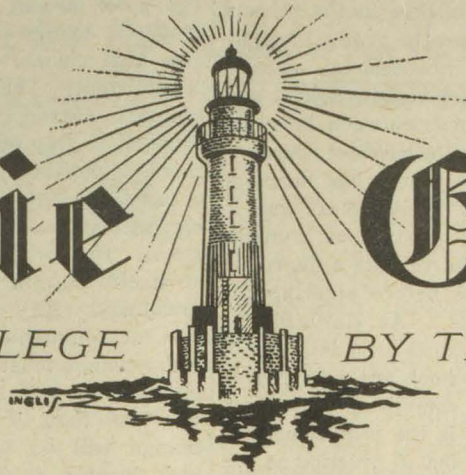


# TIGERS AWAIT AXMEN ATTACK



## Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"

Support  
Your  
Team

Don't Miss  
the  
Tea Dance  
Saturday

VOL. LXVI.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OCTOBER 4, 1935

No. 2

### DAL TEAM ALL SET FOR GAME

On Saturday Dalhousie's renovated Black and Gold fifteen opens the 1935 football campaign against Fred Kelly's Axemen. Ancient collegiate rivals, the two neighboring universities will both be battling to draw the first blood of the new tiele race.

Smarting under three successive defeats at the hands of the Acadians, the Tigers will be fighting for more than a mere football game—they will be fighting for their old reputation in Maritime rigger circles.

The odds for Saturday's tussle are on the home team. Possessing the strongest scrum and backline in several years, home fans look for the stripe-shirted Bengals to emerge victorious. On the other hand, the garnet and blue Acadians have inherited Dalhousie's injury nemesis and their none too strong ranks have been seriously depleted. But Acadia has defeated Dal on the home field for the past two years and the 'igers will have to go all the way out to win from the Valley outfit which has always been famed for its fighting spirit.

Enthusiasm runs high not only among the players themselves but among the students also. Shades of Sina Singer! The interest has reached such a peak that at the time of going to press a Dal band has been promised. Through the tireless efforts of Glee Club executive members, a new band has been partially organized and ten to one will be a certainty by Saturday.

University football authorities expect a large crowd at the game—maybe even two thousand. Important as the battle is to both teams, it will be one of the best of this season. Cheer leaders, a band, a big crowd, and an optimistic outlook lend sufficient atmosphere to bring the fans to the point where they will lend their support to the team and thus impetus to their endeavor. The old Dalhousie is coming back, or is it?

As we go to press the teams have not been selected, but we can pretty accurately pick the majority of the positions and bet one hundred per cent. The recent turnouts have produced as many as forty-five players who are all likely senior and intermediate performers. Coach "Big Jim" MacDonald is driving the candidates through practice drills which have been plenty tough and the players seem to like it. One thing is certain, the boys that land the first team berths will be in good shape or else. Coach MacDonald believes that the team must be tough, have condition, and be able to take it. If the brand of ball is poor, it shouldn't be, at least the Tigers will fight.

Lawrence, Stephenson and Ball, three fast and fairly heavy front liners, look good for first line scrum. In the back row Gunter, DeWolfe and Cook should land the berths and will cause the opposition plenty of trouble. The scrum half's job is practically owned by Allie McSween, who has turned in more than one stellar performance for this college. Behind the scrum for the third successive year will likely be Doug Crease, a smart and tricky ball-handler and owner of an educated toe. Jack Buckley, veteran three-quarter, is still there with the speedsters; Bud Thompson and Henry Ross patrolling the wing and three-quarter positions. Hazen Mitchell, Jack Worrell, Hal Connor and Mike Hinchey will probably land

### College Head Suggests Revolt

There should be a revolt of the undergraduates against the type of dancing and music that is rife in Dalhousie University.

This was the idea presented to the students of the University yesterday by President Carleton Stanley, when he addressed the members in solemn conclave at the gymnasium at noon time.

Taking as his subject the fact that the main thing about college is what the student is doing with his time, President Stanley was in favor of the students being revolutionists, since it would be fatal for the future of the world if they were not, he said.

He described compulsory athletics as a robot-like procedure and urged the students to take the task upon their own shoulders, so that the training would be alive and not dead.

a berth there somewhere, but as Coach Jim is experimenting with various combinations it is hard to say just where. The remainder of the squad leaves great material for the intermediate squad and the Cubs should make it a hot race for the Intermediate title.

Manager Bob McLellan is all smiles these days and expects his boys to come through with a win on Saturday. This is one of Dal's two home games this year, so a large turnout is promised. A victory for the Bengals will give them a big notch on the championship, and with the Wanderers as strong as they are the league opener is a vital tussle to both Acadia and Dal. The team needs everybody's support, so let's see every student out. A good game and a good time is promised for each and every one of us.

### DEBATING TRIALS

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 8th, at 8 P. M. in the Munro Room, Forrest Bldg.

The team which will represent Dalhousie against Bishop's—Western Ontario University, here on Nov. 4th, will be selected from the candidates of that evening.

The trials will take the form of short talks by each candidate on the subject, "Do You Favor the Introduction of a Third Party in Canada's Political Life?" Each candidate will have five minutes in which to present his views. It does not call for elaborate preparation. Give us your views. Three members of the faculty will select the team at the conclusion of the trials. . . . This is an invitation to every member of Dalhousie.

### Glee Club Artists In First Presentation

At 8.30 Wednesday night Dalhousie officially played host to the Class of '39 'midst a round of booes and applause directed at the voluble John Fisher, master of ceremonies and Freshmen Representative. The audience stamped approval as the Freshmen marched to their reserved seats and settled themselves in an animated air of enthusiasm, most unusual for Dalhousie.

The first number presented by the Glee Club developed unexpectedly, when John Fisher suddenly broke away from his duties as master of ceremonies and delivered a lively exhortation on school politics. (He refers to the Glee Club managers for an explanation—he was only to fill in time). Wildly condemning the revival to Rah! Rah! days, he sanctioned the participation of all students in those extra-curricular circles—for which they were paying good money; emphasizing that a mass of latent energy existed in the Freshmen Class and that support was due the various organizations. Fisher hoped to see the enthusiasm assert itself in this light.

After he had hurled a few well-thrust imprecations, he submitted to the boos and made his exit. He subsequently returned and introduced the leaders of the various organizations.

The Sophomores then occupied the spotlight when they severely disciplined a Freshman by making him roll a peanut across the stage with his nose. The job was nobly done in one minute and forty-two seconds.

The programme continued with a piano duet by John Morrison and Phil Seargent, playing the ever-popular St. Louis Blues and Dinah.

"Big Bill" Stevens, the find of last year's shows, rendered two well-chosen numbers, expressing tender emotions in each. A lumescent ballet followed, in which Lou Morrison gracefully leaped about the stage to the accompaniment of J. Morrison at the piano. Lou Figman, a former radio crooner and recently in competition on Major Bowes' amateur hour, sang two numbers and played the guitar. Fran Gardner offered two pleasurable numbers, singing a lyric-soprano that showed definite improvement over her previous offerings last year.

Don Murray and his orchestra then took the stage, featuring a danzette. Bob Begg, with his two cohorts, proceeded to lead the crowd in cheer and he lost his voice in the attempt.

In closing, John Fisher reminded the audience of the wave of enthusiasm that is sweeping Dalhousie and asked each and every one to pelase not go "Rah! Rah" Dancing followed until midnight.

### SUPPORT TEAM IS D.A.A.C. CRY

Saturday, October 5th, is the day when the Dalhousie Rugby team, wearing their flashy new uniforms, will take the field against their traditional rivals—Acadia. The D. A. A. C. hopes and firmly believes that game will mark the beginning of the revival of good old Dalhousie spirit. As the team comes on the field the Dalhousie band will give additional support to the cheers of the spectators.

### Freshmen Spirit Returns to Dal

On Monday night with a magnificent display of spirit and pep the Freshmen class figuratively and literally "went to town". Parading down Spring Garden Road after a rousing rally at the gym, the Frosh amid loud cheering and hearty singing, presented a sight which has not been seen for many years. Disdainful of car and tram operators the group continued on thei merry way to the The Capitol Theatre where they were the guests of the management.

A few cars helped in the journey down town. The Frosh climbed all over these vehicles singing and shouting. One driver noting the terrific volume in and about his car, drove ahead a short piece stopped and counted twenty-two voices had swelled the chorus of "Dalhousie Dream Girl".

After the show the group went in a body to a Spring Garden Road ice cream parlour. Crowding the seats to overflowing the Dal yell was given repeatedly. In the confined quarters the cheer, rising in crescendo, as it should be given, attracted a large crowd curious at these vigorous noise makers.

Refreshments served, the group quieted down somewhat. A few Dal upper classmen, keen psychologists, wanting more noise, gave the Wanderers cheer. Bedlam followed. The Frosh beating on the tables with both fists to keep time, threw back a thunderous Dal war cry in robust answer.

After the management had cautiously removed salt and pepper cellars, the Frosh, after a little more chaffing began to depart. They had about all left when two mounties inadvertently or not, entered. A few seniors spoke to them while the removing Frosh beat a hasty retreat.

Sodales, better athletics in general will be the result of a spirit as shown by that of the Freshmen Class this year.

Immediately after the game arrangements have been made to hold a Tea Dance in the Gym. Laurie Hart's nine-piece orchestra will provide two hours of dance music, and refreshments will be served, ending what is going to be a real Dalhousie day. The only unknown quantity is the support from the students of Dalhousie.

Here is the question President Barnhill asks every student, "Will you be there and show your appreciation of the hard work done by the D. A. A. C., the Glee Club and others who have worked to make the afternoon a success.

Surely the team that has worked through three weeks of training deserves and will get your whole-hearted support. Prof. Jom MacDonald has given of his time instintingly in coaching this team; Prof. Fletcher, busy taking over his new duties as Professor of Education, has still found time to train the Black and Yellow forwards. With only a week's notice, the officials of the Glee Club have not only organized a Dalhousie band, but have made arrangements to secure instruments and music in order that no detail may be lacking for the big day when Dalhousie and Acadia meet. Three cheer leaders have been secured to lead the Dalhousie cheers. Support them. Lastly the Alumni and the D. A. A. C. executives, who have made the Foot ball Tea Dance possible, deserve your co-operation.

All these workers who are co-operating, ask the students to disprove the criticism that college spirit at Dalhousie is a thing of the past. They go even further and plead with every true Dalhousian to turn out Saturday afternoon, watch the game between two fighting teams, cheer on your team when they waver, and finish off the day in the Gym to the strains of Laurie Hart's nine-piece orchestra.

In the above article we have given you a brief resumé of what has taken place in the past three weeks, and what we hope will take place on Saturday.

I should now like to take the opportunity, on behalf of the D.A.A.C. managing committee, to extend my thanks to the Glee Club executive and members of our newly formed band for their efforts put forward on such short notice. To the Alumnae and Alumni for their valuable suggestions and co-operation. To the boys who have volunteered to take on the thankless job of cheer-leading and other members of the student body who have assisted in this way. I sincerely hope that this can also be extended to the student body as a whole for their co-operation in 100% attendance Saturday afternoon.

EDWARD B. BARNHILL,  
Pres. D.A.A.C.

### FLASH

#### DAL TEAM ANNOUNCED

#### GAZETTE SCOOPS DAILIES WITH ANNOUNCEMENT OF DAL TEAMS

First Team	Second Team
Worrell . . . . . Full Back . . . . .	Gosse
Connor, Ross . . . . . Wing Three Quarters . . . . .	Cameron, Mitchell
Hinchey, Thompson . . . . . Centre Three Qtrs. . . . .	Hanway, Corston
Buckley . . . . . Five Eights . . . . .	Smith
Crease, D. . . . . Standoff Half . . . . .	Lipton
MacSween . . . . . Scrum Half . . . . .	Webber
Lawrence . . . . . Forwards . . . . .	Stevenson
Mercer	McKenzie
Ball	Pauker
Gunter	Hodgson
Cook (Fenwick)	Fenwick (Stevenson, R.)
Shepherd	Beeber
DeWolfe	Rogers

### SHIRREFF HALL NOTES

Third floor and one of the wings have closed at the Hall—however, what we have lost in quantity we make up in quality.

Last Friday the Co-Eds of Dalhousie had an opportunity to meet the freshettes and renew friendships when the Alumnae Association entertained the women students at tea. Helen Holman has joined the "White Cross" brigade.

The Alpha Gamma Delta sorority have taken a room for the college term at 16 Seymour Street.

With the freshmen activities drawing to a close, it is the Sophettes

who will take the centre of the stage as the three sororities buzz around like bees around a honey pot—rushing season will begin next week—unique parties, elaborate dances and luncheons will be in full swing.

We want to know why the freshettes are getting nicer rooms in preference to a Junior.

One see a great deal of controversy in the papers as to the men who deserve credit for the Present Advanced Position of the World. Is the World occupying an advanced position at Present?

### Class '39

The frosh seem to have been imbued with some of the initiative of their representative. In any case three of the newcomers have decided that the Class of '39 should have a yell of its own—here it is:

Oak and maple, spruce and pine,  
We are the Class of '39.  
Ski, chili, doodle da,  
Freshmen, Freshmen, rah, rah,  
rah!!

If you like it give the credit to Alex Hart, Jack Arnell and Wallie Wright, if not blame them, too.

# Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869. "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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## WAR OR DALHOUSIE?

War, War, the topic of the hour. Questioning minds ask whether England be involved, and if so the moot point arises whether Canada will be considered a belligerent by the Family of Nations should the Mother Country be dragged into the fray. We are on the eve of an election. Most likely there will be a plebiscite on the question; but here is the rub, even if there is a plebiscite we predict that under present conditions the vote will go in favor of war.

Our job right now is to wipe out any possible chance of Canada becoming involved in a war. Each and every college student in every university in Canada has a job to perform, and that is to preach Peace. At no cost should we take the chance of being tied up in a scrap which may mean the end of civilization should it develop into a world-wide conflict.

There it is, and we do not feel that we are shaming those who gave so much in the last war, but that we are doing what they themselves would do today, that is, profit by their experience.

## OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Again the football season is upon us, and football is more in evidence at Dalhousie than it has been during the past few years. Any casual observer who walks past the gridiron in the early afternoon will notice a number of stalwarts plodding wearily up and down the Studley field under the capable direction of coaches MacDonald and Fletcher. The players are giving unselfishly of their time and effort, and the old "spirit" that has been lacking for the past few years is rapidly on the return. We are going to have a better team than Dalhousie has seen in years, and one which every student can truly feel proud.

However, good football players alone do not make a winning team. It is necessary to have the support of the whole student body. It is a very simple matter for each and every one of us to decry football conditions at Dalhousie, and still easier for us to criticise, but that helps matters very little. Each true son of Dalhousie has a part to play and it's nearly time that he learns just what that is. If he doesn't play football the least he can do is get out to the game and give our boys his moral support. It is this student support that has been lacking during the last few seasons.

Last season, after the poor showing that Dal made in football, a great many of the promoters of the sport felt that English Rugby would give way to the American game. The *Gazette* was one of the few supporters of the old order. We know that English Rugby at Dalhousie is once again on the upgrade. Once again we hope to see a band playing the old Dal songs on the football field; we want to see the stands filled to capacity while throngs stand on the sidelines; we want to see all Dalhousians in a group cheering their team on to victory; we want to see a true Dalhousie spirit present at every game. Then, whether our team wins or loses, we will have done our bit, and no longer will the critics be able to condemn our "Little College by the Sea" by declaiming the lack of co-operation of its students.

This may seem like a pipe dream to many. But we feel and know that it is not too much to ask. Before Saturday's game with Acadia learn the Dal yells and don't be afraid to get out on the field and raise your voice above a whisper. We are in back of our football team and we want them to know it. Best of luck, Tigers. We'll all be out to see you trim the Axemen.

## CO-OPERATION

Last year approximately ten students turned out the *Dalhousie Gazette*. When one stops to consider that there are about nine hundred or so students at this University, and the editors by much begging, promising, and bullying can only manage to get ten students out of this number to write for their own college paper, it is indeed a sorrowful state of affairs. Shirreff Hall, which houses about seventy or so female students, held the record so far as female writers were concerned, and there was only one girl in all that group which sent in any amount of copy to speak of—one out of seventy.

Every student on the campus should be proud to write for his or her paper; they should be happy to see work of their own in print. This in itself should stir up enough initiative to have enough copy sent in each week to fill up two *Gazettes*. Unfortunately such is not the case; each student thinks that he or she is doing the editors a favor by sending in a bit of copy to the paper. This is not the editors' paper—it is yours. It can only be as good as you make it.

This year, more so than ever, each student should feel particularly pleased to have something of his or hers published in the *Gazette*, for its circulation has been increased to over the thousand mark, and if plans which are now under way work out the number will reach five thousand. This year the Alumni are co-operating with the student body; an effort is being made to arouse the interest of the graduates of former years in our paper. The *Alumni News*, the official Alumni publication, is being combined with the *Gazette*. This means that all the Alumni who formerly received the *News* will this year receive the *Gazette*. Your writings will be read by at least five thousand people—by men and women in all walks of life, all over the world. This may be the means of establishing a link which will give you a start when you graduate. Try it—you have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

## A Three-Year Course Change In Government

The most pronounced development in American colleges in the present century has been the gradual lengthening of the professional courses. At one time, not so long ago, a student with a matriculation entrance could complete the medical course in four years. Not only has medicine been stretched to five years and in some colleges to six, but students have been urged to take a degree in arts or science before entering the medical schools. At Harvard, for example, applicants for admission to the medical school are required to have already completed two years in arts. That is the requirement in the catalogue; but in practice no one gets into the medical school without a degree in arts or science. There is another serious side to the matter. In theory the course in arts is to give the future doctor a cultural background, but the writer knows from experience how impossible it is for the undergraduate to take courses other than pre-medical if he wishes to gain admission to the professional school.

Now, this lengthening of all professional courses—for the tendency is not in medicine alone—may be warranted by the great increase in scientific and professional knowledge, but it is having disastrous effects on our lives. In the first place there is the economic drain. Not only has the time of study lengthened but the cost of tuition and living has mounted rapidly. We are almost face to face with the time when a professional career will be open only to the children of the rich. Again our conception of the age of marriage is changing. Some years ago it was usual for a man to marry in the early twenties. Today our young men are still in college in those years, and then they must look forward to several years spent in building up a practice. (One might mention incidentally that many of us have to spend several years paying off college debts.) Now most people are agreed that the married man takes his civic responsibilities more seriously than does the bachelor; he has, to quote Bacon, given hostages to fortune. In our present situation, then, are there not the seeds of disintegration of our political system? One other danger should be mentioned. Our social and moral systems are likewise threatened. If young people cannot marry as early as did their parents and grandparents, so the argument runs, we should not expect them to live according to the same moral code. Should we change the moral code? Yet psychologists like Havelock Ellis consider monogamy much superior in personal and social implications to promiscuity. Is not then our lengthening of colleges courses costing too much?

Many of our leading educators think so and believe it is high time we went "into reverse". But on the method they are not agreed. The present writer holds that at Dalhousie we are in an exceptionally good position to show the way. We have a short session; let us lengthen the session and give the first degree in three years.

At present our session consists of twenty-six weeks of lectures, and about three weeks of examinations; in all, not more than thirty weeks. The origin is very simple. Our predecessors came in large part from the farm. The session enabled them to help take in the harvest and to plant the crop in the spring. Times have changed, however; most of our students do not come from the farm. Why should not the session change too? If we divided the present fourth year among the first three years we should add less than nine weeks to each, making three sessions of thirty-five weeks of lectures with three or four weeks more for examinations: in all a session of thirty-nine. There would still be thirteen weeks of vacation. In reality, however, it would not be necessary to add a full nine weeks to get the equivalent of the present fourth year. Any instructor or student knows that the present long vacation is a period in which the student forgets much of what he has learned; indeed, so keenly aware of this fact are leaders in the American professional schools that some are already urging a drastic shortening of the long vacations in these

schools. We could, then, do one of two things lengthen the session by nine weeks, or by a somewhat shorter period. The latter would give us as thorough instruction as at present, the former would give even better.

At once, objections will be raised. Students can, under the present system, earn money to help them through their course. During the last five summers how many students have earned even one-fourth of the cost of a session? Moreover, the ultimate saving of a year would outweigh any such consideration. Some one may object that a Dalhousie degree would not be recognized by other universities. No university refuses to recognize our present degree on the grounds that we have the shortest academic session on the continent. But should all the graduate schools on the continent boycott us, how many of our graduates would be affected? There is an old saying to the effect that by their fruits ye shall know them. And we have seen good reason to believe that graduates under the new plan would, if possible, be even greater than former graduates. The plan may, so some will say, cut short the period for outside reading. But Dalhousie undergraduates are not at present given to vacation reading; rather, to most of them it is a period completely divorced from the intellectual life.

Viewed, then, from any angle the proposed plan offers many advantages and no disadvantages. How soon shall we see it put into effect?

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Indeed, times have changed, and the world of 1867, and for that matter the world of 1914, has passed, and here is a changed era. What shall become of the present system of government? Certainly, the outlook of governments, not as representatives of political parties, but as representative of the people, has undergone a tremendous change.

What party in Canada today, either in the Dominion or in the Provincial sphere, would dare come out in flat-footed opposition to so-called "social legislation". Old Age Pensions, Minimum Hours of Labour, Minimum Wages, Price Fixing, Unemployment Insurance, National Insurance, Workmen's Compensation,—whence all these, and why?

Certain of these items are now taken for granted in the ordinary run of everyday life, others are issues of the moment, the remainder continue for a time just a short distance in the future. There must be a large measure of public moral support behind these measures or they would not persist as they have done, nor would political office-seekers promise to extend them.

What change constitutes advance? The most ardent exponent of any proposed change will scarcely suggest that change for its own sake is sufficient. There must be some purpose served, or it is a hollow delusion. Day by day this world changes physically, and, more important, it changes socially. Nothing, in fact, can be in a real sense static. That which does not change of itself is influenced by its surroundings. Any person, organization, or community, which seeks to resist change must inevitably change relatively to the rest of the world. The task then is to ascertain what change will be beneficial, and to seek insofar as possible to direct matters along the path of change which they ought to follow.

Broadly speaking, governments in every country in the world within the last century, but more especially during the post-war period, have changed their outlook and attitude. The present writer has more especial reference to the governments of Canada, both Dominion and Provincial. In the days when the Fathers of Confederation worried themselves greatly over the future of this country, what concern did they have over the matters which today constitute by far the outstanding election issues? How many of the bills passed at the last session of Parliament could have been within their contemplation? Surely the Canadian citizen, if not exclaiming as he well might, "O tempora, O mores", will accompany Horace when he says,

Viewed, then, from any angle the proposed plan offers many advantages and no disadvantages. How soon shall we see it put into effect?

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

When the constitutionality of his Social Credit measures were questioned, Aberhart said, "Just because an old paper was signed in the past doesn't say we can't do this. The B. N. A. Act is a fool act. We can do what we want." The reform policies of the major parties indicate that the party leaders share his sentiments. Third year Law students may now cut Con Law with impunity.

Mussolini, despite his pride in his tanks, airplanes, gas and machine-

guns, would do well to remember that the old and the new do not mix. If not immediately conquered the Ethiopians will undoubtedly wage a guerilla warfare. Modern weapons are only suited to modern warfare, where thousands of men are massed closely together. Of what avail to waste a \$500 shell on a lone Abyssinian?

Unwise would be the man who unnecessarily promised to institute these social measures, for they are a very heavy drain upon government treasuries. Nevertheless, both old parties, the Conservative and the Liberal, seek to embody these "reform" measures within their ancient platforms; and each new party bases itself upon its own selection of social reform measures.

The three most prominent new parties seem to ignore completely the thousand and one ordinary and necessary functions of government in an enthusiastic dash to evolve a new heaven and a new earth by emphasizing certain particular aspects and functions of government. It is not a question of the elector making his choice between social legislation and no social legislation, but rather between competing quantities of the same commodity.

Once upon a time a great statesman established a goal for future governments by condensing a statement of the theory of government in these terms: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people."

That was an excellent statement of the attitude toward government in earlier days. Today it has changed somewhat. It remains "government of the people, by the people", but it continues now "for the individual". Likewise the great catch-phrase of former times, "the greatest good of the greatest number", has become "the greatest good of each and every individual".

There was a time when a healthy condition of industry was indication that all was well with the country and its government. No longer is there any such criterion. Change has set in and unless every individual is satisfied with his estate, the government has failed. Is it any wonder that no government has so far been able to retain office when faced by such an insistent public demand? The standards by which a government is judged have changed; new governments must seek somehow to satisfy those changed standards.

At Princeton the old "cut" system whereby an undergraduate was allowed 178 absences in two consecutive terms, has been abolished. A student who maintains a satisfactory scholastic record will be accorded a discretion in the matter of attendance. Should he fall behind scholastically or violate rules of discipline a poor attendance record will enter into consideration of his case. The idea is to place greater responsibility on the undergraduate and provide freedom from regulations for the better students.

The New York Medical Week expresses fear of the tendency towards socialization of medicine. The physician works best, it argues, when he is professionally independent and unhampered by bureaucratic control. Compulsory health insurance will not keep the doctor from the poor house in time of depression, the journal continues, citing the superior efficacy of the private school over the public institution during the present period. This analogy is, however, open to question. Private schools are usually heavily endowed, while the young doctor, particularly the Dalhousie graduate, is not.

The present advent of clergymen into the political ring raises questions both practical and ethical. Even if capable of leading his sheep in the path of righteousness while converting them a particular party platform should he do so, knowing of the unconscious association which must inevitably arise in the minds of said sheep? Should he go even further and openly proclaim, as was recently done, that the road to Paradise is under Reconstruction? How soon before we see a man of God, a bottle of rum in one hand and a Bible in the other?

Schlink, co-author of \$100,000,000 Guinea Pigs, and head of the Consumers' Research Corporation, was, until hitherto, the decider of big-business gangsterism and the capitalist system. He is now using his knowledge of these to crush a strike by forty-three union employees of the company who protested against its unfair labor policies.

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Prices of Genuine Fur Felt Hats are from \$2.95 to \$6.50. Wool Felts, \$1.50

SHANE'S  
MEN'S SHOP  
THIRTY SPRING GARDEN ROAD

DAL STUDENTS' RATE, A DISCOUNT OF 10%

## MORE ALUMNI CO-OPERATION

Scattered all over the globe, in more places than you would shake a stick at—providing, of course, that you shake sticks at places and what fun that may give you beats us—scattered all over, as we were saying, are tottering oldsters who still mumble through their toothless gums strange tales of far-off days. Back through the dim recesses of cobwebbed memory they trace many an adventure and relive the past in the present.

Garrulous over their morning gruel, these antiquated fossils hark back to their days at Dalhousie, days before the men's smoking room in the Arts building went sissy. They recall the bridge games when a picture of the football team of '01 would come down from the wall and serve as a card table. They remember the attempt to reach the Science building by a tunnel under the campus. They cackle as they debate all over again some discussion of Sodales or the Moot Court.

The fossils, of course, are not all male. Their female peers also exchange stories of those distant days when dances used to be held in the Gymnasium. They titter as they retell tales of Shirreff Hall. Some of them even remember Forrest Hall. All of which is interesting, (cries of "Who says so?") but is not getting us anywhere. The point is that a number of these enfeebled old cronies and fuffers, known officially as alumni and alumnae, are beginning to bestir their creaking joints and totter out from their chimney corners to discover how things are going at Dalhousie.

It is hoped that the closer co-operation of these oldsters with the students of today will restore some of their lost youth and that the students will benefit from the increased interest of the alumni. Plans are going forward briskly for greater activity and alumni officers are hopeful of real results. Watch for more details.

And now the wheelchair awaits and this old frame must be carted out for its morning airing.

W. G. A. '29

## OUR COLLEGE HOME

One of the many advantages provided at Dalhousie is a magnificent residence for women students. Nothing could be more attractive than Shirreff Hall with its elegant main entrance, the beautiful view from its windows, its cosy reception room and alcoves. Innumerable factors contribute towards making it a delightful "home away from home."

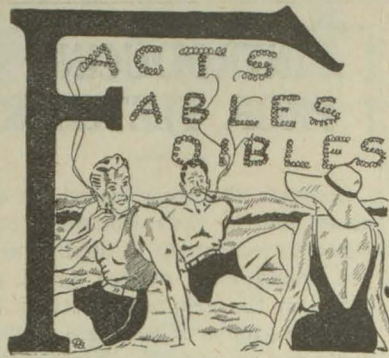
An infinity of material beauties and physical comforts cannot compensate for the sheer absence of friendliness. Where is the congenial welcome and the feeling of fellowship that should fill every girls heart with a devotion to Shirreff Hall and respect for its traditions? There is no such spirit of co-operation, no such loyalty.

Pity the poor little freshette who has anticipated college life with such enthusiasm! She arrives to find herself a stranger in a barren land and no one to give her a thought. If a senior notices her at all it is to add to her discomfort by laying down the law. "Freshettes must answer 'phones". They must do this and they must do that—not because they feel it is their duty, but because they are commanded to do so.

Did anyone ever think of assuring them that a bond of loyalty and devotion should unite all Shirreff Hall girls? No!—because there is no such bond. There is no desire to co-operate and make life at Shirreff Hall pleasant and constructive. The girls are contented to break up into little cliques and sit tight lest some outsider should barge in. They cling to the sorority but let Shirreff Hall go to blazes!

There are two reasons for this deplorable state of affairs—sororities and the superiority complex that infests the place. Can Shirreff Hall girls never discard the idea that they, and they alone, are perfect? They may be far above the average but they should not make it so obvious that they themselves think so. Nothing could be more ironical than the Shirreff Hall motto, "Esse quam videri." 'Tis a pity the girls can not neglect "seeming" and make an attempt to "be". The time they spend posing and bragging about the num-

(Continued on Page Four)



We knew that sooner or later we would have to answer that question. Yes, FRESHETTES, that tall good looking young man is Hal Connor—and the song that he is humming is "MY BOONIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN"

The papers tell us that crops in Florida and the West Indies have been damaged by hurricanes but there seems to have been no damage to the upper lip foliage—for, as far as we know, no razors have been applied and despit comment all involved seem to be bearing up well. The past season must have been a good one but much daily care must be taken before any new members can be admitted to the LESTER MOUSTACHE CLUB.

Many may have heard story about the local fraternity which advertised in one of Canad's great newspapers for a housekeeper. We do not know whether the ad-writer misinformed the public or whether there is a misconception as to just what a fraternity is, but the fact remains that one reply to the advertisement was something like this: "I would like to apply for the position of housekeeper for your fraternity house. Because of my experience, I think you will find that I can quite capably fill the position. Although I am not a nurse, I used to go with my husband, who was a doctor before he died, on many of his difficult cases. I am also very fond fo children'.

Did you hear about the press-gang operation off this port during the past summer? We did and as our information came from very reliable source we see no reason for disbelieving the story. Perhaps we should have headed this paragraph "KIDNAPPED" but that might create the wrong impression. "Pressing Into Service" would seem to be the better title as that does not reek with criminality. While the operation of a press-gang in the dim past might not have been 100% legal, yet it was tolerated. Here is the story—fact or fable as you please.

One day during the past summer a certain member of the Freshman class was taken, in a nice way of course, for an excursion on the Atlantic. When away out—near Herring Cove—the demeanour of his host and the other guests was changed and the startled lad found that he was in the midst of a group who wished certain things and was in no mood to be trifled with—they wanted action. We do not know what the conspirators told the prospective Freshman would be his fate if he did not do as bid—but he did sign a document to the effect that he would join a certain fraternity.

The mission having been successfully completed the boat was turned about and returned to port—not a very pleasant thing to down after beer. By way of covering up any false clues that we may have given—for the identity of all concerned must remain a mute mystery of the sea—we hasten to tell you that the expedition did not take place on any boat propelled by hand or motor power.

We overheard two FRESHMEN talking. Said the first to the second: "I wish I had not taken life so seriously during my high school days; I wish I had played more—carried on like the others." Said the second to the first: "In that case, you should have gone to R.M.C. because there they make you carry on."

We like to read the advertisements. From such reading we learn

## Among Our Professors

or Lectures As They Are Neven Given.

### HISTORY 2.

We touch today upon the fringes of civilization, the hem of the undergarment of culture, if you'll pardon the allusion—just a slip, as it were, in the complete foundation of our modern history. Now, of number 36 will stop making eyes at number 72 and make them at me for a moment, we shall deal for a little while with one of the most colorful figures in Roman history, namely,

### C. J. CAESAR

On July 12th, 102 B.C. (which does NOT mean Before the Crash), a child was born in Rome. There seemed nothing unusual in this at first, for the infant was just another squalling, red-faced brat, but as the days went on it was seen that he was the image of his father in a few respects, especially the teeth and hair. He also had a roman nose and roam-in' hands just like any other boy. This, then, was C. J. Caesar in adolescence.

Julius was a bright lad and soon became tangled up in the political web. He learned all the fine points of hand-shaking, baby-kissing, back-slapping and leg-pulling and joined the "populares", form of Socialistic Reconstruction Party. When Sulla, the head of the rather conservative existing government, was away from Rome on an election campaign, the S. R. P. started acting up. During the rumpus, Caesar's two uncles were killed. This made him sort of thick with the rabble. But when he refused to marry the daughter of a wealthy capitalist in favor of a girl in his own class, the masses were solidly behind him, for he had shown the true Socialistic spirit.

When Sulla returned and regained control of the government, he declared Julius to be Public Enemy Number 1, a specie of reptile lower than Primo Carnera's arches, and ordered him to be thrown to the lions on sight. His life was spared

much about life—what to wear and what not to wear, new cures and new ailments for these cures, and many startling announcements. By way of example we quote from a recent advertisement of the BELL TELEPHONE which carried this dramatic line: Telephone Communication With Anyone, Anywhere, At Any Time. We admit that telephone service has improved greatly during the last few years but we think thta the writer of the above line was exaggerating slightly. At any rate, we know that he was not a Dalhousie man. Did you ever try to phone Shirreff Hall between 5.30 and 8.00 p.m.?

Our informant tells us that the Czar of the Law Library is responsible for this retort, uttered in reply to the question: "Don't you think that so-and-so is tempermental?" "Yes, I do. 95% temper and 5% mental."

A few years ago a young and promising Freshie made the unfortunate mistake of asking a full-fledged Senior whether he too was a Freshman. Not many days later his poor mangled body was found in marshy soil a few miles from the campus.

Moral: Be circumspect.

Young Law Student pulls a boner while stumping for political party in present campaign.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you now see poverty staring you in the face."

### JOB WANTED

Thoroughly experienced Barber wants job with Dal Students. Expert in Canadian and American Hair Cut styles. Apply at BEN BOWLBY'S 445 BARRINGTON ST. 25 CENT RATE.

only by the intercession of the vestal virgins, thus proving that even though married, Caesar was vergin' toward a reputation as a social lion among the ladies, a fact which had its repercussions in Egypt in later days and night, if we are to believe the historians.

The boy Julius now developed into to Number 1 Muscle-in-er for Rome and went all over the then known world exacting tribute in a manner which was to be emulated by his fellow-countrymen on a small scale in a couple of thousand years.

When he arrived at what is now France, the inhabitants sent a delegation of mayors to him, asking just what were his intentions. Caesar replied candidly, "Well, I like your Gaul," and prepared to invade the country. Such courtesy was not to be denied.

As a lad, Julius was a great admirer of the farcist, Josephus Pennerus, and everywhere he went he inquired in Joe's own puaint fashion, "Wanta viaduct?" The sale of ducts was great, as evidenced by their existence still in several lands.

During his campaigns Caesar amused himself by acting as War Correspondent to the Roman press. His accounts of how the Gauls were gaully and the Nervii were nervy had a little too much ego in them, perhaps, but made interesting, if enforced, reading for college students ever since.

Meanwhile his party had been elected in almost every constituency and Caesar returned to Rome to take over the reins of Prime Minister to guide of the ship of State on the proper track. "Eat, drink, and be married, for tomorrow is another day," was the order of things, but after the Ides of March had passed, Caesar had no interest for such trivialities. Up to then, even his best friends wouldn't tell him what was wrong, and when he was stabbed to death in the market place, he felt very bad about it. When he saw his best friend, Brutus, preparing to take a crack at him, he covered his face under his blanket and said, "Tee hee, Brue." Then he was defunct and became famous.

Antony was asked to say a few words by Brutus and behaved like all other politicians, speaking for an hour and six minutes. In effect, he said:

"Friends, Romans, and people from the country! Lend me your ears; I will return them when I am finished. I come to bury Caesar because the times are hard, and his people can't afford to hire an undertaker. The evil that men do lives after them,—in the form of kiddies who reap the benefits of their life insurance, if the premiums are kept up to date. Are you listenin', Cleo? Huh? So let it be with Caesar.

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—No, that's the Orphan Milk sp eech. Where the devil are my notes? Ah!

"Brutus has told you Caesar was ambitious. What does Brutus know about it? Why doth Brutus bootless kneel? Answer, his shoes were tight. It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!

"Here under leave of you I come to make a speech at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me. Often have I drunk his wine and borrowed his toga whilst he slept, with utter confidence in my integrity. But Brutus says he was ambitious.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. You all see this ulyster No, it won't disappear, Casius. I rember the first time Caesar put it on. It was on a summer's evening in his tent, with the thermometer higher than it ever gets in Abbysinia. Caesar was always a cold-blooded man; yet—was this ambition?

"Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up to a sudden flood of mutiny, for the Tiber is high enough now, and as it looks like rain, the pall bearers will please place the coffin in the hearse, and we will proceed to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Julius Caesar was indeed a man among men, a lion among women, but he fell among thieves.

## BACKSIGHT AND FORESIGHT

Has Mussolini got himself and God mixed up? "In that day shall messengers go forth from me in ships to make the careless Ethiopians afraid, and great pain shall come upon them, as in the day of Egypt; for, lo, it cometh."—Ezekiel xxx, 9.

Just think of it. France, with wealth, strength and experience in colonial warfare, all superior to that of Italy, spent four years or thereabouts in conquering the Riffs of Morocco, a people smaller, weaker and more accessible than the Ethiopians.

Mussolini seems to be in a pretty bad way. He is apparently acting on the old political doctrine: When in trouble at home start a foreign war—in execution of which Napoleon III started the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. Italy seems to be on the verge of collapse. A week ago \$40,000,000 was extracted from the gold reserve to meet outstanding debts. Since a war of any great duration would put an almost insupportable strain on the country's resources, it looks as if Mussolini's goose is pretty well cooked in any sense. His only chance is a short, snappy, and very successful little war.

The sensation of the last few weeks was the Social Credit victory in Alberta. It just goes to show that a movement with a real popular appeal can beat the old party machines at their own game. It is going to be an interesting Federal election.

What is this Stevens party, anyway? A Conservative wolf in Reconstructionist clothing? Incipient Fascism? Or our only hope for four years to come? It is rather nice to see a change of heart by a supposedly soulless politician, but it does seem rather peculiar to hear a man condemn and seek to remedy the very abuses to which he presumably contributed as a member of the Bennett cabinet. Don't misunderstand us; we do not mean to sneer at Mr. Stevens' aims with regard to sweatshop conditions, etc., but we are rather confused by it all.

Less than a century ago, college students took a malicious pleasure in chasing their professors with guns and axes, and stoning them, burning down faculty houses and committing many other impolite acts. A few playful lads at Princeton about 1850 shot a cannon through the door of the room of an unpopular teacher, narrowly missing him and his wife. At Harvard a student took a somewhat violent dislike to a professor who had plucked him in Math. 1, and is said to have chased him around the campus with an axe.

Even at Dalhousie, barely twenty-five years ago, there were nice little fights between town and gown. The bell in the old tower of the Forrest Building was stolen, and a cow was found one morning in the president's office. As recently as four years ago things were a little more lively than at present—moving picture shows were crashed, windows smashed, and freshmen thoroughly hazed. Now we can't even paddle the fresh frosh. And they call it Progress!

One big trouble with us in the Maritimes is that we are very much too provincial; it is natural, but it is a pity. For instance, if we think about the coming election at all, which is very improbable, we think only in terms of Liberals and Conservatives and, perhaps, Reconstructionists. We forget that in the Western provinces—the part of the country which will probably have the final say—the problem is not nearly as simple. Not only are there Tories, Grits and Stevensites, but there are also, and by no means to be sneezed at, the Social Creditors and the C. C. F.'s, not to mention Labour, United Farmers, Progressives, Independents, United Front, Communists, and even an antediluvian Technocrat in the constituency of Athabasca.

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JERSEY MILK CHOCOLATE

The Best Milk Chocolate Made

# FOOTBALL - DAL vs. ACADIA - SAT. - TEA DANCE

2.00 and 3.30 P.M. Students Free.

In Gym—5.00 to 7.00 P.M. 25c each

# TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

"Music doth calm the soul and Stir the mind to a marvelous pitch."

Medical students at Dal are striving to acquire a radio. The last census, investigated by the "Major" has shown that students now stay awake 'til the wee sma' hours of the morning. The university, 'tis rumoured, in order to give impetus, contemplates distributing radios to those unfortunate students without one.

Not all are in accord with this new movement. Carl Stoddard already has ridiculed the feasibility of a Dal band on the football field; he's afraid, when they start to blast, he will make an end-run to his pathology notes. A telegram from Bob McClellan states he is willing to trade his pet alcove at the Med. dance for a furnished desk and an ash-tray, while Basil has promised to substitute Startlings for the dance programs. Tickets, minus the premium, will be three music notes.

Enid Johnson is emulating a piccolo player with such grace when she blows her nose that several of her classmates have been fleeing to their books. Some are inquiring if she plays other wind instruments. Even Teddy was at a loss to account for the sudden disappearance of the group when he struck a tympanic note. Dr. Holland has exclusively sounded his recently improvised cardiac-triplets and crescendoes for the third year class and has promised to complete the "Allegro" before Christmas exams.

The 5th year students at the Grace no longer bewail the long stay there—with such pleasant music reaching their ears. But the monotony is beginning to tell; they are demanding either a radio or a shorter inter-ship.

Schlossberg has proven himself the Major Bowes of the V. G. Hospital—always ringing the gong for a donor. With the advent of this new wave the Students' Study Service League has been started. Lectures are to be sung—nurses taught to dance—and notes typed on music paper. Dr. R. P. shall be asked to wield the baton, while Drs. Atlee and Gosse hit a few discords. Tutoring will be offered as soon as the hammers in the piano in the Munroe Room are fixed. Hugh Christie is blaming the difficulties in 2nd year on his bad ear for music.

Mrs. Pope is alive to all changes and has added another band to her typewriter, and now allows whistling in the library. The faculty is as yet a little disinclined, so the Medical Society has arranged to have Portnoy play for them. The 1st and 2nd years have been allowed that half hour and have decided for singing lessons in praise. Dr. Young regrets that he has but fifteen minutes to give for singing.

Dugan, recently of McGill, says he can't go out for football because his radio needs repair.

The "Major" is to be complimented for lifting the torpor that prevented so many of us from doing splendidly. It remains that the only thing wrong at Dalhousie is the need for a bigger and better Students' Study Service (S.S.S.) plus a loud speaker in the exam room with Cab Calloway's music.

P.S.—The 3rd years wish to know to what tunes does Chester Stewart study.

What can a certain anatomy demonstrator do socially and very professionally?

It is proper at this time to dedicate a few words to our worthy Dental friends. We see them in the preclinical classes staring blankly at the erudite (we hope) professor or casting envious glances at their astute classmates—totally blind to the littleness in the great things that they are. (You can't insult me—I'm too ignorant).

Joe Gallant should be praised for his journalistic trends. He spent all summer writing for a newspaper, "The Anaemia", because of its poor circulation. He consulted strong-arm Russell McClellan (Ditch-Digger Supreme), who helped him prepare a routine stimulant.

# THE OBSERVATORY

(By Observer)

In summer vacation at an end, the campus is commencing to be filled with sounds of that aimless discussion of vague generalities. So far, it has been confined, for the most part, to discussion of courses to be taken, sport to be enjoyed, and professors to be endured.

Soon, and we hope it will be so, conversation will be turning to matters rather of national and international interest, with those stallions of the campus, the Law students, holding forth with all the old legal invincibility that we know so well.

No more immediate topic should be of greater interest than that of the implications emerging from the Ethiopian dispute. A year or two ago, a student forum was held, with the subject for discussion, "Would Dalhousians, if called upon, fight for King and Country?" The decision was then vague, in spite of local newspaper reports. We wonder what the answer would be today.

Many and varied are the comments which are being echoed again this year by older students concerning Dalhousie's decreasing registration. Rumor seems to suggest a lack of so-called front-page publicity on the part of the University, and we wonder if the tradition of Dalhousie dignity warrants such drastic reductions in numbers. In particular, the Commerce students seem to feel rather keenly that the Department of Commerce is being soft-pedalled. Why not give the axiom of "lower fees, larger numbers" a trial in a course which, we understand, is the only one of its kind in the Maritimes.

The reduction in income to the University leads us to speak of another department of the University which is to a slight extent, at least, a dependent of that income—the Library.

The tying up of funds has placed a serious check on library growth this fall, and the library maintenance has suffered in consequence.

There is no need, or there should be none, to stress the importance of the laboratory of the Arts student, in the life of the University. This has before now been effectively emphasized. However, while remembering its importance, we should like you to consider that the library, too, is a living organism in the life of the College. It requires normal growth. Allow that growth to become stunted or diseased and its effect upon the main body is as malicious as the same happening in the human body.

From our observations, even so early in the term, the students are giving the library their support. Will the University give them the co-operation needed for complete success?

And now that we have rambled so far, may we conclude with the salutation that is now a bye-word among students all over the country, "Glad to see you back! Did you have a good summer?"

## Our College Home--

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

ber of dates they had last week, might well be used in debating, sports, glee-club, or any one of the sadly neglected activities on the campus.

For their own benefit will the Shireff Hall girls please tilt their noses downward just enough to get a square look at the situation. Maybe then they will agree to forget about their own selfish, petty interests, get enthused about college activities, and give the Alma Mater some real support.

## FRESHIE-SOPH DANCE PROMISES TO BE SUCCESS

With definite plans already made, everything looks very promising for the big dance of the fall season. The Freshie-Soph always marks the beginning of a series of similar social functions. This year the program that has been arranged will set a pace that subsequent functions will have difficulty in overshadowing.

## A Different Angle

Mrs. Reynolds had been awaiting a fine day for over a week now. And here it was at last. Her eyes brightened as she wiped her few lunch dishes. She looked out the kitchen window contentedly at the sun-shadows on the streets, at the patches of light on the people's faces. "It's just the right kind of a day. There's some tang in the air and it will bring color to my cheeks. And she laughed a little remembering how when she was young she had always wanted to be pale, disdaining the rich color that had flowed in her cheeks. Now she craved it, patting her withered skin with cold water every morning and evening. She lingered over the dishes, liking the feel of the soft warm water on her hands and the small exercise of walking back and forth to the cupboard. She moved freely. "It doesn't matter if you are old, you can always believe you are young. I don't think anyone is ever old to himself, anyway."

Her thoughts returned to the subject that had been occupying them all the week. "Two new hats. One for good and one for wear. But the one for wear will be just as smart as the one for good. It's a pity they both have to be black, but I suppose I can't—it's only two years—oh well, black makes my skin look white." She went upstairs to her room and each step sang, "Two new hats. Two new hats". She dressed meticulously and as she put on her coat, she realized suddenly it wasn't so much that she wanted a new hat as she wanted to talk to someone, to be the centre of attention, to be praised and her taste pampered. She found that she was looking forward with a real pleasure to the long discussions with Miss Arnold, to the attentive bending of her head, to the sympathetic light in her eyes. She remembered the practised hands adjusting the hats, and the feeling of omniscience as she looked into the mirrors, turning from one side to another. "I can wear hats," she said to herself. "I always could—any hat looks well. But I'm not going to be in a hurry. I'm going to try all the black ones. I'll go back in the chair and pretend it really matters. And it does really matter." Then something inside her said, "But it doesn't, you know. Jim's dead and you have no one to care what you look like." She put her hand over her mouth and closed her eyes. The realization that she was alone pounded on her mind with the steady beat of a hammer.

She went out of her house, not even conscious that she was going. But the faint perfume from the autumn leaves freed the senses that had been caught by the pain of loneliness, and as she walked briskly down the street, the slow, regular betas of her heart and the sturdy lightness of her footsteps filled her with contentment. "I'm like a child going to my first party", she thought as she went into Miss Arnold's shop. "Oh, Mrs. Reynolds, I was wondering when you were coming in. Do sit down—here. A black one, is it? Two—how nice. I have just the thing."

Mrs. Reynolds leaned back in the chair. Already the obsequious atmosphere of the place was invading her and she revelled in it. "I think I'll stay until it's time for tea. Miss Arnold won't mind. She likes me." She looked up graciously as the woman approached laden with hats. "I do hope your mother is better?" "Oh, yes, Mrs. Reynolds, she is, you a little dash with out being obnoxious. Thank you. That looks nice—it gives vivous." She tilted her head, "Yes, it does look nice. But I'm going to be fussy today. "It doesn't do to be too easily pleased," but Mrs. Reynolds noticed that her eyes looked suddenly anxious and that she looked at the two young girls who had just entered. "Excuse me—sit down won't you? I won't be long—" coming back to Mrs. Reynolds—"Mary is ill today, and I'm all alone." "Then I'll hurry." "No, no, take your time. "But I must". The light left her face and she did not care which hat she bought.

She chose two blindly, afraid that Mrs. Arnold would see the tears in her eyes.

## INTRODUCING PROF. FLETCHER

Students who have braved the elements and in their itinerance happened to wander up to Studley campus would have noticed great activity on the gridiron. Dotted the field are groups of men clad in short pants and sweaters that seem ridiculously inadequate on the storm-ridden hill tops of Studley. Directing the activities of these gladiators are coaches Professor "Big Jim" McDonald and Professor Fletcher, who have replaced old John McCarthy, Rugby coach of yesteryear, who is now back at Caledonia.

"Big Jim" needs no introduction. Fame in the annals of Dalhousie boxing, basketball and Rugby precedes him.

Professor Fletcher, a new arrival at Dalhousie, has already established himself in the hearts of the Black and Gold Rugger. Particularly admired for his keen understanding of human nature and his experience at the game, the men carefully adhere to his suggestions. As early as 1923 he played on the "fifteen" at University College, London; again at Cambridge in 1926 with the Sidney Sussex College team. From then until 1932 he starred as a forward with the "Wanderers", an amateur Rugby club in England.

Prof. Fletcher, new professor of Education, has unflinchingly given of his time to help rebuild that mighty Black and Gold football team of former years, irrespective of work done preparing his lectures. The student body is indebted to him, and his team-mates laud him for inculcating in them a true love for the game.

## Dalhousie's Moot Court

Centred around the Law School are many land-marks of former days, customs which trace their origin to the time when today's Great and Near Great were but fledglings in the law, and usages and ceremonies which have become almost a ritual to the present-day members of the Law Society. And listed as chief among them is the Moot Court.

This judicial body, which but patronizingly glances at the time honored doctrines of Common Law, and gives but little reverence to the illogical intermixture of natural justice and legal fictions of Equity, sits with all the pomp of a Star Chamber. Before its Bar are pleaded, and settled, issues of fact which the Keepers of the "Pig-Sty" concoct, and points of law which even the Privy Council leave untouched.

It is purely democratic in its organization. As one's knowledge, real or feigned, receives the official sanction of the Board that meets at Christmas and May, one passes from Junior Counsel, to Senior Counsel, plus the added distinction of a K.C., and then to the Bench. Each member of the Society comes before it, first in his first year, and again in his second year. And from the Members of the second year, the five who have presented the best arguments are selected to argue a special case before three Members of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia for the highest honor conferred in the Law School—a place on the Smith Shield.

The Court sits every Monday and Thursday at 2 p.m., with the exception of the present week, when it meets on Friday at the same hour in the Moot Court Room in the Law School. To these sessions, the members of the Law Society extend their invitation and welcome to all the Students of the University, and especially to the pre-law students.

## Class '38 Elects Council Candidates

Fred Barton and John Mullane were chosen as the candidates for the vacant position of representative of Class '38 yesterday at the first meeting of the season of the class. Voting was close.

Plans were laid for the Freshie Soph party, which will be held at the Nova Scotian Hotel on October 18.

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## TOOTHsome TOPICS

The Dental School so long quiescent is now alive, revived, resuscitated.

And with the above splurge as the text for this week, we of the Dental School launch into an era of newly stimulated animation.

At last the world at large and Dalhousians in particular will learn all the mysteries, intricacies and problems associated with the daily routine of the school. Nothing will be omitted. We shall endeavour to outwincech Winchell and outflit Heffick.

The boys got off to a good start. A snappy meeting of the Dental Society disclosed the following facts: That Ken Cougel's popularity stood him in good stead, for he was re-elected President of the Dental Society for the second consecutive year. Good luck to you, Ken, you'll need it.

Vice-Pres.—Mike Disick.  
Sec.—Treas.—Charlie Guzetta.  
Athletic Manager—Clarence Egan.  
Rep. to D.A.A.C.—Jack Victor.

### Question for the Week:

What Dental student has been nicknamed "The Firechief" because of his habit of getting up every morning at 6 a.m. just to build a fire so that his roomie "Cueball Looie" won't be cold?

## Tiger's Band to Be At First Game

Dalhousie's band will be in attendance at the first football game of the season, under the direction of Johnnie Morrison, well-known piano man.

This band, which was brought to life by efforts of the Dalhousie Gazette, and which is now well on its way for its first performance tomorrow, will be well up to the standard set in 1929, and will mark another milestone in the new era of football and athletic support for the various teams of the college.

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## TENNIS NOTES

Tennis opened with a bang as the undergraduate clashed with the Alumni on the Carleton courts, the result of which left the honors about equally divided. All of last year's team, except one, are back and it is expected that the team will be practically the same as last year.

It is to be regretted that the weather man did not see his way clear to hang out the sun instead of that rain cloud which brought disastrous results to the committee's plans for a match against the Lunenburg team on Saturday last. The match had to be postponed indefinitely.

The proposed match with King's was also called off.

There was a rumor going round during the summer that Dalhousie was going to have one or more asphalt courts built. It is feared that the rumor had no foundation of fact. Last fall the final match against the New Brunswick champs had to be left unfinished because the courts were too wet to play on. If the courts had been composed of asphalt instead of clay this unsatisfactory ending to the tennis season might have been avoided.

Professor Mercer deserves much credit for putting tennis on the map at Dalhousie. Each year the team profits by his experience, advice and, in a more material way, by his assistance in conveying the players to the Acadia and Mount Allison courts. This year he is again to be seen around and on the courts looking the players over and playing the odd game himself. The choice of the team is largely in his hands and will probably be announced in the next week's Gazette.

For a while things looked down in the mouth for the Dentistry Department, but now everything is lined with American silver.

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