



Above are shown those responsible for your 1941-'42 Gazette (phone numbers on request!) At left, Editor John Grant; News Editor, "Yank" Forsyth; Feature Editor,

"Mentor" Tasman, and Sports Editor, "Moose" MacLeod, labor over weighty campus problems. In centre, Tasman, Forsyth and Grant gain pointers on linotyping. At right,

Tasman, MacLeod, Forsyth and Grant watch paper being made up in forms preparatory to going to the press.

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"

VOL. LXXIV

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 27, 1942

No. 18

BENGALS DOWN NAVY IN PLAYOFF OPENER

Student Elections To Be Held Next Tuesday

Drive For Funds To Aid Mount A. Begun

GAUDET CHAIRMAN

During December of last year, catastrophe struck hard at (our sister university), Mount Allison, at Sackville, N. B., when fire completely gutted and destroyed their fine Men's Residence together with all its furnishings.

Clad only in pyjamas, students made a hasty exit leaving behind all their clothing, books, and other personal belongings, to be destroyed by the ravishing flames. This loss to the students has now been valued at approximately \$25,000.

The loss of their residence to Mt. A., particularly at this time is a sad one indeed. It is out of our power perhaps to assist in alleviating this loss. But we can do something to render aid to the many students of moderate means who suffered the loss of many hundreds of dollars worth of belongings in such fire.

The call has rung out for such aid already, and it is gratifying to know that our Students' Council has not let such a call go unheeded. Your Council has initiated and backed a drive to be held on this Campus March 2nd to March 7th for the purpose of raising a fund to be sent on to the Mt. A. students to help make up their loss.

Already many other Maritime Universities have sent in their contributions. Now it's our turn. Will you make a contribution to your class collector, designated below, this week therefore, and let's show our Mt. A. friends across the border who have played hosts to Dalhousians in Sports, Debating, etc., so often and treated our boys and girls so well, that we stand behind them in their great loss.

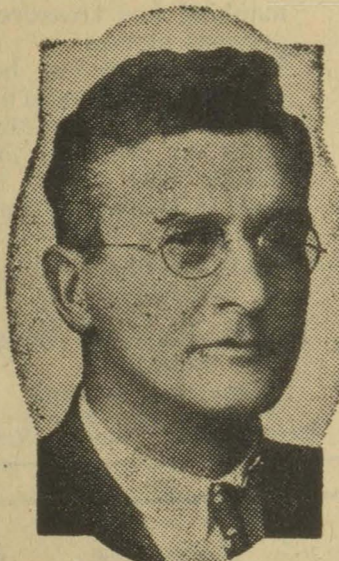
The various class collectors are as follows:

- Medicine:
 1st Year—Glen MacDonald
 2nd Year—Adelaide Fleming
 3rd Year—Lloyd MacLeod
 4th Year—Mike Smith

- Law:
 1st Year—Lorraine Johnston
 2nd Year—Dooley McIntosh
 3rd Year—Walt Gaudet

- Dentistry:
 1st Year—Glen MacDonald

Endorses Drive . . .



Message from Dr. Stanley—
 "I cordially approve of the plan of the Dalhousie Students' Council to raise a fund for assisting the students of Mount Allison University. We were all shocked and grieved by the calamity which overtook Mt. A. University. I am happy to subscribe to the fund myself."
 CARLETON STANLEY,
 President.

2nd Year } —Les Walker
 3rd Year }

- Commerce:
 Norrie Douglas
 Engineers:
 Bob Wilcox
 Arts & Science:
 Freshmen—Anita Reid
 Barbara White
 Freshie-Sophs—Marion Wilden
 Juniors—Eileen Mader
 Seniors—Helen MacKay

It is suggested that your Contribution, in order to render the most assistance, be a direct contribution in cash, rather than signing away your caution deposit, which necessarily could not be collected till the end of the term.

Give generously then this week to the best of your ability and help make Dalhousie's contribution a real one.

ELECTION CANDIDATES

- Council:
 President:
 Bernie Graham
 Henry Tinning
 Vice-President:
 Lorne MacDougall
 Tom Patterson
 Medicine:
 Marty MacDonald
 Charlie Gordon
 George Gass
 Law:
 Johnny MacInness
 Joe MacMillan
 Engineering:
 Blanchard Wiswell
 Graham Bennett
 Dentistry:
 Jed Sutherland
 Andy Anderson
 Arts & Science:
 Frosh:
 Sue Morse
 Bob Graves
 Soph:
 Muriel Barry
 Laura MacKenzie
 Don Oland
 Jim Stevens
 Junior Class:
 Anita Rosenblum
 Anne Mackley
 Bob McCleave
 Ralph O'Brien
 Commerce:
 Cy King
 John Scrymgeour
 Glee Club:
 President:
 Bunny Levitz
 Barbara Sieniewicz
 Vice-President:
 Doshie Stairs
 Bob White
 D. A. A. C.:
 President:
 J. Scrymgeour
 J. Charman
 Vice-President:
 Geoff Bagnall
 Clarence Fraser
 Blanchard Wiswell
 Secretary:
 Bruce Bauld
 Mackie Campbell

CANDIDATES INTRODUCED AT STUDENT FORUM: D. A. A. C. ALLOTMENTS MAIN ISSUE

Glee Club 3-Acter Tuesday

The Glee Club will present its three-act play, "Big Hearted Herbert", in the Gymnasium this coming Tuesday, March 3rd, at 8.15 p.m. Doors will be closed at curtain time. There is to be a dance after the play with the Dal Swing Band in attendance.

The cast includes:
 Fred Forbes as Herbert Kalness
 Kay Robinson Eli Kalness
 Tom Rogers Robeert Kalness
 Bob Webster Junior
 Sue Morse Martha (maid)
 Alex MacIntosh Mr. Goodrich
 "Doolie" MacIntosh
 Andrew Goodrich
 Barbara White Mrs. Goodrich
 Doshie Stairs Amy Laurence
 Jim Stevens Jim Laurence
 Lynn Marcus Alice Kalness

The candidates for the elections to be held on Tuesday, were introduced to the Student Body at a Student Forum held on Thursday at noon in the Chemistry Theatre. A large gathering heard the candidates for President and Vice-President of the Students' Council, the Glee Club and the D.A.A.C. state their objections and intentions for the forthcoming year. Stress was laid on the fact that finances will be the great source of difficulty. The great issue in what promises to be a hotly contested Council Presidential election is that of the D. A. A. C. allotment for next year. Bernie Graham in a decidedly unorthodox speech praising his opponent, declared that if the Student Body desired a man who would support the present D. A. A. C. appropriation of almost 50% of Council revenue, the man for whom to vote was Henry Tinning.

Sighs of relief echoed through the classrooms as Dal males once again found it safe to tread the hallowed corridors without fear of being mauled by frenzied females. Sadie Hawkins has departed from the campus for another year, but great is the devastation that she has wrought. Nevertheless few were the male of the species who could complain of the treatment accorded them at the Sadie Hawkins Dance on Tuesday night last. Below is a group snapped by Staff Photographer Oland at the height of the evening's entertainment.



? DIPO ?

What Do You Think of the Co-ed Issue of the Gazette?

This question was probably a little unfair, especially as we followed the non-partisan attitude of WODO and asked only males, with the exception of two girls. 96% thought little of it, the rest sang its praises. However, the Co-eds may take consolation in the fact that when comparisons were given, their number didn't turn too badly. "Stunk as much as other Gazettes", "Just as bad as the boys" and so on. Other opinions "It was a good fight but the men won", "very admirable", "crummy", "Too much dirt", "Just a copy of the boys whom they were trying to imitate", "Girls issue good because of the toast in the corner", and "I guess they showed us boys up". One answer we especially would like to emphasize: "Who's the girl that wants to be stranded on the desert island?" Tenders will be received during the coming week.

Do You Prefer Restaurant Waitresses to College Girls?

We reciprocate WODO's sponging of our questions with this one. 70% were in favour of the former, 15% for the latter, and the rest didn't give preference to either. Here's a few of the answers: "Waitresses are more congenial", "They have more charm", "They have a—that is, they are more shapely", "Waitresses are less expensive; they are more intent on having a good time without being socially correct", though we would like to add that the male said, "But college girls are something to be seen with sometimes, the same as a good suit." Continuing the negatives, "My mind is so changeable, for right at present I prefer Shirreff Hall girls, but if they baffle (sea term: wind coming in one direction, which suddenly changes) with my heart any more, I dunno", and No! "When I consider how my nights are spent, I say waitresses, for they have oomph, sex appeal, IT". Another said, "Depends on the waitresses", but one male in the affirmative stood up strongly for the girls: "Yes, I prefer the girls—don't take westwatt waitresses in consideration" (they hadn't asked him to Sadie Hawkins).

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.

Printed by McCurdy Printing Co., Limited, 54 Argyle St., Halifax

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No. 18

In the first issue of the year we made some attempt to state what the *Gazette* intended to do and to be. Now, after eighteen weeks, we have the effrontery to devote an issue to publicity for the paper. We have spread ourselves across the front page, thereby suggesting that someone might be interested in seeing us.

Is there any reason for this effrontery? Does the *Gazette* really mean enough to Dalhousie to justify a front-page spread? Does it even mean enough to justify its existence? To an outsider our Rufus Raynes, our jingling sports headlines, and our Coed Editions must seem like good examples of intellectual lunacy.

As a newspaper the *Gazette* is practically indefensible. But then the *Gazette* does not claim to be a newspaper, does not even want to be one. Students rush to Roy's Friday afternoon looking for the *Gazette* and they would be very disappointed to find a newspaper instead. It is significant that in no budget discussion has anyone even suggested dropping the college newspaper, even more significant that there is scarcely a two-by-four college in the country which does not put out some sort of a publication. Moreover, the reader would be impressed much more by the resemblances between the various college papers than by their differences. There is a distinctive flavour which marks them off from anything else under the sun, and colleges believe, that to lose that flavour would weaken their traditions and their spirit.

This different quality of college papers is not something merely exotic, either. A Dal graduate remarked the other day that he liked to read the *Gazette* for the independent viewpoint it could be depended upon to express. This was more than a personal compliment, for he could have said the same about the *Gazette* in other years. The average newspaper is fairly well standardized, standard in format, standard in content, standard in opinion. With some notable exceptions, newspapers are addressed to the same classes of people, have to think of the same subscribers and the same advertisers. The college paper cares for none of these things. Its opinions do not even necessarily "represent the opinion of the Student Body". For that reason they are more apt to express student sentiments, for it is a truism that any "highest common factor" of opinions represents the opinion of practically no one.

Whatever the faults of this year's *Gazette*, we think that it would have been missed. We think that the news has been very ably handled and the sports very ably manhandled. The features have been features and the literary column has been of as high a standard as can be expected in a college paper. The main trouble in that department has been lack of inspiration rather than lack of skill. It is difficult to produce a good page by the process of asking people to turn out compositions within a certain time, and that is what every Dalhousie literary editor has been just about compelled to do. As for the editorials, our greatest complaint is that this has been such an uncontroversial year. The editorials which make an impression are those written when the Editor is mad. Despite this dearth of controversy the column has never been blank. We do feel that the year has not been an entirely wasted one for the staff. The Red Cross Edition stimulated student support for an urgent cause, and another issue aroused the ire of the President of the Students' Council himself. What more could have been asked of us?

While we are on the subject of the *Gazette* we should like to make one very specific recommendation. That is that some attempt should be made to sell the *Gazette* to the alumni. At the present time there is a Circulation Manager whose job it is to see that the *Gazette* reaches those whom it should reach—not always an easy task—but no provision has been made for subscriptions to the *Gazette*. Various graduates have expressed the desire to have the *Gazette* sent to them, but no price can be quoted. Other universities encourage the sale of their publications, believing that this reminds graduates of their tie to their college. Admittedly there is much in the *Gazette* which puzzles even undergraduates, but there can be no doubt that many graduates would like to receive the *Gazette* if they knew how to arrange a subscription. The office of Circulation Manager ought to be an important one, but it cannot be so until the Council evolves some policy with regard to circulation. Besides proving a paying proposition, a campaign for graduate subscriptions would widen the influence of the *Gazette* and, indirectly, that of Dalhousie.

THE BOMBING OF NORTH AMERICA

An enemy submarine has bombed an oil refinery in California in a town whose name we cannot remember. We know what the effect on public opinion will be. There will be a demand for increased protection of American and Canadian cities, an outcry against leaving our coasts unprotected. It is, indeed, well, that we should do all in our power to protect ourselves. But, as Dr. MacKay pointed out in a letter to the Citizens' Emergency Defence Committee, to divert supplies meant for Russia or Java to ports much less strategically located is to play into the hands of the enemy. The enemy will not do any great damage in California; he may do a great deal in Java.

There may be a lesson there for college students. Is it not possible that the nearer cause may always seem to us the more urgent, that we will think in terms of Canada, even of the Maritimes, rather than in terms of the world situation.

LITERARY

THE GARDNER LAUGHS

Laughter from us is no unusual thing
 But Mr. Fillmore's has a most peculiar ring.
 Starting as a subterranean rumble,
 That threatens to explode and burst this humble
 Horny-handed son of toil, he breaks
 Into a gale of merriment and shakes
 Like a gnarled old oak, his white locks streaming
 Ruddy cheeks aflame, ice-blue eyes gleaming.
 The pent-up sound pours forth, a storm in miniature,
 (Can such a volume come from so small a stature?)
 Full throaty notes crash out like distant thunder
 That make the passing tourists gape with wonder.
 In loud guffaw his body heaves in helpless mirth
 And scatters waves of sound across the scented earth.
 The flowers leap to life in sudden animation
 And birds and earthy things take on a new elation.
 In one wild gust his laugh crescendoes to a roar—
 It dies upon the wind and then is heard no more.

ANON.

THE CONCERT

For once Mary Ann was not loitering on her way from school. Filled with joyous anticipation she skipped merrily up the lane leaping all the puddles lying in her path. Bounding into the house she shouted the news which had thrilled her for the last two hours. "Mother, I'm going to be the Princess! Me, the Princess. Miss Henry picked up this afternoon, and she gave us the parts to learn. Can I go over to Grandma's and tell her?" "Of course, dear. Well, I declare — my goodness isn't that nice." Mrs. Martin's tired face lighted up. "Who else is in it?" "Oh! Harry, and Barbara, and Tom, and oh, Josephine is my understudy, the teacher said. If I get sick or anything she'll take my part. Course I can't get sick, will I mother? I just couldn't!"

Mrs. Martin sighed as Mary Ann ran down the lane to her grandmother's. Wearily she plied her iron across the shirt on the table before her. The new teacher had decided to put on an operetta besides the usual school performances, and to give the proceeds to the Queen's Canadian Fund. All her children were in the concert, but Mary Ann was so excited. She had just begun to worry about where the clothes they would need were coming from. It wasn't fair that they should have so little just because her husband had died last year leaving her with seven children ranging in age from three months to sixteen years, and only a small farm to support them. Bertha could afford half a dozen dresses for Josephine because her husband owned a store. Well, I'll make Mary Ann a dress, somehow, she vowed, thinking of all the work that never ended.

For two weeks Mary Ann lived in a rosy cloud. She ate and studied and minded the baby as if she were in a dream. The minor inconveniences of life bothered her not at all. Every available moment she practiced her part in the play going every night to her grandmother's to perform her songs to the accompaniment of a squeaky organ. Only when rehearsing was she alive, and then she was Mary Ann no longer, but the Princess! She did not know that Miss Henry thought she was exceptionally good — the best she had ever met in her career of a rural teacher.

Then the sun of Mary Ann's happiness was covered with a black cloud for she discovered she must have white shoes and stockings and a pretty dress. She had none of these. But her mother promised Jim would buy the shoes when the pig was killed, and she would make a dress. With her worry ended Mary Ann threw herself with renewed vigor into her part. She was determined to be so much better than Josephine that the teacher would know she was the Princess. Then disaster struck.

Mary Ann slowly scuffed her way up the lane scowling at her heavy lumberman's rubbers, the only footwear she owned. Black despair filled her soul. Tomorrow she would have to tell the teacher that she could not be the Princess because she only had an old dark dress that no Princess would wear. At recess Josephine had taunted her, and laughed at her dress for she knew Mary Ann didn't have a costume. Josephine had told everybody about the new blue dress she had! "It isn't fair!" Mary Ann cried, deliberately stepping into a large puddle.

Josephine didn't have six brothers and sisters. "I know I'm a better Princess than she is! She can't sing any better than a crow!" Bravely she choked back a sob for Jim would feel it was his fault, but he wasn't to blame because the pig had died. Nor was it mother's fault that the younger children had been ill so she couldn't make the dress. Mother had written to Uncle Harvey to see if he would give her the shoes and dress for her birthday, and give them to her now. This morning Aunt Emma had answered saying that it was all nonsense to let a child be in a concert when she should be in bed. She knew Uncle Harvey would buy her the dress, but his wife was jealous of his affection for his nephews and nieces because she had no children of her own.

Try as hard as she could Mary Ann simply couldn't eat any supper because she was thinking how Josephine would queen it over everybody, and make fun of her at the dress rehearsal tomorrow night. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Aunt Emma entered followed by Uncle Harvey, who carried a large cardboard box.

"This box came from Ellen. Nothing would do but Harvey had to bring it right over because he thought Mary Ann could use some of it in the concert." Meanwhile the man opened the box, and held up the most wonderful red velvet dress with puffed sleeves. To more fastidious eyes the dress showed signs of having been worn before, but to Mary Ann it was a miracle for it fit her. With gentle fingers she stroked the soft material while the talk of her elders flowed around her. In a daze she saw a pair of white shoes and stockings taken from the box. Then her mother held up another dress of Mary Ann's size—a new one of peach silk. "Did Harvey?" asked Mrs. Martin. "No," snapped Emma, "Ellen sent it. It was given to Sally, but the style doesn't suit her, so Ellen thought you might be able to make some use of it." The child was white with ecstasy. Mary Ann had never imagined such a dress even existed. It was made for a Princess. Now she was the Princess — not Josephine.

Emma was glad the child liked the dress. It was kind of Ellen to remember these distant cousins, and send them the clothes her children outgrew. She was feeling pleased with herself because when she had consented to coming over here tonight, she had made Harvey promise not to see the concert.

"Try the peach dress on," begged Uncle Harvey. "I want to see how the Princess will look. You'll be the happiest girl in the world on Wednesday night." Mary Ann smiled happily: "It's even nicer than Josephine's dress!"

Jerry Naugler's Orchestra

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« The Feature Folio »

The MENTOR

In our brief survey of the Inevitable Courses offered by the University, it would be unwise to omit some excursion into the Vast and Improbable realms of Chemistry, or give no attention to the Multifarious Advantages to be accrued from this Study. Where previously we have discoursed on the Technical side of the course, here, for all who face the prospect of Chemistry 1, are the Insights and Highlights of the Course.

Chemistry 1 as given by the University, is probably one of the most Spectacular courses offered. Here the Instructor is at no loss for means of exciting and holding the attention of the Class. The instant it begins to wane, he can, at a moment's notice, produce any variety of very spectacular and satisfying Explosions; by resorting to the many bottles of colored liquid on the shelves behind his desk. In this manner, then, you can expect to get more out of the Class, since there is always the possibility that he will blow himself up or that the front rows will be suffocated, or that some other entertainment will result; causing much suspense and avid interest, to your Ultimate Advantage.

It is extremely interesting to note that Chemistry is one of the most Abstract and Metaphysical Sciences, being wholly made up or various Hypnoses, Theorems, and other Conceptions. The most revealing of these is the famous Avogadro's Hypnosis, which supposes that everything is made up of Colored Balls on pieces of Wire, revolving at huge rates of speed in vast immaterial space. This is the famous Immo-lecular Conception, and Scientists have been hypnotized into believing it to be correct ever since, for no one has yet had nerve enough to dispute it.

Another Inevitable and Interesting factor about Chemistry is that the Chemist is greatly concerned with Formulae. These are the Complete Chemist's bread and butter, for no one who does not possess an adequate supply of Formulae can hope to gain eminence in this field. These Formulae were all invented in some obscure way by another Scientific Egotist named Valentz, who preferred a whiz of an analogy about Hooks to substantiate his theorem.

Springing from the Immo-lecular Conception, and invented by some Scottish Chemist, is the Remarkable theorem about Ians. This proves conclusively that when you put something in water it immediately decomposes into innumerable particles, which result in the Mass Law, and eventually become K. This is the ultimate Solubility Product, and no matter how you proceed, the result is always K, to your confusion.

Of the more Fascinating and Enlightening sub-sections involved in Chemistry 1, none could be more so than that branch dealing with Organic Chemistry, or the chemistry involving innumerable things about Carbide atoms. Of these, the most interesting is that of the discovery of Benzene, which was done by some Spanish Chemist who was called Kukule. He was seated before his fireplace one night, and he saw a lump of coal disintegrate, before his very eyes. With astounding Chemical Perspicacity, he pounced on this event, and declared that he had found Benzene. It has been ultimately proven, since Kukule's time, that it is possible to extract Benzene from coal, benzine, and a number of different things, but this goes to show the extent to which Chemical Hypnosis can lead to the proper conclusion. Organic Chemistry also gives one the opportunity of learning a number of fascinating things, like how to Distill your own Liquor, Make your own Soap, etc.

Thus, it would be well for those contemplating the study of Chemistry to realize that they must change their outlook on things in general, and Chemistry in particular; for in no other branch of learning is the material world so thoroughly agitated, analyzed, dissociated, dissolved and desiccated than by means of Chemistry 1. We cannot recommend the course too thoroughly.

Dear Auntie Effie:

As I warned all you dear children two weeks ago, the female version of my column proved to be exactly what was expected. But then the poor Freshettes must have a chance sometime and at least they had the decency not to use and ruin my good name. Now we can get back to earnest and sincere efforts to help all you dears in your love troubles and I hope none suffered at the hands of the spiteful dears last week.

Another letter this week is from a sweet young Halifax lady, a Miss Mary T., who writes to say she has had a fight with a young engineer, a certain Blanchard W., and this time it seems to be the real thing. She continues by saying she used to like him but since he publically announced that he was through with her, she is very puzzled. My dear child, he has announced this before so just ignore it but I'd just let things stand as a parting might be best for all. He will be safe from other females as long as another Babe, the would-be freshette campus queen, doesn't get him and even Mr. W. isn't foolish enough to bother with her.

During the last few weeks a great number of letters I have received have a direct bearing on the recent controversy at Sherriff Hall. This subject has had a strenuous workout in the Gazette and I feel the entire campus is getting pretty fed up with it. The whole idea was started as a joke which Sherruffians have not been able to take. There is some truth in the matter and the inability of the girls to see the whole thing as a joke does not help their position. To the girls I would suggest more sleep and no more of their all night gossips regarding their dates of the preceding evening. The public displays of outward childishness, especially among the freshettes, can be dispensed with. A general checkup of their actions instead of vain attempts to attack the males, as was in evidence in the co-ed edition of the Gazette which, due to this fact, was away below usual standards, would be much more successful. Other colleges, like Acadia, do not suffer in this manner so, for your own sake girls, wise up and let's forget about it.

One letter, this week, comes in criticism of the recent daytime appearance of G. Hennigar who left the Hall, smothered in Lipstick. Yes, this certainly is very cheap but then you can't criticize the girls for trying to hold on to what little they have, eh Roz.

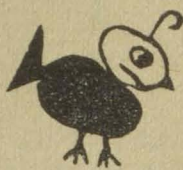
And so, my darlings, until we meet again next week, try and be good so I can have some time to enjoy myself.

Hopefully yours,

Aunt Effie

The Watchboid

(Apologies to Munro Leaf)



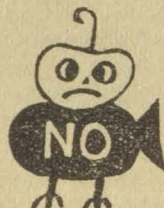
This here is a Watchboid watching a Boozie



This here is a Boozie.



Were You a Boozie This Week?



THE MAREN OF



'Stinky' Miller hasn't been able to come down to earth since she was purchased for four bits and a dime at the recent Glee Club auction. Come on Doreen, give the boy a break for you must remember next year you'll be a Sophomore.

We are told that Kissy junior is up to something new. This time she is on a diet. Keep it up dear and maybe you'll come down two pounds to 148.

We hear Jim Moir was in town over the week-end. Too bad you couldn't make connections Bunny, or could there have been a reason.

Speaking of Bunny, there was quite an exodus to Paradise last week-end that relieved the campus of the Morse girls and Kissy senior. Those Aldershot parties must really be something to be considered Paradise.

The Grimest party, of late, was the Commerce banquet, which we



This column was conspicuously absent on the Third Page last week, probably because the girls wouldn't dare attack the only ALL masculine faculty on the campus. At least there was no harm done; except to Doug Robertson, who holds a doubtful place among the Engineers because of his shady relative.

We still would like to know when they started making red-headed negroes—Burriss thought that he had everyone fooled Friday night. The Masque was quite a success: it even lured out some of the rarely seen specimens—Burgess, Fielding, MacLeod, Skinner and other sundries.

There's a lot to be told about Mussett's recent escapades, but he threatened to sue us for libel last time—so just get him in a good mood and he'll tell you all about it himself.

We knew Oland's parties were good, but Les MacLean is the first guy to get seasick in a hotel.

Did anyone ever notice how Johnny MacLean's sick spells seem to come on every time a certain Picout County girl comes down?

I think that Doshie is out after Wiswell, not Jeff—he sure is a lucky L'il Abner—and then, as he says, "I have to do SOMETHING in return, don't I?"—so, we hear it'll be the supper dance. It is known technically as reciprocation (same thing as falling).

OXFORD

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

"SUSPICION"

"MOON OVER HER SHOULDER"

□

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"HONKEY TONK"

"WEEK-END FOR THREE"

hear was quite damp. It's too bad none of those inattentance can remember the evening's events or they might explain the sudden disappearance of Les MacLean as well as that of Muriel Barrie. Could this have been a coincidence?



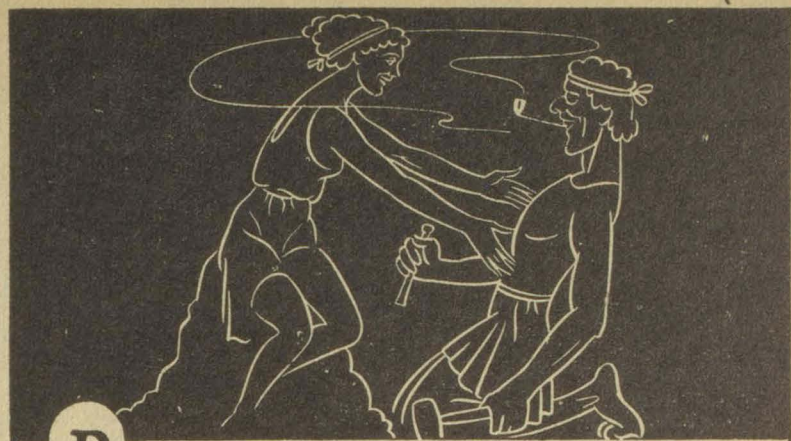
We hereby publish this un-retouched photograph of our 'Moose', who, though he tried to escape, could not avoid the onslaught of Sadie. Too bad the Basketball game interfered but nobody can say he didn't try.

Part of the entertainment seems to have been a military strip-tease by Lt. Walker, while the only misbehaving young lady, Norrie Douglas, looked on. Your playing with fire, Norrie, watch out.

The most outstanding thing at the Sadie Hawkins dance seemed to be the thrift of the Haul girls. The Freshettes seem to have purchased one piece of material and all used it for their costumes and boy was it monotonous.

Not content with making obnoxious pests with themselves on this campus, three of the local freshettes were busy waking Acadia co-eds during the recent female basketball trip to Wolfville. But then we suppose they were in search of the eternal secret, that of catching the male students on which point the Wolfville residents have been successful and the Sheriff Hall second floor, have not.

We wonder where Turner got the discoloration, and why his choice of 'My Melancholy Baby' in the Gym Store.



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Tiger Puck Stars Win Two and Tie One -- But Bow Out

Slap The Navy On The Chin But Fail To Get Last Vital Win

For two days last week the Dalhousie hockey Tigers rose to greater heights than they have achieved in years. On two consecutive days they won two consecutive games: defeating Navy, 5-4, and Acadia, 8-6. After a shaky start early in the season, when the gold and black pucksters were suffering the effects of poor condition, and the Tigers lost a number of their starts, they finally broke out into a scoring rash that snatched two games from the fire.

The game against Navy had the result that the Bengals established themselves as contenders for the Service League Championship, for, having once broken the ice, the Tigers looked good to win some more games, both from Navy and St. Mary's, and then wind up in a play-off spot. The Dal-Acadia fixture was an exhibition contest between the arch-rivals. On a previous occasion the Axemen had won a 6-3 decision, and were favored to repeat. However, Dal showed unexpected scoring and defensive power and won handily.

At the end of the first period the Axemen held a 2-1 advantage, the Dal score having been tallied by Bill Fraser on a pass from "Doolley" MacIntosh. In the second period, however, the Tigers found their scoring punch and ripped in six counters with only one from the Acadians. The scoring parade was started by "Joey" Evans, who tallied unassisted, but then Marty MacDonald took over and rapped two pucks past the Acadia goaltender to make the score 4-2 for Dal. Continuing the scoring spree, Sleep, Fraser and Evans flashed the red light before the period ended, to make the scorer's book read 7-3 for Dal.

In the third period Marty MacDonald again scored unassisted, his third of the night, and though Acadia punched three scores past Ted Hennigar in the Dal nets, the Tigers held an 8-6 advantage when the final bell rang.

Outstanding in the Dal win was the goaling performance of young Hennigar, who took a tremendous satisfaction in defeating his former team-mates. Hennigar's work has been outstanding in the past three games, since he took over the goaltender's job, and much of the Dal success must be attributed to him. However, games are seldom, if ever, won by defensive work alone, and the spectacular work of Evans, Marty MacDonald, Bill Fraser, Gordie Wilson and MacIntosh has kept the Tigers in the goal-scoring race.

In the Dal-Navy game it was a determined rally late in the game that netted five goals, which resulted in the Dal win. With the jack-tars holding a 3-0 lead in the second period, the Tigers went hog-wild to take the lead, on goals scored by Dave Doig, "Doolley" MacIntosh, Fraser and McKelvie. Most spectacular was the performance of Doig, who rapped in two on perfect passes from Wilson.

It was the end of a scoring famine which has affected Dal hockey teams for some years past, and which has rendered abortive all efforts to make the Tiger ice machine a potent factor in local leagues. But having once found their scoring eye, Burney Ralston's ice-men could be expected to go on to the completion of a successful season.

Hoopsters Take Acadia

The Dal Tigers continued their string of victories in the Halifax City League when they travelled to Acadia on Tuesday night, and wound up the league schedule by administering a 32-12 defeat to the Axemen. It was the Tigers' sixth appearance in league play, and their sixth victory. On previous occasions they had defeated Navy, 45-24 and 39-26, Air Force, 35-19 and 26-14, and Acadia 51-19. The grand total showed 226 points for the Tigers, and 115 for their opponents, with six games won and none lost in league competition. And with the league schedule complete, the stage was set for the playoffs, with the Tigers and Navy clashing in a two-game, total score series, for the championship of the City League, and the right to advance to provincial playdowns.

TIE SAINTS 3-3

Dalhousie's hockey Tigers bowed out by the Service League race on Tuesday afternoon when they were held to a 3-3 draw by St. Mary's. Going into the game needing a win, the Dal pucksters put up a great fight, but found the sloppy ice rather than the Santamarians, just too much for them.

The Tigeres started off in high gear, and midway through the first canto held a 2-0 lead by virtue of petty scores by Bill Fraser and Marty MacDonald. With the forward line clicking smoothly, the defence of Webber and MacDonald handling the smaller Santamarians with ease, and Ted Hennigar proving a stone wall in the nets, prospects seemed good for a Dal win. In the second period, the St. Mary's sextet took advantage of an opening and rifled home a puck to cut the Dal lead down to one goal.

The third period found the Tigers beginning to wheeze slightly as a result of the hard-going, and the St. Mary's forwards began to find their shooting eyes. Before the period had half-ended, they had tallied twice to take a 3-2 lead, and the Dal cause had suddenly become desperate. With about five minutes to go, Bill Fraser made a nice rush to score unassisted, and tie up the contest. But in spite of frenzied efforts to count again, the Tigers were held off, and the bell rang to end the game, and ring down the curtain and Dal's hockey league hopes for the year.

FOR MEN ONLY

If we didn't have absolute proof, we wouldn't believe it possible. But the unalterable fact remains that Dalhousie's co-ed basketball team is out to get the Acadiettes on Saturday, and no mistake. The fixture is to be played in the Dal Gym at twelve noon, precisely, and the student body will miss a good bet if it fails to drop in to watch the excitement on its way home to dinner. (We mean the student body's dinner — not the excitement's. Excuse, please, the ambiguity).

Dal's line-up will include Laura Bissett, Mary McKeigan, Anita Rosenblum, Vera Crummey, Doshie Stairs, Marg Morrisson, Inez Smith, Anita Reid, Kay Smith and perhaps others of Dalhousie's lovelies.

Still seeing red as a result of the beating they absorbed from the Acadiettes at Wolfville, the above-mentioned octette has foresworn all frivolity until vengeance is achieved. No dances on Friday night — whereat a great many Pine Hillers who intend to foot it neatly tonight are cursing mightily. The gals are probably even now applying a touch of carmine to the claws, and plotting devious schemes whereby they will trip up the Axettes and send them home with loud groanings and gnashings of teeth.

Don't miss it! The struggle of the century—When Felines Meet—will be staged tomorrow (Saturday) at twelve noon in the gym.

The Acadia-Dal contest found the Tigers throwing up their usual defence, and holding the Axemen down to small figures. The gold-and-black quintet delayed their offensive until late in the second period, when they really hit their stride and ran in seven baskets without a reply from the Acadians. The backbone of the Dal defence was the Smith-Wilson duo, who also managed to rap in 16 points, a half the team total, between them. MacLeod, in his usual spot at centre, tallied twelve points to lead the scorers of both teams. "Yank" Forsythe made two nice field goals for four points, while McKenzie, though held score-

SPORT Spice

By AL MacLEOD

For awhile this week it looked as though Dal's hockeyists were on the "glory" road, as they prepared to make a last, desperate drive to salvage a spot in the Service League playoffs. With two nice wins tucked under their belts, the icemen were showing form superior to anything they had demonstrated all season. All they needed was a win from St. Mary's. But the Santamarians, remembering the humiliation of last fall's rugby sessions, when the football Tigers took them over the hurdles handily, were determined to rob the Bengals of their prize. It was a torrid struggle, and perhaps the best game of the season in some respects. But when regulation time had elapsed, the score was 3-3, and the Dal sextet had required a win and nothing less. Overtime? It would have been a good idea, but the man who owned the ice rushed out waving a broom, and making with the language, crying in a loud voice: "You cannot have my ice because somebody else has my ice—so there!" There wasn't anything one could do in such a situation, so the Ralstonians retired disconsolately to the dressing-room, to weep upon each other's shoulders, and to remove their sweaty vestments and to attempt to wangle enough out of the D.A.A.C. for a small coke . . .

In the meantime the senior basketball team was unobservedly pursuing its winning ways, and was doing things that hadn't been done by a Dal team since 1934. It ran through the City League schedule without a defeat, and then sat upon its haunches, chewing on an orange and perspiring gently, awaiting a playoff series with the Navy which would decide the League championship. And while it was crossing no bridges before they were hatched, it was wondering what would happen when and if they did take the title. Would the Council rally round and make financial music in their ears so the team could go further—to provincial playdowns, and perhaps to the Maritime playdowns? Nobody seemed to know—but everybody had hopes, if nothing more . . .

Down at the Law School, the bailiwick, betimes, of this poor scribe, there were brave doings. One Robert "The Baron" Frankish, angular and gentlemanly in appearance, had embarked upon a "fitness" campaign. "Are you fit?" he would query, much in the manner of old-time salvationists who once were prone to cry: "Are you saved?" Not waiting a reply, his procedure was to fling wide the portals and open all the windows, inviting the wintry blast to whip itself around poor shivering legal frames and the naked shoulders of his mates. Rumour had it that milord the Baron, having invested in cotton "gym" outfit, was given to standing, in the early dawn, before his wintry window, running the gamut of calisthensic lore. But withal, though icicles twinkled in the Baronial mustache, and frost-bite had had its day on the Frankish nose, the "Fitness and Fresh Air" campaign was still unappreciated, especially by his forensic fellows.

less, played an excellent defensive game and worked well up front.

Forsythe, 4; McKenzie; MacLeod, 12; Smith, 7; Wilson, 9; Fraser; Bauld; MacDonald.

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SUFFER HOOP LOSS

The undefeated succession of victories which the Tigers have been piling up throughout the season was brought to an abrupt ending on Saturday night when the Bengals went down to the "Y" to meet the Y.M.C.A. Intermediates in an exhibition game. It was the second meeting of the year between the two clubs, the Tigers having taken a decision from the "Y" earlier in the season. The "Y" has long been regarded as a club of senior calibre, even though they are this year playing intermediate ball, and on Saturday night they had plenty of striking power.

And while the Tigers were definitely "off" on their shooting, and were unused to the change from the large Dal gym to the small "Y" court, the 31-21 victory posted by the Y'men was decisive.

Burney Ralston played his first game with the gold and black squad, and led the Dal scorers with seven points, followed by Wilson with six, and MacLeod with four. Callaghan of the "Y" led the scorers of both teams with ten points.

With the score for the year ending one-all, both teams are looking forward to a third encounter in the near future, and both are equally determined to make it decisive.



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