

# Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXV

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 13, 1942

No. 7

## FRESHETTES STAR IN GLEE CLUB SUCCESS

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

Thought of the week: Peace conferences fail to abolish war for the same reason that prayer meetings fail to abolish sin—those who ought to attend them won't go.

V V V

And then there was the butcher who backed into the meat-slicer and got a little behind in his orders.

—McGill Daily.

V V V

A rodent yarn: Ever hear of the little mouse who left home because he found his old man was a rat?

V V V

Airforce man attending McGill put out a recent issue of the Daily. What's wrong with these blue-coated laddies? One of their own writers admits they have made but little impression on the college, and states there is not even the hint of romance between an Airforce man and a co-ed. They do admit their minds are being opened up, though. Cheer up, Mr. Wings, you'll pass through Halifax some day, and right here we have a shooting season open all the year for our co-eds.

V V V

Do you really love me? What do you think I've been doing—shadow boxing?

V

Alcohol does not make a person do things better, but only less ashamed of doing them badly.

V

They laughed when I came in with shorts on, but when I sat down they split.

V

This harvesting excursion out West still holds the spotlight for Upper Canada publications. A student of Waterloo College summed up the whole expedition epigrammatically when he said about the wheat operations, "I'm going out to sow a few wild oats." Called "rats", students retaliated with uncomplimentary remarks in their own papers when they returned. However, western hospitality, a la fille du fermier, was appreciated. Noticed by students: wooden plumbing, thrice-monthly baths.

V

Then there was the moron who moved from the country to the city because the country was at war.

V

(Note: Pressure of studies has caused Eugene Merry to temporarily drop his popular feature. The writer of this column is anonymous.—Ed.)

### One Moment Please

A watch has been found from the mid-field capers of the Dalhousie-Axemen game last Saturday. Owner may recover by calling Don Brownhill, B-5003. (Note: several watches apparently have been lost or stolen at the game. Other people finding fatches are asked to give their names to the Gazette, so they may be contacted by the losers.)

\* \* \*

There will be a meeting of all members of the Senior Class, which includes all students graduating in 1943, at noon, Tuesday, Nov. 17.

### Hockey Is To Be War Casualty

Hockey took the rap as the D.A.A.C. budget for the year proved a bit too heavy, and as a result there will be no Dal-sponsored hockey this winter. In this way over \$400 will be lopped from expenses of the student body. The drastic action came at a meeting of the Students Council presided over by president Henry Tinning, Sunday afternoon in the Arts building.

It was also decided at the same meeting to appoint Larry Sutherland as editor of the "Pharos", thus ending Year Book troubles, while giving Mr. Sutherland the benefit of a late time in the season in which to begin his activities. Unfortunately, the new editor faces the cracker-jack problem of garnering pictures of the first medical graduating class in January, which is nobody's darling at such a late date, and close exams.

Main discussion at the meeting, after Sodales and Band budgets had been granted, the former provisionally, was the big D.A.A.C. budget. Over \$1100 was taken off the total

Continued on page Four

### Lieut. Bob Begg Is Parachute Enlistee

Lt. Robert W. Begg, R.C.A.M.C., graduate of last year's Medical class, will enter a United States army camp to train as a "paratrooper" and left Tuesday morning. He will qualify as a medical officer in the battalion. A peacetime Lieutenant in the Prince Edward Island Highlanders (N.P.A.M.), Begg attempted to enlist at the opening of war, but was required to complete his medical studies because of the need of doctors in the armed services.

He holds a Master of Science degree from the University, besides his M.D. and C.M. degrees. While here he was an officer with the O.T.C., and a lecturer in First Aid, while working in his interne year.

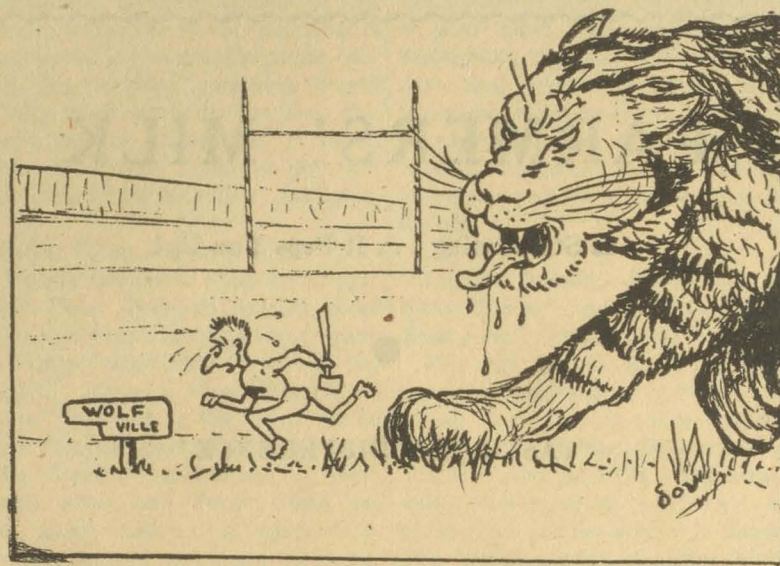
No pigeon with wings in the Parachute Battalion will be Begg, for medics in the parachutist army are required to take their jumps, too. Dalhousie wishes a former student, happy landings.

### Sodales Teams Are Chosen At Trials

Charlie O'Connell and "Arky" Vaughan, the two-fisted typewriter wonder, will team together against St. F. X. in the first debate for Sodales at the end of the month, in the only away trip of the year for the Dal team. Successful at the debating trials, held yesterday in the Arts building, were Miss Peggy Hyland, Scott Gordon, Larry Sutherland, Berry, James McLaren and Blakeney. The last three names are freshmen, and the last two substitutes. President Ed Morris presided.

Opinions of the judges, Prof. C. Mercer, Prof. A. K. Griffin, and Gazette editor McCleave, were in accord on most of the selections. In order of merit they chose Miss Hyland, Gordon, O'Connell, Vaughan, Sutherland, Berry, McLaren, and Blakeney. Besides these there were several tryouts for the teams, making one of the largest competing lists in years.

### "Give Him The Axe . . ."



Dal determination ran high Saturday as Acadian hospitality was returned with justice. (See story, p.4). Then, have trounced their rivals in mid-game scrimmaging on the field, Dalhousie showed a spirit of friendliness by inviting their beaten rivals (a tie score is a disaster when league leadership is at stake) to a tea dance.

### Students Work Up Pep As Dal Tunesters Gain Fine Rep

Sparked by their enthusiasm for revenge against the demons of the Axe, around 250 Dal gals and men gathered in the gym last Friday evening to sing, cheer and howl at one of the most successful Pep Rallies of recent years. Coach Burnie Ralston introduced the members of the football teams, and called upon supporters to turn out on Saturday and cheer them on to victory. George Smith was called to the platform to give his unexpurgated opinion of Acadia, and the trip thence, from which he still bore the wounds bravely received in the battle for Dal's honor.

By popular demand Bob Wickwire also came before the assembly, although sans the feminine influence

Continued on page 4

### BAGS BOCHE



On patrol duty over Europe last Saturday, Lt. Sgt. J. D. Ferguson, (above) piloted a Hudson bomber which destroyed a German Arado float plane. "Jack" Ferguson was a popular member of the Dal Engineering Dept. last year, and a well-known athlete, particularly prominent in swimming and football.

### French Club Started

An entirely new college society was formed recently by enterprising members of French 2 — the Cercle Francais. Its functions will consist of periodical informal meetings at which members will participate in French games, music, literature, and other entertaining activities.

J. C. McLaren was elected president of the club, and H. Buston appointed secretary-treasurer. Mlle. Lafeuille has been instrumental in the organization of the Cercle Francais, and, as the general activities of the club come under her supervision, members may well look forward to enjoyable and profitable meetings. The President of the embryonic society today expressed a hope that, since its success will be dependant on the continual interest and initiative of its followers, there will be a good attendance at the first meeting, Nov. 28.

### LOOSE TALK IS SCORED

"You know here on Studley campus almost as quickly as we do at Military Headquarters when a certain ship comes in. You know here on Studley campus almost as much as we do about the numbers and types of troops sailing in a certain convoy. . . . How do you find out?" and Capt. David MacLellan, Public Relations Officer, M.D. 6, addressing O.T.C.-ers of Dalhousie-King's, St. Mary's and Tech, in a meeting last night at the Gymnasium.

The gathering, a lecture-parade dealing with Security, was attended by faculty members of the University, Brigadier W. W. Foster, D.S.O., V.D., D.O.C., of M. D. 6, and Capt. J. Mahar, Chief Security Officer for the district, besides the very fine band of District Depot under Sergt. Robert Cawston. (As an off-war note, Cawston has been trainer for many of the biggest athletic teams in United States and Canada, including)

Continued on page 3

### IN SYMPATHY

The Gazette joins with members of the student body in sympathy with Miss Jean MacDonald, whose father, Alex MacDonald, Glace Bay passed away Tuesday, Nov. 10.

### Freshman (?) Revue Hints At Successful Season

The Freshman Show this year was presented to a capacity audience in the Gym Monday night. President Levitz of the Glee Club had striven mightily with this year's pastoral material, and if the applause accorded the cast of the Freshman Revue was a criterion, then the show must go down in the annals as a success. To "The Breeze and I" rendered by the incomparable Naugler and Co., the curtain parted to reveal a scene so aptly called by Pres. Levitz

### No Drill Changes Planned For O.T.C.

In an exclusive Tuesday morning interview with a Gazette reporter, Major R. V. Hogan definitely vetoed any proposed change in the present schedule of C.O.T.C. drill periods. The factors which militate against any such revision are many, and, thanks to Major Hogan's generous and understanding discussion of the problem, these factors are, for the first time, made available to the Gazette public.

Dal study and class schedules are the main obstacle, the Major stated. At Mount Allison and Acadia, classes are dismissed at four o'clock each afternoon, and the C.O.T.C. parade for an hour each day. Due to lab periods and late afternoon classes, such a set-up is impossible at this University. The fact that there is insufficient indoor space to house the whole Corps for drill necessitates four evening drill periods each week at which the Major and his staff must remain until ten o'clock at the earliest. An additional hour for each evening parade would, therefore, mean at least four hours extra work each week for the already understaffed office, not counting the extra time involved in an extra hour on Saturday afternoons.

Those who have been clamouring for two, three-hour drill periods, rather than the established three two-hour periods per week, will be disappointed. Major Hogan preferred

—"The Birth of Venus", starring in ballet, the petite Miss Norma Sherman, who, despite a sprained ankle, continued her dance and was justly applauded. Other members of the scene were Renie Garratt and Thelma Ramey depicting seaweed, Joyce Nickerson and Virginia Phillips as trees and Jean Coffin as a finless mermaid.

An unusual contribution in a class by itself was the Russian Folk Dance of Miss Jean Yanchek and Mr. Yavnoski performed with a finish and "joie de vivre". The dance received the well-merited plaudits of the audience. Betty O'Toole gave an example in vocal gymnastics which brought down the house. Following came the solo dance of Mr. Yavnoski.

Peter Donkin gave a monologue entitled "Mediterranean Folly", in a voice that carried well and his delightful tale of the ambitious wife and her amorous husband, met with the one hundred percent approval of the audience.

The curtains parted again, and this time Jackie Cramb, our blond English lass, proved herself to be an accomplished acrobat. Jean Weir

Continued on page 4

not to be quoted, but he made it quite apparent that the matter was settled, and out of his hands. At the conclusion of the interview, Major Hogan expressed his regrets, and again emphasized the importance of becoming a satisfactory C.O.T.C. cadet.

## DIPO Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

### Do You Think the French Fleet Will Fight Against the Allies?

This question was asked on Monday morning, at which time no definite word had as yet been received of the course of action of the main French fleet stationed at Toulon. The great majority of students, 72%, believed the French Fleet would fight the Allies. Only 7% said that no battle would ensue, while another 14% remained undecided. Some suggested that the engagement would only be "a bit of a scrap" and not a full scale battle.

\* \* \* \*

### Would Lifting the Ban on the Communist Party Be In the Best Interests of the War Effort?

(Question contributed by student)

The answers to this question were varied, but always vehemently expressed. The majority, 57%, expressed the view that, under present conditions, lifting the ban on the Communist Party would be in the best interests of the War Effort. Another 35% were just as firmly convinced that such a policy would be a grave mistake, while 10% remained undecided.

Some students proceeded to point out the difference between Russian and Canadian Communism, saying they favoured one, but not the other. Others engaged in dissertations on the various forms of government and, on the whole, this question seemed to be one to which many had given careful consideration.

\* \* \* \*

### Should American Football Be Played at Dalhousie?

(Question contributed by student)

The majority, 53%, favoured the playing of American football at Dal. Another 37% were against the American form of the game, and preferred the British style now being played here, while 10% were undecided.

Some students drew fine distinctions between American and Navy rugby, saying they preferred the American game, but wanted Canadian rules to be used. Others said that the American game was too rough, and resulted in too many injuries. Some suggested that it be left to the players to decide the sort of game they want to play.

# Dalhousie Gazette

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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.

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## WE PAUSE IN TRIBUTE

On November the seventh, free people throughout the world stopped to express admiration for our Russian allies, who on that day celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their birth as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

It was on November seventh, 1917, that the Russian people rose to overthrow the last vestige of that tyranny and oppression they had suffered under czarism, and on that day was started the most ambitious and far-reaching social experiment ever undertaken by man. Against the sneers and slander of a hostile world, the Russian people patiently and painfully set out to build themselves a new nation and a new way of life. Against foreign invaders, famine, ignorance, and internal enemies, the leaders and the people of New Russia worked and struggled to realize the aims of their Revolution.

Meanwhile, outside of Russia, a hysterical press denounced in the most violent and savage terms a country and an experiment they could not and did not understand. Plots and counterplots were brewed to discredit and destroy this strange society that was rising in the East. Small men fearfully and feverishly sought to involve the New Russia in entanglements which they hoped would utterly ruin her.

Throughout the years, the press grew more violent in their insults in attempting to build up a wall of hatred between the U.S.S.R. and the democracies. Finally, when Nazism was spewed up from the filth of a decadent German nation, we were even asked to believe that Hitler and his vile consort were to be the "saviours of civilization" in the "crusade" against "Bolshevism". When the Russo-German non-aggression pact was signed in 1939, the men who had sold Europe at Munich cried out that they had been "betrayed". When Russia, realizing that she must someday clash with the German monster, attacked the Finland of Fascist Mannerheim to secure the defences of Leningrad, the men of Munich were only too eager to try to turn the war into a war against the Russian people.

Through the smoke of the debris of Leningrad, of Moscow, of Odessa, of Sevastopol and of Stanlingrad, however, the free people of the world have begun to catch a glimpse of the spirit of New Russia. Through the maze of prejudices and distortions we have been bombarded with from our press and our politicians, we are starting to realize the vastness of the success of the experiment that began on November 7, 1917. To the courage and sacrifice of New Russia we pause to wonder in admiration and gratitude. To the army, the workers, the farmers and the leaders of the Soviet Union we express our humblest thanks and appreciation for their unparalleled contribution towards keeping the world free.

## A NEEDED STUDENT SERVICE

Once in a while a particularly large tail will wag a dog. This editorial is written with that express purpose. Looking at the calendar we note, with alarm, trepidation, and vigor, that examinations, Christmas vintage, are in the offing. Not much of an offing at that. In a little more than a month we will be well under way, or they will: after that we can dream of our White Christmases, but now we make our preparations for the struggle.

When is the library going to open at night? Hundreds of Arts and Science, Engineering and Commerce students, are asking that very important question now. They haven't in mind the examinations only, but also the whole term's conduct of the library-at-night question, but it becomes increasingly important.

Do the University authorities know there are examinations? We unfondly ask that question, and hasten lest we get a reply.

Students would like to see the Library open during the evenings soon. They would also like to see it kept open too, while the next term unfolds. Many who come from out of Halifax, or distant points in this sprawling city, are intensely interested in the open Library question, according to a percentage of campus opinion in DIPO.

Those who have frequented this University long enough, or the Library long enough, preferably the latter, are aware the students themselves, seniors and juniors, held the Library posts for evening duty formerly. Undoubtedly a few of this University-patriotic group could be procured to perform this invaluable service.

The students would like to point out to the authorities that they would desire a better Library service. It is not an impossible demand—this is a hard species of writing, when we use the adjective "impossible"—but to all events and purposes it is a just demand anyway. How about arranging the service. It is needed.

## NOTED BENEFACTION

Dalhousie University can well be proud of such of its sons as the late Alexander Ross, who passed away at Carroll's Corner, March 6. His will, probated Tuesday, revealed he has left the University Library \$105,000. One quarter of the estate is specifically set aside for the Dalhousie Law School.

The late Mr. Ross was one of the first students at the University. His is a notable example of fidelity to Alma Mater.

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# LITERARY

## MILKMEN (ANONYMOUS)

In my time I have known several men who made their living by the sale of milk. In considering this section of my acquaintance, I find that these men were, without exception, of a smooth and bland temperament, varied pleasingly by a quiet, slightly ironic humour. Today, when I explained to a novice milkman the intricacies of our financial relation with his employer, this bland and ironic disposition was brought again to my mind's eye, and, thinking how well this new member of the company fitted what is apparently a traditional mould, I wondered what pattern of circumstance, what characteristic environment, created such a happy personality.

I thought first of the milkman's provender. Milk is a soothing beverage, a liquid so mild and—can one say?—soft that its consumption might affect the character. As we well know, hungry babies are obnoxious creatures, but a baby full of milk is, apart from the fact of its babyhood, fairly tolerable. The peasants of certain pastoral districts in Europe, who live largely on milk and milk products, attain great age: great age presupposes a tranquility of mind and body to sustain it fitly. Could the drinking of milk be the secret of an equable mind?

Perhaps so. But, you say, your milkmen only sell milk, and do not necessarily imbibe. How, I answer, could anyone who threads the city streets, scattering the quart-and-pint-sized seeds of peace on the doorsteps of a troubled world, prevent himself from being imbued with a consciousness of his mission? It is only natural, right and proper for such a one to be saturated with a philosophic conception of an ideal world; his inner soul becomes misted with a dream of quiet that expands and pervades his whole being. The cynicism of our sad day is softened to gentle irony. Then, too, we must consider the hour of the milkman's labour. He rises while it is yet night, and plies his gentle trade to muted music as if of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Alone in the sleeping city, seeing the sky blench and then flush with the coming of day, riding in the midst of an hypnotic tintinfulatation, the vendor must have the time for contemplation that others so generously lack. The sight of somnolent ignorance is pathetic, and must be especially so to one who sees it habitually. Any rugged boisterousness must be tempered by the sweet melancholy of this matutinal pilgrimage. The very secrecy of his operations must make the milkman feel like a kind of good fairy, or a servant of beneficent Providence.

And there is also the source of milk. Milkmen have an intimate knowledge of cows. Any person who has known cows well can remember their placidity, their dignity, their indifference to more than the mere essentials of life. Cows have a remoteness, an unworldliness that sets them apart from the rest of creation. Year after year fruitfulness is forced upon them, for no other reason than to persuade them to secrete nourishment for an offspring sooner to early death. Yet cows fear their thwarted motherhood with the stoicism of those who know how to suffer, and still preserve beneath a stern exterior a cunning and sparkling wit. The cow's keen sense of the ridiculous leads her to perform antics that to the superficial seem only perverse or ill-natured. The bovine humourist clears fences with a gaillard grace; she upturns buckets with a coy thrust of the hoof that she has pretended to aim at the jaw of the milker; she lashes her tasseled tail in satiric imitation of a lady with a fan. Knowing even as little as I do of cows, I should not be surprised to hear that another of the race had jumped over the moon. That abandoned flight seems to me the essence of a cow's humour.

Oh, truly the nature of the milkman is combined sweetness and light. He is of that pleasant company who shall inherit the earth, and when the day of reward has come, may I be there to see the milkmen and the cows working teat in hand to build the brave new world.

## BOOK REVIEW

The Unknown Country—Canada and Her People

By BRUCE HUTCHINSON

"The Unknown Country" is a book of this kind, being made up largely of personal observations and opinions, is subject to personal prejudice. I enjoyed the chapters about the West coast most—probably because I knew the least about it and the material was new to me.

Much of the book is necessarily factual or descriptive. I liked very much the short essays with which Mr. Hutchinson prefaced each chapter such as "My Country", "Leaves Falling, Dead Men Calling", "The Geese", "The Canadian". They have the style and subjects and rightness of literature, and in them he has caught the spirit of Canada.

—P. B.

## Medical Students' Enlistments Mount

During the last few days medicine has contributed to the Canadian Armed forces several of her most brilliant students. For some time past, Dalhousie medical students have had the opportunity of joining the Medical Corps of the Canadian Army as privates. They receive the pay of the regular army and are allowed to continue with their studies with little or no interference.

On graduating, the student, after further training is in line for rapid promotion in the commissioned ranks. Earlier in the year many of the third and fourth year men took advantage of the security the offer extended and hastened to don His Majesty's uniform.

# « THE FEATURE PAGE »

Intimate Glimpses of College Life -- No. 6



Dalhousie freshman class is the largest to ever enter the University, and from this crowd of newies, we present this cut of six. They are representative type of freshman, and might be fittingly specced as a skeletal around which to build your frosh and freshette conceptions.



Congratulations to the Engineers' football team for their victory over the formidable squad which Arts and Science managed to scrape from the campus, using "shanghai" methods. It's too bad the latter were unable to obtain enough players, but an enjoyable game was had by most of the participants.

Last week we had two engineers injured while up at Acadia. This week, Mack Campbell suffered from a thumb injury, Willis Harvey from a concussion, and Ian Campbell from a sprained shoulder. These Acadia fellows seem to be tough, but we understand that three of their men sustained minor (?) injuries.

The Shirreff Hall formal turned out to be quite an affair, much to the disgust of more than one engineer. It seems that more than one of the boys refused dates, and now they are walking around in circles futtering silly words to themselves.

Bill Hagen and Andrew Eisenhauer (he claims to be a nephew of the "Eisen-Hour", who commands U.S. forces in the African conflict). These two engineers of great virtue and renown seem to be in disagreement with each other. The question in their argument is, who is going to escort Marg. We think it very unusual for a Lunenburg fisherman to be taking out a gal from Bridgewater. However, it's none of our business, so we'll let it ride.

The Freshman Show rehearsal proved very interesting for a few of the senior engineers. They couldn't wait until Monday night to see how their freshettes would perform. Smith was awed when Kay sang "My Devotion". His eyes dimmed with tears and as a lump came into his throat, he said, "Gosh, ain't she wonderful".

Hagen, Eisenhauer and others gasped at the Glamour Gals as they went through their paces.

Don Moir was giving the Halifax girls a break for a change.

The freshette engineers in the show featured as they presented the more interesting spectacles in the fashion parade.

A very conspicuous character in the drafting room these days is that eminent Newfie Carter. His dark glasses places him in the exclusive set. Their pea-green color suggests many ailments. Foremost could be connected with the evident attraction his eyes seem to have for Ruby.

Wiswell, now known as one-wing, has established himself as a true Hall man. His steady attacks and unflinching successes are encouraging to see.

Musset has chaged his mind about the Hall. It now is a place which could be referred to as, "It's O.K., I guess." It took a freshette from

## IN THE GROOVE

A Column of Record News and Reviews

### The Studley Hit Parade:

With the Christmas exams inevitably drawing near, the whole campus is dreaming of a "White Christmas". It's the second Irving Berlin tune from "Holiday Inn" to hit the top brackets, and is currently the No. 1 favourite on the Hit Parade as well as here at Studley. "White Christmas" is a gorgeous ballad that's perfect for dancing as well as for listening. You should get the dreamy vocal by Bing Crosby (the old master himself) on Decca records. Freddy Martin's Victor dance version is the best orchestrated rendition... The fact that it's one of the loveliest ballads of the year, and thanks to the publicity it received in the recent Freshman Revue, "My Devotion" continues to hold a very high place in the Dal student's favour. Long may it wave! I have previously listed the different versions of "My Devotion" available.

### Another "Deep Purple"?

Do you remember a few years ago, when Peter DeRose's concert piano suite was popularized in dance tempo as "Deep Purple" and "Lilacs In the Rain"? Then, a short time later, came "Stairway to the Stars" taken from Matty Malneck's impressionistic "Park Aven Fantasy". Well, Louis Alter and Ferde Grofé are the latest sources of inspiration. Prolific Harold Adamson has written a smart set of new lyrics for Alter's "Manhattan Serenade", and the result is a popular song that's really something. During the few days that the Gym store juke box was doing its duty, Dalsters were able to hear Tommy Dorsey's Victor version. Almost as good as Jan Savitt's Bluebird offering which features his newly-added string section to great advantage. Also available is Jimmy Dorsey's Decca platter. The other concert theme to be done in dance rhythm is from Ferde

Grofé's semi-classic "Mississippi Suite", and the song, possessor of a beautiful melody is called "Day-break". At this moment the only version available is Tommy Dorsey's grand Victorecording. It features Frank Sinatra's usual smooth and effortless vocal, with the still-new string section. Watchout for the reverse side—it may be a "sleeper"; a surprise hit like Dorsey's "I'll Never Smile Again."

### Outstanding Recent Records:

Kay Kyser "Strip Polka" and "Every Night About This Time" Columbia C672. For those who like their humour rather blue, the Polka is your meat. The selection is a production number, executed with dash and originality by the band, which obviously enjoys doing it. It's a very high grade of Schmaltz. The reverse features Harry Babbitt's tasteful vocal of a rather pleasing melody.

Connee Boswell—"Look For the Silver Lining" and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" Decca 10028.

Two old Jerome Kern favourites expertly vocalized by velvet-smooth Connee Boswell, than whom there is no better. The accompaniment by Victor Young and his Orchestra is exceptionally good; strings and brasses are particularly well-blended. The second chorus of Silver Lining is very smooth and romantic. Connee's legato treatment of Smoke should guarantee the record's being a best-seller.

### Also Recommended:

Freddy Martin—"Everything I've Got" (Victor); Andrews Sisters "Mr. Five By Five" (Decca); Jimmie Lunceford's "Strictly Instrumental" (Decca) and Alvino Rey's "I never Knew" (Victor)—Missed by the trade but it's good solid bounce; perfect for juke-box specials.

## ON STUDYING

When studying, you must first make up your mind that it is time you began your year of work. This is the hardest part and once it is over you may consider yourself started. Freshmen usually make up their minds (if they have any) the week before the Christmas exams. Other people make up their minds about the third week of the fall term.

Next, you must find out what books are required to be read. Looking in your note book, you find that the list is not there. Maybe you lost it, or maybe you never had it, because you got sidetracked in the Gym store on your first day back.

So, the very next morning you get the list from the dumbest-looking person in your class. He is sure to be the most clever, and to always have his work done. If you smile at him, he may even loan you the notes he has taken on the books which, of course, he has already read. You think this will save you a lot of work, but you find out that you can't read his writing.

Tempus fugiant madly and it is the week before exams. You rush frantically up to the Library. You open the door, and an amazed look crosses your face. Every chair is occupied—but the occupants... can they be your fellow classmates of last week? On one side are "C.O. T. C.-ers", sans haircuts, with sleeves rolled up, never taking their eyes off their books! And they used to look up every time you came in.

On the other side are girls in dirty sweaters and pigtails and sans lipstick! You finally pull yourself together and ask for a book. With much trepidation you go right through the list, only to discover all the ones you want are being used at present by someone else.

You end up by studying all night the week of the exams with the aid of black coffee (I mean Postum) like everyone else, and spending your Christmas holidays fervently

## DELIRIUM

From Pine Hill came war and rumors of war. I saw deacon Guravich trying to restrain the raging Wilk. The Wilk was emerging from a cloudburst flung by Ainslie Atkins. He disappeared into a cloud of steam for a moment, then reappeared wearing his trusty Newfoundland sou'wester, and proceeded into the thick of the fray.

And then I dreamed I saw Adelaide Flemming wearing His Majesty's uniform. Some distance away, the formidable combine of Gass and Brennan were respectfully keeping their distance. The two conspirators looked at one another and shuddered to see the formidable aspect of the Flemming at war.

From Windsor came dreamy-eyed Phil Cole, telling of his lady's charms. From a nearby ditch, Fred Aiken arose like a fume, and floated horizontally along over the bogs and meadows, and disappeared into OX. Charlie Henderson appeared from out of an anatomy book, looked Valleyward, and mumbled tearfully, "Acadia, O Acadia".

At length arrived Stew Maddin, still looking for the leg lost from his cadaver. Dr. Mainland followed him, urging him on by frequent raps with a telephone receiver. The Maddin ground his teeth and cursed. He mumbled, "Wherefore art thou, Slash?"

Last of all came Horace Hall and Pack Patten. The two looked fiendishly about them, stroked their beards, gathered up their books, and hastened toward their cave called "In Haec Femina non incurret." They turned their backs on a troupe of nymphs beckoning to them from a nearby meadow. Meanwhile the jolly gods dance with the fairies of Sherriff Hall. And so, Ye Meds, farewell... and behave.

hoping that you are lucky enough to get five forties, which you did last year. R. M.

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with  
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—in—  
**"ICELAND"**  
★  
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Mickey  
**ROONEY**  
—in—  
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# Tigers Whittle Axemen Chances To Lead City League; Tie Game, 6-6

On smooth attacking, playmaking, kicking and passing, Dal Tigers blunted Acadia Axemen hopes for League leadership in last Saturday's football game at Studley, resulting in a 6-6 tie. Battling hard all the way, and forcing the play-losing a win on a second period kick—Tigers were joined in the general humiliation of the Wolfville team by the students themselves, who successfully kept the Acadia goalposts, taken from that University last week. Students from Mount A. supported Dal's cause.

Feeling between halves flared into open fighting, and students from sides, assisted by rabid outsiders, joined in a general scramble around the goalposts in the center of the field. Outside rooters sided with the Dalhousie groups, the most notable example being the one rangy individual who took an Axeman rooper aside and calmly beat him up for a few minutes.

Russ Webber at fullback contributed most to Dal's rejuvenation. As calm as a June night, Webber kicked the ball for long yardage gains with rivals swarming all around him. Burnie Ralston played his usual canny game, and other Dal stars included Giberson, Hanna and Hart.

Tiger rolled the count up to 6-0 on their rivals during the first half, MacGregor getting the first three points on a penalty kick, and Howard making the others on a try.

### Rooters Trowned

At the half, Acadia rooters waited with nary a bleat while Dalhousie students, led by McInnis, threw their goalpost over their grandstand. It was then brought out on the field, and Acadia prepared to do or die for it. They didn't do it.

Local policemen rushed into the fray, and came out again decrying the "d— lunatics". One sported a cut lip. Order was finally restored by Major Hogan, who went through the mob like the Allies through North Africa.

In the second half, Dal pressed hard, but couldn't increase their lead. Purdy then connected with two penalty kicks, the latter a beautiful effort which hit the cross-piece of the goal post and bounced over. Tigers pressed but failed to get a deciding counter.

Dal: MacGregor, MacIvor, Hanna, Hagen, Menchions, Hartling, Horne, Rogers, Hart, Ralston, Giberson, Campbell, Currie, Howard, Webber. Referee: F. Smith.

### Intermediate Game

Acadia Intermediates took their second straight game from the Dalhousie Cubs 9-3 in an encounter preceding the main game. Beaten 9-0 at the end of the first half, Cubs held their Hatcher rivals back in the second, and mobbed over the line, Scouler connecting for a try.

Lineups: Hunt, Scouler, Harvey, Hubley, Dunlop, Arthur, Fraser, Bloomer, Grant, Smith, Giovannetti, Knickle, Burgess, MacKenna, MacLellan. Referee: C. Fraser.

# SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

For once Dal fans can say "we wuz robbed" and get away with it. From out of the shades surrounding a 19-3 drubbing of a week before the Tigers came back with a rush to wallop a cheap Acadia squad from stem to stern. And the athletic prowess was not solely confined to the gentle art of football. If you listen closely to the noise coming from the end of the field you may hear a modified war. Acadia bodies strewn from post to post looked like the homecoming of Mrs. Garantua from Hackensack. And there seems to be no good reason why we should not arrange for a return engagement in order to finish off the job.

\* \* \* \*

All I know is what I read in the papers, and what I read is that one Fred Kelly, Esq. is a demon coach and a miracle man. For some unaccountable reason this same gentleman has been glorified in print for countless seasons. That is not to say that the Axemen mentor is not a fine coach. He has consistently turned out good football teams, even though he seems to have failed to instill any concepts of sportsmanship or fair play. But it is long past time that we gave up these silly notions about the Wolfville giant who takes kids from the sticks and molds them into world-beaters in the space of a few weeks. The trouble with all this nonsense is, not that it blows up an otherwise decent chap who needs no blowing up, but that it indirectly destroys your own better interests. Every time we speak of another coach as being a teen-sized Superman we indirectly point the finger at our own coach. And that's hardly necessary at this stage of the game, eh?

\* \* \* \*

Coach Ralston has achieved every bit as much as Coach Kelly, or any other for that matter, and what is more important, has achieved it without all the blaring fanfare so popular on other campuses. What we like about "Burnie" is his quiet, but effective, way of getting things done. His teams are not all world-beaters—as a matter of fact they even lose on occasion to Acadia—but they rarely turn out as utter duds. And they do have certain limits beyond which the game becomes second interest. When we plan a tea dance for a visiting team we don't confine the tickets to our own students. And I think you all know a place where they do.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, I would like to introduce as bathos par excellence a little thing affectionately called a ping pong tournament currently running in the downstairs sanctum of the Gym. Under the genial guidance of Messr. Bill Pope, 1942 version of the inconceivable, impregnable, and unbearable Colin Smith, this rough-and-tumble occupation invariably brings out the real he-men of the university. At any event, the boys seem to be enjoying themselves even though it is getting pretty close to the obscure line between sport and piffle.

More than a few uncompromising gentlemen have taken exception to recent comments made in this column on the merits of the run of officials who handle football games. All I can say is that, though you have a perfect democratic right to scold me, I have a similar right to scold you right back. "Things have come to a helluva pass, when a man can't cudgel a plain jackass."

Linemen are designed to fulfil other functions other than stealing as much yardage as possible, even though that application of their talents has its merits, on occasion. Among the other things it says in the rule-book is that the linemen are entrusted with the duty of keeping spectators off the playing field. Recent games at Studley might have been conveniently moved into the stands and the crowd moved into the field. All of which is good fun—like a Knights of Pythias corn-boil or an annual convention of the Klu Klux Klan.

My conscience is flexible enough to admit of certain exceptions to the rule. That little pow-wow of last Saturday, for example. College spirit is a mighty fine thing, particularly when it comes in glass bottles.

### STUDENTS WORK UP—

Continued from page 1

opinion has, perhaps not unjustly, attached to his name. For the first time this year, cheerleaders, garbed in the Gold-and-Black, led Dalhousie's enthusiasm. Jackie Cram and Joyce Nickerson kept the male portion of the lusty mob straining their tonsils, while the girls were incited to greater volume by the gyrations of Mac Campbell and a dark-haired engineer. The extremely successful gathering, which may take some credit for the vengeance of the Tiger on the Axemen the following day, was ably emceed by the hero of the Battle of the Goalpost, Bill Hagen.

One of the greatest contributions to the success of the Rally and the well-attended dance which followed was made by the Dal band, after many disappointments at last appearing for public performance. After difficulties with practices with instruments, with "hell and high water" according to one glowing member, the Band finally more than justified the hopes of Dalhousians, both at the Rally, and at Saturday's game, and general opinion highly complimented Director Mallem and Manager Johnson on their stirring and sterling product. Blushing furiously, Mr. Johnson, when cornered by the Gazette, bashfully admitted "Shucks, we only done our dooty."

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### FRESHMEN REVUE—

Continued from page 1

then stepped from the wings to sing "Tangerine". Her rendition was excellent indeed. The chorus was composed of Jean Coffin, Ruth Anthony, and Marg MacPherson, who ably assisted the stars of the act.

Following an intermission came the fashion show. Acting as emcee, Peter Donkin introduced the fashion show, starring some of the members of our "fairer sex", modelling styles that Dal co-eds will no doubt soon adopt.

"Miss" Waterfield looked charming in the latest thing for evening wear, a "sea-shell pink" cotton (we can't have silk now) which, perhaps due to the material rations, was slightly shorter than what girls have been wearing. "Miss" Payzant, our campus "sweater girl" was next, with the latest in "Sloppy Joe's", complete even to the pushed-up sleeves.

Having seen Dal's bathing beauty, men students interviewed after the show maintained they would stick to skiing. However, "Miss" Fraser did an excellent job of modelling the very newest in swimming suits, this year's favorite "ballerina" style. "Miss" Currie looked exotic in a gown that doubtless made its debut at the "Law Ball". "Miss" Knickle modeled the ned shade of "Victory Bed" in evening dress and with its "fruit sundae turban", "she" made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

The finale presented a chorus of lovely voices singing the hit tune of the day, "My Devotion". Led in solo by Miss Kay Archibald, the girls, Ruth Anthony, Marg MacPherson, Janell MacDonald, Joyce Harvey, Jean Weir and Eileen Phinney, brought the show to a successful close.

### Handbook In Grave Crisis

Fate of the partially-completed Students Handbook, that concise little volume which is a guide to much of the student happiness, is doubtful this week, as the result of the dropping of the editorship by Leonard Mitchell. Pressure of studies and O.T.C. made necessary Mitchell's drastic step.

Announcing his resignation to the Students' Council, Len explained part of the work had been completed towards publication of the Handbook. Advertisements have been collected and the list of students — main body of the reading material in the book—made available by the front office.

The Students Handbook has become a necessary must for the student body of Dalhousie, containing pertinent information about society constitutions, and more important—TELEPHONE NUMBERS. As never before, a crisis has arisen on the campus, beside which all other crises (this paper should know) pale into significance. Will somebody, and there should be plenty who know about the value of telephone numbers—step forward and like Moses, lead the bewildered out of the desert. Applications to Henry Tinning or Murray Rankin.

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### HOCKEY IS TO BE WAR CASUALTY—

Continued from page 1

budgetry, half of this from the sports. Hockey, scapegoat at \$475, will be a war casualty, and can hang up its skates.

Its ending was favored because it is expensive for such a little showing as Dal teams have made (last year's team was tradition buster, and had a fairly successful league season), and was decidedly a minority matter. There were too few players, and just enough friends attending games to give it the air of a major sport, and less the appearance of a conclave of the last of the Mohicans.

Final budgets have not been settled, pending definite knowledge by the Council of how much money in students fees will come from the University. Budget slashing was necessary because, while freshman registration has been much higher, there has been an abnormal number leaving the University to work in the war effort.

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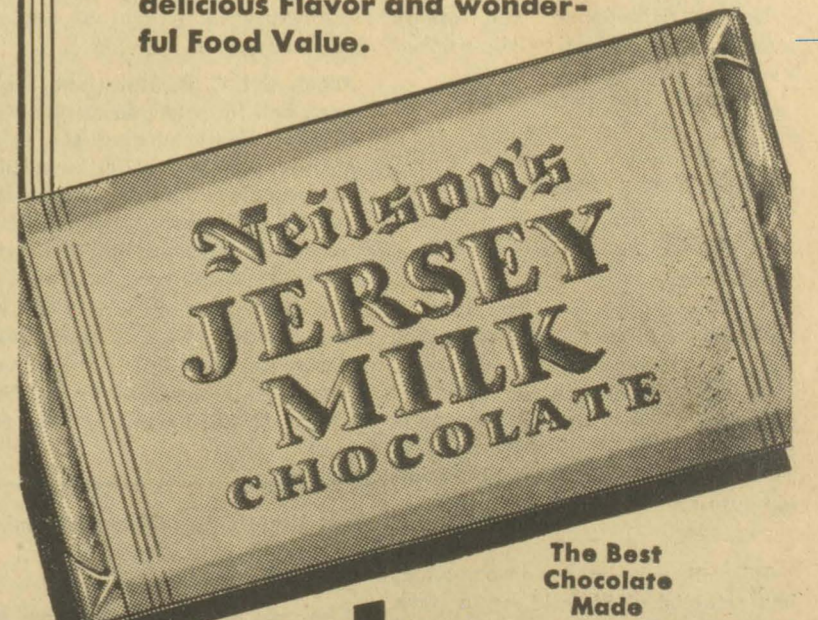
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