

ATTENTION, CLASS '42 GRADUATES!

An important meeting of all those graduating in the Spring will be held on Tuesday noon in Room 3 of the Arts Building. Life officers are to be elected, plans for Convocation Week made, and committees elected to take charge of Convocation arrangements. This will be the most important meeting of the year of graduates, so a large turnout is urged.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS
BY DON BLACK

One Lionel Salt, apparently a sage of some sort at U. B. C. notes the disorganization wreaked upon Long Island University by Washington's Huskies in a basketball game in New York recently. The honored Mr. Salt also notes that the "explosion ball" type of game, fostered and reared at U. B. C. was responsible for it all, being credited with making the U. B. C. Thunderbird Dominion basket champs last year.

Apparently the idea is that the players cut in, run about and generally are all over the place and shoot whenever there is a clear strutch of air between the ball and the basket. This is naturally shooting very, very often but as a player does not get "set" for any shots more shots are made and because of intensive practice a lot of them get home. If this is actually a new type of game it bears investigation. The main hitch seems to be that one needs to train the players to a point where they can throw a pass like Johnny Martin could and then dash around and pick it up themselves. This might be difficult even for Smith, MacLeod and Wilson, but speed might click around here for the first team that studied it and worked out a few of the fine points.

When the Prince of Wales and Repulse were lost off Malaya, students at the University of Alberta rose admirably to the Jap challenge. Despite the fact (learned later) that a battle-ship cost forty million dollars, they decided to raise a fund to replace those mighty R. N. craft. Last reports state thirty-seven cents have been collected.

We'd like to dedicate this column to Al MacLeod, because the Argosy from Mt. A. (and Moose went there we believe) carries the following poem:

A daredevil Junior called Moose,
Decided he ruled the caboose;
But along came Sweet Sue,
With a new trick or two,
And Moose was once more on the loose.

His innocent partner was Hump,
His heartbeat went with a jump,
He wined her and dined her
And then couldn't find her,
So Hump was all kinds of a chump.
The moral being—Freschettes is crazy.

The latter we understand, as for the rest WE DON'T GET IT, but then it's about Moose so why worry.

Mary had a steam boat
The steam boat had a bell,
Mary went to heaven
And the steam boat went toot,
toot. Argosy.

The Manitoban tells the story of the professor who drank 6 cokes and burped 7 up.

We've achieved a life-long ambition. Other columnists are always finding mistakes in other people's papers but we never do. We found one. The Gateway, from Alberta where they raise cattle by the thousands (there are only thirty in the barn at home) writes the following—"That's a hot number", said the steer as the glowing branding iron was pressed against HER tender flank. We maintain that Maritime steers (mostly bum) are males even though the "vet" did attend them when they were little shavers. We'll lay something on the line that they are that way in Alberta too, writers of the Gateway's Casserole to the contrary notwithstanding. So there.

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



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HALIFAX, N. S., 30, 1942

No. 14

Council Again Places Budgets Under Fire

In an attempt to clear up the 1941-42 budget for once and for all the Council called upon the presidents of the various societies to sit in on the semi-annual financial meeting of the Council held Thursday in the Men's Common Room.

Among the reports heard were those of the Glee Club, the Gazette, and the D.A.A.C. That of the D.A.A.C. not being complete, the D.A.A.C. financial status was left hanging in the balance until final disposition of it could be made at a future meeting. It was decided that the President of the D.A.A.C., Mr. Blois, and the managers of the various clubs should meet with Messrs. Rankin and MacDonald on Sunday afternoon in order to untangle the finances and gain a true idea of the state of affairs.

Among other things, it was decided that at the present time, because of the low state of finances, Badminton players should be charged an additional five cents per bird on badminton night. Thus the charge becomes twenty cents per bird instead of the former cost of fifteen cents. The student will still be able to save fifteen cents per bird, since they sell retail at thirty-five cents apiece.

It was gratifying to the Council, however, to learn that most of the organizations are within or under the budgets made out for them by the Council.

Also on the agenda was the establishing of a committee to lead the I.S.S. drive. It was decided to combine this drive with the one to gain funds to aid Mt. Allison students with books and other materials which they lost in the pre-Christmas fire. John Windebank and A. W. Gaudet were placed in charge of this committee.

A report on the Red Cross Ball was heard and the Council passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Jones on his splendid job and congratulated him on the success of his enterprise.

Mackie Appeals For Student Support

An appeal for aid for the refugee and interned students in Europe and China was made to Dal students by Robert Mackie, general secretary of the World Student Christian Federation in an address on Saturday. Interned himself for a short time after the fall of France when he was on his way from the peace-time headquarters of the federation at Geneva to Canada, Mr Mackie was able to describe graphically the needs of those who are still interned in Europe.

The speaker made an appeal for funds on behalf of the International Student Service which provides comforts, chiefly in the form of books, for students interned or prisoners of war in Europe and North America. At present he stressed that Canada is not sending any money out of the country but all that has been donated to the service organization is being used in its national work. This year the organization hopes to raise \$4,000 in Canadian Universities.

Mr. Mackie drew from the experiences of Andre D'Blonay, general secretary of the I.S.S. to tell of conditions in European concentration camps. He said many of these camps, particularly in France, were not for detention of students but places for them to stay while they were in the country, impoverished and with nowhere to go.

Charity Function Huge Success

MacDonald Speaks . . . Jones Listens



Web MacDonald officiates at the drawing of prizes during "bank hour" while Chairman Ken Jones lends a helping hand.

WELL SUPPORTED BY SERVICEMEN; FEW STUDENTS ATTEND; DANCE CAPABLY HANDLED

Preceded by great publicity and hullabaloo the first Dal formal to be held in the Gymnasium proved an enormous success. Although students themselves were conspicuous by their absence, this was more than made up for by the large attendance of Servicemen and city people. From the opening strains of music to the last waltz everything went off with clockwork perfection. The dance was really begun with the broadcast over CHNS, in which Adelaide Fleming and Louise Bishop excelled.

STUDENTS DISPLAY INVENTIVE GENIUS

The inventive genius of two of King's students bids fair to revolutionize the entire art of lying in bed in the mornings. No longer will the old excuse of "I overslept" suffice to quell the wrath of innocent professors; no longer may a nighthawk hope to recuperate by sleeping until 11 or 12 o'clock in the morning after a long hard night of dancing and roistering in convivial company. All has been changed. The blame for it all lies with Bob Forbes and Hubert Drillen, residents of Pine Hill. Drillen started it last year at King's College by the invention of a remarkable contraption that, with the first notes of the alarm clock in the morning, set coffee to percolating, turned on the radio, closed the window, and turned on the light.

This apparently complicated mechanism was in action very simple. An alarm clock was nailed to the window sill and a piece of string looped around the alarm key, with the other end of the string being attached to the window. When the alarm went off, the loop slipped off and closed the window by means of a block of wood and a pulley. When the window was lowered it set a hot plate in operation, thus heating coffee which had been prepared the previous night, the radio and the reading lamp.

This year, Bob Forbes, to cope with the age old problem of getting up in the mornings, originated his own variation of the same scheme. His contraption includes the alarm clock attached to a battery-bell circuit so that when the alarm goes off it pulls a switch, thus completing the circuit. It takes several minutes to turn off the bell so that the process proves an awakening influence. Truly, friends, a new era is being born.

At the end of the radio program the orchestra swung into a rhythmic fox trot to really start the dance rolling. If only for the music alone, it was well worth the admission price and those Dalhousians who failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to go certainly did not play fair with themselves.

To Ken Jones and his hard working committee goes full credit for a truly remarkable demonstration of what Dal can do when she actually decides to do a thing. The picture in the gymnasium on Friday afternoon was a sight for sore eyes. Those who have shown scepticism about the ability to gain the cooperation of the Student Body in any campus enterprise received a pleasant surprise. No fewer than forty Co-eds had gathered to lend their aid in preparing the food for the evening and there was male help galore for the Decorations Committee.

One of the highlights of the Dance itself turned out to be the "Bank Hour" in which just about everyone managed to win something or other even if only a case of salt codfish or a half ton of coal. Webster MacDonald, in his capacity of President of the Student Council officiated at this event and with his natural tendency toward humor added greatly to the spirit of the enterprise.

Over six hundred dollars was collected for the Red Cross and although more was expected, the low percentage of student attendance kept the figure down. This large profit was made possible only through the wholehearted cooperation extended to the students by the merchants of the city who gave generously of both food and goods. The Committee also wishes to acknowledge the work of Peter Whalley, whose caricatures of various personalities prominent in today's political world were greatly admired.

One Moment Please

A hearty invitation is extended to all those on Dal's campus who are interested in Christian fellowship to attend an inter-varsity fellowship meeting. "A good time is assured".

Time: 4.30 p.m. Sunday.
Place: 332 South Street.
Speaker: Rev. Harry Newman.

The Council would like to call the attention of the student body to the fact that, by an arrangement entered into by the Students' Council with the Arena, skating will be free to Dal students on presentation of Council ticket at any regular skating session at the Arena.

ATTENTION, GRADUATES!

Did you know the Year Book is your book and it's up to you to make it the best yet. How?

- (1) Turn biography form in today.
- (2) Choose the picture you want in the book and let your photographer know your choice.
- (3) Buy your book now—\$2 is the price; selling campaign closes Feb. 15th. Only those books sold by that date shall be ordered. Books may be purchased from any of the following:

- Sandy Macdonald
- Anita Rosenbloom
- Jean Cameron
- W. C. Apey
- Inez Smith.

BASKETBALL

For the next two Thursday evenings, dances are being planned to follow the regularly scheduled basketball games. There are two basketball games each Thursday, beginning at 8 o'clock and ending at 10 o'clock. From 10 until 12 there will be dancing to music of the PA system. Bring your girl early to see the games and then remain for the dancing afterwards.

Dal bids fair to make a clean sweep of the City League this year, having won it in football, and with great expectations for basketball. Come out and support your team. To date the number of spectators has greatly exceeded that of previous years, but much greater student support is possible.

Boys, go easy on the kick-a-poo joy juice and be good to Daisy Mae. She is out to get her man on the 17th of February.

EDITORIAL

A GREAT ACT OF SOLIDARITY
(by ROBERT MACKIE)

A parcel of books were sent recently into a prison-camp in Germany to a British officer who had been taken prisoner in Greece. A question was asked, "Is there anything else we could send you?" "No, thank you," he replied, "except an account for these books, as I should like to reimburse you as soon as I am free. As a student after the last war I took a humble part in helping to raise funds for European Student Relief, and I know that you can find good use for every pound subscribed." So once again this splendid piece of co-operation is being true to its name, and recognizes no frontiers between those who genuinely desire to study. The work is carried out by International Student Service in co-operation with the World's Student Christian Federation and Pax Romana, the international Roman Catholic student secretariat. It is entirely impartial and meets genuine need wherever it can.

Where are the students who depend upon its services? Well, we have begun by mentioning prisoners of war. What very few people realize is that there are six millions of them in a dozen countries, and that is a conservative estimate—a body of men equal in size to half the population of Canada behind barbed wire on restricted areas of frozen or burning

(Continued on page two)

? DIPO ?

The Dalhousie Man (or Woman) of the Year on the Campus

17% were undecided, and, topping the list of Man of the Year at 9% each of the votes, are three personalities: Prokov the conspirator, Prof. C. L. Bennet, and Bob "Dipo" McCleave. Prof. Bennet got his votes from a backwash out of English 2. The other leaders were given votes in attempts to be funny. Others having votes were Donald Kirkpatrick, Anita Reid, Barbara White, Major Hogan, Colin Smith, Webster Macdonald, Lieut. Jack Ross, Bob Mussett, "Dooley" MacIntosh, Bruce Campbell for his part in the post-Grad election, and Graham Mason. There was also a vote to some animal named "Moose".

Dalhousie's Favorite Comic?

Lil Abner came out on top with an even 50% of the votes; "Blondie" came next with 16%, and the rest tied at last place. These included Allie Oop, Mickey Mouse, None, Poyeye, Superman, Donald Duck, Bob McCleave (dam the fiend who cast that vote) and Dick Tracey.

What Should Canadians Remember, If Americans Remember Pearl Harbour?

20% answered Hong Kong, 10% Dunkirk, and the rest for the most part were peaceable. The answers included: Mind their own business, the War, Pearl Harbour, Exams, "Remember that the Americans aren't doing such a wonderful job of winning the war", Keep their mouth shut, Be prepared, Mackenzie King, Try to forget, the Desert, "Damn the torpedoes, Full speed ahead", the Plebiscite, "That Halifax Harbour could be Pearl Harbour", William Lyon Mackenzie the Great Liberator, the Bolshevik Revolution, the Intelligentsia, Ask me later, the quiz next Wednesday, "For fluffier, puffier suds, use Rins-o-Krickle, Crackle, Pop".

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page one)

soil, in huts and castles, all of them in alien lands. These are the "barbed-wire legion" or "soldiers out of luck", and an increasing number are men from this Dominion. In large measure they are young, and thousands belong to the student class. The one useful thing they can do, if they are not to lose their morale, and their intelligence, is to study, and with universal enthusiasm this is the course they adopt. But a soldier carries no books in his pack; he has none of the tools of the academic trade on his person. For these he must depend on people outside the camp who will patiently seek to meet his essential requests. Happily this is possible. The only piece of international legislation which operates successfully in war-time is that concerned with prisoners of war. They have rights, and it is in the interest of the governments concerned to maintain them, for the process is reciprocal. The Canadian and German governments, for example, are studiously careful to observe conditions in prison camps, if only for the sake of their own men in enemy hands.

Working closely with the larger organization of the War Prisoners' Aid of the Y. M. C. A., the European Student Relief Fund (I. S. S. and its companion organizations, as outlined above), is able to reach many groups of students in Germany, in Britain, in Canada, and elsewhere, supplying them with the books they need, or acting for university committees in various countries. One French student said: "Send us big books, we have tried to read them carefully at the rate of a page a day!" There is no doubt as to the quality of the work done, but the area is sadly limited because of the endless stream of prisoners.

Not all students in internment are prisoners of war. In Switzerland are thousands of Polish soldiers interned, among whom are several hundred students. Swiss universities have come to their rescue through the channels of this co-operative student work. The only Polish students in the world studying together in their own language are in Switzerland! Think of what that means for Poland some day. In Canada there are still several hundred university men from Europe in internment camps. They were refugees from Germany and the occupied countries, who had the misfortune to be put under precautionary arrest in Britain in the critical summer of 1940. Most of them are violently against the present regime in Germany; many of them have suffered at its hands. Here again help has come to them from this fund. Many younger ones have been enabled to take the McGill University Matriculation exams; many older men have been given the material to continue valuable advanced studies. One of the "Camp Schoolmasters" wrote: "The only group which has kept any kind of inner stability are those we have put to work, and to hard work."

Not all refugees are interned in such good physical conditions. Still in unoccupied France, Spain, and North Africa, are hundreds of desperately unfortunate men and women who call themselves students. They are Spaniards and Poles, Czechs and Germans—men and women whose race or opinions made them obnoxious to the powers that be. Only those who have considerable character have survived the pressure of these years. Among them are some of the ablest young European minds. Huddled in enormous, ill-equipped refugee camps, or in garrets in university cities, many have been found and aided in their magnificent struggle to continue their studies.

Not all the students who need help are European! In China there has been taking place one of the most amazing achievements in history. Bombed and blasted out of their universities in the coastal cities, Chinese students and professors have made a great trek back hundreds of miles into the vast interior of China. There in mountain fastnesses, in disused temples, in mud huts outside city walls the university life of China is carried on. Starvation and disease have pursued them; books have been lost and equipment destroyed. Still in the fall of 1941 there were more students of university standing in China than before the Japanese invasion. This is one of the main ways in which China is waging, and winning, its heroic struggle. The national life is being built up by skilled men and women at the same time as the enemy is being countered in the field.

Here, again, students from North America and Europe have for years been sending the money which, with Chinese government grants, has made this great achievement possible. The Chinese are in the front line today, and this is one of the main ways in which those who make common cause with them can help them.

There remains a problem which often vexes those who are anxious to help in this work. Will the money reach the right people—will it not be misused? There is no case in which money has not yet met the purposes for which it has been raised, or sent. Strict government control assures that it will not pass into the hands of the enemy. Reciprocal agreements enable it to be used with absolute certainty in the most beneficial way. Up to date in the last two winters the money raised in Canada, though credited by I. S. S. to the total enterprise, has not reached the amount which had to be spent in Canada. In this way any loss in exchange has been avoided.

"It is by the preservation of the liberties of others that we are most actively engaged in the maintenance of our own," wrote a group of British students shortly after Dunkirk. These liberties we fight for with arms can be lost by selfish indifference. On the other hand, this great work by students for students is one of the most signal evidences of the character and intentions of those people who believe in liberty. As such it is of incalculable influence in the affairs of man today.

LITERARY

Nightmare

Arlene and I were skipping a history class because we had some shopping to do. We go to Barrington Street early in the afternoon—on a belt line tram. I remember that especially because I recognized the conductor. He was the man who was on that car the last time I skipped a class to go shopping. He made me feel guilty.

We bought some lisle stockings and a couple of boxes of powder and decided to go to a show and have supper down town. I don't remember much about the show except that it was pretty vulgar and the remarks of the soldiers who were sitting behind us were pretty smutty. The reason I can't remember more is that I was worried. I remembered right after the "Donald Duck" that I had to go down to Birks and get a birthday present for my Dad. How I ever managed to forget it until then I don't know.

As soon as we got out of the show I told Arlene that she just had to come down to Birks with me to get the present for Dad and we could get supper anywhere after that. She didn't want to go but of course she did. It didn't take long to walk down and I found the leather picture frame I wanted almost as soon as we started looking for things. The clerk wrapped it up and we paid her and came out.

I don't like Barrington Street any more. It is always dirty and wet in the wintertime and there are too many soldiers and sailors making remarks about the girls that walk by. I never mind the airmen because they don't make saucy remarks; and I never mind the officers, unless they're drunk, because they are like the airmen. The funny thing about Barrington Street last night was that there weren't any service men hanging around. Only a few of them were on the street and they were all walking right along minding their own business. I wondered about it then.

Another thing I wondered about was the planes that were flying over. There were hundreds of them and they were way up high. I was looking up at them when I noticed it. I mean the whole tops of all the buildings were shaking. I thought at first it was just the looking up and the sound of the planes that were making me see things. And then Arlene said, "Here it comes!" It's funny I didn't notice it at the

time, that she said it in such a queer voice.

It didn't take me any time at all to see what she meant. I can't remember just which one of those buildings it was, but it was falling right over on top of us! We jumped to the ditch and fell right down flat beside a lamp post with a white band on it. Then we saw that wasn't going to help us, so we got up and ran as fast as we could up George Street.

It's funny how long it took that building to fall. We heard it crash into the street just when we were running up the first block—and another thing, that was the first big noise I heard outside of the roar of the planes.

Well, anyway, Arlene and I both got hurt. A big piece of rock struck her on the arm and she fell over a piece of something that was lying in the way. I got both legs cut by a piece of broken glass and my back was pretty badly bruised when a rafter sort of slithered down over it.

I remember some of the C.O.T.C. boys were working at first aid and they picked up Arlene and me and sent us back to the Hall. I don't know much about the trip back because I must have fainted.

You should have heard Arlene when I told her about it all. I was worried because that's the first nightmare I've had for ever so long and usually I only have them when I've been sick. Well, she certainly told me off. She said she knew perfectly well I'd suffer for it when she saw me drinking so much black coffee and eating so many of those cheese and pickle biscuits.

Arlene's a great one to explain why you dream what you do. She told me it wasn't any wonder I dreamed about hundreds of airplanes after being so silly about collecting them for the last two years. And she said it wasn't any wonder we both got hurt because she's stiff as a poker from last night's skiing—and so am I. She says being stiff and sore will always make you dream you've been hurt.

Well, anyway, I'm glad I don't have dreams like that every night. Isn't it funny how you remember so many silly little details when you're dreaming?

MONA R.

(Any resemblance to any Freshette living in the Hall or elsewhere is purely coincidental.—Ed. Note).

SUNLIGHT ON GREEN LEAVES

Photosynthesis

Leaves and the bold sun's magic tingeing,
And green becomes a living thing
An artist cannot catch:
But there it is for us—
A light, a loveliness
That shall not pass into nothingness.
Such beauty as Keats saw—
A bower quiet for us.
It cannot change.
And yet—when heads are bowed,
Hearts heavy with life's sorrows
And fate's errant wantonings,
That very beauty makes our grief
More poignant.
And eyes spill tears
To see the sunlight glisten on green leaves.

D. MacK.

PER THE GHOST OF WALT WHITMAN

I, now twenty years old,
Sifting in front of the window,
The bench is hard
Beside me—
(She says her father beats her)
The grim picture with high walls
Towers over all
(If you could see the marks on her body)
Salmon sandwiches are good for the soul,
Chicken bones passed to all,
But between the chicken bone and the lip
The hand is thrust down,
It rattles on the ground—
Alas poor chicken bone.

(Author prefers to remain anonymous—Ed. note).

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

My darling, I must leave you now.
Ten little days we've had to call our own,
Ten twenty-fours of hours we have known
We two have filled with every earthly bliss
That can be found between a love's first kiss
And that last parting to which all loves bow.

These days of my last leave are long
Since in the limits of the ten are bound
The sweetest moments that my heart have found,
The deepest blue of sky and green of seas,
Most thrilling songs of birds along the breeze,
All hyper-tensified by your love song.

And yet those days are short, so short,
When my mind strays to think on all the joys
That fifty years might add; the girls and boys
That might have clustered round us in our age,
To whom would pass our earthly heritage
Of love—my love, these days are short.

Yet I could not choose otherwise.
Our single life that sometime would have been
Can never be. That part which we have seen
Must e'er suffice for us. And other loves
Will thrill to hear in spring the coo of doves,
And not once think of our rich sacrifice.

MONA REILLY.

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in the B.Sc. course, about \$190 a year.

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« THE FEATURE FOLIO »

The MENTOR

We have discussed at length the various Intriguing Courses offered by the University, and examined the many benefits to be derived from these, as considerations affecting the future selection of classes. There is, however, yet another group which should be Exactingly Examined for the same reason—the various Inevitable Courses which the University expects everyone to take. The Official Calendar gives the Frosh little or no choice in the matter of selecting such classes as Mathematics, English, Chemistry, etc., and it is an Unvarying rule that everyone must take them, sooner or later. In this way, then, these classes lose much of their fascination and appeal, which is easily explained by the remarkable Psychological Statement that nobody likes to do anything, especially if they have to. Let us, then, examine these Inevitable Courses, offering some modicum of solace to those who face the prospect of taking them in the near future.

Of these Inevitable Courses, the most Interesting and Intellectual is, of course, English. Of this, the first branch is English 1, which, like Physics, is divided into two sections. To prevent confusion, however, these are both designated as English 1, and are essentially the same course. In this way, English lacks the many advantages of Physics, since those who delay their departure into more advanced work are forced to pursue the same course twice. There is some slight consolation, however, in the fact that there are two instructors, though the benefit of this is small.

It would be useless to enumerate the many advantages to be derived from English 1, and since it is but preliminary to English 2, a mere glance over these should suffice. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is mostly German, and another foreign language known as Oldenglish, promulgated by an obscure Writer, known as G. Chaucer, who wrote the Cadbury Tails, and other droll stories. These were all copied from Bocaccio, dealing with Priorities, and other religious matters. The benefit of studying this is that you quickly learn to distinguish Oldenglish from English, at a glance, and never get them confused.

The chief function of any class in English is to train you to write Themes. English is wholly concerned with Theme writing, and since the technique of doing this has been expounded previously, let us examine the benefits to be derived from your efforts. The first is that it enables the English Department to support worthy students, whose duty is to read Themes, thus justifying the writing of them. The second benefit is a collection of 20 original works, which can often be sold to the gullible in the following year, by changing the D's to B's, and erasing the Readers' comments. Theme writing, then, is invaluable training, and should be practised on every possible occasion. The second branch of English is English 2. Here again you must write Themes. This is due to the fact that many, on entering College, elude English 1, and might otherwise never learn how to write Themes at all. Coupled with English 2 Themes in some obscure way are two authors—Milton and Shakespeare—which, due to some early typographical errors in an early Calendar, are given in reverse chronological order. This fact has never been discovered by the instructor, who continues to lecture in that order, in spite of everything, though most students eventually discover the mistake themselves, and make due allowances. The third important phase of English 2 is a thorough study of another popular author, Renais Sance, who wrote in a doggerel French, though he is supposed to have been born in Italy. His works are of utmost importance, since there is always a question on any English exam about him.

English, then, though Inevitable, is one of the more delightful courses offered by the University, and even Engineers have been known to benefit from their exposure to it, after a few years.

THE MARCH OF CRIME

Why did "Kissy" Minimus arrive late at the Red Cross Dance? Did she change her mind, or did her conscience bother her? For further details, see Fred Russell.

What is all this we hear about Johnny Fraser. Has Anita slackened the reins, or has he got the bit by the horns. Watch for further developments Friday nite.

What happened to Mike? Although things appeared convivial at the Red Cross affair, we understand that the Anzacs have more time on their hands.

The Hall phone is generally busy every nite around 11. Doesn't Johnny trust our 'Bob', or can it be the real thing this time?

The Black-out Sunday caused quite a bit of excitement at the Hall. Lynn wishes to thank the Civic authorities for the perfect timing. The clock stopping for half an hour was very convenient, too, we understand.

We are wondering if there can be anything in the fact that our old friend 'Stinky' Miller won the Cook-Book in the raffle. How about that, Mussett?

Are the Hall girls becoming more popular since the recent outbreak of the Gaz. and other local papers, or

is it just due to the efforts of Prof. Bennet, and the Anzac Club?

Why was McGinty so anxious to go hunting Sunday? Did he want to find out if there were 'bears' in them thar woods?

We were wondering how Tasman got along with the sale of 'Military Secrets' at the dance, and where 'Yank' and 'Moose' went afterwards. Don's hospitality knows no bounds though both looked somewhat worse for wear.

Don Kirkpatrick is going to need the advice of our Aunt Effie, from all we can understand. 'Life is so sweet, and yet so cruel', eh, Don.

Dunsmore just can't seem to get away from Moncton, and Ruth looked none the worse for a year away from the joint. What can all this be leading up to.

Doug Robinson didn't take long to recover, and from all indications he landed on his feet with a vengeance, and a nifty blonde number. Some gals don't know when they're well off.

Man: "Do you know, honey, if I had to do all over again who I'd marry?"

Wifey: "No, who?"

Man: "You."

Wifey: "Oh, no, you wouldn't."

Dear Auntie Effie:

I am simply overwhelmed, my dears, by the volume of letters you are sending me. I had no idea that there could be so much to bother your little heads about, but I welcome your confidences, and you can be assured that I shall try to give everyone some solace or advice. I must ask you to be patient, if your letter is not answered immediately, but you will understand how busy your Auntie is. My object is to help all you poor bewildered people with the minimum of grief, and though I try to be as accurate as possible, we all make mistakes sometimes.

I must apologize, then, for a mistake made last week in answering a letter from Miss Rosie M. She writes to tell me that she would prefer to have me use her Halifax name: Lynn M., instead of her hometown name, Rosie. I'm awfully sorry, my dear, but I'm sure you will understand.

We have a sweet letter here from a Miss Jean C., who wishes to know if her fellow Shirriffian, Dot R. was selling tickets to the Red Cross Ball, or just looking for a date. It touches me to see such devotion between friends, but I should think the present condition at the Hall should answer your question, my dear.

I have a letter here from a poor neglected chickadee in New Glasgow, one Miss M. Cameron. She writes: "Dear Auntie Effie; I am desperately in love with a young Medical student, who has deserted me for a White hussy. He used to visit me every weekend, and we spent many heavenly nites at H.M.S. Hihell while he waited for the 'Flyer.'" My dear child, the man is obviously a Cad. However, I don't believe it will last long, as Miss White is now interested in a stage production, and especially one member of the cast. If you think he's worth it, you can probably have him back soon, but don't let it get you down.

I have a lovely letter from a Lieut. Hen. R., who is worrying about who took 'Rabbit' M. to the Red Cross Ball. You have my sympathies, my dear boy, for she could have at least gone with a U. S. Officer, rather than that Dud.

I refuse to acknowledge any letters about the Phi Chi Formal, as all you naughty, naughty people were inebriated, except some late arrivals. One sober exception was Mr. Dorden Timmins, who wants to know what Miss M. MacK. (ex '43) meant by the remark "How do people who aren't married get undressed at nite." These intimate details will have to wait, my dear, until you get a little older.

That is all for this week, my dears, and I feel sure that I can help you with your problem too. Don't be shy; just send it along to

Your Affectionate

Aunt Effie

» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

Episode 12

Remember Pearl Harbour or the Alamo or Lot's Wife.

Scarce had some semblance of order been restored to the campus when a new disorder broke up. Despite the protestations of Miss Heavenly Ignatz Schmidt had broken into the Prexy's office. "You PREXY in PROKOV's clothing", she screamed, "you have usurped my right. I am PROKOV".

Arts and seances played around the head of the outraged Ignatz (or PROKOV) while classical allusions darted like asps from the mouth of the irate Prexy (or PROKOV). In the unequal combat it was obvious who would win out.

Suddenly, however, the dull wailing of sirens could be heard, while thuds momentarily relieved the tedium of King Karl's retreat. The thuds proved to be nothing more than falling arts and seances, lured by the fatal presence of Dun Kirk Petquick. Props were collapsing right and left and dissolving into stooges who were dumped by Major Hokum into a vat of a steaming fluid known as C.B.C. (or C.P.R.) from which they emerged as withered khaki bundles, upon the projecting parts of which girls from the Haul were sticking mittens and socks as the occasion seemed to warrant.

Upon the stage the benign presence of Rufus Rayne himself seemed to indicate that a rehearsal was in order. The pinched faces of the arts and seances proved conclusively that this was none other than the Glum Club. Led by Elk McLoud, upon whom were crawling some strange small creatures (known as Muses), they burst forth into a chorus:

"What care we what McTunnelled states, We want to have the football gates.

We do not rise to see the morn; We hold all the fine arts in scorn; We do not live by codes outworn;

No epigrams our shields adorn; We specialize in writing corn."

Whereupon Elk strode from the room and made boldly off in the direction of the Haul, arts and seances crystallizing upon him as he went, trampling on the way upon the prostrate body of John Fastman, still stuck in the grimy ooze and

The parade hauled up, in the Haul woods, for as they rounded the corner a stranger still sight awaited them. The Haul itself had disappeared. Where once had lived scores of beautiful pettables was now a silent waste. shouting for recognition.

How will this be solved? Or are we at the end of our tether?

Spoof . . .

An ermine coat,
A foreign car,
A persian rug,
A built-in bar,
A ten-room flat,
And I'll tell you, sir,
She does it all on
Thirty per.
And five years back
Some teaching hick
Flunked this gal
In 'rithmetic.

—Gateway.

Man: "What's the matter with these eggs?"

Waitress: "I dunno. I just laid the table."

Jim—I couldn't sleep at all last night.

Betty—What, insomnia?

Jim—No, the shade was up.

Betty—Why didn't you pull it down?

Jim—I couldn't reach across the street.

He—How are you?

She—I couldn't be better.

He—Like Hell.

I bought my girl some garters At Woolworth's five and ten, She gave them to her mother That's the last I'll see of them.

Gold-digger's ambition: Look neat—and trim.

Phonetics
Thoughts of the bride walking into church:
"Aisle, altar, hymn."

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Tigers Quintet Lead City League

Tigers Leave Scars On Visiting Tars

Dalhousie Tigers showed plenty of class and scoring power last Thursday evening in the local gym, downing a strong Navy quintet by a respectable 45-24 decision. Playing in impressive fashion, the Ralston-coached crew opened the game with an offensive display that bewildered their willing, but "unable" seamen. Accurate passing, phenomenal shooting and air-tight defensive tactics in behalf of Dal nullified the best efforts that the Navy could muster, and served notice to all and sundry that the Gold and Black this year are the "people's choice" to win the City League.

Led by Yank Forsythe and Ben Wilson, the Tigers jumped into an early lead, and they were never headed, although threatened at times during the second period by the stylish Navy squad. To open the game Coach Ralston sent out MacLeod, Forsythe and "Long John" MacKenzie at the forward positions, with reliable Mike Smith and Wilson delegated to back court duties.

Navy elected to open the game by throwing their reserves to the Tigers, who proceeded to tear them apart in no mean fashion. With Dal leading 15-2, Navy showed unmistakable signs of leaking at the seams, and Naval strategists rushed reinforcements into the game in a desperate attempt to stem the tide. Long range shooting by Jack MacKenzie at this stage of the rout, so accurate as to be almost uncanny, sabotaged all efforts by Navy to swell either their score or their morale, and the first period ended with Dal on the long end of a 23-5 score.

Opening the second period in true sailor fashion, Navy boomed away at the collegians cage, but their firing mechanism was sadly inaccurate and it looked for a time as though open rebellion against Lady Luck was threatening their entire crew. Fortunately, though, their passing began to show improvement, and two-pip Bates began to mangle the meshes in true nautical style, his submarine sucker shot being particularly effective. Not to be outdone by this apparent mutiny, our own Bentley broke out in a scoring rash that even the ship's doctor couldn't cope with, and when the smoke of battle lifted, RCN limped into the showers, a badly battered and dejected crew. A review of the hits and misses registered during the engagement showed Dal ringing the bell to the tune of 45 points, and Navy connecting with 24 points as their share of the spoils.

With Dal it was a case of "The king can do no wrong." Especially so in the case of one Yank Forsythe, whose one-hand flip shots from the keyhole and sensational set shots from farther out were a treat to behold. Offensively and defensively the Ralston Raiders displayed a game of ball that was the answer to a coach's dream.

Dal Tigers: McKenzie 7; Dunbrack 2; Forsythe 12; Doig; McLeod 6; Smith 5; Wilson 13; Fraser.

Navy: Barbe; Arnotte; Geddes 5; Killeen 5; Bates 9; Woodruff 2; Remner; Naismith 2; Radcliffe.

What, Again?

What happens when the male and female clash on the athletic field was demonstrated, in all its horror, to the observers of a ground hockey game last fall. Not satisfied with the carnage created on that occasion or with the mental and physical suffering which ensued to those who engaged in the battle royal, campus whisperings are again taking up the cry for another such conflict of the sexes.

This time however, the engagement cannot be held on a football field. Such members of the student body as have recently attended classes report that the gridiron is snow-bound. The only other battleground, therefore, is the arena, or the Dal gym.

At the suggestion that there should be a boys vs. girls hockey game, Dalhousie males blanch with terror. The memory of that awful

Engineers, Law Win In Interfac League

A team of rampaging Engineers, paced by young Malcolm Campbell, of Halifax, hung a 25-8 beating on an interfaculty entry from Kings, in a basketball game played last Thursday prior to the senior game. The T-Square squad used only five men in the contest, while King's had nine men to draw from. Campbell compiled almost half of the Engineer scores, registering twelve points before the game ended. He was followed by Vernon Graham, with seven points, Clegg Hall with four points and Don Matheson, with two points. Don Moir was held scoreless by the Kingsmen, but he played an excellent game in the guard position.

"Hubey" Drillem led the King's attack, with two baskets to his credit, with one basket each being scored by Nowe and Vince Martin. All in all, the King's team was scarcely a match for the boisterous Engineers, who raced in from all angles to make easy lay-up shots. The Engineer win tied them for first place in the Interfaculty Basketball league with the Law entry, who won their game, by default, when the Medicos failed to turn up.

The Lawyers expect to have the services of Ken Jones, Sandy Macdonald, "Junior" LeMoine, Jack Hutton, and others of the legal breed. Further games of the Interfaculty League will be held on Thursday nights, immediately preceding the games of the Halifax City League, in the Dal gym.

Get out and help your faculty!

Intermediate Cubs Lose To Navy

When only four Dalhousie Cubs turned up at the local "Y" for a scheduled intermediate basketball game with the Navy last Saturday night, most people were prone to blame it on too much Red Cross Ball. But whatever the reason, four men weren't enough to come even close to the tars that evening, even when the middies "loaned" the Cubs a man so that the collegians could play at full strength.

The final score was 36-18, with the younger edition of the Bengals on the wrong end of the tally. With the whole team playing full time, the Cubs found the going hard. At half time they were ten points in the ruck, and at games end eighteen points in arrears. However, despite the loss, the team played gallantly, and went down trying. Any more than that one cannot ask of any man.

Johnny Fraser, although playing in the guard position, was working well with Dave Doig, to tally half the Dal total between them.

Dal Cubs: Hicks, 2; Doig 5; Bauld 3; Fraser 4; Logosz 4.

autumn afternoon is still with them. At the conclusion of the dreadful massacre of that day, the strong men of Dal, who were by then weak with exhaustion, vowed a terrible vow that never again would they clash with weapon-bearing females. All too clearly do they recall the viciousness of the feline attack, when armed with sawed-off hockey sticks the females bore down upon them. The prospect of these same women armed with full-fledged hockey sticks is unnerving.

So any athletic contest between Dal's boys and girls must take place where the latter will be unable to use lethal weapons. The gym is the only logical site for such another epic struggle. Let basketball be the sport.

The men of Dalhousie are convinced that they can win, provided the women give them a handicap. It has been suggested that if the tigresses will play with both hands tied behind their backs, the teams will be evenly matched. And the men will then have little fear of foul play. They might even have a good time.

NEXT WEEK THIS PAGE WILL BE EDITED BY COLIN HENDERSON SMITH, ESQ. Watch for it.

SPORT Spice

by AL. MacLEOD

Lives of great men all remind us
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.
(Authorship Unknown)

The author of this interesting bit of verse could never have meant the letters that are received by the Dalhousie Gazette. Not in years has the editorial desk been graced with a molten missive from a disgruntled reader, and so it was something of an occasion when we received two within the space of three days. One of these communications we were able to publish last week in this column. The other we fear is of too great a length to print in these pages. But both of them we were certainly glad to receive. The first was from A. Webster Macdonald, the President of the Students' Council, in which he explained what makes the Council wheels go round. In spite of the derision it heaped upon our ill-composed and humble rhymes, we were glad to hear from him. Let there be more "explanations" of Council tactics in the future.

The other letter was from the Chairman of the Committee on Basketball of the local Y.M.C.A., in which it was alleged that the Gazette had imputed unsportsmanlike conduct to the "Y" intermediate players in a write-up of a recent Y.M.C.A.-Dalhousie basketball game. We hasten to deny that it was ever the intention of a Gazette writer to even hint at charges of such a nature. Indeed, we are great concerned that anyone could ever consider the Gazette to have such an uncharitable nature. And so, if apologies are required, we most certainly apologize for the fact that any Gazette write-up could ever be interpreted in a manner inconsistent with the way in which it was intended. And while this letter tended slightly to deal in personalities, nevertheless we turn the other cheek, and say we were glad to get it. Because, if nothing else, it demonstrated that at least one person reads the fourth page of the Gazette—and for that we are grateful, if not overwhelmed with wonder and amazement.

* * * * *

Last fall we noted that while the Dalhousie rugby Tigers were staging their famous march to the championship of the City Football League, the intermediate rugby Cubs lost consistently. Indeed, it developed that every time the Cubs lost, the Tigers won, and vice-versa. History seems to be repeating itself now that the City Basketball League has swung into operation. The intermediates have been singularly unfortunate in their appearances to date, having played four and lost four. The senior Tigers, on the other hand, have played four and won four, two exhibition games, and two league games. How long will it last?

* * * * *

We note that the Tiger hockey squad is this year a potent threat to the other teams in the College Service League. The team has been greatly strengthened since last year, and has begun to show lots of form in practice sessions. In fact, if any student can find the time to visit the Arena Rink at the times when Dal games are scheduled, he will be rewarded with a fast, bruising show.

* * * * *

Don't look now, but it begins to appear as though 1941-42 will stand out in Dal's history as a banner year in sport. It'd be a shame to have to admit that you hadn't seen a bit of it, wouldn't it? But then, if you're just an old stick-in-the-mud, you probably wouldn't realize that anything outstanding had happened . . .

Tigers Lose To Crescents 5-1

Although losing their first encounter of the season, Dal's hockey squad of 1942 made a favorable impression on the railbirds present.

Not wishing to take on any soft touches Coach Ralston arranged a game with Halifax's senior civilian entry in the City League.

When the smoke of battle cleared Crescents knew they were in a hockey game and had to work for their 5-1 victory. They had been expected to walk off the ice or more accurately to skate off with at least a ten goal margin.

Until the last ten minutes Dal matched the more experienced seniors play with play and at times had the upper hand in the proceedings.

Crescents used their weight to great advantage and belted the incoming Dal forwards with jarring body checks.

This process took the steam out of the Tigers' attack and they began to fade badly. Crescent forwards were

left uncovered in front of the net and the inevitable happened, as it always does. Three goals sagged the netting within the space of ten minutes and the game ended as before-mentioned.

Ken MacKenna played a steady game in the nets and many a time was left with nothing but the wide open spaces in front of him.

The Dal defense landed and some wicked body belts but a little more attention to the puck would probably pay better dividends.

The line of MacKelvie, Lantz and Vaughan was the pick of the Dal forwards with their accurate passing and fast skating and were responsible for Dal's lone tally, Lantz registering.

Dal's first line of Wilson, Macdonald and Fraser showed up well and when their passing plays acquire a little more polish will undoubtedly line up to what is expected of them.

Dal opens the regular season Thursday, taking on the Navy in what should prove a rousing encounter. So come and bring reinforcements in case they are needed. They probably will be.

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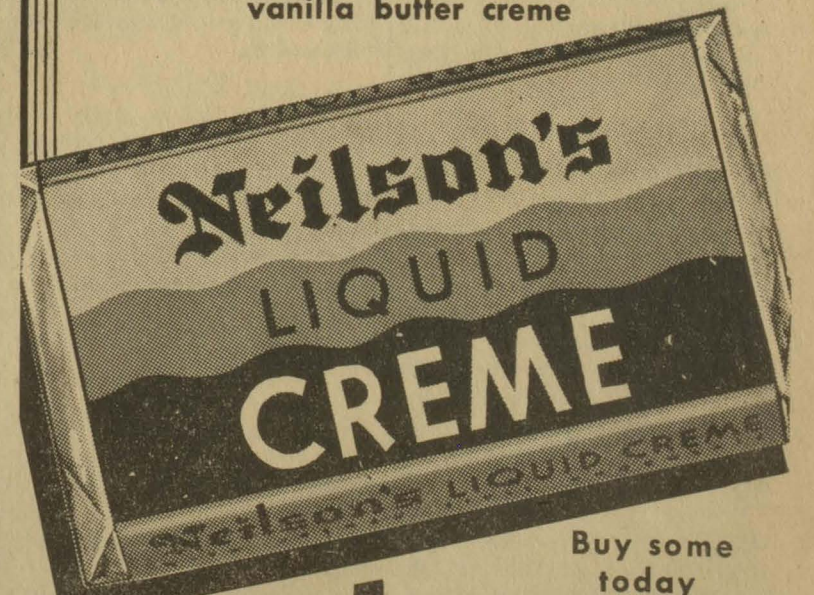
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