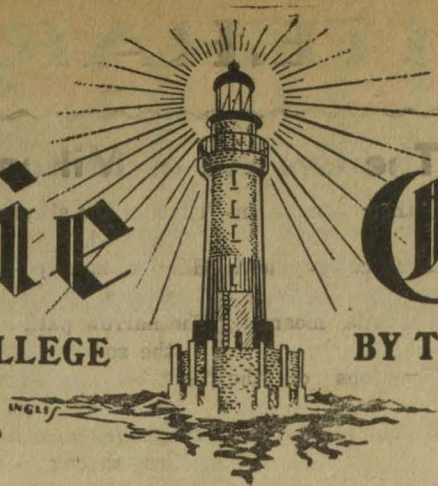


Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXIV

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 13, 1942

No. 16

SADIE HAWKINS VISITS CAMPUS

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

BY DON BLACK

How to Make Sadie Hawkins Hate You

(Exchange)

The other day several co-eds pleaded with me (you should have heard their sobs—it was wonderful) to request all boys to be a bit more polite to them during Sadie Hawkins' Week. It seems that one of the co-eds considered herself insulted when the Science man she invited to the Dogpatch Drag last year called her a "dirty old tightwad" and said (horrors!) she had the manners of a big fat pig. Whether she deserved it or not I think the fellow in question could have used a bit more subtlety in his remarks. After all most girls don't like being called tightwads and pigs.

Boys must remember that girls only treat boys once a year and thus do not know how to spend money and certainly do not know how to behave when they are doing the escorting. Instead of appealing to the girls, I have decided to offer a few pointers (with the help of Dr. Herman P. O'Toole, head of the Department of Pushing Girls Around and Making Them Like It) to the boys so that they will be able to help the co-eds become better escorts. I must warn everyone, however, that if you follow these rules you are a heel and that if you ever again get a date a fifty dollar prize is in the offing. You will probably recognize most of the following suggestions. You should, if you're in the habit of taking out girls.

(1) In the first place accept as many dates as possible and then call off all except one ten minutes before the dance. Pick the one with the wealthiest father. She'll need the money.

(2) When the dear girl calls at your house keep her waiting. Scream ten times down the stairs that "you will just be a minute, honey." Wait three minutes between each scream if you want to get her boiling mad. The time to come down is when she starts yelling "If you're not down in a minute, I'll come up and get you, you louse." Hold your hands behind your neck as you walk down the stairs. This will kill her.

(3) As you can't give her a purse to carry, bring a closed umbrella (the bottom filled with rocks) and coyly ask her to carry it. Of course if it rains she's going to be out of luck.

(4) Upon reaching the street start coughing and blowing your nose and tell her you have a cold. If that doesn't work say you have sore feet. If she doesn't call a taxi after that one, you've picked the wrong girl.

(5) Do not take your own overcoat off when you reach the dance. Wait until she does it for you. If she isn't too temperamental hold onto one sleeve. It will make it difficult for her.

(6) When she offers you a cigarette drop at least two on the floor. When she offers you a light exhale and blow two or three matches out. Keep her working and annoyed.

(7) Say that you are thirsty frequently throughout the evening and that you can't stand water. If that works, drink cokes until you are ready to burst. Don't stop until she's so tired of opening her purse that she has blisters on her fingers.

(Continued on Page Four)

Basketeers Challenge Basketbelles

The men of Dalhousie, glorying in their superiority, have had a call to arms. They yearn to meet Dal's co-eds in a basketball encounter in the gym, with no quarter given, and no holds barred. So confident are they of victory, however, they'll play under any rules or conditions, even having one arm tied around any girl. That would be a handicap, naturally, but it would lend the element of suspense and, perhaps, suspicion, to the occasion.

Dal's males hurl defiance at the Hall, and suggest that "them dames" come out with eyes blazing. Womanly wiles will be of no avail. It will be of no advantage to cloud the issue with powder-puffs, mascara, or any other feminine affectation.

Say the men, "We 'uns 'll get ya, babes!"

Bob Walter Award To Feature Engineers Banquet

The annual Engineers' banquet is slated to be held at the Nova Scotian Hotel on Feb. 28th. Featuring the banquet will be the presentation of the second Bob Walter award by Prof. W. P. Copp. This award is given annually to the student best exemplifying the characteristics of Bob Walter: fellowship, sportsmanship and scholarship.

Bob Walter graduated in engineering at Dal in 1940 and seemed slated for a brilliant future. Fate deemed otherwise, however, and the following fall Bob met death in a hunting accident. He was an outstanding student and athlete and, above all, a friend of everyone.

The first and original award went to Bert Vail, who is now attending N. S. Technical College. The award committee consists of Professors Copp and Theakston, Jack MacKenzie, Mac Campbell and Verne Graham.

Student Solons Select Seven For Awards Munro Day Committees

At a meeting of the Students' Council, held last night, committees for Munro Day and for the annual awards were chosen. The Munro Day committee is to consist of Ken Jones, Don Kirkpatrick, Chris Arklie and Penny Patchell, while Jack Matthew, Blanchard Wiswell and Inez Smith will compose the awards committee.

After a lengthy discussion the Council decided that it would not sponsor the I. S. S. drive this year, but would devote its entire efforts to aiding the Mt. Allison rehabilitation fund. Waltham Gaudet was placed in charge of this drive. The I.S.S. will, however, conduct a separate campaign on the campus.

Final budget estimates were considered by the meeting and the Council voiced its approval of the estimates for the remainder of the year. Both the Delta Gamma and the Glee Club budgets are \$100 beneath their original grants. The D.A.A.C. budget was also approved.

Suggestions were made for nominations for President and Vice-President of next year's Council. These will be considered by the executive committee at a meeting to be held on Sunday.

Disgruntled Undergrad Decries Shirruffian Sophistry

The Editor, Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:

My cheeks are wet with tears, and my heart is heavy with sympathy for each and every one of those eager and conscientious undergraduates who during the past year have attempted to interest the student mind in student activity. For all their efforts have been in vain: witness the attempted-pep-rallies of last fall and the abortive efforts to enliven basketball 'nights' with a bit of dancing. These good samaritans of Dalhousie, these would-be caterers to the undergraduate appetite for fun have been despised and rejected as unwelcome "reformers", and all their good works have come to naught.

And while this theme has often found disgruntled expression in the pages of the Gazette in the past ten years, we cannot quell a desire to say another word on the subject.

To my mind, the great fault lies with Dalhousie's co-eds—the aristocrats of the ladies' seminaries: they of the faultless bearing, the none-too-gracious manner, the well-groomed dress, but withal the shallow mind. After some experience with, and observation of the female of the Dalhousie clan, I have concluded that a successful "date" with a member of the Shirreffian ilk is to be had not without great price. For long years of attendance at functions held in the local hotels, or in the more "ultra" of the city homes, has made her scorn the simple pleasures that life has to offer. Not for her are the dates where "two small cokes" and a lot of conversation are the only nourishment, edible or intellectual. To her a street-car is a much too, too "common" conveyance, to be classed with the ungraceful but utilitarian wheelbarrow, and to be scorned even as is that humble conveyance. Not for her are there stars, and moon, and misty rain, and windy hills, or the unsophisticated enchantment of sunlight fields. Such simple, inexpensive pleasures were for her ancestors, but sunlight fields in this modern age are quite, quite passé.

It would seem that the Hall "debs", upon returning from what may, for want of a better word be called a "date", would figuratively pigeon-hole their escorts in one of

the following classifications:

Class I: "He spent ten dollars on me tonight—he's divine!"

Class II: "He spent five dollars on me—he nice."

Class III: "He spent two-fifty on me—he'll have to do until I get my hooks into a Class II man."

Class IV: "He spent a mere dollar on me—he's not too nice to know, but perhaps he's kind to his mother."

Class V: "He took me to the show and nothing to eat afterwards! Only money talks, girls, and you can see he's no conversationalist. What a drip!"

At other Maritime universities, where "sophistication" is accepted only as a thin veneer to cover a great deal of stupidity, co-eds do not consider it beneath them to pitch in and help with student activities. Indeed the majority are so provincial and naive as to believe that co-operation in student activities makes university life a more wholesome and satisfying experience. Of course this attitude of mind will all be changed if any of these filles jeunes ever come to Dalhousie: for their sophisticated sisters at the Hall will quickly convince them that to dip their dainty hands in work, for the common good, is unworthy of them. They will also learn that "no date" is almost as good as a "purselless" date, unless the latter provides a "lead" to a more substantially walletted escort.

To shorten this unhappy story, it all boils down to the simple proposition that Dalhousie's "spirit" ills can be traced in large part to its co-eds, who think that the gym is the world's worst place to throw a dance, and whose only virtue is that it provides a roof for Roy's where their fur coats, bandanas and colored glasses apparently show to advantage.

And so it seems clear that Dalhousie social functions will continue to go ungraced by the presence of Dal co-eds—until pep rallies, tea dances, debates, hockey games and basketball games are held in one of the local hotels, with a gleaming headwaiter in constant attendance, ginger-ale at thrice price at the snap of a finger, and a cozy taxi at the door.

Cynically yours,
D. S. GRUNTLED.

GLEE CLUB TO THROW MASKED BALL

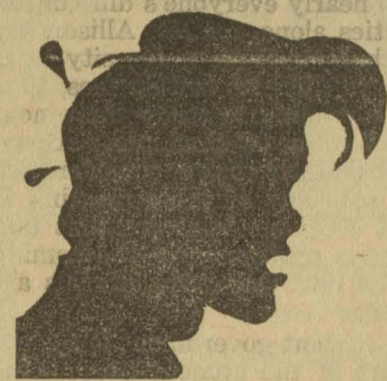
Fast Feature Fracas For Friday

Owing to numerous and, we might say, well-founded, complaints of too much formality at Dalhousie dances, the Glee Club, in a pioneering mood, will attempt an unique feat, one unheard of by sophisticated Dal students. On Friday, Feb. 20, the Glee Club extends a cordial invitation for each and every one of you weary, bored Dalhousians to attend a masquerade ball in the gymnasium.

Come in costume and masked, without a partner. Male and female stags are the order of the day. Of course, if you are one of the fearful who shudder with horror at the thought of a break with tradition, you may bring an escort. You'll be admitted, but the scorn and contempt of your fellows will follow you throughout the dance.

Novelties, prizes and a general all around good time will feature the evening. As a special added attraction, one which we predict will pierce the veneer of even the most sophisticated, the whole shebang is free. Admission will be by Council ticket. Let your hair down, gang, get a taste of real life. Come and make this effort a success. We'll give you 10-1 odds that you'll have the time of your life.

Dogpatch Hits Dal Feb. 24; Co-eds to Manhandle Next Issue of Gazette



GUESS WHAT?

One Moment « Please »

The S.C.M. will hold a service in observance of the World's Day of Prayer, under the auspices of the N.S.C.F., in King's Chapel, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7 p.m.

The Dal Badminton Championships will be held at the gym at 7.30 Monday night. Competition is open in men's singles, women's singles, men's doubles, women's doubles, and mixed doubles. To enter, sign name on bulletin board in the gym.

All Dal students are invited to attend an Inter-Varsity Fellowship meeting this Sunday at 4.30 p.m. Place: 72 Henry Street.

Don't forget that Thursday night is Dalhousie basketball night. Next Thursday Dal's arch rivals from Wolfville journey to Halifax to meet the Tigers. Support Dal against Acadia.

Men, Beware! Sadie's on the loose again. Get on your best running shoes and start travelling. On Feb. 24th, Dogpatch hits Dal in grand style.

Tuesday night, at nine o'clock, the gun goes off and the gals will be on the loose. The best place to hide will be none too good. These modern Dogpatch girls have super-sensitive searching powers. Don't worry too much though, 'cause it will be a painless operation for you prospective L'il Abners. It won't cost a cent. The gals are treatin' to the best little informal Dance to hit this or any other campus. The place is the Dal Gym. The music by Jerry Naugler. The eats are to be good and plentiful. Something tells this Dogpatcher that the boys aren't going to be running too hard or too fast. Oh you lucky fellows that get caught.

And besides this, as if it wasn't enough for the female of the species to take over the functions of their masculine superiors, in the method described above, but the brazen hussies are going to take over the Gazette next week. Is nothing sacred? So we're warning you beforehand that any resemblance on these pages next week to anyone either living or dead is no coincidence—it's a miracle.

Knights of Alley Issue Challenge

The Legal Eagles of the Law School hereby issue a sounding challenge to any organization on the campus (especially Commerce), which boasts a four-man bowling team. Big or small, they'll take you all. Terms: Losers pay—nickel a nine, or anything you wish. Any takers?

Make arrangements with "Sandy" MacDonald, at the Law School, who will make the necessary legal arrangements. S. R. O. for the suckers, on the left.

? DIPO ?

The Desert Island Question

Miss Lorna MacQuarrie emerges as the Dalhousie "girl I would like to be stranded with on a desert island". She had 50% of the votes and a clear lead over her competitors. 16% were undecided, and individual votes were given to Agnes DeMone, Katherine Robinson, Mary Marion, Betty Ritchie, Mrs. Sikes (for her cooking), and a girl named Suse, or Susy. One misogynist said: "Stranded would be the word", and another: "One who can cook".

What Do You Think of Lisle Stockings?

This was a purely feminine question, but two males volunteered to answer it. One said, "I never bother thinking about them," and the other, "I never think." Of the girls queried 60% sang with adulations galore their praises, and 40% sang equally vehemently that they were terrible.

Some commended them on the ground that they were practical; two girls said they were wonderful, and that they were a good idea. One of the negatives volunteered this information: "The same thing happens to girls that wear lisle stockings as it does to girls who wear black woollen stockings—NOTHING!"

Your Favorite Slang Expression?

Everyone at Dalhousie has their own favorite expression, it would seem. No one "slangy" emerged with a clear lead, or any kind of a lead at all. Here they are as they were received: "Gosh, lay on, Macduff"; "Ooooooogh"; "What do you care?"; "Have I got one?"; "You look like _____ (a different blank from the last one), "Gee,"; "Oh, oh!"; "So help me"; "O, heck!" "Phoozle"; "Good heavens!"; "I couldn't tell you that"; "Oh dear!"; "Gentle, gentle"; "Thrill! Thrill!" and several "Don't use them"; "Oh yeah!"

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

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... Once the need is established only one thing more is needed and that is student support. With it there is nothing to prevent a students' union building coming into being on this campus. There are great problems to be surmounted to be sure. But others have solved them, why shouldn't we?

Thus on Feb. 16th, 1940, the editor of the Dalhousie Gazette (the present president of the students' council) was optimistic of chances for a students' union building at Dalhousie. Since then, as everyone knows, much has happened. King's college residence has been lost to a naval invasion and a housing shortage in the city has added to nearly everyone's difficulties. Nor are they Dalhousie's difficulties alone, for Mt. Allison has lost a residence by fire and another maritime university, it is rumored, will be forced this year to raise its tuition fees, thus adding to the problems of those intending to study there next year. Admittedly students are not worse off than many others, nor should they receive proportionately more consideration than others. And we have not seen any of them roosting in trees in the nearby woods. But everyone is aware that university authorities are facing some problems for the coming year. Indeed they are some signs that Dalhousie officials are moving to cope with problems here.

In the days when there was student government here, and a less slothly attitude on the part of the student body, some assistance might have been looked for on such projects from the students themselves under leadership of their council. What about the hopes of action this term? The above quotation reminds us that student president Macdonald is a man of ideas, replete with the necessary accompanying qualities of optimism and enthusiasm. A letter he published in the Gazette a few weeks ago gives unmistakable evidence of the fact that he takes his duties seriously. We can look to him to action. The Gazette is willing to sound out opinion on the matter and Dalhousie students are not different from other humans in that they will lend their effort to something which seems sensible to them. Something, for instance, like the students' cooperative houses which have been so successful in Toronto. The lead must come from the only body equipped by constitution and composition to supply it. As far as we are aware the council has not yet discussed the matter in any of the vexatious three-to-four-sessions it has held this year. If it has we humbly apologize, but the question still remains, "What to do?"

One reply to such remarks as this may be anticipated. Already there are alarmists who prophesy that there will be no university next year. With the same attitude adopted by the Canadian government toward universities in general we can look for continuation of college education in Canada through the war years. The courses may perhaps be changed in accordance with government planning. It is even feasible that the terms will be lengthened and the number of years required for a degree shortened. But Canada is badly enough in need of trained men and women now, and will be badly enough in need of them in the years of reconstruction that will follow the war not to close its institutions of learning at this critical time. Indeed, since the government has looked and will continue to look to the universities for help in running its huge war machine, the universities may well look to the government for help in financing and housing its students.

But this does not take the baby off the council's doorstep by any means. For if there is one generalisation that can be safely made about democratic government in Canada 1942 it is that remedial legislation for minorities usually comes about only when the minority forms itself into a pressure group. The government is busy, to understate it somewhat, and it seems to need reminding that if it wishes universities to continue, students (potential members of the war services) as well as soldiers and sailors must be housed.

The matter cannot be palmed off with glib admissions of its seriousness, vague phrases about "something" having to be done "before long," and a comfortable lapsing back into the state of social semi-consciousness familiar to all too many college students. The client is here now and will not be talked out of court. Students who arrive next year must be housed and provided with eating-places. If they are not given some assurance of these provisions they will not arrive.

As has been said so often, so dolefully and yet so truly in our flourishing democratic society where the individual's circle of consciousness encompasses so narrowly himself and his own affairs alone, what is needed is a little leadership. Given that we can cooperate almost as well as the "collectivised" peoples. We hope, may we pray, that our duly elected representatives at their next meeting look past their ever-absorbing budget to a matter of student government's responsibility.

HOW COULD YOU USE A POOR MAIDEN SO?

A letter has been received at this office from some unknown co-ed suggesting that unfavourable publicity has recently been given to Dalhousie's female population. Considering the close approach of Sadie Hawkins, we do not wish to give anyone the idea that the Gazette is lacking in sympathy for the fair sex, but space does not allow us to print the letter. The main point of the letter is that at least some Dal co-eds prefer going with members of the forces for the simple reason that they are more sincere and courteous, but that they would be glad to attend college functions with college boys and did not intend to discriminate against them at all. . . . Personally we never took the thing that seriously.

LITERARY

The Growth of Milton

O native tongue, thou humble instrument
Till now the shepherd chose the way he trod.
That soundeth out my countrymen's own song,
His purpose kept his footsteps strait within
Thou, filled with subtle meaning, The narrow path he willed; and o'er the sod
mayst present
The noblest conceptions of the thoughtless throng
That beckoned him away to wanton in
To kindred hearts. The highest and The empty pleasures of the thoughtless throng
the best
Thou dost convey to lowly ones, as He seldom ventured; knowing well
well the joy
As to the learned, who thy sway To come, when finished was his perfect song.
contest,
And in the ancient tongue would The pleasure of success is no alloy;
cast their spell. Its metal has the weight of purest gold,
But only when arranged in ordered And value by its measure truly told.
ranks
Thy cadences and notes so inter- A bugle call disturbs the placid
persersed morn:
As well might coax the ear to turn The din of fife and drums arouses
with thanks day.
From Virgil's voice to oral beauty The shepherd doffs the soft cloak
graced he has worn
In melody harmonious with the soul; And leaves the pleasant limits of
Then, if thy music right instruction his way.
bring
To some who struggle upward to What use a home-made flute in time
life's goal, of war?
O lowly native flute, thou'lt truly Its gentle notes hold sway o'er
sing. gentle minds;
Within the grasp of thy fair elo- A song of beauty will suffice no
quence more.
The goodly substance of my fertile The shepherd, roused, a fitting
mind bludgeon finds.
May well be carried by thy music The passion rude, unbounded hate-
hence ful rage,
To feed the hungry hearts of hu- Demands a soldier, one who will
mankind. engage
O, noble native tongue, through To make sharp combat; one who
thee I'll play staunchly stands
The song to free this land from Avenging blows from vengeful,
Satan's sway. hostile hands.

Thus mused the noble shepherd in So long his life had followed on its
his youth, course,
His whole intent to spend his So long his way submitted to his
breath aright will,
Upon a home-made flute; to sing the That when he mingled close with
truth brutal force
He knew with so much beauty that He found both hand and voice ad-
delight justed ill
His audience it must; to thoroughly To cope with enemies more crudely
Instruct them in divine philosophy. trained.
Necessity soon forced him to adopt.
The shepherd lived apart within his New tactics for the fray; and so he
cot, gained
Nor mingled with the throng he A shriller, harsher call. His cause
hoped to sway. he prop't
Companionship he had with those With ugly weapons, barbarous and
who sought uncouth.
Upon the kindred instruments to Yet through the conflict, even at its
play. height
Full many were the days in study When he was hardest pressed, the
spent noble truth
That he might know the best of Of his long cherished principles, and
songs before, light
And many were his trials to invent Of knowledge gained by labor, still
A greater melody than those of shone through,
yore. Their ardor dampened as the grass
Most pleasant were his tunes; his with dew.
gallant songs (To be Continued)

A POX ON POETRY

The poets of our time indeed
On how to write are not agreed;
For some of them the art consists
Of making clever twists
Of noun and verby and adjective
That to the line a rhyme thus give.
Oh yes, indeed, the rhyme's the
stuff,
The rest is rot—but not enough.
Another sort, with borrowed words,
Stol'n from many a long dead wight,
To greet the rosy dawn with danc-
ing toes,
Are wont, as when the purple night,
Reclining on a fleecy cloud, gives
way
To all the nether-flying birds of day.
A goodly gang are those who give
Apt alliteration's awful aid
Surpassing praise, in simple song
Maintaining it, like marmalade,
Joins gently sans divergent jars
The lilting lyrics by the lutist
played.
And there are those who do not
wish for rhyme;
Whose lines must uneven be,
Whose thought wonders like a roe
Driven by a splintered fan,
or something else.
Opium fumes are most clearly
sniffed, or cocaine—maybe.
Ah, but then the whole is worth the
part,
Which an almond-eyed Arab
Can entrance within his caterwaul-
shell,
Bidding the homey penguin go.
Q. E. D.



IF THE DISCUS THROWER COULD TALK—
"I'm going to throw this thing away and have a Sweet Cap."

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THE FEATURE FOLIO

The MENTOR

Amongst the More Inevitable and Intriguing Courses offered by the University, the most complete selection is to be found in the field of Languages, both Foreign and Domestic. In no other branch of Learning does the Modern University extend itself so fully, for it is Rightfully Reasoned that everyone should learn to speak at least one Language. To this end, then, the Official Calendar offers a Truly Remarkable Selection; extending from Old Norse and Middle Scots (English) to the Inevitable Latin, French, etc. Let us, then, examine the many languages given by the University, and the Devious Benefits to be found in their pursuit.

The chief function of any Language Course is, essentially, to teach you to write Sentences about such practical, everyday happenings as crossing the river Flumen, or "finding the gloves for your Uncle. This is to teach you to differentiate easily between the various languages you are likely to encounter. Another function of any Language Course is to teach you to read out of a Crib without detection, and is thus Invaluable Training in many post-Collegiate activities.

Of all the Languages offered by the University, Latin is probably one of the most Unique and Unedifying. Although it is assumed that all Students are adept in this language by the Official Calendar, it is Relentlessly set Forth that all must take Latin, if they don't take something else. This is, of course, a hangover from the Dark Ages, when Latin was the only language anyone knew, could say their prayers in, or anything. Since that time no one has had the heart to inform the proper Authorities that Latin is no longer in current use, and all Universities Invariably Include it on their curriculum.

The Course itself (in Latin) is essentially historical, and is thus of great interest in this way. It is generally accepted, however, that these historical facts are mostly Myth, and thus one of the ultimate benefits from Latin is a huge store of Mythinformation, to be used in later cultivating a good sound English Style, after the fashion of Milton. Thus, Latin, though Classical, is properly an Essential Part of the Complete College Education.

Nobody will deny that one of the most Effete and Fascinating Languages is German. At present German is merely an Intriguing Course, but it would be wise to investigate this Class now, before it becomes obsolete, and therefore Required and Inevitable.

German is intriguing in many ways, the chief of which being that it is the only University Course which can be taught solely by mechanical means, requiring only the assistance of someone to wind the Gramophone, and turn the records over. This advance over the old method of merely reading the stuff makes German a truly Intriguing and Fascinating subject.

French is probably the most difficult of all Languages studied at the University. Essentially it is a course in Self Strangulation, for you will discover that French can only be spoken with one hand in the Mouth, feeling gingerly for the tonsils. The object of all this is to get you in the proper frame of mind to pronounce French, which will be duly demonstrated by the instructor, with appropriate contortions, nasal and otherwise. It is also interesting to discover that there are several ways of saying the same word in French, including the way you were taught in High School, though this should take nothing from the Interest in the class.

For the same fee, it is possible to enroll in several other Courses of Language, including Old Norse and others, but you are warned to be careful since they are all merely English in disguise, intended to lure the unwary into further pitfalls, having scraped through English 2. However, for all interested parties, further information can be secured by asking the proper authorities.

Invaluable, then in the formation of our Well Rounded (Educationally Speaking) Individual—the Complete College Man, are the many Languages which are taught by the University, and, since they are Inevitable anyway, you might as well resign yourself. Cum grano Salisa.

Dear Auntie Effie:

Though I try to answer letters as promptly and as sincerely as possible, there seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding over my efforts. This, however, must be due to narrow-minded people who fail to appreciate the trouble I go to to answer their letters.

Dear Miss Vera Crumbs writes to say that she took my advice and visited the Silver Slipper, but the Air Force recruit that she obtained sort of left her, shall we say, flat. This, my child, is indeed a pressing problem, and I am deeply concerned. I really know how badly you Haul girls are faring and I do want to help you, although I can't wish you off on any of the poor, unsuspecting male students. Try the S. S. again, my dear, as we also have an army and navy. Then let me know if you don't succeed.

My next letter comes from the Hall, where Miss Nancy Berringer, the dear innocent child, wants to know what to make of her fellow resident, K. Robinson, accosting a stranger in Eaton's and making a telephone date. Scandalous, isn't it, my dear, but then I imagine that you will have to attribute it to the war. It is funny that there were no service men around. Tell her to try the Anzac Club, as some girls have found this the solution, according to dear little Norrie D.

Mr. J. Ross writes to ask a statement to the effect that he did not supply the information on a recent New Glasgow item. My dear young man, all my information comes from signed correspondence from which I publish the signed names. However, I would consult A. MacIntosh, though I wouldn't be hopeful.

Well, my dears, I must leave you now, this time for two weeks, as I believe the children from the Hall are taking over next week. I hope they won't murder this page, but be patient with them, and your old Aunt Effie will be back two weeks hence. I hope the Babes will not include this column, but if fate decrees otherwise, I refuse to accept any responsibility; I'll have three weeks to undo any damage.

Warningly,

Aunt Effie

» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon »

Episode 13
Galling all Gr-r-rs

Nothing could be seen in the Gazoot office except the extending heads and other parts of Tank Farsight and Jahn Gaunt as ping pong balls were being thrown around widely. The hungry Fastman was eagerly devouring these as quickly as propriety would allow. It was all the doings of Galling Schmidt, who could be seen madly hurling printer's ink at the astonished Foldwell, who was engaged in replacing it in the proper place.

Far from this battle-scene two weary worn-out wabbling warts were making wready to return to Halifax—the rapacious Elk MacLoud and the heroic Drooley Mouth-inwash, who were week-ending in parts unknown, namely Cape Breton. The dismal drone of the driver's whistle sounded through the night as these knights pressed towards the city beside the sea, commonly unknown as the east coast Canadian port. The advent of these war-worn worthies could not long be delayed; the anguished calls of Fastman and Gaunt and Farsight would not long go unheeded.

"What have you done with my

'Sport Spits' bemoaned the wounded Elk as he picked up the Gazoot. I am Galled. I die". Instantly, however, the Gazoot was snatched from his hand by the hungry Fastman, who had now broken his fast and had exhausted the supply of ping-pong balls, watched by the Edittur with a gaunt and hungry look.

Instantly, however, the forces of the Gazoot were united by the sudden appearance of Wilbur P. Fizzleque, backed by Major Hokum and a mass of the O Pee Chee. "I am", declared W. P. F., "the new official censor of the Gazoot. It is to me to bring up to a high standard of the Gazoot." Furthermore it is necessary that my picture should appear, as last week I have said".

"In whose name indeed is the Gazoot to be lowered to your high standard", demanded the irate Edittur. "That of PROKOV", hissed Hokum, raising his hands in a petty gesture of defiance. "Off with his head", screamed Foldwell, and the whole situation speedily began to deteriorate.

How will Rufus fare at the feet of frowsy females? Come and see for yourself.



Overheard on the 2nd Floor, Thursday Nite; 'It's a Boy, it's a Boy!' Must have been some Phone call, Norrie, or was it just a thrill to hear a male voice again.

Bob Murphy's interest in his labs is increasing to the extent of changing the periods. Too bad that you couldn't influence him before Xmas, Doshie.

Is Sue getting forgetful, or is this approach No. 3. After all, Sue, a lipstick, overshoes, hankie, and a purse seems a little more than pure co-incidence.

We hear that Henry Reardon is back in Aldershot again. This spot will sure be popular, what will Millionaires at Acadia, and the Army in Kentville. How about that, Bunny?

We just can't seem to get anything on Johnny McInnis. We suppose he and Marie were just at the Nelson the other nite for dinner, but who knows.

The Nelson seems to be a popular place these days. Leah Thomas payed a visit there on Tuesday nite, and Rettie the Sunday nite before. It's too bad they can't get together, but maybe Auntie Effie could help them out.

D.O.P.E.

Dal Organ of Puerile Enigmas

ARE YOU A SLAVE OF LOVE?

Fred Russell, 1st year Engineering: "Undoubtedly not. Not Canadian love, anyway."

Jean Cameron, 1st year Commerce: "What? How can you be a slave of love, that is, if you don't love him? Hey, what am I saying?"

Pete McCoolough, 3rd year Science: "Not that I know of. Why, do I look like it?"

"Moose" MacLeod, 3rd year Law: "Not necessarily a slave—a devotee."

Kay Hicks, 4th year Arts: "Yes—self love."

Bob Blois, 4th year Commerce: "If you believe in the impossible you can be a great lover."

"Bob" White, 1st year Science: "Yes I am. I am in love with someone who isn't in love with me."

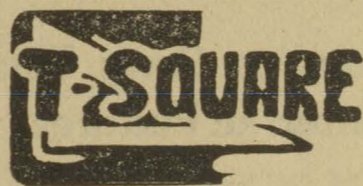
Johnny Maclean, 3rd year Sci. Eng.: "I don't know, it's not a bad idea. The nasty truth is that I am afraid I am."

Helen McKay, 3rd year Arts: "Ask me sometime when I know that you aren't going to write it down."

Whiz Wiswell, 3rd year Eng.: "Yes, so what? Why, are you?"

Nobody can accuse Bob White of being in a rut. We notice she has switched escorts again. We wonder how long Les McLean will last. We understand that Hagen's chesterfield was also quite popular last Saturday nite.

Any resemblance between the Original March of Grime and the Female version of Next Week is purely coincidental, and all references to persons living or dead will be purely incidental.



What's this we hear about Wiswell singing that ditty about "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"?

Will somebody please introduce Johnny More to Stella, 'cause he's pining away to a shadow.

We can state definitely that Wilcox will proceed from Dal to Tech, it seems that he is sort of "tied" to that institution.

There's a rumor about J. G.'s O. and O. coming down—you'd never think it; first Kay, then Elaine and now Geraldine—tsk, tsk, you're a bad, bad boy, Sparky!

You have to hand it to guys like Lantz. Anyone who'd stay home to study English 2 when he could be out with Gwen, well-l-l.

Who knows what (or who) caused "Hank" Johnson to be so mixed up last Sunday. Can't you concentrate Doug, or were you?

Could anybody tell us why Winterbourne and party were seen proceeding along a downtown street when the dawn was breaking? (Note: We hear that Norman's is open 24 hours a day).

Just a little off the record—Why does Warren Fetterly go 'round mumbling "Gee! She's wonderful, and she's not a red-head—she's a strawberry blonde".

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Basketeers Win Fourth Straight

Bengals "Off" on Evening's Play But Take The Fixture Anyway

The Dalhousie Tigers, in defeating the Air Force by a 26-14 score last night, won their fourth straight game of the City Basketball League, and continued their string of undefeated, untied contests. But in taking the fixture, the Bengals looked far from good. Whether because of the unorthodox style of play used by the visitors, or whether it was just an "off" night for the gold and black, it was difficult to tell. But the Tigers missed shot after shot from easy spots on the floor. Their passing was wild, and their play generally ragged. It was not the type of exhibition the gallery expected from the potential champs of the City League.

At half time, by dint of close checking, the Ralston squad held a 14-2 advantage on baskets scored by Wilson, Smith and MacLeod. With the start of the second half, the airmen began to creep up on the collegians, and at one point were only six tallies behind. But a nice long shot by Forsythe, and continued sallies by Smith and Wilson, again established the Tiger lead, and at the end of the game the score-keepers book showed Dal: 26; Air Force: 14.

The game was rough from beginning to end. It was marred by two exhibitions of temper and fistcuffs, as a result of which Russ Webber of Dal, and Wolman of airmen, were banished from the floor by referee Bev Piers.

In spite of the fact that Dal came up with a win, it was hoped by all that the Tiger brand of play was no foretaste of things to come. For while every team is entitled to its "off" night, in the run of a season, the brand of ball dished up by the gold and black quintet was not of senior calibre. In forthcoming games there will have to be a decided improvement, or Dal's hope for a City League Championship will most certainly be thwarted.

Dalhousie: McKenzie; Forsythe, 3; McLeod, 7; Wilson, 9; Webber, 1; Smith, 6; MacDonald.

Hoopsters Whoop it Up In City League

What the Dalhousie Basketball Tigers are doing to the City Basketball League should be a joy to every Dalhousian, old, young, or indifferent (as most Dalhousians seem to be). Not since 1934, or thereabouts have gold and black hoopsters come up with a City title, but this seems to be a new year for the Bengals. For Burnie Ralston's cagers have been undefeated and untied to date, having won all three of their league games, and a number of exhibition tilts besides. Twice the Navy has succumbed to Tiger court power in league contests, and both times by lop-sided scores. It is significant that in pre-season predictions, the so-called "experts" had discounted Dal as a threat to the Maritime title won last year by the Tars. The other league victory was a Tiger win over the Air Force, again by a one-sided margin of 33-19.

At the time of writing, the Bengals appear to be a sure bet to land in first place in the final league standing, as two of their remaining games are with Acadia, which has been beaten by both the sailors and the airmen. When playdowns roll around in a couple of week's time, it will probably be Navy who will attempt to oust the Tigers from the greatly-coveted championship. Dalhousie supporters are freely predicting a Dalhousie win, and vengeance for the striped quintet for the trimming they absorbed last year from the Navy artists.

As far as the Dal hoopsters are concerned, they are making no predictions. But in workouts there is a quiet confidence which indicates that if Burnie Ralston's footballers could win a City championship, then his basketballers can do it too. And of course, nothing will be definitely decided until the schedule is completed and the playdowns finished. But when it's all over, most people think the Dal Tigers will have another scalp pinned to their belts. Wanna bet?

Don't forget the Badminton Tourney scheduled for Monday night in the Gym.

Hockeyists Have Hard Hoeing

The Dalhousie hockey Tigers are having a hard time finding their "second wind" and first win in the College Service League. In their first league game to date, the Bengals were taken to camp by the St. Mary's sextet, who hung a 5-2 trimming on our own collegians, and in an exhibition fixture last week, they also lost to Acadia, their arch-rivals, by a 6-3 score.

However unproductive the season has been thus far, as far as victories are concerned, the tea mis sowing to much greater advantage than it has in the past number of years. For one thing, there is an added scoring punch, which fills a long wanted need in the Dal offense. Indicative of this is the three goal drive put on by young Evans in the Dal-Acadia game. In the St. Mary's game, Tiger scores were made by Bob Blois and Marty MacDonald. This ability to register goals will undoubtedly become more pronounced as the season wears along, they must certainly come up with a win.

The failure of the team to win any games to date has been the lack of condition of the team members, due to a want of practice facilities. When a team is not in shape, it can rarely play three full periods of rugged hockey—and the result in the Tiger instance has been that the team faded badly in the third period of every game, and the opposition thereupon proceeded to sew up the contest. But both defence and attack are based upon sound physical condition, and unless the gold and black six round into shape very shortly, this season will hardly be more productive of hockey laurels than was last year. And last year the Tigers won only one game.

But with Evans working on a line with Fraser and Wilson, and Russ Webber and Dooley MacIntosh belting them on the defense, while Hennigar kicks them out in the nets, the Tigers are a paper threat to any hockey club. Whether they out to be an actual threat or not depends entirely upon the enthusiasm that the boys demonstrate in the next few weeks. Their recent practice appearance against the Shore Patrol, which boasts the services of McConnell, Perowne, et al, former Montreal Royals, indicates that the Tigers have the makings. For the score in that fixture was a close 5-4 decision for the sailors—but they're fast company.

How to Make Sadie—

(Continued from Page One)

(8) With a disgusted look on your face tell her that you smell liquor on her breath and that you will never go out with her again. If she hasn't slapped your face by this time it should be interesting listening to a girl alibi for a change.

(9) Pull the old cold trick upon leaving the dance. It is always comfortable riding in taxis.

(10) If she isn't ready to knock your teeth down your throat she will probably take you out to eat. And this is the time that her wealthy father will come in handy.

(11) Order the most expensive foods and leave most of it on your plate. Butt your cigarets after one or two drags. Complain about the food in an audible voice.

(12) Suggest that she play the pin-ball machine. Just as she is about to amass a winning score, bump against the machine and tilt it, and then brother, cold or no cold, run like hell.

FLASH!

Basketball Cubs continue unwinning streak by dropping hoop decision to Navy Intermediates, 38-34. Doig, Hicks and Fraser star for Dal.

SPORT Spice

By AL MacLEOD

This week, as a prelude to the co-ed edition of the Gazette, which will be forthcoming at an uncertain hour next week, we give some prominence to the co-ed sporting sphere. For, although it may be news to many, the daughters of Dalhousie are this year engaged in a greatly expanded program of sports, as drawn up by the D.G.A.C. and supervised by Phyllis Wray Barrett.

In the sporting columns of this humble sheet the unwary reader will undoubtedly have observed that the Golds, the Blacks and the Reds have for some time past been engaged in the form of court murder known as girls' basketball. And this week-end, at 6 a.m. of a Saturday morning, and despite the after-effects of the Junior Prom, Dal's bemused belles will pack their cudgels and be off to Acadia, where they will meet the Axettes in an exhibition tilt. Among the athletic lovelies who will make the trip are Laura Bissett, Mary McKeigan, Anita Rosenblum, Anita Reid, Marg Morrison, Inez Smith, Kay ditto, Vera Crummy, and Doshie Stairs.

Dal co-eds have never in the history of a living Dalhousian won a contest from the Acadiaettes, but there's no better time than right now to make a beginning. If the Bengalettes will only throw their weight around more than somewhat, a new era will have been inaugurated. For having once tasted the sweet fruits of victory, they'd never again be content to accept defeat.

If the not-too-perspicacious (and please mister typesetter, spell it right—it took us long enough to think it up) reader has come this far, perhaps he'll stick around long enough to hear a word about badminton. Because Jack Matthew, Marje Parkes, Phyl Barrett and Clyde Sperry, who are organizing the mammoth badminton tourney for next Monday night would appreciate a little attention. In other years the Dal Badminton Championships have been determined over a period of weeks or even months, and it often developed that many a scheduled match was never played. This year, the zealous quartet above-mentioned have planned one big evening of badminton, at the conclusion of which champions will be declared in Mens' Doubles, Womens' Doubles, Mens' Singles, Womens' Singles, and Mixed Doubles.

How to enter: Run, do not walk, to the bulletin board in the gym, and sign your name. Then on Monday night attire yourself in any old badminton outfit, and get out on the gym floor, prepared to sacrifice all for dear old Badminton. It'll be a lot of fun, no matter what your ability-rating is, and you might even pick up a few tips, or a championship, mabe.

Our concluding plug is for old Mount Allison and its students, who could well do with a few dollars for rehabilitation purposes. Their athletic teams (especially the girls) are sacrificing many of their scheduled trips, in order that the money may be turned over to the Students' Assistance Fund. Brother, can you spare a few shekels for a worthy cause?

Medico, Coms, Win Interfac Fixtures

In regularly scheduled games of the Interfaculty Basketball League played last Thursday evening, the Meds defeated the Engineers by a 24-21 score, while the Commerce took a comfortable 30-22 decision from the Lawyers.

MEDS V. ENGINEERS: Led by the great Joe Cantwell and the hustling Sol Green, who tallied seventeen points between them, the Meds were just three points too much for the hard fighting Engineers. At half time, with the scoreboard reading 12-2 in Meds' favor, it looked like a walkaway for the sawbones gang. But with the start of the second half, the T-Squares swung into action, led by "Mac" Campbell and Verne Graham, and by outscoring their opponents 19 to 12 in this half, came within an ace of copping the contest. With the score all tied up, however, and Lyon a few moments left to play, Clary Fraser sank one of the two foul shots he was awarded, and Gordie Bethune came through with a field goal to sew it up. For the Meds, Cantwell, Green and Fraser did the scoring, while Bethune set up the plays. Engineers' great effort was in the hands of Campbell and Graham, with Wiswell doing a great supporting job.

Meds: Stewart, 2; Fraser, 3; Green, 7; Perlin; Bethune, 2; Cantwell, 10.

Engineers: Campbell, 11; Matheson; Hall; Graham, 8; Wiswell, 2; Hubley.

Law v. Commerce: Immediately prior to the playing of this fixture, the Lawyers were credited with one win and one loss in league competition, without ever playing a game. Both fixtures had been awarded by default. The higg hopes held by the jurists were destined never to be fulfilled, however, for the com-

mercial men, headed by Del Gibson and Len Mitchell, were never ones to leave the issue in doubt. At half time Law was on the gloomy end of a 17-6 score, and while they outscored the Commerce artists by a slight margin in the second half, at no time were they a real threat to take the game. Mitchell, Gibson and Ken Boite scored a 26 point total between them, more than enough to surpass the Law total of 22 points, in which all the Law players figured. Sandy MacDonald, "Junior" LeMoine and "Dooley" McIntosh carried the brunt of the play for the Forrest men, with Ted Rettie, Ken Jones, Laurie McIvor and Fred Forbes providing the supporting strength. Cyril King, who tallied four points for Commerce, also showed up well.

Commerce: Matthew; King, 4; Ogilvie; Boite, 6; Mitchell, 10; Gibson, 10.

Law: McDonald, 6; Rettie; McIvor 2; Jones, 2; LeMoine, 6; Forbes, 2; McIntosh, 4.

The games were refereed by "Yank" Forsythe and "Lightning" MacKenzie.

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