

Dalhousie Gazette

VOL. LXXV

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 19, 1943

No. 20

Naval Training Division Planned For Dal

THE GAZETTE STAFF

...VALEQUE

Editorial

This, the last issue of the "Gazette" for the year, marks the end of normal student activities for the term. From now on, students will be giving increasing thought to the problem of examinations, and after that will come the parting of the ways. Some of us will be going off to the wars, others will be looking for jobs in war industries where they can utilize the training they have received at Dalhousie, and still others will be making plans for finishing their university courses next year.

Whatever may happen to each one of us, we have a common task and responsibility that is ours to fulfill towards making this a world a place fit for men and women to live in, a world free from wars, from hunger, from slums, from disease, from want and suffering in every form in which it may appear.

Any student who hesitates to throw himself into this struggle, who tries to lead a life apart from this struggle, has wasted his own time, his professors' time, and the whole community's time in coming to college.

University training is not a right, it is a privilege, and carries with it duties and responsibilities. Therefore, when we leave university, we must not try to withdraw from the world we are honour-bound to man the ramparts of the new world shoulder to shoulder with the young men and women from the factories, the farms and the armed forces.

Our generation does not face an easy task. It has been reared in a period of depression, when thousands of our fathers found themselves on the relief lines, vainly looking for jobs that would guarantee them the barest necessities to provide for their families. We have seen thousands of our brothers and school chums setting out into a world which did not need them, did not want them. We have seen want, suffering and hunger amidst a world of seeming plenty, and finally, we are now called on to give up our youth, and if need be, our lives, to crush a menace that is more hateful than death itself.

When peace comes to the world again, it will be up to us to decide whether we are going to return to the mess which we inherited from our fathers, or whether we are going to set out and consciously build a world of peace and security. It depends on our generation whether or not the day will come when "men shall learn to think rather than to accept, to enjoy the flowing temporal rather than hope for the eternal static."



The blinds are up, the windows are open, and the Staff of your favourite college paper emerges from the den deep down in the bowels of the Arts building, where it has laboured most of the year to bring you its annual output of twenty issues. Gazette work this year has been fun, was the comment of one curly-headed rascal who came peeping out, brushing the moss off his coat, and blinking at the sun. And eventful, too, reminded the Editor-in-chief, recalling the alleged "phonography case" (settled quietly with the amicable misunderstanding of all).

Seriously, though, the members of the Gazette Staff have laboured long and hard under the benign and beneficent direction of Editor-in-Chief Bob McCleave. Ted Shields, Managing Director, acted as News Editor until the Spring semester, at which time Peter Donkin, who had been Editor of the Feature Page from the fourth issue on, took over the job of making up the front page.

Eugene Merry, who had added charm and honor to the proceedings by his mere presence (to say nothing of his "Campus Clippings"), was with us until Christmas, when "pressure of studies" forced him to discontinue his association with the paper.

Boris Funt consistently throughout the year provided us with a thought-provoking DIPO, and was responsible for its enviable position as the Gazette's most prominent feature article. Laurie Allison joined us half-way through this semester, and Eileen Phinney was responsible for upholding the woman's viewpoint in nearly every issue.

Webster MacDonald and Edmund Morris, in their respective positions of Business Manager and Sports Editor, continued to provide the Gazette with the help and consideration that made their services invaluable in the past.

One Moment Please

Dalhousie University Store
Because of an insufficient number of applications being filed for the position of University Store Manager under the previous notice, applications will again be received till April 15th, 1943. Any student, male or female, may apply. Salary is \$200 per annum.

Arts and Science Society will have their "Pharos" picture taken Tuesday noon on the library steps. Everybody out.

Correction, please. For Dr. Malcolm Smith, read Dr. Mike Smith in last week's issue.

Mushkat Memorial Essay Prize
Any student registered for three or more classes in the Faculty of Arts and Science may submit an essay in competition for this prize, the value of which is \$40.00.

The subject chosen for the first essay is: "Tolerance: A Necessary Part of the Political Structure".

Essays should be of 4,000 to 6,000 words. They are to be left in the President's office not later than April 20th.

Music Club at 8 o'clock Saturday night, 59 Coburg Road. See article elsewhere.

DEBATING TEAMS TAKE DOUBLE DEFEAT FROM M.S.B., MT. A.

Mount Saint Bernard Debating Society defeated Sodales on Monday evening at last debate of the year held here at Studley Campus. The subject for discussion was, resolved that voluntary health services are more in keeping with a democratic community than compulsory health insurance. Speakers for Mt. St. Bernard, were Misses Rose Nearing and Mary MacLellan, who upheld the affirmative, while Dalhousie's representatives were Misses Theresa Monaghan and Margaret Farquhar, defending the negative. The three judges for the evening, Mrs. Elizabeth Callan Brenton, Mr. Hickie and Alderman Lloyd, put their collective heads together and reaped their decision in favour of the Mount.

Backing up their firm convictions were the reasons given by the judges for their decision: first, that the presentation of the girls of the affirmative was excellent; secondly, that they spoke with such conviction and ease. But they then informed the audience that the Dalhousie team had the better material but did not have their presentation down to the degree of perfection that the girls from the Mount had. However, the losers are to be congratulated on their defence, and Sodales extends to The Mount Saint Bernard team their hearty congratulations.

Dal also lost another debate last week, and we don't wonder, in view of the number in attendance. Subject—Resolved that universal education has been a failure. Mt. Allison Debating society took the affirmative and also took us with it. Speakers for Mt. A. were Mr. Inch and Mr. DuMarche, and the speakers for Sodales were Miss Margaret Hyland and Mr. Kevin Barry.

Arts and Science Hold Meeting

At a mass meeting of the influential Arts and Science Society held in the auditorium of Room 3, officers of that popular organization were elected for the coming year. After the usual constitutional confusion had abated, nominations for the leadership started to pour in. It proved a painful procedure, mainly because people were unaware of what class they were in, while others expressed doubts as to whether or not they would actually graduate in the year allotted to them by the arbitrary will of the majority. One intellectual suggested that the solution to the problem would be to wait until graduation lists were actually posted. It was deemed advisable, however, to

Announcement To Be Made Shortly By President Stanley

Dalhousie University may have sailors training among it's students next year. The possibility of having a Naval Training Division is now being discussed with Dr. Stanley, president of the University. He announced however, that a decision should be reached within the next two weeks.

This new unit will be known as the University Naval Training Division, or in short, the U.N.T.D. The boys will complete their required training on the campus and at the local naval training barracks, and their course will include such subjects as squad and rifle drill, initial seamanship, signals and elementary pilotage and navigation. During the summer months they will go to H. M.C.S. Cornwallis for two weeks of advanced training.

If It Came

The call for active service will be delayed for members of the U.N.T.D. while they are attending university, unless the national exigency is to demand otherwise.

According to Naval Minister MacDonald, this new service was created for two main reasons; first, that students may serve while they are still attending the university. Secondly, the Navy needs as many men of high calibre as they can obtain, for positions as petty officers and commissioned officers, in all branches of naval work throughout the world.

... It Might Stay

This new institution is not only a wartime measure, but the higher authorities hope that after the war, this branch of the service will still continue to be a constitution of the University. In this way students wishing to enter the Navy would be able to train in their spare time.

Thus next year we will probably see three branches of the services here at Dalhousie; the O.T.C. (army) the U.T.T.C. (airforce), and the new U.N.T.D. (navy).

have officers for next year, although the suggestion was universally acclaimed as profound.

Miss Jean MacDonald, having agreed to belong to the class of '44 was elected President, and Drummond Fraser became First Vice-President. The post of Treasurer fell to Margaret MacPherson by acclamation, although at press time she had not yet decided whether she could become reconciled to being in the class of '46. Besides these officers, the Arts and Science decided to

(Continued on page six)

YOUR 1943 PHAROS

will contain . . .

1. Photos of this year's graduates as usual
2. The latest photos of the campus buildings
3. An attractive sports section on tinted paper
4. More candid shots than ever before (including revealing shots released for the first time)
5. C.O.T.C. and U.A.T.C. pictures
6. Football, basketball, and other team pictures (including action shots of the crucial games)
7. A summary of the year's activities at Dalhousie
8. Dozens of other features, photos, that you you'll want to keep

WHICH ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

One of the lucky 250 who get a copy of this attractive memento of college days?
Or one of the unlucky ones who will be going around next year moaning because they spent the \$2.50 on shows they really didn't want to see anyway?
We'd advise you to give the money while you have it to your faculty representatives, or to a member of the Year Book staff.

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

McCurdy Print

Editor Bob McCleave
 Business Manager Webster Macdonald
 Managing Editor Ted Shields
 News Editors Laurie Allison, Peter Donkin
 Sports Editor Ed Morris
 Literary Editor David Coldwell
 C. U. P. and Exchange Laurie Allison
 Photographic Editor Donald Oland
 Circulation Manager Eileen Phinney
 D.I.P.O. Boris Funt
 Proof Editor Eileen Phinney
 Reportorial staff: Boris Funt, Joyce Harvey, Kay Cox, James Campbell, W. R. Lawrence, Elaine Hopewell, Aneeta Goodman.

SUGGESTIONS

1. Why doesn't this University follow the practice of other universities, and have a complete list of coming events posted in some conspicuous spot with a member of the Students' Council to look after it? In recent days we have seen the frightening spectacle of very few students out to Friday night Glee Club shows, while Pine Hill functions took the pick of the population. And one of these nights also featured a debate which didn't help the cause of unity anyway. This is quite a poser of a problem, as there seems to be very few available nights for a lot of functions, but surely better planning could take place.

2. Why don't they adopt a more sensible policy towards first and second years of Medicine with regard to military training. You have here the toughest courses in Medicine, or at least they are at the very beginning of the career when the initial framework is to laid, and with labs, classes and long hours of night work comes compulsory training. Christmas examinations certainly indicate a change was needed. Basically it lies with the Government—surely they can see that this course above all is not an escape-hole for draft dodgers, and that the public face of courses with military training does not have to be a duty of this faculty. The men enter the R. C. A. M. C. in their third year, so why not at the beginning of the course?

3. "The time is now" emphatically declared a member of the new Students' Council, "to make an honor roll of all former Dalhousie students who have enrolled in the services of their country." We emphasize this suggestion. That would put a real drop of blood in that semi-mythical animal browsing on the campus—college spirit. It would also make former Dalhousie students realize their Alma Mater was solidly behind them in a concrete way.

4. This cousin to Number 1. Why doesn't someone with a half hour or hour spare a week to do something about the bulletin boards for the students? The pay is a reasonable \$25 a year. Plenty of typewriters around to put in use, and there is one anyway for the job. The University powers might also do a little checking up on their bulletins. They are nicely posted, it is true, but apparently are not taken down quite on time.

AND SO, GOODBYE!

This is the last time this editor and many of his staff will write for the Gazette. Students' Council will choose a new editor at its next meeting, within two weeks' time. The choice will be publicized in the local papers.

It has not been an easy year; but it has been enjoyable. We have learned a lot. In the small democracy of a newspaper office we have found by trial and error that democracy lives only in its relationship with other unities. We have had the chafe of much criticism: why run O.T.C. stories, why run too much of this column, why not write on international affairs?

We have tried our best. The first policy of the paper announced by this writer at the Frosh meeting last September was to bring in an entirely new staff, composed mostly of newcomers to the University. If we have been successful, it is to their credit; if we have been mediocre, next year they will be better.

Another one of our policies has been the shuttling of editors back on different pages to give them a new lease on life, and perhaps a better break for the reader. This is a policy used successfully by "Time" magazine. Peter Donkin and E. J. Shields became News and Feature Editors respectively under this scheme, interchanging pages. The Editor took a turn at the back page, and front page of the "Zeitung" during Christmas holidays.

We would like to thank Dr. Stanley at this time for the lenient manner with which our first term offenses were dealt with. It is much more to be praised when regarded in the light of the hasty and unqualified action of the McGill Senate in shutting off publication of the McGill Daily while an investigation was made. We have the opinion that university leaders should follow the wise example of the President of U.N.B., who consistently reads his students' publication, and keeps up with the students.

We would also like to thank Miss Henry for invaluable assistance in obtaining several important stories; Dr. D. C. Harvey, who "joined" the staff to help us on Dr. Stanley's CBC address; Prof. Bennet and the front office for releases; Dr. Holland, for notices. To The Halifax Herald for several cuts and mats, and to The Halifax Chronicle for the loan of a cut, we are extremely grateful.

We cannot leave our printers unnoticed. If it were not for capable Lou Smith, editors would have their work as a real time-breaker. Also the very fine work of Miss Florence MacAulay of the night linotype staff, and the "boys" on the day-side at McCurdy's.

Finally, we would like to state we have never been satisfied with letting articles through that we have felt mediocre, or been content with a position of continued dullness without trying to do something about it. On this charge, our sins or halos rest.

ANYTIME IS A BETTER TIME WITH A SWEET CAP



If, by your sergeant, your wife
 or your dearie,
 You're sent to the doghouse
 to grieve for your sin,
 Don't prove you belong there
 by growling and whining!
 ... And THAT'S where a
 Sweet Cap fits in!

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

FARMERS' MILK

Is Stimulating . . . It Peps You Up!

"TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

MacLeod - Balcom

LIMITED

DRUGGISTS

Headquarters for Students Requirements

HALIFAX - SHEET HARBOUR KENTVILLE, N. S.

Eat at . . .
EVANGELINE TEA ROOM
 56½ SPRING GARDEN ROAD B-9571

THE FLOWER SHOP

37 BLOWERS STREET HALIFAX Phone B-7133

AN OLD SAYING REVERSED

We have heard of "starvation in the midst of plenty". With Birks' sterling, it is different.

Other materials may be scarce, but Birks' sterling is obtainable—more highly prized than ever.

Henry Birks & Sons Limited

Registered Jeweller
 American Gem Society
 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

BLAKELEY'S

43 Spring Garden Road

DALHOUSIE STUDENTS

WELCOME

Dalhousie University

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Maintains a High Standard of Scholarship.
 Includes all the principal Faculties of a University.
 Largest Staff, Libraries, Laboratories in Eastern Canada.

Arts and Science Faculty

Degrees: B.A., B.Sc., B.Com., B.Mus., Ph.M.
 Diplomas: Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education.
 Four Year Advanced Courses in Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History.
 Graduate Courses of recognized standing, leading to degrees of M.A., M.Sc.

Courses—preparatory to Professional Faculties.
 Course in Public Administration.

Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through the courses.

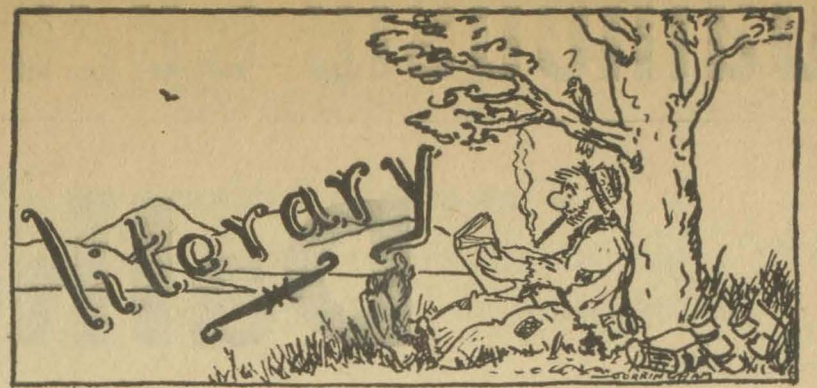
The Professional Faculties

in Law, Medicine, Dentistry, enjoy an unexcelled reputation.

Inclusive Fees: in the B.A. course, average about \$160 a year.
 in the B.Sc. course, about \$190 a year.

Residence

Shirreff Hall, residence for women.
 Carefully supervised residential faculties for men.



A PARTY

A SHORT STORY

Molly hurried along the street heedless of the water which her flying feet splashed on her stockings. "Oh, dear, I'm dreadfully late. And I'm going to that St. Patrick's Day dance at Jean's house. I suppose I'd better wear my light green dress."

The day had been springlike, the sooty masses of snow were slowly melting and rivulets ran down the sidewalks and streets, children played with marbles in the mud, bare bits of the lawn were showing green the buds were swelling, and the eaves dripped. It was a Nova Scotian spring—it had rained yesterday and it would snow tomorrow. Today the bright sun and the cool air promised summer.

"Jean simply insisted that I come to her party though I don't really want to when Don left for Ottawa on business so suddenly. But Jean asked and I would put myself out for her. We've been friends for a long time. Parties never seem worthwhile without Don. Jean's invited a dozen airmen to her party and she hasn't enough girls. And I do want to meet Mr. Smith — the famous journalist who has just been in England. He's some relation of her mother's or he would never have come to Jean's party. Well, goodbye, Nan, I'll see you tomorrow."

As Molly ran up the stairs of the brown house she glanced over her shoulder at the sun setting in a blaze of flaming orange, pale yellow, rose and blue behind the purple hills.

The full golden moon looked down from the deep azure sky on the luminous water, the quiet ships and their dark shadows, the sloping hills, the dark huddled houses and shops and theatres, bare trees and lawns and people, asleep or awake—on everything that makes a busy seaport town on a spring night.

"Oh, Molly, I'm so glad you came" said Jean. "How are you, Dick," to Molly's brother—"Did you hear from Don? Mother got a note yesterday. Go right up and take off your wrap. The boys from the R.C.A.F. are here. We're going to start dancing."

Jean returned to the large rooms crowded with chattering people. Molly caught a confused impression of green and white decorations, a small orchestra, and a group of young men in airforce blue. "Molly, I haven't seen you for ages. You know Ted don't you? You're working for the government now? Did you know Dolly is married? Why, yes, Dick, I'd love to dance." Molly and Ted started to dance. Then another friend came up—and a tall boy with blue eyes and sandy hair in an airforce uniform. His name was Jack Sanderson. "Where do you live," began Jack, "and what do you do with yourself when you're not

going to parties." "I'd like to dance with you forever" he said regretfully as a brother airman claimed her.

"I wonder if Mr. Smith is coming" thought Molly. "It'll be wonderful to meet a man who has really seen the war and not to talk to boys away from home for the first time who haven't seen the war yet. Boys like Jack and his friends are nice but they've never seen anything." Then she saw Jean clinging to the arm of a middle-aged, handsome, dapper man and proudly introducing him to her guests. Molly joined the fringe of the group clustered around Mr. Smith and listened to the words of the great man. "Of course I flew to England, but the trip back by sea was horrible. We were almost torpedoed. Of course everyone was calm, the sailors didn't seem to mind at all. Yes, the people of Britain are marvellous — really marvellous. Their morale is wonderful, they take the most awful raids—Oh yes, the damage is terrible . . . That music is lovely, would you care to dance with me, Miss Jean?"

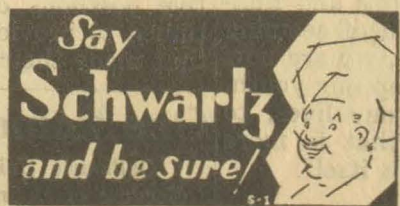
Molly enviously looked at Jean dancing with Mr. Smith. She snapped at Jack's innocent attempts at conversation. Then she felt sorry because of his of hurt bewilderment. "I'm sorry, I was thinking of something else", she apologized. Would you like to go downstairs and play some games?

During a game of billiards they talked about flying. "Are you a pilot?" Molly queried. "Yep." "Do you like flying, I've never been up." "I love it" replied Jack, "it gives me a sense of power. But I've got a job to do when I'm flying a plane, not just cruising around. I'd like to take you up sometime, but I won't be here very long. Would you like some supper now?"

"I'm glad you met Jack Sanderson," said Dick to Molly as he drove her home. "He's a nice boy. A bit of a hero, too—he got a D.F.C. in the Battle of Britain, and was shot down. To hear him talk you'd never know he ever saw a German plane. He's on his way out West to be an Instructor. That Smith fellow now," continued Dick disregarding Molly's startled gasp, "he isn't half as famous as he lets on—I never heard of him—those boys in the airforce are the real heroes."

"I suppose I deserved that," said Molly ruefully. "I wasn't very nice to Jack. I ought to be nice to everyone no matter who I think they are. And do you know, Dick, she said reflectively, "Jean told me that all the time she was dancing with Mr. Smith he kept telling her what Lady S—said about how well he danced!"

—P.R.B.



A good slogan in war or peace: "Say Schwartz and be Sure." We urge it for your protection that you may be assured of the incomparable Schwartz quality in Coffee, Spices, Peanut Butter, Jelly Powder, Baking Powder and Dried Fruits.

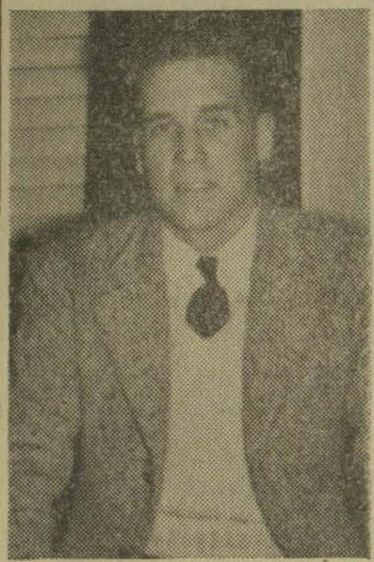
W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS LTD.

Canada's Oldest Coffee and Spice House

Founded in Halifax in 1841

The Gazette Presents . . .

Man-of-the-Year



TOM PATTERSON "As Medicine goes . . ."

By R. J. McCLEAVE

The fortunes of war were varying again as spring approached. The most amazing man of the world had once more led his armies to personal triumph in Russia as snows abated and mud set in to help his reserves capture Kharkov.

The Axis was desperate. Rommel faced annihilation in Tunisia within six months. The time was long enough to enable south Europe to be made a strong defense against invasion.

The result was that Allied people looked around grimly for more things to be taken from their increased purchasing power. From pleasure to necessity, from liquor to foods, rationing was having its effect.

All over Canada recruitments were playing basic training centres, Manning Depots, naval rookie establishments to the hilt. The Universities were prepared to close.

Medicine Going to War

Sweeping back to the medical scene, observers noted the first college year completed of the new stepped-up policy of classes. The result had been magnificent.

Stand-Out

At a meeting last Monday a tall, well-built young man with a pre-occupied on his face got up, announced to startled colleagues on the new Students' Council, "It's Hagen".

Dalhousie Medical Students Work Long Hours, Study Long Hours: The Most Powerful Group On The Campus. They Are Most Potent In Annual Elections, Though Manifest Plenty Of "One-Two-Three . . . U-Pi-Dee" During The Year; Their Sacrifices For The War Effort Are Magnificent.

the meeting adjourn. They did. It was Tom Patterson, president-elect of the new Students Council, and vice-President and acting President of the old. The meeting had been the third in two days he had attended.

The incident at Council had been prompted by the election of member-at-large to Council. Medical student Martin MacDonald was pitted against Engineering Bill Hagen, the latter a candidate for President of the student body.

It was not hard to refrain from casting this vote. There are always mealy-minded individuals on any college campus without the spiritual guts to recognize true motives behind of any kind of action.

Extra-Curricularia

Patterson's problem with student council was not the only problem he or his fellow meds had. Able to muster the largest vote on the campus and swing elections, the faculty had internal troubles that were not concerned with the general Dalhousie scene.

Third and fourth year Medicine were all right. In uniform, stepped-up classes might mean the loss of earning power during the summer months, but would not affect their ability to stay at college.

The crux of the situation lay in the extra-medical activities which haunted the students in first and second year. Government policy still kept the men at military training, a subject equally unhappy to both the military and the meds.

Men of the Year

But the situation was not hopeless. Most would graduate, and fulfill their obligations in the war effort. O.T.C. had done extra by the men in changing its training to include medical platoons.

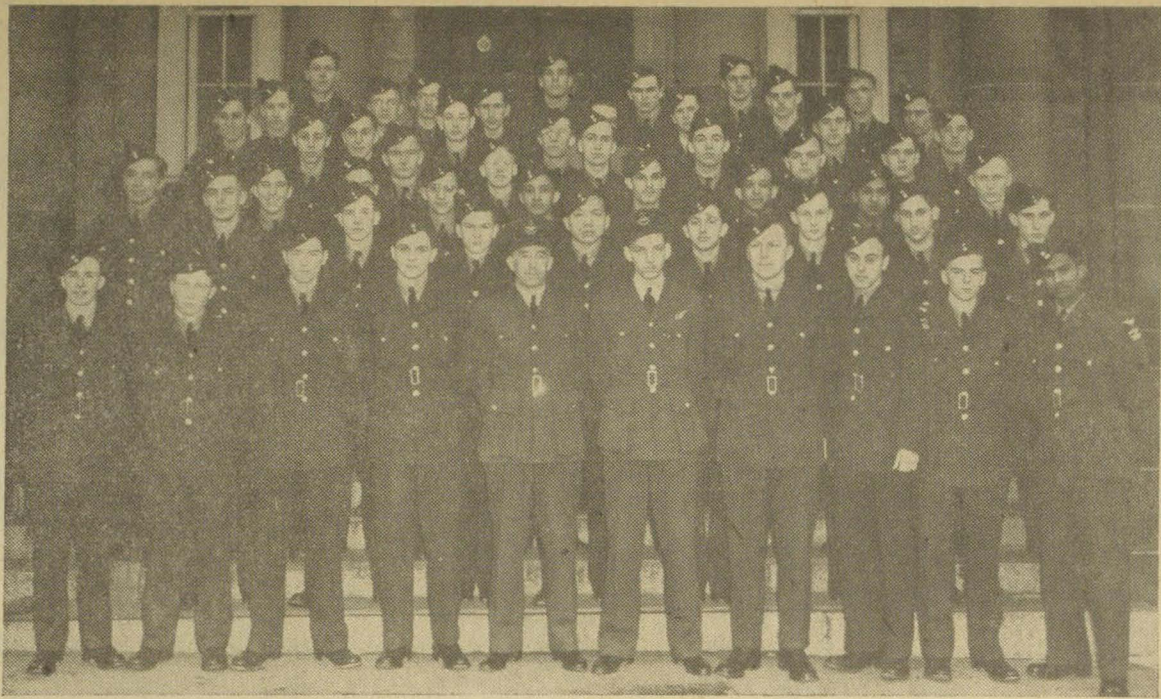
The first time Tom Patterson knows he is "Man of the Year" is when he reads this issue. For himself, for his readiness to lead Dalhousie politics for a second year, he has been nominated; in the final analysis it could well be the personification of the medical ideal in wartime conditions.

University Bequests

The University has received two bequests from the estates of the late Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Stewart. From the late Mrs. Stewart, at a later date will come a bequest to Medicine.

At a meeting last Monday a tall, well-built young man with a pre-occupied on his face got up, announced to startled colleagues on the new Students' Council, "It's Hagen".

Wings Over Dalhousie



U.A.T.C.

Track . . . drift . . . didadhit . . . drag . . . lift, centers of pressure and points of recognition, hundreds of g's and station adjutants: the uninitiated might think himself afflicted with a case of acute dementia praecox, but no, the scene is the second story of the Science Building where patient but weary instructors are moulding 52 Dalhousie students into respectable members of the U.A.T.C.

It was last January that these 52 eager-eyed fledglings gathered together for the first time, ready to take to the air as soon as they were told where the planes were kept. Gently informed that they had a long, tough course ahead before they would even see an airplane at close range, the first wave of ardour gave way to sober determination.

The credit for the success of No. 16 Squadron of the University Air Training Corps goes mainly to Flying Officer H. R. Comeau, Officer in Charge. Arriving at Dalhousie, he found most of the available space already occupied by the firmly entrenched C.O.T.C. By "scrounging around", however, and with the help of the University authorities, space was found in the Physics building for an orderly room, and the engineer's drafting room was made available for lectures.

In February, Flying Officer Comeau was given two able assistants for his staff, Sergeant J. H. Hallett, recently promoted to the rank of Flight Sergeant, acting as clerk, and the inscrutable Warrant Officer Ervin, who is the unit's disciplinarian. Both of these men are regarded with awesome admiration by all the members of the unit.

campus activities. U. A. T. C. has shown itself capable of fitting in with campus life.

Major Hogan — perennial choice. Very much to the fore as a campus personality. Was responsible for Dalhousie sports last autumn, as training time conflicted with football games. Likes his men to have "guts", and was a trenchman of the last war.

Dr. Stanley—the President of the University probably deserves the "Man of the Year" nomen more than anyone else at the University, from the outside standpoint. Early in the term he made a brilliant defence of liberal education over the CBC, and has since put himself solidly as its great pleader.

Dr. W. J. Archibald—one of Dalhousie's great students of a decade ago. Very active in student affairs then. One of the new professors this year, and led the important S.C.M. conference recently. In the laboratory, science students will tell you he has devised some interesting, practical experiments for them.

Mlle. Lafeuille — the French department seems reorganized in some courses. Since she has come to the University the "Cercle Francaise" has made the language study interesting to many members of her classes.

Other Men Of Year . . .

In the first column of this page, the Gazette has started a policy which may be continued in future years. Perhaps the background to the personality made the first "Man of the Year". We offer here other candidates considered by the editor. (While we have mentioned several people other than students, it was felt best for obvious reasons to make a selection from out of the student body. If there were any rules to the selection, we would like to initiate the first and say it does not have to be a student).

LAW—seemed to offer two candidates, the perennial Webster MacDonald, and Lieut. John MacInness. Since Law may be a disappearing faculty under possible government regulations these students rated high, along with Commerce and Arts. MacDonald has been very much in the campus limelight. Gazette editor, business manager, "Pharos" editor, president of Student Council, member of football teams, Warrant Officer in the O.T.C. etc.

MacInness has done important work in this year, heading the important Munro Day arrangements and also assisting on Red Cross. Faultless dresser, (as far as Law School goes he's in there with the rest of the funsters), leader in O.T.C. Graduates this spring. Army next.

Engineering—This faculty offered two candidates, or possibly three. Not in order, they are Blanchard Wiswell, Bill Hagen and Graham Bennett. Of these Wiswell was nearest. He offers the idea of good student going good for all sort of campus activities too.

Engineers can certainly boast of one of the finest campus men in this O.T.C. sergeant, council man, head of the Red Cross Ball, etc. With a voice which sometimes raises to the pitch of an irate mother-in-law Wiswell often is heard on the parade ground. He also managed to get very much into football, and takes time out to be socially a success. Glee Club too.

Hagen—Lieutenant, good organizer, most popular Sergeant-Major yet at camp, football, assistant electrician to the Glee Club, with chance of promotion.

Bennet — council representative, spine of Engineer interfaculty teams, good student, Bob Walters Award, etc.

Arts and Science—The 'men' here were women. They were Helen MacKay, for the important work of President of revived Arts and Science; Barbara White, for being a definite personality around here. Tries for everything, and made the Glee Club presidency this year. Debated for her class last year. Able, popular, fair student.

Mary Boswell. Easily a candidate. On many Malcolm Honour Committees, president of Delta Gamma, active in most girls activities. Graduates this year. Also students' council.

Others—Flying Officer Comeau—has started the new U.A.T.C. on the campus. Promise of healthy rivalry between it and O.T.C. to promote

Music Club

The meeting of the Music Club will be at the home of Miss Jean Fraser, 59 Coburg Road (corner Le-Marshant St.) Miss Fraser is an excellent violinist and is going to play a movement of Tchaikowsky's violin concerto, and Mozart's Sonata for violin and piano. The final part will be a recording of the Pastoral Symphony.

All students and their friends are welcome, but since it is essential to know how many to expect, please get in touch with one of the following: Harry Lappier, Jean Campbell (Pine Hill), Myra Coldwell, Betty O'Toole (Shirreff Hall), or Henry Carter in the Drafting Room.

Gazette Points

Reportorial—Laurie Allison, 15; Eileen Phinney, 17; Boris Funt, 23; James Campbell, 14; Lionel Guravich, 1; W. R. Lawrence, 7; Henry Carter, 11; Kel Antoft, 14; Eugene Merry, 12; Ruth MacInnis, 3; Elaine Hopewell, 2½; Kay Cox, 1½; Joyce Harvey, 4½; Aneeta Goodman, 5; Barbara White, 6½; Albert Wilansky, 1; James McLaren, 8; Don Corringham, 21; John MacLean, 6; G. Mosher, 1½; Bill Pope, ½; Pat Hollis, ½; Ralph O'Brien, 1; Harry Zappler, 3; Frederick Forbes, 2; Doug MacKay, 1; Larry Sutherland, 1½.

Literary (decided by the Literary editor and the English Faculty representative) — Harry Aitkens, 5; Kathryn Bean, 11; Phyllis Blakely, 10; James Campbell, 5; David Coldwell, 8; Louis Collins, 9; Howard Greer, 16; James McLaren, 8; Albert Wilansky.

A Day With Joe Palooka -- The War Is Being Won On The Drawing Boards Of Impeccable Lunacies

(The scene opens with a burst of thunder, and an American eagle flying through the golden air of American democracy dragging in its beak a Nazi rat. This is allegorical, symbolical and uninteresting. Then Palooka enters accompanied by some people who make the butter ration look like an imaginative enterprise with their hokum):

Palooka is dressed as a playboy, with his hair slicked under by a slimy mess of grease, and with his honest face obscured by a difficult American undertaking. He is searching for the Countess della Bounce, who has created so much havoc with Americans in the last Great War, and who is using her abilities to sinister advantage in this. When last scene this fascinating great grandmother was inside a burning chateau, doomed to be burnt. Like Frankenstein's monster, she was such an attraction at the box office they had to revive her every once in a while.

Palooka makes the round of the party. But he just had a narrow escape. His pal Jerry sees him with girl friend Anne and goes into hysterics because she is xxing him (he thinks). Breathing hard, Palooka makes his rounds of the party, looking quite undistinguished in his six feet as his super brain works on a difficult errand. The unalterable logic of the artist sent him into the party to trap the woman who was already there. What his role was is hard to find out. He circles around her like a hungry rat surveying a trap. Then he finds himself alone. He is going to arrest her. He has her trapped.

Then she speaks. It is a cross between the throaty whisper of Hedy Lemarr in "White Cargo", and the insinuation of the unavailing dance of Salome before St. Anthony. Before it all other temptations in this world are like pease-porridge cold. But Palooka doesn't act human. He arrests her, and goes back to Anne d'rest.

PPPP

The following morning after this coup de palook Anne and Joe stroll through the country. It is a lovely cloudless day, and can Anne help it if she gazes at the clouds, while mulling over the immediate prospects of American democracy. Suddenly Joe screams in horror and faints dead away. When he recovers he tells Anne, "D'rest, you almost

killed that cute little worm. Oh, what a shock I got . . ." but further conversation is stilled as a German paratrooper comes bicycling down the road.

Joe at once recognizes him. With a roar that could be heard a bull's bellow away, he dashed up to him, caused him to dismount, tore away the whiskers, false nose, and padded shoulders of Schnozzle. "I beat you in the ring before, you ratzi nazi, and I'll do it again". He beats him up, cuts off his head and sends it home to his mother. She is tickled to death. "Anne, d'rest, we must butcher every one of these Nazi swine". "Oh, Joe, darling, sweetest, etc".

PPPP

Our man is next seen in the ring facing the incomparable Jack Bulldog, a personification of the British spirit. They are sparring away to the enjoyment of the combined nations, when suddenly Joe's nostrils twitch. He dashes aside his meek manner, and beats the living daylight out of Bulldog. Then a true sport, he announces, "I had to. The Nazis are coming". Sure enough, there were literally hundreds of them. The fight grows furious. Joe wounded several times. One a Nazi bites his finger nails to the quick, and another time he is stabbed in the arm. But he continues on, hewing away at the enemy, "I only got six this time. You got to give credit to General Eisenhower, though, because he bore the brunt of the fighting. I refused some more stripes today", he explained to his mother.

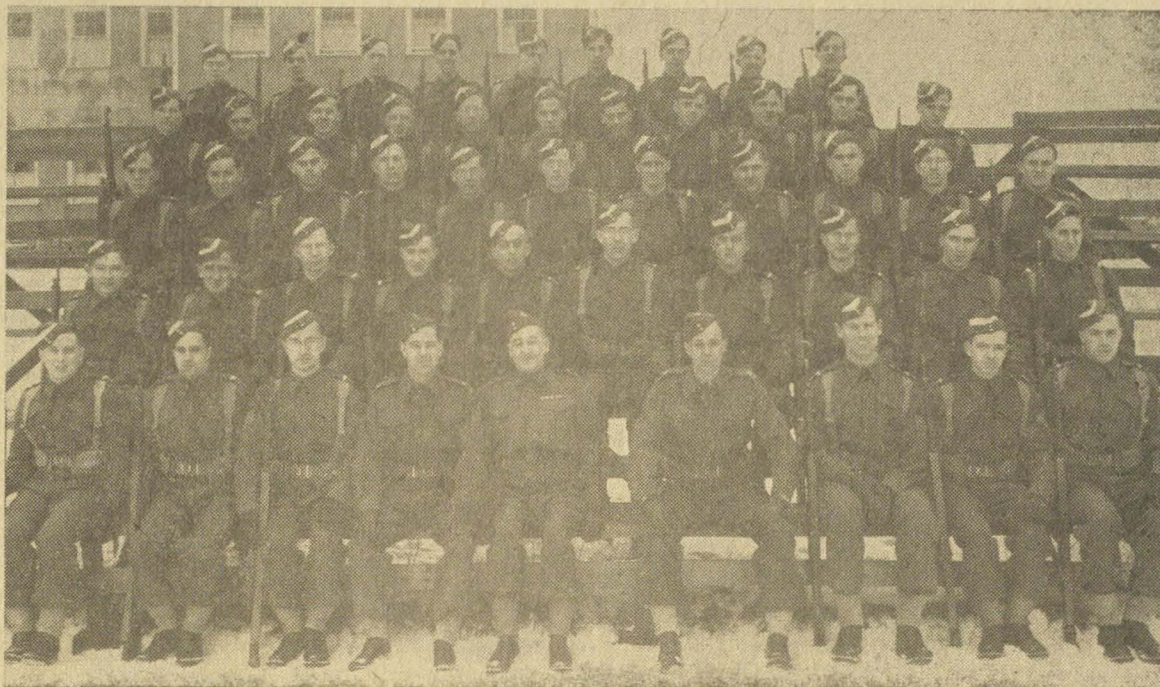
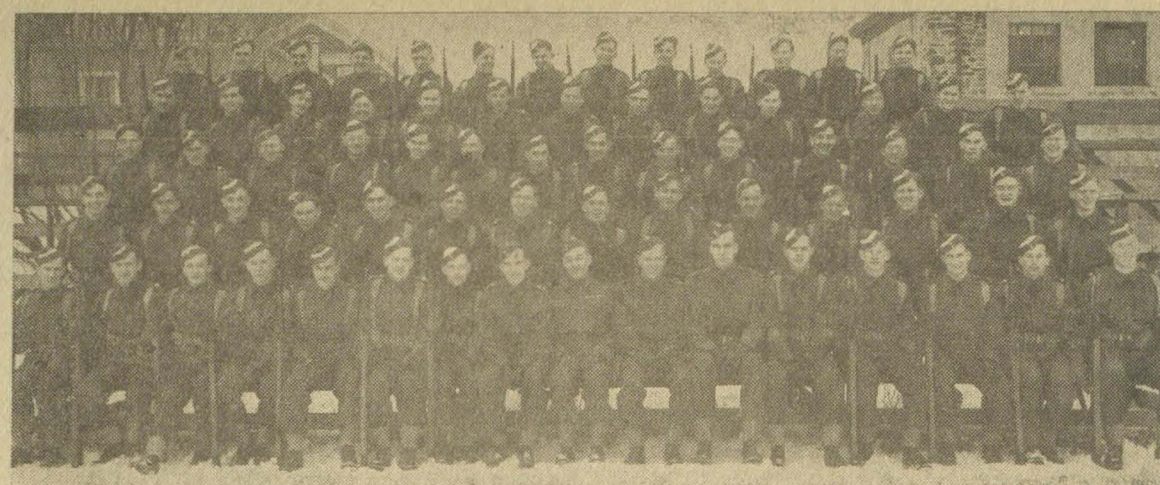
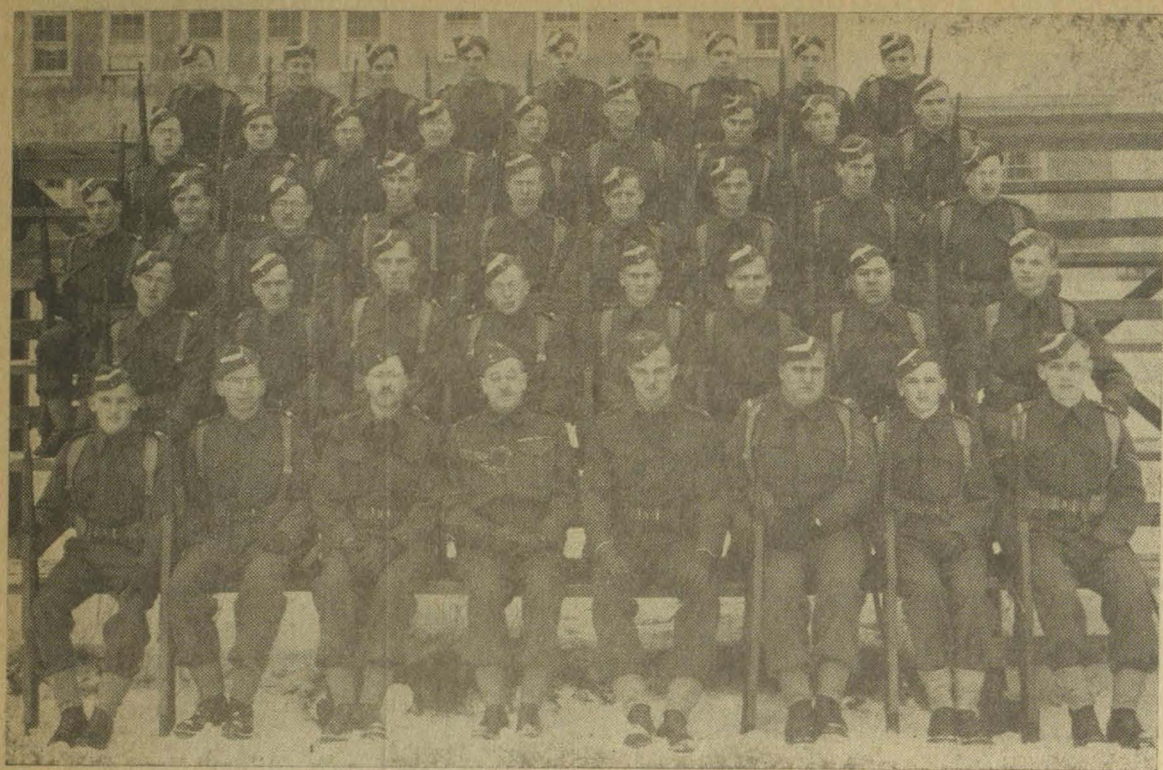
PPPP

The last scene is a touching Commando raid on France. Palooka sets out with Jerry to raid Bordeaux. The ship sinks (one of Kaiser's quickly built ones, in which they left out a couple of rivets) but he swims on. When Jerry faints he hauls him along. To his surprise, he sights his old pal Bateese in difficulties. (It's a military secret how he gets in here). But Joe swims with him too. Finally they make the coast. Then starts one of those heroic displays that would have done credit to a fighting rooster.

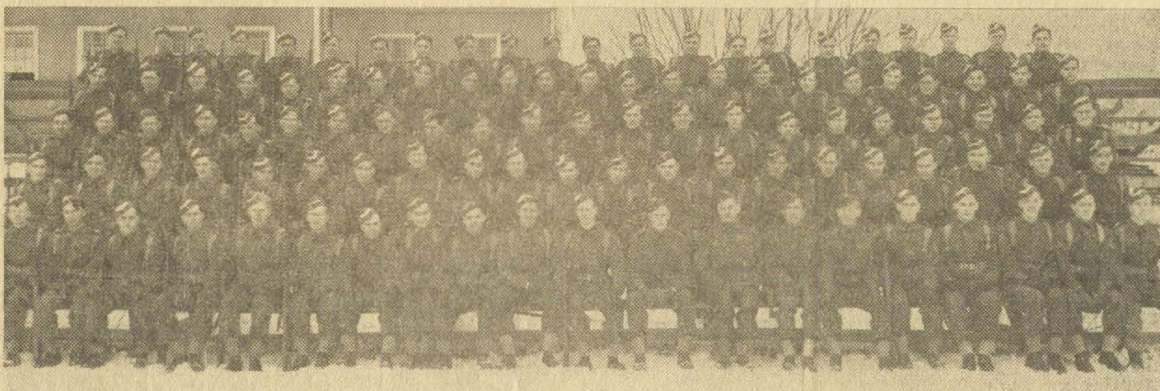
When he gets back to home, he is fortunate to be able to get away from the musty officers who try to decorate him. But finally seventeen hold him down, and one pins the Croak of Guerre (a la comic strip) on his chest.

Blush.

In the five pictures are shown the four companies of the Dalhousie-King's C.O.T.C. and their officers. Taken following the annual inspection. These cuts will also be available for the Year Book.



Officers are, front row: 2nd Lieut. Glen MacDonald, Lieut. G. F. Curtis, Major R. V. Hogan, Chief Instructor; Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Smith, Commanding Officer; Lieut. John MacInness, 2nd Lieut. R. Morrow. Back row: 2nd Lieutenants R. Wickwire, R. Mussett, B. Swansburg, D. F. Smith, Don Oland and William Hagen.



Conversational Interlude

By ED MORRIS

"I wonder," said the student, "whether it is not time to stop the work we are doing and think of getting on to something more useful?"

"On the contrary," replied the professor, "we shall go right on with our work. It was important before, and it is important now—more important, indeed, than ever. It is one consolation: we have work to do, and it is worth doing."

This is the work they were doing. For several months they had been studying a variety of Latin texts—inscriptions, poems, letters, records of personal experience, tales and the like—written in the time when Latin was becoming in an entirely new way the people's language, in the sense that the people were determining the words and forms in which they would express their thoughts and aims and hopes. The student was learning to hear the people's speech in the few fragmentary written documents they had left. It was a strong speech, generally crude and inelegant, but emphatic, personal, rich, with a sense of human dignity.

Factor of Change

"Christianity, and Christianity alone, brought that change," the professor had often mused. "Classical Latin was an impersonal speech. Pagans would say 'itur' but the Christians of our period were beginning to say 'homo vadit' as later the French would say 'hom va' or the Germans 'man geht.' Where we find such expressions as 'faciendum est' in the old Latin we find 'homo debet facere' in the new Christian Latin.

"The old Latin put the emphasis on the action and left the agent out of the picture. But to Christian ways of thinking, the agent was at least as important as the action. No, this change was no mere grammatical accident. It was a revolution in thought. The Christian said 'man goes' and 'man does' because he knew that under God there was but one agent and that was man. 'Man must do' instead of 'it must be

done' is itself an answer to the fears and superstitions of paganism."

"But were not the people of the Middle Ages ridden with fear and superstition as well," the student asked. "Certainly historians think they were and much of our reading stems to establish it."

Man and God

"That is no doubt true of the very late Middle Ages, but I do not believe it applies to the early Middle Ages. Christian faith and Christian teaching had delivered the people from the pagan idea that they were the passive victims of fortune, fate, or the gods. Christianity showed men that there were but two agents in the world, God and Man. Linguistics shows us this.

"It shows us that the people, the masses, were so conscious of their power to act, so aware of their self-mastery, so strong in their sense of self-possession, that they made a new language to express these things. In classical Latin texts it is the orator speaking, or the grammarian, or the rhetor. But Vulgar Latin is the people's speech, the language of the strong, self-reliant, fearless people; and so are the languages that grew out of Vulgar Latin and those that developed parallel to them—the Romance languages, German and English."

These ideas had often prompted another line of reflection. "I have always thought," the student once remarked, "that the proper function of all liberal education should not be simply to make students familiar with the great monuments of the literary, historical, and artistic past,

but to make the people of the present know the people of the past, and to give them a sense of their own dignity as people by making them see what great things their forebears of times past have built and loved and handed on.

"What is the good of knowing what one man wrote or another man thought or another sang or painted or carved, or how a few kings ruled or a few saints prayed, unless we know what the people were doing and how they were living, and how these individuals and their works represented and affected the lives and thoughts of the people? If education doesn't give the people a sense of their power and dignity, and of the richness that is theirs simply by inheritance from the people who lived before them and still live in them, what good is education?"

Fraternity

"Exactly," the professor answered. "And this work that we are doing, this study of linguistics, can become one of the simplest ways of making students conscious of the brotherhood of man. Speech is the primary instrument of communal living and working and it is the basic cultural gift of the past to the present. Linguistics makes it possible for us to hear the people talk. It shows us how from time immemorial and from generation to generation they have molded speech to their own need of self-expression.

"If, by studying the changes which the people imposed upon their speech we can learn to perceive what 'self' they needed to express we come very close to knowing what they were and what they thought and how they lived and what they were living for."

"Don't you think," asked the student, "that this suggests one of the real deficiencies of our understanding of a liberal education? Haven't we inherited from the humanists an aristocratic or perfectionist tradition in education which has led us to deal too exclusively with the most perfect products—the masterworks and the master workers—and to give too little attention to the ordinary people, the folk, and their activities and productions? For one course in folk drama or folk music, for instance, you can find dozens of courses on the works of the classical dramatists and composers."

"I think that is true," said the professor, "despite the perfectly obvious fact that without the ordinary or popular works there would be no masterworks. The masterworks draw their material and their inspiration from popular sources. The truly creative agent behind them is the people."

Not of the Masses

"And for losing sight of that fact," said the student, "the students miss the finest, and, we now see, the most necessary fruit of a liberal education. Their education should teach them before all and above all to realize themselves as belonging to the people, as integral and humble parts of the living and working brotherhood of man; but instead they acquire an attitude, perhaps unconscious, and certainly unfounded in reality, of superiority to the masses who do not know, or do not appreciate, the 'great' works of the past. Intellectual separatism, or class distinction between the 'educated' and the 'uneducated' has been to a greater or lesser degree the result of the aristocratic tendency in education."

"There is another defect in the humanist program of education," the professor said, "which will have to be corrected if education is to serve society more fully than it has so far. Liberal education has been too individualistic. The social and political sciences have laid great emphasis on the rights and privileges of the individual, and that emphasis was right and salutary; but it has tended to obscure the rights of the community and the individual's responsibility to it. Consequently the educated individual is likely to feel himself isolated from or superior to the community in general, as the educated group feels itself superior to the rest of the community."

Man Alone

"It seems to me," said the student "that the individual's sense of isolation is not due to the political and social sciences alone. Take such studies as philosophy and psychology, with their emphasis on human nature and human behaviour. I have often felt that they make a student see all 'man' to himself, and himself as an abstraction; and to a corresponding degree, they fail to give him an increased awareness of his

place in the flesh-and-bone community of men.

"And if that is true then democratic education has failed to be really democratic in the exact degree that it has been too individualistic. 'Education for democracy' will have to remedy this defect and will have to envisage its subjects and techniques primarily as means of making the individual a conscious, grateful, and co-operative member of the community—of the people."

"But you must not forget," the professor said, "that in fact there must always be groups and gradations in society. You aren't aiming at an absolute leveling, are you?" "That isn't what I mean," the student answered. "The levels will always be there. I'm talking about the attitude of one level to another. As long as distrust and antipathy divide the scholars and the non-scholars, the more educated and the less educated, we can't have the creative unity which produces the great works of the spirit, nor the mutual sympathy and gratitude which produce peace. Can't scholarship and education foster these ideas?"

Being Human . . .

"We must aim to," said the professor. "In fact, before this war began, many scholars in my field, all over the world, were coming to this view of the science of linguistics, and were building up a great common fund of socially valuable knowledge. Now that co-operation is temporarily stopped; but we must go on with the work. It will be important in the time to come. If we can make people realize and appreciate how rich they are just by being human, and being alive, and sharing with other people all the things that the generations of the past have given them, they will be happier and prouder and more contented with what they have; and perhaps they will have less desire to fight other men when they feel how precious are the treasures which all men have in common."

"Then you really think that this work is useful enough to go on with, even now," said the student. "You still think that students also serve?" "If we can use our knowledge to draw men together," the professor replied, "we shall be useful members of the brotherhood of man."

O. C. T. Notes:

Favorable Results From Tests For Officerial Candidates

An air of military secrecy shrouds the results of "M" tests, T.O.E.T., and the rest of the examinations, but military authorities on the campus have expressed themselves as pleased with preliminary results. A majority of the candidates have passed it was learned.

Saturday will see the muster parade and kit inspection, and next week will be the final of the syllabus. The O.T.C. year will be climaxed by another church parade the following Sunday. The Protestant party will proceed to St. Paul's, while it is hoped the Roman Catholic party may go to St. Mary's Cathedral. It is understood a pipe band will accompany the cadets.

MySTery Parade

Soon after that, during the following week a parade which military authorities have refused to divulge the nature of, will be held. It is left for the unit to guess the nature of this. Major Hogan gave no comment.

It is now definitely decided the unit will go into camp May 13, and emerge the 27th. The contingent will be the first college one into camp this year, and the first of any unit in the district.

Two recent promotions have included Cadet L. Sellick to be Acting Corporal, and Cadet (Acting Corporal) Eisenhauer, to be Acting Sergeant.

O.T.C. pictures may be seen in the gymnasium and orders will be taken by Roy for individual prints. The collection will remain on display for another week.

Ballad For Dalhousians

Ed. Note—The following putrified manuscript was found deeply buried in the Gazette Archives under Lester's office—"The World's Best Cellar". The author is unknown (intentionally), but it is probably Anon. or I bid, two of this year's most prolific English writers. Tattered and dog-eared, the poem is not complete. It is presumed that the missing pages were turned in as distinction essays in Sanskrit 1.

CANTO THE FIRST

The September sun was rising, and the grass was turning brown,
And from his fleecy eyrie, the President looked down;
For, lo, along the Senior Walk, renowned of ancient lay,
Came myriads of Freshmen, for 'twas Registration Day.

CANTO THE SECOND

For, with looks of dumb amazement, and, with startled eyes aglow,
They were shunted to the office, their shekels to bestow;
And the Faculty was happy, as the coffers overflow,
For, with one more year of lectures, they would have no work to do.

CANTO THE THIRD

Suddenly, the scene is changed, the Freshman crowd the Gym.
With mouths agape, they wait, and cry, "tis him, 'tis him!"
For between the red plush curtans comes a man of august looks,
And murmurs from patrician lips, "I want to talk of Books."

CANTO THE FOURTH

The Fresman stands with awestruck ears, and straightway is inspired:
"From Virgil and the Iliad we draw celestial fire."

CANTO THE THIRTEENTH

With professors pouring wisdom into co-ed's two-way ears,
Unheralded, the fourth Gazette now privily appears;
But 'tis not long unnoticed; the Editor's informed eftssoon:
"The President will sue you and your staffs tomorrow noon."

CANTO THE FOURTEENTH

Though we thought it was seraphic
And of import biographic,
They called it Pornographic, and condemnation we did hear;
But defence came from other Deans,
Who said it wasn't quite obscene,
And it really did seem rather mean, to bounce us on our ear.
So they wiped our tears up gently, and showed us the door,
With hand-shake and with gentle pat, to go on and sin no more.

CANTO THE FIFTEENTH

O shades of hell; the papers yell, "Zoot Suits to Disappear!
No more plaid shirts; no baggy tweeds. Khaki's in style this year?"
Thus spake bold Hogan, Fashion's king, from O.T.C. H.Q.
"From boring week-eds, listless nights, we're glad to relieve you.
For how can man die better, than charging up a hill
Against th' imaginary foe, on Sunday battle drill?"

(Three cantos are obviously missing here)

CANTO THE NINETEENTH

And days grew short, and nights grew long, and dimly shone the son,
And fore Engineers quaffed forty beers, the first term's work was done.

'Twas over. Ah, but known? Bold Dallians quaked with fear,
On the Gym door 'twas writ, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."
And all didst write the term exam,
And some remained, and some did scam,
For Ralston said, "We'll get the man,
With a 39, this year."

CANTO THE TWENTIETH

And some with jeers, and some with tears, and some with beers and gin,
And some with texts, and some with sex, all saw the New Year in.

CANTO THE TWENTY-ONEST

"You're Foot-slogging Soldiers" was the O.T.C. slogan;
But some of the boys left their old Alma Hogan,
For the lure of the blue, we must humbly confess,
Filled the subsequent orders with a sad SOS.

CANTO THE TWENTY-SECOND

And from that grim-lipped visage the hardened lines did fade,
As in the sore-depleted ranks promotions oft were made.
Hooks and pips flew fast around, to make the Kadets glad;
But though joy came in the morning, th' "oppressed" Meds still stayed mad.

CANTO THE TWENTY-THIRD

The Gaz, with world events apace,
Tried to teach Dalhousie's race
That they should love the Fuehrer's face,
But it didn't go so well.
They all agreed the Dal "Zeitung"
Should have its staff quite thoroughly hung,
But no one knew quite who got stung,
So Hitler's back in—Dn eproptetrovsk .

CANTO THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Came October and the Freshman Show
With leaf-clad mermaids in a row.
The Fashion Show went with well-dressed goons
Went to Carnegie Hall with the very best tunes.

CANTO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

The "Fresh Fields" play by Ivor Novello,
Produced in February, turned out swello;
The Engineers' Banquet—the annual frolic—
Gave an audience gay, though a bit alcoholic.

CANTO THE THIRTY-FIRST

The Student Solons counselled, and they named election day,
And bade their messengers ride forth, east and west, south and north,
To summon an array.
Then Hagen, mighty Hagen, carried Studley's banner high;
And doughty Patterson, the light of battle in his eye,
Led Forrest to the fray.
Hard and long the battle, the field a gory mess,
Until the ballots cleared away, and Paterson was Pres.

(Continued on page six)

FEATURE PAGE

Delirium

As this terms ends, so end these dreams: "Med's are such stuff as dreams are made of." One echoes the words of the immortal bard. "And our little life is rounded by a sleep." One might echo that our life is rounded by d—little sleep. Creighton burns the midnight oil, and Phil Cole, and Butch Stewart, and Ken Hall, and Fred Akin, and Horace Hall stays up until six in the morning. And this state of affairs is no dream, but very real.

Yet nothing of studies bothered Uppie Moffat last weekend. Uppie has just returned from Mount Allison. The mud was all gone from in back of Fawcett Hall and the grass at the quarry had turned green again the old waterfall dripped merrily away, and Uppie had a glorious time. And now much refreshed, he's pounding the books as before.

The Wilk and Creighton shot soggy serviettes straight and hard, and hit their mark. And it must have been worth all the cost to see the look on the face of the theologue puritans as they ducked the missiles whizzing past their ears. Since the Wilk and Creighton bore the cost, one owes them much thanks for the amusement.

A soldier has retired. Maddin has gone from the ranks. He has been demilitarized. It was thought he might shoot somebody by mistake. The dream is done, and now come

OXFORD

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"
"MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"FOR ME AND MY GIRL"
with Judy Garland

ORPHEUS

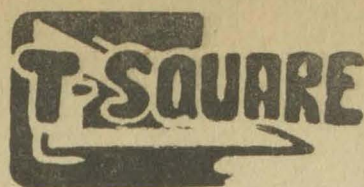
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"HOUSE OF ARROW"
"WEST OF THE LAW"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"BOOTS AND SADDLES"
with Gene Autry

GARRICK

Saturday, Montday, Tuesday
"LADY BODY GUARD"
and Shorts

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
"BLOOD AND SAND"
"SUN VALLEY SERENADE"
Three Full Shows—Come Early!



Seeing this is the last edition, we will review the past year in the "Sanctum Sanctorium".

The Engineers have carried off the Inter-faculty Football and Basketball trophies and they both reside in the Drafting Room.

The Horizontal Club has had a very quiet year, owing to the rationing of supplies. However, President Bob Wickwire says: "Like everything else, c'est la Guerre."

Of the various other students who appeared around the Drafting Room, probably the most prominent was "Acadia", whose hearty laugt invaded the Drafting Room on Thursday afternoon with "Got your Mech 2 problems done, boys?"

We don't know if it's just a coincidence, but while Mackie Campbell succeeded in winning Jacqueline before she left, young brother Ian has been lately stepping out with Rence, another of our war guests from the Old Country.

In spite of intermittent statements that it was all "off", Bang and Barry are still seen together whenever they can both spare a few hours from studying at the same time.

Graham Barrett's chief occupation during the year have been sign-making. Pep-rallies, Glee Club,

nightmares as all med's turn to their books to finish the last heat of the term. May the gods be kind, and let Asculapius take care of his own until the examinations are written and the college year finished.

CAPITOL

MONDAY, TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

"Life Begins At Eight-thirty"
Monty Wooley

THURSDAY, FRIDAY
SATURDAY
"Commandos Strike at Dawn"
Paul Muni

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By Ted Shields

Well, here's the final edition of what is probably the most knocked-about column the Gazette has run for years. Using our fingers we can count up six Clippers without half trying, in the 19 numbers of the paper. And they say France had unstable government! "Clippings" was prominently mentioned in the "pornographic" case way back last October, when the Gazette was the first of the college papers across Canada to feel the new "cleansing"

dance or football game, they all come to Graham.

We were all glad to see "Tank" Waterfield back during the week for a short visit. The only thing he had to say for the "T-Square" was "best wishes". We wish him lots of luck anyway, wherever he may be sent.

Henry was walking around dead on his feet after his medical last week. Fortunately, however, the report that he was dying proved false and he is now O.K. again.

Whatever you thought of the T-Square, don't blame it on one person, since many have had their hands in it. If there has been anything in it you didn't like, just remember to take it in the way it was meant, and now good luck in the mid-April quizzer.

movement that later hit the McGill Daily, the Gateway, and other University journals. But its all been in good fun, though perhaps a bit tarnished at times.

Here's a Sonnet to a Glamor Girl from the Gateway, that some misanthrope might apply to Shirrefans in general. Of course we're only suggesting:

Woses are wed,
Viowlets are bwue,
The wain on the woof
Weminds me of you—
Dwip, Dwip, Dwip.
And who was it said "the best Engineers of all, (yep, you guessed it), Go to Shirreff Hall."

In the March 5th edition of the McMaster Silhouette appears an article on "The Complete College Man". The article is unsigned, but most of last year's readers of the Gazette would recognize the work of Feature Editor John Tasman, the article being, in fact, the concluding one of the "Mentor" series. Not that we have any gripe at the reprinting of the column; far from it, it is a definite compliment to the author that "the Complete College Man" should have a universal application that it is as amusing in Ontario as in Nova Scotia. There is a camaradie among college papers by which outstanding articles and stories are used from one end of the country to the other. But it is extremely poor taste on the part of the Silhouette, to say the least, not to acknowledge the source of this article, by a son of whom Dalhousie is just proud.

The last faint hangovers of Munro Day bring this story to mind:
A Kentuckian entered a saloon with his wife and five-year old boy. He ordered two straight whiskies. "Hey, Pa," the kid asked. "Ain't Ma drinkin'?"—The Gateway.

JACK MITCHELL'S BARBER SHOP

Four Experienced Barbers

"IF YOU WANT TO SEE WELL, SEE WALLACE"

THOMAS WALLACE SONS AND DAUGHTERS SIGHT SPECIALISTS

Y. M. C. A. Building Halifax Phone B-6881

ASK THE PARATROOPER

"WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW THINKS ABOUT ON THE WAY DOWN"

"DID YOU KNOW THAT HIGH ALTITUDE MAKES YOU TERRIBLY THIRSTY? 'DEHYDRATES', THEY CALL IT. WHO WOULDN'T WANT AN ICE-COLD COKE. COCA-COLA NOT ONLY QUENCHES THIRST, IT ADDS REFRESHMENT, TOO. AND TASTE... A DELICIOUSNESS ALL ITS OWN. AND QUALITY YOU COUNT ON. MAKES YOU GLAD YOU WERE THIRSTY."

"HOPE THERE'S A COCA-COLA WAITING FOR ME"

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HALIFAX

PLAYING TO THE BIGGEST CROWDS IN OUR MEMORY!

The BEST of the Ten Best Pictures of the Year!

IN WHICH WE SERVE

Starring NOEL COWARD

A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

SHOWS DAILY At 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.

CASINO

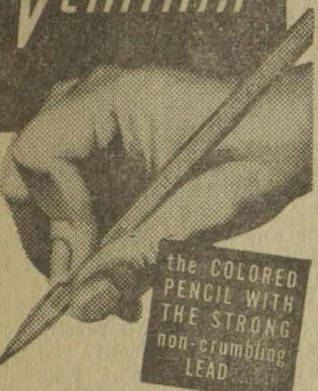
EDMONTON THEATRE

THE AMERICAN GRILL
22 GRANVILLE STREET
24 Hour Service
COLLEGE STUDENTS WELCOME

DALHOUSIANS...
for your TOILET ARTICLES, MEDICINES
PERFUMERY, CHOCOLATES
KODAKS, CIGARS

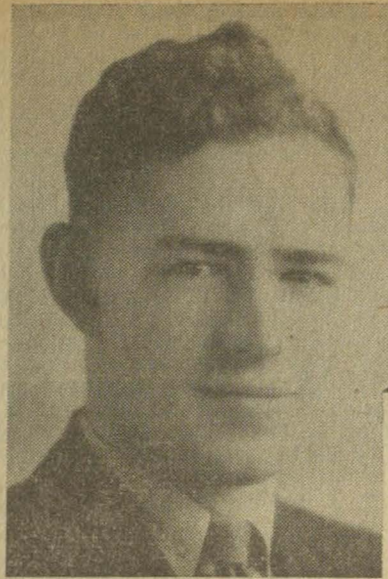
KINLEY'S
THE REXALL STORES
490 BARRINGTON STREET LORD NELSON HOTEL

HEAVY HANDS
WON'T BREAK
VERITHIN



VERITHIN stands up when you bear down. Its lead structure, amazingly interwoven with tough binding filaments (Can. Pat. 330,526), takes a needle point in any sharpener every time, and holds it with a steely flexibility that stubbornly resists breakage. VERITHIN protects your records, too! Its 24 brilliant, insoluble colors will not smear under moist hands nor run from accidental wetting. For service and safety, buy VERITHIN.

10c each, less in quantities
Made in Canada by
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY



When the Gazette staff had its picture taken the other day, Eileen Phinney, Women's Editor; E. J. Shields, Managing Editor, and David Coldwell, Literary Editor, just weren't there. Reasons ranged from sleepiness to the cold weather. Here they are.

COUNCIL MEETING

Old Council — Discussed budgets, but final reports will be given at their last meeting next week. Gazette editorship and the Business Manager to be made then. Applications still to be received, though several in for each job.

New Council — Tom Patterson moved out of one into the other still as leader. Bill Hagen nominated as travelling member, and Laura MacKenzie as Freshette Representative. Miss White is second Vice-President. War Services Council named, along with other committees. This council will be one of the most important functioning bodies of next year's government.

SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

Department of Utter Confusion for the Week:

"The sporting man's sense of luck and chance is an inarticulate or inchoate animism . . . it implies the possibility of propitiating, or of deceiving and cajoling, or otherwise disturbing the unfolding of propensities resident in the objects which constitute the apparatus and accessories of any game of skill or chance. There are few sporting men who are not in the habit of wearing charms or talismans."—Thorstein Veblen in a book.)

Like he said
Anyway, if you've recovered from your mental turmoil, we'll take a look at the average sportsman, whose "sense of luck and chance is an inarticulate or inchoate animism," whatever that means.

There are few sporting men who are not in the habit of wearing charms or talismans. That is, few with the exception of Dalhousie sportsmen, who had what might be called, in the language of the street, a bum year. Like I said

* * * *

Football was neither here nor there. The Tigers had a good team (giving them the advantage of the doubt) in the senior loop, and in the Junior circuit they also ran. But "fair" and "good" and "tops" are relative terms. A high-school baseball team may be world-beaters in their own back yard, but turn them loose against a senior squad and they just don't show.

Any other year the Tigers might have gone places and done things, though admittedly on a rather small scale. But this year they faced the weight of Canada's blitz-trained army who had the uncomfortable advantage of half-a-million spares, a squad of husky Tars, and a crew of desperadoes from a place in Wolfville whose name I can't remember, but it rhymes with guess what.

* * * *

Hockey didn't pan out as expected, and, as the student paper remarked in obvious humor, "hit the skids". First, there was no ice, then there was ice and on moeny, and finally money and no players.

In the realm of lesser sport there was just oodles and oodles of fun. First off there was a modified knock-em-down-and-drag-em-out battle with some students over a few misplaced remarks of undeniable truth about the nasal properties of a small jerkwater joint on the road to Kentville. From this fiasco a handful of undergraduates, notably Engineers, returned with marks of their valor in mortal combat and in the face of numerical odds.

ARTS AND SCIENCE—

(Continued from page one)

elect a Dramatics Manager. Art Hartling and Irma MacQuarrie were given the job of looking after activities, should there be any activity at Dalhousie next year, also should there be Arts and Science.

At the close of the meeting, Bob McCleave was universally acclaimed as the saviour of the Arts & Science cause, and a vote of thanks was extended to Helen MacKay, retiring president, for her efforts in trying to keep the Society from lapsing into a state of eternal bliss.

BALLAD FOR DALHOUSIANS --

(Continued on page five)

In Forrest now they're singing, the Meds so gaily shout.
But there is no joy on Studley—mighty Hagen was struck out!

CANTO THE THIRTY-FOURTH

With roll of drums, and sound of horn,
For I. S. S. funds, Munro Day's born.
With Hogan and basketball, grab-bags and a Quiz,
The grabs weren't so bad, and the rest—oh, Gee Whiz!
Kutsenko gave an inspiring lecture,
It missed the point, but what the heckure.
Though delighted by dancing, awards, Glee Club show,
Strange, emptied lockers brought many sad woe.
And as the shades of night fell fast, there came, ah, wicked chortles!
'Twas Rufus Rayne, sad ghost again—his pockets filled with bottles.

CANTO THE NINETY-NINTH

But now, alas! Glad days are past! And April's suns o'erhead.
Sink one sad tear in thy last beer, and wish that you were dead.

Gather ye cribs and notes to say,
Exams bring only sorrow,
And the book ye should have read today
Will be too late tomorrow.
With one sad sigh, at last good-bye; a tender farewell kiss;
Tum-tum-te-tum, tum-iddy-um,—aw, to hell with this . . .

* * * *

(Ed. Note: Here this strange manuscript ends; the writing trails off into a dark brown stain all too clearly human blood. There is a faint smell of bitter almonds clinging to the pages. It is evident the unknown, star-crossed, genius-flecked author hanged himself in despair. Go thou, gentle reader, and do likewise.)

Compliments of

THE HUGHES OWENS
CO., LIMITED

MONTREAL



Everything for the Drawing Office



Quality and style to suit the high requirements of the students of Dalhousie will be found at the largest Furriers in the East.



MARITIME FURRIERS LIMITED
SACKVILLE STREET, HALIFAX

Our Spring Stock Now On Hand

Drop In and See Our Complete Line of

SUITS, COATS, HATS, GLOVES, TIES
MILITARY CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS



SHANE'S MEN'S WEAR

THE STORE PREFERRED BY STUDENTS

112 SPRING GARDEN ROAD

HALIFAX

NO -- NOT IN NOVA SCOTIA

"Join the Army and see a telephone", suggests the New York Sun in a story about an Oklahoma farm boy. The lad joined the Army Air Force as a mechanic. In the recruiting office, he used a telephone for the first time in his life.

"I just never lived around a telephone," he explained, "but it seems like a good thing if you can understand it!"

Certainly the Defence Forces seem to think so. To supply their demands for telephones, telephone facilities, wires and other communication systems, our crews are working day and night. Practically all the telephone equipment now being made is going to war. So please keep your local calls to the minimum and help keep the lines clear for important war messages!

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE
COMPANY, LIMITED

DAL OFF HOURS

Can Be Very Profitably Spent at the

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE

73 COLLEGE STREET

Students who do not desire a complete course in any of the Seven Courses are admitted as General Students.

The Evening Classes are held on MONDAY and THURSDAY
7.30 to 9.30 Tuition \$5 per month

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING

will be valuable aid in future years.

Enter Any Day Tuition counts from date of Registration

MAPLE LEAF DAIRY

A. D. JOHNSON, Prop.

Phone L. 2357

MILK - CREAM - BLEND - BUTTERMILK

YOUR SUIT COATS AND DRESSES

Look Newer

Last Longer

When they go to Cousins

REGULARLY

There's nothing like it to make fabrics sparkle, to keep them feeling soft and fresh, to maintain shapely, stylish lines. A good wartime practice is: Buy fewer clothes—send what you have to Cousins often.



STUDENTS!

NORMAN'S CAFE

HOLLIS STREET

B-9575