In a furious attack they made it 2-1, but Studley soon added another. They each scored again within a few seconds of the gong which found the Studleyites victors 4-2 and in possession of the Munro Day Shield 10 points to 3.

## Pen Portraits Dal Hockeyists

**Vadim "Corky" Koretsky, Goal** As Tiger custodian for a second year, "Corky" has turned in some stellar performances this season and has been a big factor in the recent drive which carried the Bengals into the league finals.

**Don MacGregor, Defence.** This is Don's third year of duty on the Tiger rear guard. A good worker and fast, he is a prolific scorer and one of the Tiger's most feared rushers. Showing his versatility Don can turn in a fine game at centre when called upon.

**Douglas MacDonald, Defence.** Doug played on four high-powered St. F. X. squads before coming to Dal this fall but this is his first year on defensive work. A good blocker and developing into a heavy checker he has been a tower of strength behind the blue line.

**John Carroll, Defence.** "Rotund" has not played the full season this year, his fourth for Dal, but played his usual steady game when he did appear. A hard checker and blocker Johnny scored his annual goal several weeks ago.

**Ken Beer, Defence.** Ken played a wing position last year for the Tigers but of late he has been moved back on defence and has since been bouncing opposing forwards, in all directions. His speed and powerful shot combine with defensive ability to make him an all round player.

**James Mont, Centre.** This is Jim's first year with the Tigers as injuries kept him on the side lines last season. Dangerous on attack and equipped with a poke check which keeps opposing forwards in a submissive frame of mind, Jim is one of the hardest workers on the team.

**Jack Buckley, Centre.** This has been one of the best of many seasons for the "Little Master." Fast, aggressive and experienced Jack has played steady hockey all winter and finished up the season in an extended scoring spurge which did much to carry the Tigers into the finals.

**Guy Carleton "Pooh" DeWolfe, Left Wing.** "Pooh" has been holding down a left wing berth on Tiger games for three years. Fast, hard-working and rugged "Pooh" has played some stellar hockey in spite of injuries which kept him out of action early in the season.

**Harvey Conn, Captain and Right Wing.** Out of action through illness for most of last winter. This is Harvey's first full year in a Tiger uniform. With experience both in right wing and centre positions, Harv is a heady player who knows what to do with a scoring chance.

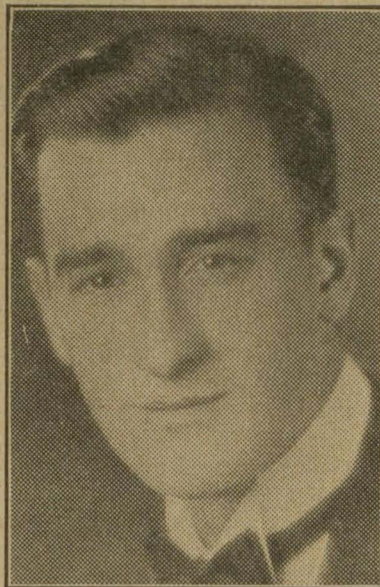
**George Collins, Left Wing.** George came to Dal with hockey experience at Loyola in Montreal and points west. A hard worker with plenty of ability George has been a big help during the season's toughest going. He will spare anyone a half a minute to tell them all about Copper Cliff.

**George Corston, Right Wing.** After playing fine hockey for the Tigers five years ago, George nursed injuries on the side lines last year. This season he has come back to display more of his previous form and play a large part in this year's successes.

**John Mullane, Right Wing.** Johnny has been on the Tiger squad for three years and is one of those useful utility men who can be counted on to play good hockey at any time.

**James Graham, Right Wing.** Jimmy has been a right wing star on Bengal teams for three years but this

## Captains Of Tiger Senior Squads



BILL COOK

had the honour of skipping the Tigers' Rugby squad this year. Their victories were few but they lacked nothing of that fighting spirit which makes teams great even in defeat.



CY MILLER

Tiger Basketball Captain led his team through a season marked by some fine victories and some heart breaking defeats, but characterized throughout by fine basketball.

## I Can Be Wrong

By Roland D. Hurst

LET'S LOOK BACK

And so another year is just about over. Another year which has been just as colourful and just as momentous in its athletic glories and its athletic fiascos as those which preceded it.

Red Payne's blatant and bloodcurdling cries have been hushed to a whisper. For many of us this is a sad affair—we realize that the soprano-like voice of this red headed Peter Pan, this symbol of Dalhousie athletics, has been heard by us for the last time.

We now turn to more foreign fields. We pause in the locker-room before trotting out to enter the game of LIFE.

In a few years we will look back at it all and a faint smile will originate with a puckering of the lips. All the issues that we strove and fought for will seem trifling and incidental. We will remember the countless D. A. C. and Council meetings at which we smoked quantities of cigarettes, when, garbed in the cloaks of 'campus states-

year only saw action in one game. In it, however, he flashed his old time form.

**Kent Irwin, Center.** Better known for his abilities in other sports, Kent turned in some sparkling exhibitions for the Tigers this year being fireless on attack and a good defensive forward.

**Bain Munro, Sub. Goal.** Bain has filled the thankless position of sub-goalie for the Tigers this year. He only saw action in one game this season but had the satisfaction of turning back Tiger sharpshooters time and again in practice scrimmages.

**Vince Ferguson, Coach.** A stellar performer in the ice game himself, Vince has been a great success as Tiger Hockey Coach this year. Equipped with an intimate knowledge of the game he worked hard to whip the Bengals into the form which carried them to the league finals.

**Lyon Kaufman, Manager.** The managerial worries were shouldered by Lyon, last year understudy to Tom Sheehan, and he carried through the difficult task of ministering to a dozen hockey prima-donnas with conspicuous success.

**Red Payne, Property Manager.** Red has been the hockey equivalent of bat-boy for the Tigers so long that even the players are getting used to him.

manship' we labelled one another as the Hitler's, the Mussolini's and the Napoleon's of campus life. We will laugh out loud when we remember all this.

But, it was great while it lasted, We all had fun— And there's no harm done.

1937-38

But to look at the year— You know, it was a funny year. Dalhousie didn't win much; in fact, now that I come to think of it 'Did Dalhousie win anything— I don't think so.

But what matter, think of the fun we had.

And too— The football team was good.

The hockey team was good—in fact the hockey team were the scrappiest crowd that ever dented the twines (and they dented them lots of times.) (If someone is calling for a poet laureate—look at that last line.)

## Boxing

The Mount Allison boxing squad lifted the Maritime Intercollegiate boxing crown from St. F. X. in the annual Intercollegiate championships held in Sackville on Wednesday. A Dalhousie team of five fighters won third place with a total of five points. The Sackville collegians earned 9 points to win and N. S. Tech and St. F. X. each collected 6 points to tie for second.

Only one title rests with Dal this year but all the men made good showing in their bouts Earl MacDonald, Dal 112, earned a decision over Cusack, 110, of St. F. X. in the Flyweight final to become and lose title holder. In the heavyweight Jerry Liebowitz, Dal 175, went right to the finals only to be defeated by Fletcher 180, U. N. B. by a technical knockout, Henry Ballam 135, Dal won his elimination and semi-final bouts but lost a decision to Mannon 135, Tech in the final. Lewis and Smith lost their elimination bouts in the Middle Weight and Light Heavy divisions respectively.

## Senior Game

Playing their final game of the season, the Dal Tigers dropped a 38-28 decision to the invading Acadia hoopsters at the Studley gym last week. Play was very even in the first half but the Wolfville squad definitely outclassed their opponents in the final session.

The basketball team despite the efforts of Asst. Coach Shainhouse, were quite O. K., and we firmly believe Charlie Steers will do big things next year.

Inter-faculty sport was mighty hot and interestin'.

The D. A. A. C. was up to its usual standard.

Every once in a while one comes upon an individual who has the respect and admiration of all he meets.

Such a man is the Major.

The man in the street calls him Major Logan—students speaking of him refer to him as 'Lucky'—football fans in Nova Scotia think of him as 'the grand old man of football.'

Last week the D. A. A. C. awarded him the coveted Gold D.

If ever a man deserves it, Lucky does.

## Padlock Law

(Continued from page 7)

Ottawa has been signally negligent in allowing the law to remain on the statute books. It was announced by Mr. Lapointe that the law would be considered after the decision of the Supreme Court had been handed down in the case of the Alberta Legislation. This case has now been decided and the Federal Government is in a Dilemma. If it disallows the Padlock law it will be faced with an hostile electorate in Quebec. If it fails to do this it will antagonize certain sections of English-speaking Canadians, particularly in the West.

Of course the obvious answer is to make a test case of the issue and to bring it before the Supreme Court. This is difficult for two reasons, in the first place owing to the provision of the Quebec Code of Procedure it is virtually impossible to take an action against the Quebec Government without its consent, and in the second place nobody with enough money to fight has been attacked under the padlock law.

## NOTICE

Big Dance at Shirreff Hall Saturday, March 26. Orchestra in attendance. Supper will be served. Charge 50c

Watch Bulletin

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