

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869—"The Oldest College Paper in America"

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McCurdy Print

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A CHALLENGE TO ALL STUDENTS

Wednesday night, Nov. 25th, a huge rally in Toronto at the Maple Leaf Gardens was held to inaugurate the Canadian Aid to Russia campaign. Under the chairmanship of J. S. McLean, head of Canada Packers Limited, the drive got under way with a magnificent appeal from Wendell Wilkie, who was the main speaker at the rally.

The fund in Canada will provide an opportunity to Canadians to express in tangible form and in continuous measure the admiration, gratitude and sympathy they feel in their hearts for the heroic Russian people—the people who, as Mrs. Churchill recently stated, "have set an unparalleled example to all of us."

Russia's needs are so great that everybody's help is needed. The fighters behind the lines, the refugees in far eastern areas and in the territories being reoccupied and those already reoccupied by the Red Army need warm clothing, bedding, food-stuffs, medical supplies. They need large quantities of these things, and help to them must go continuously.

Already the free peoples the world over, in Great Britain, United States, the Argentine, Palestine, Australia, New Zealand and South American countries, have responded magnificently to Russia's needs. In Canada, last year, the Red Cross collected, through a public appeal, the sum of \$860,000, and now the Canadian Aid to Russia Fund will promote, on a continuous basis, aid to Russia activities throughout the Dominion. Clothing, medicine, food supplies and above all friendship and understanding, are the things the Canadian Aid to Russia will ask the Canadian people to extend.

It is only to be expected that Canadian students will do their part in this great task of good-will through tangible assistance. We in the universities are in a position to realize the value of freedom; the freedom to live, think and read without the fear of being tossed into a concentration camp. We can realize the agony of students and professors who have seen their libraries go up in smoke, their classrooms sealed, and themselves subjected to all forms of torture at the hands of the "super-race".

Up until now, the Russian people have to a great extent been responsible for keeping the beasts of Berlin away from our door. Now, through the Canadian Aid to Russia, we have a chance to show our appreciation. We as university students can and should help to the utmost of our ability. A committee should be set up on the campus through the Students' Council, and with the aid of all the campus societies, this campaign could go over in a big way. Here is a chance for every student to really do a job for the War Effort. How about it?

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

It finally happened and its birth was painless. For weeks now, flanked by members of the editorial board, we had been pacing the floor, and hoping against vain hope that the next mail would bring us a letter to the editor. It has come and so pleased are we with it that it is printed in full in the middle of this editorial. It is obviously from a college student, deduced not from the fact the Gazette is a college newspaper, but because of the language of the letter itself. Never has such a collection of adjectives—each diminishing the potency of the others—come from any but a letter from a student who has at last found there are several ways of expressing one's thoughts.

Halifax, N. S.,
 Nov. 22nd, 1942

Editor in Chief,
 Dalhousie Gazette.
 (Nov. 20, 1942).

Dear Sir,
 "Ah," he said, "I have you all together, now you are done, done, done, pun, pun, fun, fun, gong."

Should the above quotation be taken as an example of the literary power of a supposedly intelligent representative of an intelligent student body?

In our estimation this is hardly conceivable, in so far as the student body of Dalhousie University is of a higher than average order of intelligence, and the above

quotation would seem to be the meanderings of a low class moron with very little semblance to human intelligence.

Why such a stupid, asinine, unintelligible, irrelevant article should usurp what otherwise would be valuable space in the paper is utterly beyond our comprehension.

Knowing that this is the opinion of many others, we the authors, trust that this letter will receive print in part or whole so that the opinions pro and con (if any) may be expressed.

Yours in the spirit of a better Dalhousie Gazette,
 Weekly Readers.

When one is in the journalistic and newspaper fields a tainted stereotype will possible come into the writings and policy of the reporter or journalist, and into the publication itself. Such a letter as the one we have received is refreshing in that it makes a direct criticism of the

(Continued on last column)

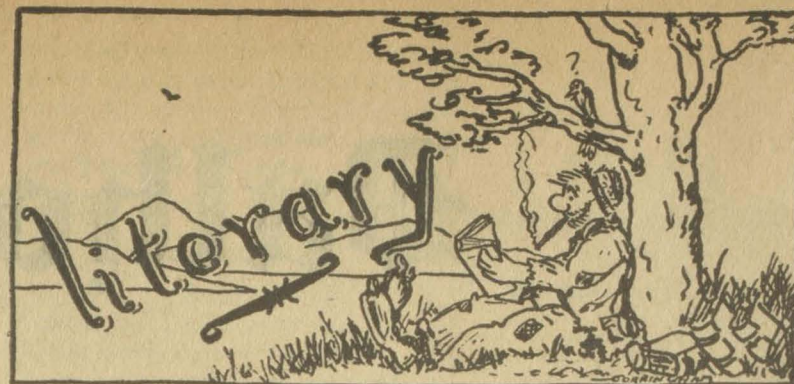
IF THE CENTAUR COULD TALK—

"I'D GALLOP MILES FOR A SWEET CAP"



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NOVEMBER

Sparrows clinging to bare twigs,
 Pigeons to bare roofs,
 This, November, month of varying moods,
 And branches naked, leafless in the wind.

This November with the haggard face,
 The grey, gaunt face with grim and sorrowing eyes,
 And the whole world a twilight shadowed place
 Wherein the landscape slowly melts and dies.

This November and a bloodstained sky
 Where the cold, clear, glittering day has run its span,
 From which the heart turns shudderingly away,
 Seeking a fire in the soul of man.

K. R. B.

FOG

The trees stretch leafy fingers through the fog
 Which hovers thick and turbid on the night,
 Pierced only by the shafts of light from cars
 And the brilliant line of street-lamps on the hill.
 Buildings like silhouettes in the haze appear,
 While shadows moving in the damp, dark streets
 Mingle with the night and disappear.

K. R. B.

FOREST STEEPLES

Fir and spruce
 Slope upward on the hill
 And penetrate a slender scarf of fog.
 They look like steeples, tall, dark, serene—
 One almost would expect the bells to ring:
 Yet only the thud of cones,
 The drip of rain,
 Calls birds at eventide.

Soon winds will huddle in the depths of swaying branches
 Moaning soft lullabys;
 Birds will fold feathers—
 Duck their heads in sleep.
 But the line of forest steeples marching solemnly skyward
 Must continue to ring silent chimes
 In the night.

K. R. B.

FAMILY TIES

Have you ever differed with the age-old and awe inspired conception of relationship, feeling that a few social aspects of family ties might well change? I have.

Typifying this are some of the Christmas presents that relatives consider so very appropriate for Jackie—the inevitable white handkerchief from Aunt Nora (such a welcome gift!) and the traditional drab and colorless tie from Uncle Bob. Such articles are generally relegated to the farthest corner of the attic whence mother rescues them next year for the white-elephant table at the church bazaar.

Equally unnecessary is the procedure of visiting remote family connections with mother.

"They particularly want to see you dear so try to be your own charming self . . ."

Two or three ladies rush to the door, at the first knock, and bare their fangs in expression of their delight in seeing you. When this uncalled for pleasantries has exhausted itself, the crowd merges into the living room, the women break into frenzied chatter, and you are isolated in a corner with a peppermint lozenge.

Homes might well be spared the annual prolonged visit from Great-Aunt Ella. This individual arrives every winter, without fail, along with the influenza and the snowdrifts. From the largest chair in the warmest corner she delights to denounce all things modern, to adjudicate on family controversies and generally to disrupt the household system. After a month or so she feels she can be of no more help, and sorrowfully departs to visit another relative.

I could do without such remarks as: "My how you've grown dear boy!" and "Give your own Cousin Bessie a big kiss," or "Last time I saw you, you were just—so—high." This drivel usually emanates from the lips of careworn spinsters who drop in every decade to express bewildered surprise that I have grown in the interval.

And now, with the wishful expectation that Uncle Bob's next tie will be pink with yellow spots, this illuminating article closes.

J. C. McL.

articles the reader does not want to see in the Gazette, and will make the newspaper itself try to better the article under criticism. We feel that such a letter is definitely helpful in allowing us to form a better policy for reader appeal.

A few issues ago, the Gazette fell into disrepute among many of the Faculty and for a week the inner ferment of college authority gave serious consideration to the condition this paper had allegedly fallen into. At a meeting with Dr. Stanley and Deans, quite obvious criticism was directed to the paper for certain articles, and jokes which had appeared. The accusation of one student made to University authorities was responsible for this.

It was of no avail to make the excuse we were following the policy of former Gazettes: the President threw the argument out. We had nothing to stand on then. And yet it is a basic and very fundamental argument. If that person who made the complaint had sent a letter to the editor, much of the trouble might have been averted that way; we are susceptible to public opinion. We were only patterning ourselves on other newspapers, and the Gazette in particular.

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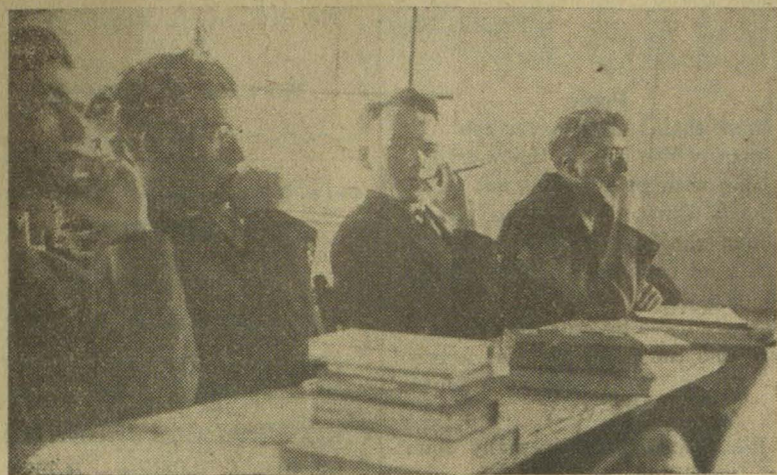
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« THE FEATURE PAGE »

Intimate Glimpses of College Life -- No. 8



This cosy little picture was taken in one of the Gymnasium classes, Philosophy One. These intellectual athletes are wrapped up in their professor's discourse, except one who is hell-bent for a full face tilt in this picture. Note carefully piled books, fingers in mouths.

QUOTE and UNQUOTE

We are beginning to think that arguments in the old boy meets girl set-up are definitely worthwhile. So do two Shirreff Hall freshettes who sent their boys away caroling "One Dozen Roses" and, lo and behold, the flowers arrived the next day. Names on request.

According to eye witness accounts, "Sparky" MacLean and his new flame enjoyed the Hi Y Dance last Friday very much. The padding in "Sparky's" coat came in for a certain limited use.

Since the new Navy building has been occupied, we notice how many Shirreffites and others return from the Library the long way around. What will you have girls? C.O.T.C. or R.C.N.? They are both here and the Library is open every night.

Johnny Hibbet is a stranger to this columnist, but even so, we'd like to know the identity of the blonde from whom he's been opening doors lately.

What have these MacDonalds got that the rest of us haven't? Namely, Mavis Bimson and Ed Stack.

The prospects of hard study does not seem to discourage the Harmony Club on the third floor of Shirreff Hall. We were visiting over there the other day and came away sadly disillusioned, though happy in the knowledge that the Club does not plan to present any public performance.

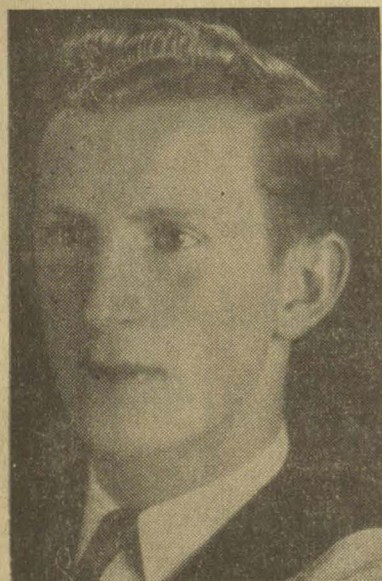
Since answering Mac's letter several other worried souls have come to us for guidance and advice. Here is one:

Dear Dotty, I am from the City of Bright Lights, now attending University here. Since arriving I have fallen for a very sweet girl, but her friends seem to object to me and see that she is adequately chaperoned at all times. I am so desperate that I have even given her my phone number. I am telling you, Dotty, it is driving me crazy. What shall I do that I have not already done?—Big Shot.

ANSWER: You can do nothing more. In fact you have done too much already. You should launch a similar campaign. Surround yourself with friends and chaperones. It may make her jealous. However, we earnestly advise you to let the light of your love flicker out. We presume that you came from south of the border before the American "dim-out" regulations. Try it here; she's obviously not your type. *Toujours l'amour.*

DOTTY

Dalhousie, Meet . . .



Henrik Tønning, or Henry as he is usually called, President of Students' Council. Born in Stavanger, Norway, and came to Canada in 1930. His home is now in Black's Harbour New Brunswick.

While in Norway, Henry attended the Norwegian "Stor Haug", and after coming to Canada, he took his matriculation from the High School at Black's Harbour. After finishing school, he worked for a time in an accountant's office, and then came to Dalhousie in 1937. Taking Science affiliated with Medicine, he received his B. Sc. in 1940, and the same year, he won the Professor R.J. Bean prize in the first year medical Histology and Embryology. Last year he won the Pathology prize offered in Third Year Medicine. This year

So You Live In Dartmouth

"Oh, do you really live in Dartmouth? Goodness, you must have to get up in the middle of the night to arrive here in time!" That has been the bromidic exclamation of many Haligonians (We know the meaning of "bromidic", too). Actually, our formula for getting up is simple: Waken any time between 7 and 7:45 climb into your clothes, swallow your breakfast in a manner contrary to all health rules, and scramble. Not so different from a Halifax timetable, is it? The result is that the 8:15 ferry is graced with your presence.

If the ferry had a brain, it could learn almost as much as we are supposed to know. Haligonians who have never sailed the ocean blue cannot fully appreciate the benefit of the extra fifteen minutes spent in crossing. They are going to be especially useful when the examinations come along, too. Besides, think of the extra benefits of getting a whiff of sea air to waken you up! Or, if you got up too early (they say this happens sometimes. Personally, we don't believe it), you can always find a secluded cove

he was awarded a Kellogg scholarship for Fourth Year Medicine.

Sush a formidable record in studies would make one think that Henry would hardly have time for anything else except studying. But besides being the president of the Students' Council, he is also the president of Fourth Year Medicine, and the president of Phi Chi.

IN THE GROOVE

A Column of Record News and Reviews

STUDLEY HIT PARADE: With all frivolous(?) ideas being tossed aside in preparation for studying, (the Christmas exams are getting nearer, you know) there is little to report on this front. Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" has settled in for an indefinite run as the nation's favorite, and Dalsters are humming and playing it everywhere. The first sentimental hit of the new season, the song is setting up sales records for sheet music and recordings. Anyway it's a lovely melody and well deserving of its popularity. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" is also popular, and we're afraid that we'll be hearing it for a long, long time.

* * *

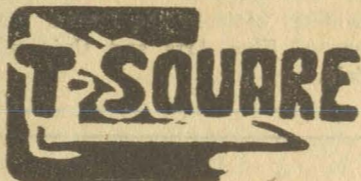
THE VERSATILE MR. ROSE: David Rose used to be known as the chap Judy Garland married. Today he's riding high in the music world with nation-wide recognition as a composer of definite ability and a conductor of talent. Until now, Mr. Rose's main activities have been connected with radio, but recently he made several recordings with his gorgeous orchestra for Victor. The first of these, "Our Waltz" and "Holiday for Strings" (Victor 27853) has been released this month, and contrary to our preference to not rave over a single record, we find we must throw all caution to the winds in acclaiming this release to be one of the most charming and beautiful records of the past several years. "Our Waltz", an original, is Mr. Rose's theme, and, believe us, it's an exquisite and truly lovely composition. His arrangement features his huge string section, aided by rich, mellow woodwinds and muted brasses, while a harp adds much to the effect. The reverse, "Holiday" is a gay and lilting melody in complete contrast to the waltz. The strings, plucked pizzicato, demonstrate the versatility and technical perfection of his organization. Oc-

casional sweeping string passages afford contrast. Really, the record's a gift at seventy-five cents.

THE RECORD BUSINESS: Several days ago we were asked if the record business was going to pieces due to the war. Despite the shortage of shellac, and the AFM ban on all new recordings, popular and classical alike, the record business has never been bigger. Last year over one hundred million records were sold; more are expected to be sold this year. True, the record companies are only issuing one or two new records each week, (Victor is now releasing two Victor and two Bluebird records, while Columbia contents herself with three every two weeks) but what they're lacking in quantity, they're gaining in quality. Records have never been at such a high standard of technical and artistic excellence as they are today. Vital statistics come from Miss Watt at Phinney's, who, besides being a wonderful person herself, knows more about records than anyone else in this city.

OUTSTANDING SINGLE RECORDS: XAVIER CUGAT—"Aversidad" and "En La Plantacion" on Victor 27973. The first new Cugat record in several months brings him back to the Victor Label. "Aversidad" is a bolero son with a smooth unusual melody, and features a haunting sub-tone clarinet solo. "Plantacion" is a slow rumba of the "Sibonney". Cugat's orchestration has an interesting chimes effect and the vocal by the rich voice of Miguelito Valdes is in Spanish. Both sides are plentifully decorated with the flute and marimba passages that have become Cugat's musical trademark.

ALSO RECOMMENDED: Dinah Shore's Victorecording of "Dearly Beloved" and "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?" (the season's smartest lyrics torchingly warbled by the incomparable Dinah).



The Engineering Society have had two bang-up meetings so far this term, President Don Moir in the chair. At both meeting there were 70 per cent of all Engineers present—a truly remarkable turn-out, showing growing draughtingroom enthusiasm.

Interfaculty managers were appointed: Hagen for football (winners of the league), Campbell for basketball (last year's winners) and Wiswell for hockey. Jack Winterbourne was appointed to look into the matter of getting a new Engineering crest made. It is thought that the old crest is obsolete and a more

in one of the cabins and catch up on your forty winks!

When the new ferry starts running, the fashion in running for the boat will be to contrive to catch the new one. Then we will sail across in even greater comfort. Yes, when the "Governor Cornwallis" makes her maiden voyage, we can reasonably hope that the people of the capital city of Nova Scotia will make a trip on her, and stop off at the north shore to see the beauty spots. (of which we have several, we're sure) in the second largest town in the province. Wood Bros. may not have a Dartmouth store, but does Halifax have a branch of Wing Kee's honorable establishment?

P.S.—This is meant to wake up non-Dartmouthians,—with malice towards none.

"dashing" and impressive one is needed.

Thursday was set for the society picture to be taken. Hall was asked to take it as he can sell it to the students at a cheaper rate. A picture of the championship football team is also to be taken.

Andy Eisenhower brought up the bright idea of having Engineering Christmas cards made—and the sample being approved he was un-amiably asked to get some made. Incidentally, 35 dozen cards have been ordered and may be had from Andy about December 1.

A Boilermakers' Ball committee of Bennett, Hagen, Wilson and Wiswell was appointed. There was some argument as to where it should be held as the hotels are so expensive this year. The Waeg and Gym were suggested but not approved. Incidentally, a tentative date of January 15 at the Lord Nelson has been arranged, but final plans are yet to be made. Whether or not the Engineers will combine with the Meds again this year was left up to the Committee.

This week Burgess is back in the news. For a while there was a great feud on as to who was going to court Jackie, but it all seems settled now. We know he was sitting in the very best of seats at the Capitol last Thursday and also that he had the very best of audiences later on in the evening.

* * *

Anybody interested in finding out things about Shirreff Hall ask Freshman Dick Currie. His first "taste of Hall" went over in a big way apparently, and not only did Jean have a good time but there were a few more prominent Hall girls who were thrilled to see him.

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ORPHEUS
Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday
"RUBBER RACKETEERS"
"GUNMEN FROM BODIE"
★
Thursday - Friday - Saturday
"THE HIDDEN HAND"
"FIGHTING BILL FARGO"

OXFORD
Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday
"THE MAJOR AND
THE MINOR"
GINGER ROGERS
Thursday - Friday - Saturday
"WAKE ISLAND"
with BRIAN DON LEVY

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Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
EDWARD ARNOLD
— in —
EYES IN THE NIGHT
★
ERROL FLYNN
— in —
GENTLEMAN JIM

CASINO
★
Starting Saturday, Nov. 28
JOE E. BROWN
— in —
"THE DARING
YOUNG MAN"
★
— EXTRA HIT! —
"EYES OF THE
UNDERWORLD"
with LON CHANEY

SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

Absolutely the last reference this column will make to the subject of football this year comes by way of congratulation to a St. F. X. team composed of one "Tarp" Walsh and fourteen others upon whose collective brows rests the provincial crown for another year. Despite all the anti-tank and crossfire tactics at the disposal of the Army squad, the Antigonish boys controlled the play all the way home. The mighty "Tarp", idol of Mount Saint Bernard girls, Yo-ho High School, and the Dingle restaurant of fame immemorial, settled down to the rather boring task of eluding four stalwart soldiermen who were blissfully ignorant that such a technique left the rest of the game rther one-sided. Just for the hell of it Mr. Walsh did a few sheenanigans of hi sown, including a few cross-field runs that made the Army look like a host of superannuated jeeps. Well, our hats are off to you, St. F. X. Next year you may come back and get the toupees.

And then there was the field hockey game of Tuesday. With a little practise and the acquisition of some underhand finesse, this thing may easily supplant gun-murders. The regulation approach to the extermination of your opponent resides in the swinging of the crooked stick from way down and simply bopping said opponent on top of cranial structure. If you happen to be the mild-mannered type, and dislike the sight of blood and such, you have only to wrap the stick around said opponent's neck and haul away home. Of course there are a few other fine points to be picked up here and there, such as hooking the feet while running, smashing shins, rapping knuckles, et cetera.

Mercenary-minded souls might be interested to know that a modest fortune awaits the one who can concoct a workable garb for this so-called sport. The elementary prerequisites consist of six inchings of felt padding all over with reinforced steel and corrugated iron slats at vital points.

Decision of the mentors of City Senior Hockey League to disband for the season, due to a slight discrepancy of \$300 per week between expenses and income, offers but slight encouragement for the advocates of intercollegiate contests. Despite the increase in patronage that might be expected from the closing down of the senior loop, the unpleasant fact remains that the operators of the Halifax Arena, like most good business men do not want to engage in a schedule that may result in actual loss to say nothing of breaking even. And after all that is only to be expected. Until such time as we achieve the Valhalla

where it won't be necessary to bribe students to come out and support their team we are almost certain to run up against difficulties whenever hockey loops come up for discussion.

Most students subconsciously favor the creation of a really go-ge-'em league, possibly with team from St. Mary's, Tech and one or two service squads. Skating sessions following the games may provide the clue to the puzzling problem of financing such a project. Fundamentally the decision as to whether an intercollegiate league will operate this winter lies with the students who must decide, and decide now, whether they will support it to the full.

Planning such a loop would be rather treacherous work if some accurate forecast were not made as to the probable student reception. If financial arrangements can be ironed out to the satisfaction of all concerned we may yet see a really good hockey season in the offing.

The slap of basketball on the Gym floor should be music to the ears of those who take an active interest in the traditional indoor game. The showing to date has been somewhat above average although the floor is plenty large to accommodate a few more aspirants. Regular practise sessions are now in full swing, with more in the immediate future. The one disappointing fact, quite probably uncontrollable, is that these pre-examination turnouts barely get started when they must taper off again. That leaves plans for the post-vacation period hanging in mid-air and delays the whole routine. Working schedules, posted now or at least within the next fortnight, might correct this situation somewhat.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

In a recent issue certain unfavorable remarks have been published about the game of ping-pong which I feel should be corrected.

First, I would like to state that a ping-pong player is an athlete, not a he-man. The game is essentially built on speed and requires skill and dexterity. A good ping-pong player can drive his opponent back from the end of the table fifteen or twenty feet, and can himself go back that distance in order to retrieve a hard driven ball. Anyone who is rather slow either physically or mentally better try some less arduous sport.

A football player or any other so-called "athlete" who relies on power and brute force need not try ping-pong. It would be too difficult, for it takes more power and strength. It takes speed and deception, outwitting one's opponent, skill in placing the ball where the other fellow "ain't", sharp eyes, and a clear head.

If a certain college sports editor does not agree with the above, I cordially invite him to be present when the finals of the current tournament are being held.

BILL POPE.

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Dalhousie basketball squads are already limbering up in preparation for Senior and Intermediate games after the New Year. Tigers are entered into the Halifax Senior League with H.M.C. King's and Stadacona, Army, "Y" Depot, and Y. M. C. A. Cubs will contend with Y. M. C. A., Army, Navy, Dartmouth R. C. A. F., and Eastern Air Command.

Of last year's squad, only Dunbrack is left. Around him the quarter-finalists of last year's Dominion tourney will rebuild. Other league teams will commence their games shortly and Dal will get into action after Christmas.

Coach Ralston is not too optimistic about team chances, though he praised the speed of his men. Most of the players are on the short side, and can't compare with the spreading antlers of "Moose" MacLeod, or Wilson and Smith of last year's champions.

However, Burney isn't pessimistic at all, and expects better than average showing by both Dal teams. Clarie Fraser is manager, and Mackie Campbell, assistant manager.

Turning out for this year's squad are Ian Campbell, Dave Fraser, Jim Darcy, D. Clark, Churchill-Smith, Sukol, Bill Pope, Gus Oakley, all freshmen or newcomers; Verne Graham and Matheson, first times out; Bruce Bauld, Don Stewart, Jack Charman and Zatzman, of last year's Intermediates, and Charlie Dunbrack of last year's Seniors.

Mixed Ping-Pong Initiated At Dal

A mixed doubles ping-pong tournament was held on Friday to celebrate the acquisition of a new table on the Gym stage. Mixed doubles can be played here at any time, and it is hoped that the table will be much used. Fourteen couples entered for the tournament, and some exciting games were played. In the finals, Bill Pope and Pat Hollis defeated David Churchill-Smith and Ann Saunders, 21-18, 21-12, 21-17. Other semi-finalists were Doug Frazer and Renee Garrett, and George Mosher and Joan Woodbury.

There will be a bigger and better mixed doubles ping-pong tournament next term.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS—

Continued from page 1

Council requested that the eighteen aliens be admitted to the University. If these students are refused admission to Universities they have to return to the internment camps.

V V V

"You've left off your medals," snapped the Major.

The man looked down at his chest, "Great Scott", he cried, "I forgot to take them off my pajamas."

—Queen's Journal

V V V

Corn?

Stephens: "Why do they call this Fiddle Hotel."

Stephenson: "Because it's such a vile inn."

—The Reflex

V V V

Students of McGill have the right spirit. In the course of the next week every student of McGill will

Plans Being Made For Mt. A. Residence

SACKVILLE, N.B.—(CUP)—The Treasurer of Mount Allison University reported this week that three-quarters of the funds necessary for the construction of a new Men's Residence have already been obtained. The contract for the building cannot be authorized until the full sum is subscribed. The insurance on the previous building, destroyed by fire December 17, 1941, amounting to \$150,000, has been invested in Dominion of Canada bonds and earmarked for the new Residence. Of the remaining \$100,000, \$25,900 has been donated by business firms, \$21,277 by Alumni, and promises amounting to \$25,000 bring the amount up to three-quarters of the total.

Plans are to build the central unit of a three-building group first. The central structure will house about 125 students, and each of the others about 80 apiece. The units will be three stories in height, and of completely fireproof construction. They will occupy an area comprising the site and grounds of the previous building, between the Owens Museum of Fine Arts and University Field.

be called upon to contribute to the McGill Amalgamated Charities Campaign. The money which is obtained in the drive is apportioned among the three large charities of Montreal.

—McGill Daily

V V V

Pome

I think that I shall never see
A man refuse a meal that's free,
A man with greedy eyes not fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A man who doesn't like a swig of rye
And a lot of suits to match that one
red tie.

Men are loved by gals like me,
But who the h—would kiss a tree?

—Queen's Journal

V V V

It's remarkable how many doubtful meanings an allegedly pure-minded person can find in an entirely respectable joke.

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