

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXIV

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 16, 1942

No. 12

FREE SKATING AT ARENA FOR DAL STUDENTS

Red Cross Dance Needs Student Support

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet
For the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross,
Under the provisions and regulations of
The War Charities Act, 1939".

Byfar the brightest and gayest occasion of the 1942 social whirl will be the Red Cross Ball which will be staged with all due formality in the Dal gym this coming Friday night, January 23rd. The event is more than a mere excuse for donning the best bib and tucker, for setting the tonsorial tresses in most becoming whirls, or for tripping the slightly hackneyed light fantastic toe. For this is a time when the good undergraduates of Dalhousie can rally round an excellent cause and lend it their most enthusiastic support. It has been decided that the expenses of putting the dance over must be pared to an absolute minimum, and the money thus saved devoted to The Cause. Consequently, therefore, a great deal of volunteer effort is required of the student body, in order to bring about a successful culmination of the elaborate plans drawn up by the Committee.

What is essential, primarily, is that every student attend the function, even if it be at the expense of his own private little plan for merrymaking. For while undoubtedly the Red Cross Ball will be a gala affair, and certainly a highlight of the entertainment year, yet it will be more than that. Your presence at the function will indicate a desire to pitch in and help in a most worthy cause. The Canadian Red Cross is doing a magnificent and noble work, and it requires the physical, moral and financial

Makes Appeal



Don Kirkpatrick, president of the Glee Club is sending out an urgent plea for male actors to appear in the three-act production "Big eHarted Herbert". There is no lack of female talent but the male of the species is proving a trifle reticent in displaying his abilities. The production is set for the last week in February. Meanwhile plans are proceeding for the presentation of three one-act plays in competition for the Bennet Shield.

assistance of you, and you, and YOU.

What better way to show that your head and your heart is in the right place than by turning out next Thursday night with the young lady? Here is a good time to be had, and a good cause to be supported. Dalhousie University, through its Student Council has taken upon itself to assist in this excellent work. It now rests with the individual student to do his part.

Therefore let sociability and conviviality abound! Let there be festive footing and hilarious hopping. On with the jovial jiving and the lilted leaping. C'mon, chillun, let's dance!

One Moment Please

The Interfaculty Basketball league will get under way in the Dal gym next Thursday night with two games being scheduled. Law is slated to meet their Forrest rivals, Medicine, while King's will come up against the Engineers. The games are to start at 7 p.m. sharp. All interfaculty basketball games will take place on Thursday evenings between 7 and 8 p.m.

There will be an important meeting of the Student's Council on Tuesday. Members of the Malcom Honour Award Committees are to be chosen.

A general meeting of Delta Gamma has been called for Tuesday, January 20, in Room 3 of the Arts Building at noon. A large turnout is requested.

Don't forget Thursday nights at eight o'clock. Dalhousie Basketball night. Show your College spirit by supporting your team.

A short meeting of the D.A.A.C. was held on Tuesday noon. Final changes were made in the budgets and the hockey situation was discussed.

Before the practice match against the Y.M.C.A. on Tuesday evening, Moose MacLeod was unanimously elected basketball captain to lead the 1942 squad. Blushing furiously, the Moose gracefully accepted the honor, hinting darkly of some duty to his Co-Ed following.

Co-Eds, Weary of Life Alone Maintain That Men Too Cold Have Grown

Declare Age of Chivalry Dead

Perhaps the most soul-searing and poignant story ever to come out of Dalhousie was revealed within the past forty-eight hours to the patrons of "Roy's". For the first time in the long and happy history of this institution, Dalhousie men are accused of being inconsiderate and ungentlemanly. Appearing on the scene with dishevelled hair, weary and red-eyed from continued weeping, a number of young ladies from Shirreff Hall disclosed how it felt to be left by the wayside, unwanted and unsung, by the treacherous low-lives of the university who once masqueraded as the genus male. The young complainants maintained that their cup of happiness had turned to gall, that youth held no more promise, and that life had become a hollow mockery. The inquiring reporter, sensing a story, asked some questions.

It developed that the Dalhousie co-eds have been left standing at the Hall door. No longer is the Hall phone in constant use. In essence, since the Christmas holidays, there have been no dates for Hall women. And they're beginning to worry about it more than slightly. They're willing to go half way. If only somebody will ask them out, they'll go blind, dutch, or any other way. Gone are the days when only a car would lure them out. In their present state, they'll settle for any ragged tramp who has the price of a carfare or a couple of small cokes.

Especially stricken, it seems, (although it is said the condition is to be found elsewhere in the Hall) is the Second Floor. Volunteers are therefore requested from the manpower of the university. All you have to do is call up the Hall, and in a relatively masculine voice, say: "Tell some of them babes to be waiting on the steps sometime between seven and eight tonight, and when I get there I'll take my pick".

That's all there is to it, gentlemen. Go, then, and follow this advice, and who will be able to say that the age of chivalry has passed?

THURSDAY EVENING DAL SOCIAL NIGHT

Plans are being completed to make every Thursday evening, Dalhousie's official "get together night". Beginning at eight o'clock two Senior basketball games will be presented and there is to be dancing in the gym after the games. During the course of the games, spectators will be informed of the various plays and scores by means of a running commentary over the Public Address System. It is up to each and every Dalhousian to make this a real social evening. Bring your girl, watch some of the best basketball in the Maritimes and then stay for the dancing.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern:
We, the undersigned, being sound in mind and body, do hereby serve notice upon all available males of Dalhousie University, THAT
1 Life has been giving us the run-around, and enough is too much.
2 We are free, white, almost twenty-one (but that's none of your business anyway), and unattached.
3 It's high time somebody did something about it, else we'll go crazy from boredom.
4 Interested persons, (naturally only males will be considered) will do well to call any or all of the undersigned, at B-9745, or B-9746, or call at Shirreff Hall
Ask for any or all of the following:

CENSORED

Arrangements Made By Council Provides Entry By Council Ticket

As a concession to skating enthusiasts and in substitution for a Campus Rink, the Student Council has negotiated an arrangement with the Halifax Arena officials whereby Dal students by presenting their Council tickets may gain admittance free of charge to any regular skating sessions conducted by the Arena. The Council is paying the Arena on a per capita basis.

Admiral Taylor Speaks Before Large Audience

On War Problems Addresses Meds

A large and appreciative audience which overflowed into the aisles gathered in the Medical Science building last Thursday afternoon to hear Admiral Sir Gordon Taylor, Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons and Surgeon-Consultant to the Admiralty, who spoke on the various changes in training of doctors since the outbreak of the war and of the advances made in Medicine as a result of the war.

Medical students, professors and practicing physicians composed the gathering, which listened intently as Admiral Taylor described experiences in attempting to gain the services of American doctors for duty overseas on the Civilian Home Front.

In describing the advancement made by Medicine in war time, Admiral Taylor pointed out that sulphanimide is being used in the treatment of all wounds and has proven of phenomenal success in cutting down blood poison fatalities.

He also explained the method by which London hospitals and medical colleges have been decentralized as a precaution against bombing raids. Patients, as soon as they are in a condition to be moved, are disbursed to outlying hospitals fifty or more miles away from the metropolis. Medical students themselves carry on their studies in rural surroundings far from localities of potential bombing operations.

C. O. T. C. SNAPS

Congratulations to Sergeant Harlowe on his newest acquisition. During the vacations Mrs. Harlowe presented him with a nine pound baby MacAskill.

The entire O.T.C. joins in wishing Sergeant Lockhart a speedy recovery. He is at present in hospital, having undergone an appendicitis operation.

A hearty welcome back to Sergeant-Major MacLean, who was taken from us for a while by headquarters. Apparently the Sergeant is as indispensable to them as he is to us.

Secret maneuvers are being planned for a syllabus of the O. T. C. tomorrow afternoon. We are not able to divulge the full details, but it is understood that the maneuvers are to be carried out by land, sea and air.

The decision as regards these skating sessions was arrived at by the Council after considerable discussion concerning the feasibility of building an outdoor rink on the Dal campus. It was finally decided that such a venture would be fraught with too much uncertainty to make it a worth while investment. But it was realized by the Council members that some sort of arrangement should be made to provide skating facilities for Dalhousie students.

Finally, the present scheme was decided upon and Murray Rankin has been completing the negotiations over the Christmas vacations. Tickets are being printed which must be signed at the Arena each time a student presents his Council card, in order that a fairly accurate check may be kept on the number of students who avail themselves of the opportunity to use the Rink.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

BY DON BLACK

Intercollegiate sport has been banned by Queens, Toronto, McGill and Western for the duration of the war. This decision was made over the holidays at a meeting of the presidents of those universities. Student polls conducted by the campus newspaper at the four colleges however expressed strong support from all the students that the intercollegiate sports should be carried on in a limited way.

The decision of the university heads does not affect Dalhousie as we will abide by the decision reached at Sackville during the autumn that two exhibition games away from home will be allowed in each sport.

The attitude of the college heads in Ontario and Quebec stands out in contrast to that of the American collegiate sport authorities who at Detroit shortly after the outbreak of the Jap war laid down a policy of keeping up sport as much as possible to aid the physical condition of the youth of the country and to keep up morale. The U. S. Congress recently heartily endorsed the continuation of big league baseball in war time so one suspects that there is a strong case against the "Big Four" decision.

STOP PRESS

Dal Steamrollers To Victory

In the first game of the Halifax City Basketball League played on Thursday evening, the Dalhousie Tigers earned a 33-19 victory over the R.C.A.F. Half-time score was 11-10 in the Tiger's favor, and in the second half the collegians, led by Ben Wilson and Al McLeod piled up a 13 point surplus to sew up the match. For further details see next week's Gazette.

? DIPO ?

Do You Think the Japanese Will Take Singapore?

Remembering that the past prediction of a former DIPO question had "saved" Moscow, we decided to help the huge fortress of the East. Results were not so good. However, there is about an even chance, with 40% saying "No", and 48% thinking it would fall to the "little yellow bellies". 2% were doubtful. Affirmative answers included this one: "If they want to," and the choicest doubtful was, "They'll make a stab at it." (For recent details of the "stab" read the latest papers). One negative answer was inspired by Authority Huxford.

Your Favorite Radio Program?

Although 28%, the largest single group, had no preference, the Fibber McGee-Molly program had a clear edge over the rest with 25% of the votes. Tied for second place were Jack Benny, the Aldrich Family, and Silver Theatre, each having 8%, and other votes went to Superman (Is it a bird? Is it a beast? Does it Live? No—it's Superman). Raymond Gram (my middle name belongs to Mamma) Swing, Lushus Quiz, the News, the Philharmonic, Dr. Stewart, and Charlie McCarthy.

How Often Do You Write Home?

38% write once a week, 12% once a month. Another wrote early when broke. Among others were the boys who condescended to write twice a term, twice a month, and there was even one individual who hadn't written for over a year, though he had a legitimate excuse. Another asked what was meant by "home"; one wrote 4/5th of a letter a week, and the last we asked only wrote when he had no female connections in the city. (Probably suffering from the L'il Abner complex.) 40% questioned revealed they were from Halifax. Only writer among these was one gay individual who skipped the parental abode at New Year's Eve, and the following hangover, explaining his absence through the post. Two others had lived in Dartmouth, but looked just like the average student, anyway.

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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

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

GAZETTE STAFF

Editor: JOHN W. GRANT	B-8576
News Editor: A. S. FORSYTH	S-2936
Sports Editor: AL MACLEOD	B-8576
Features Editor: JOHN TASMAN	S-2597
Literary Editor: LOUISE BISHOP	B-9746
C. U. P. and Exchange: DON BLACK	B-5043
Proof Editor: DAVID COLDWELL	B-8576
Liaison Editor: WALLACE OGILVIE	B-6568
Circulation Manager: BOB McCLEAVE	B-8576
Business Manager: WEBSTER MACDONALD	B-0453
Staff Photographer: DON OLAND	B-9311

DARE WE BE INTELLECTUALS?

"Intellectuals" are an object of much suspicion in the modern world. It is apparently believed by many that college professors spend a good deal of their time plotting to overturn the government, and a student concourse is regarded with more palpitation of heart than a group of sinister Russians with beards.

Certainly a type of "intellectual" has much to answer for today. The German brand of Fascism, for instance, is not altogether a product of beer hall putsches and underground cabals. It has been also a product of the salon, with an intellectual history which may be traced back to the nineteenth century. Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman who adopted German nationality, was one of its pioneers. His doctrine was taken up and expanded in the Stefan George circle, and today has grown into a world-wide metaphysical menace, threatening to engulf those ideas and patterns of life which have become almost part of our nature.

Today physical war is being waged upon a world scale. It is our peril that our close attention to that war may blind us to the greater intellectual, even spiritual war which is going on. It is undeniably true that most participants in this present war are not fighting for ideologies, that some countries have to accept allies they would far rather be fighting against. It is also true, however, that military aggression by the German armies is a part, albeit a very large part, of a doctrinal world revolution. Our propaganda ought to recognize this fact, ought to realize that we are being opposed by a force whose intellectual wing cannot be defeated by a mere giving out of information.

Some controversy has gone on from time to time about the vexed question, Are we fighting the German people or merely the Nazi leaders? The question is quite academic. Certainly National Socialism has the support of a great many people in Germany; just as certainly, it hasn't the support of every German. What we are fighting is something greater and more dangerous than either of these—a fantastic philosophy of cruelty in control of several of the great nations of the world and threatening all the others. Now we are not for one moment suggesting that since National Socialism is a philosophy it can be fought only in a battle of textbooks and tomes. War is the very lifeblood of this philosophy, therefore military defeat will inflict upon it a disaster from which it may never recover. But a war upon a philosophy will be fought upon more than one front, and the tactics may be different from those of a mere commercial war. For one thing, we ought frankly to admit that a German or Italian can be an anti-Fascist, and we shall be not only unjust but even very negligent if we fail to give full support to all such we find, in the hope that they may be able in time to achieve control of their governments. On the other hand, we should not be too gullible in accepting all who are opposed to the governments of their own country as genuine anti-Fascists. An anti-Hitlerite who shared most of the essential beliefs of the National Socialist party would be a very dangerous ally. Further, we should be careful to hunt out Fascist ideas and habits of thought in our own country. Our overt Fascists, such as Adrien Arcand, have usually appealed to our sense of the ridiculous. It is quite possible, however, that there are other people in higher places, and not so ridiculous, who might find Fascism useful or agreeable. We don't, of course, imagine for a minute that the great majority of the capitalist class would prefer Fascism to the present order of things, but incipient tendencies might well be checked now.

Science has taught us to be modest, to admit often that truth escapes our grasp and that much of the truth we do possess is quite relative. But no true son of western civilization can believe that truth does not matter at all, that it is an outworn concept. The world is in danger of losing centuries of its progress. That loss may be staved off by military defeat of the Axis. But even more effective may be an undaunted stand for truth on the part of those who have an abiding affection for it. To win this intellectual war we need clear and intense thinking and planning on the part of those with intellectual opportunity, for the job is too big for the ignorant or the supercilious.

All this may seem to have little to do with the place of "intellectuals" in our society. It may, however, suggest that offensive war against the new ideology of race solidarity and international war can be fought with intellectual tools. Germany is not only a country of soldiers. It is filled with theories and speculations, diverging in some respects, but all agreeing on the worthlessness of all final moral codes, on the degeneracy of those who appeal either to conscience or to reason, on the glory of the fellowship of oppressors, and on the ultimate disunity of all men. The "intellectuals" of Germany are false intellectuals. They reason, but the conclusion of all their reasoning is the irrationality of everything, the glory of believing the absurd, the ultimate meaningfulness of meaningless sacrifice. National Socialism claims, to be above all other doctrines a matter of faith. It succeeds so well that it makes the most mystical Christian appear a second Voltaire. The Nazi revolt against ordered reason strikes at western thought of every shade. Christians, Catholic or Protestant, believe their religion to be in some sense true and would, if sincere, abandon it if they could be satisfied that it is false. Scientists pride themselves on the objectivity of their researches, and are dishonoured if they hold back information which might

FICTION

The Trumbles

Henry Thumble was deep in thought as he walked along the road towards home. He was wondering how he could convince Emma, his wife, that it would be cheaper to buy a new piece of machinery for the mill than to pay wages while the old one was fixed again. He had spent his married life faithfully managing Emma's property, and fighting her miserly tendencies. Momentarily diverted by stumbling over a stone Henry looked around him in repugnance. The snow which still filled the ditches and lay in heaps in the fields was stained red with clay and streaked with soot. The Canadian spring had arrived and the ground was muddy and rutted.

His home aroused a feeling of horror. It was a high square house painted a bright pea green with a pitched roof of red asphalt shingles! Emma had bought the paint at a fire sale. She had inherited the house from her grandfather who needed many rooms to accommodate his ten children. She had turned the house into flats, a change Henry felt was indecent—in Terford everyone lived in large family houses or small new bungalows.

The lawn in front was still an ugly brown. Irregular heaps of dead spruce brush marked the rose hedge and flower beds. The bare trees were unlovely against the grey sky.

Wearily Henry turned into the side yard. Emma was one of those who believed that the front door should only be opened for the minister, a funeral, or the Ladies Auxillary! In disgust he looked at the wood and chips scattered all over the backyard and at the ladder leaning against the house, and at the heaps of rusty tin cans emerging from drifts. Some people never learnt that the snow did melt eventually! He stumbled up the dark backstairs knowing that if he searched them carefully with a flashlight he would not find a speck of dust.

Henry watched Emma from a crotone covered chair in the living room while she cleared the supper dishes off the oilcloth covered table. She was as tall as Henry, but she was so fat that her height made no impression. Her greying hair was pulled back severely from her face, and it emphasized her nose too much. At supper they had discussed the machinery. Emma as usual was taking her time about answering yes or no. Joe was leaving the lumber mill to join the airforce. Henry wanted to give him a nice present—say fifty dollars—but he knew Emma would consider five overgenerous. His own salary was small—most of it went to pay the bills at the store and the taxes.

Emma hung up the dish cloth carefully. "Why didn't you get that new machine before the old one broke? If you was any good you must've noticed it was wore out. I suppose the mill will be broke down for a week while you get the new one." Henry greeted this patiently. Emma had forgotten that he had tried to make her get one last January.

She received his attempts at conversation with a grunt. Henry had suggested at supper that they go to the concert at the Hall, and had been refused. He sat in desperation listening to the click-click of the knitting needles. Emma refused

cast doubt upon their theories. Communists claim a rational basis for their assertion that the proletariat must cast off their wage slavery. The new philosophy of Germany lays no claim to truth. It only claims vitality, a driving force which knows no distinctions of true or false. It insists that there is no objective truth but only racial truth, that that is true which is suited to the genius of a race—which, in short, will be politically expedient.

In the past intellectuals have been condemned as diletanters, interested more in academic arguments around the fireside than in political action (although the criticism has usually been made when they engaged in political action). In some cases the charge has been only too true. But of even less use have been our muddle-headed anti-intellectuals, who have been so ready to stampede at any sign of social change that they have kept Canada a backward country. We must look to our intellectuals for leadership, and it may be that the challenge of war will force them to look up from their teacups and play their proper role in remoulding the world.

to let him smoke in the house even though he had promised not to spill any ashes. At last with a muttered apology he left the house, changing his felt slippers for boots.

At the canteen Henry smoked his pipe and drank a glass of beer. Everyone was talking about Joe, and thinking about a party for him. He felt that he as Joe's boss should do something worthwhile. By nine o'clock he left. After a few steps Henry was overtaken by Alf. Alf was a pleasant dark young man of average height who had no regular job or private income. He was not lazy—he just found other things were more pleasant than work. He did various odd jobs and hunted and gambled and drank a little. There were those who hinted that he was not above stealing.

"I suppose you'll be giving Joe a great send-off," said Alf. "I'd like to" confided Henry gloomily. "but I don't see how I can. I haven't got the money." "Your old woman's got lots of it thought. I'd help myself to a little of it."

That was true. Emma always had several hundred dollars hidden in the house. "I wouldn't take any of it without her knowing. She watches it pretty close. And we live upstairs—no burglar could get in the windows." Alf grinned. "A smart man could get in the skylight if it was left unlocked." Henry was shocked — then interested. If Alf took half he would have enough left for a fifty dollar present for Joe and a farewell party besides. "I'll do it," he thought, "I've earned part of her money." Soon he and Alf were deep in plans. Henry did not get home until ten o'clock—an unheard of hour!

On Saturday evening Henry had to go to the Supper held by the Ladies' Auxillary at the Hall. Emma was on the committee so he had to help. The supper was the standard — scalloped potatoes, cold ham, baked beans, and pie. He was wedged in between two women who talked over him, and during lulls he had to converse with the village gossip, whom he detested.

Much later that same night Alf slipped quietly up a ladder to the back verandah of the Thumble house. Cautiously he crawled up the roof until he reached the skylight. He fumbled a bit—ah! it was opened. Carefully he lowered himself through the skylight. With the aid of a flashlight he picked his way through the numerous articles spread haphazardly in the attic. He reached the narrow stairway. Henry had warned him that the steps were very, very narrow. He turned around so he could descend and grip the steps above him with his hands. He went down a few steps. His left foot knocked something over and his right foot landed on something soft, and slipped. His hands clawed the steps futilely. With a scream he toppled down through the dark. His flailing arms knocked articles off the stairs which hit him as he fell in a crumpled heap on the floor.

The noise woke both Henry and Emma with a jerk. "What was that noise, Henry, do you suppose it's burglars?" Another crash echoed through the house. Henry fumbled in a drawer for his gun. Emma grabbed a hairbrush from the dresser and followed him. Another crash came from the attic stairway. Henry opened the door carefully.

The crumpled shape of a man lay at the foot of the stairs. Surrounding and scattered over him were catalogues, tins of paint, broken bottles with pickles and jam oozing out, cookie tins, and mops and dusters. Henry was thunderstruck. They laid the man on the hall floor. "It's Alf!" said Emma in an awed tone. "Well, I never!" Alf groaned and opened his eyes. He moved gingerly, and assured

them he was not hurt, all the while staring at Emma in her long pink striped nightgown and barrage of metal hair curlers, clutching a brush in one hand and a mirror in the other. Emma padded off to phone the police. "Why in H— didn't you move that stuff," growled Alf. "I did," said Henry helplessly. "I did; I took it all down and hid it, but she must have put it back before she went to bed!"

SWEET CAPORAL
Cigarettes

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

FARMERS' CHOCOLATE MILK

Is Stimulating . . . It Peps You Up!

"TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

IT'S NOT OUR BUSINESS

How you spend your Christmas money is, strictly speaking, not our business.

We'd like to suggest, though, that a gift from Birks for yourself is a pleasant way to use it.

Henry Birks & Sons LIMITED
Registered Jewellers,
American Gem Society
Barrington St. - Halifax, N.S.

WELCOME TO DALHOUSIE

□

BLAKELEY'S
43 Spring Garden Road

Dalhousie University

Halifax, Nova Scotia

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

Arts and Science Faculty

Degrees: B.A., B.Sc., B. Com., B. Mus., Ph. M. B.
Diplomas: Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education.
Four Year Advanced Courses in Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History.

Graduate Courses of recognized standing, leading to degrees of M.A., M.Sc.
Courses—preparatory to Professional Faculties.
Course in Public Administration.
Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through the courses.

The Professional Faculties

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

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

Residence

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

THE FEATURE FOLIO

The MENTOR

In our discussion of the various Intriguing Courses offered by the University, it would be remiss of us to omit some consideration of Philosophy 1. Here is a really Practical Course for all who aspire to the Complete College Education, and one which should be given a great deal of (Philosophical) consideration in choosing future courses.

Like Biology 1, this course rests in the hands of two Instructors; though these, unlike the others, do not change in the middle of the term, but merely alternate during the whole session. Thus, one Intriguing part of the course is to guess which of the two will give the next lecture. Another Intriguing phase of Philosophy 1. is that there is a tendency for Students to become hopelessly lost and entangled in their notes, thereby mixing freely Logic with Psychology. This, according to the best authorities, is very dangerous, as thorough study will show, and should be avoided at all cost.

Logic is by far the most fascinating and obscure brance of Philosophy, consisting of Syllogisms, Promises and Premises, and the fantastic Fallacies (invented by the early Cave Dwellers,) all calculated not only to make you think, but to make you think the Right Thoughts in the Right Way. You will discover that to this point you have been thinking the Wrong Way, and that you will have to start all over again. Thus you will have to learn the basis of Condisive Thinking or Reasoning, and Instructive Reasoning or Thinking. These are all taught by means of the famous Mnemonic Lines which were first written to the memory of the inventors of Logic. Of these, the first is the most truly remarkable, beginning: Barbara, Celebrant Darius, Faustus, Caesar, Bocacchio.

By counting the number of letters in each line, and dividing by the number of days in the Fiscal Year, and subtracting your age, it is possible to reduce everything to a series of ABC's, and yourself to an Illogical Idiot within a very short space of time. If you succeed in mastering the intricacies of this, however, without disaster, you will find it Thoroughly Practical in many future endeavours.

The second branch of Philosophy in Psychology, which is an Invaluable course in Animal Training, and for this reason, is highly recommended to all interested in this field. Basically, this course studies the effects of taking a Rat, and putting it in a daze by revolving a cage on a Phonograph turntable. The Psychologist then measures the number of times it hiccups and draws a graph; which show you a number of valuable things about Rats, and Psychology. These experiments are repeated until the Rat shows no further resistance, and then a new Rat is taken.

Another form of Pet Training indulged in by Psychologists is to take a Cat, and slowly starve it to death in a locked Box; to see how long it will take, before the Cat eats its way out of the Box. By this means the Human Ego is inflated, for it is always found that a Human Being can eat its way out faster than a Cat, thus proving our superiority. This is Grossly Gratifying to everyone concerned.

The Psychologist, contrary to the Logician, attempts to show how and why we think, with a Callous Disregard for the way we go about doing it. In this way, considerable Anatomy is introduced into our study of things, and you learn that the body is a mass of Extra-Preceptors, Intra-deceptors, Ultra-inceptors, and other things which cause us to think, due to the fact that they are all more or less connected to the Brain. The Ultimate Conclusion of all Psychologists is that we have a Brain, which, according to some, is governed by the Stommac, or vice versa, according to others. All of which is very consoling to everyone.

Thus, no one who wishes to become a Complete Philosopher can afford to ignore Philosophy 1., which is calculated to add Immeasurably to the formation of the Complete College Man, in every way.

» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

EPISODE 10

Remember Pearl Harbour or the "Maine" or the Red River Valley or CUE (spelled C-U-E).

King Karl's disappearance remained an unsolved and apparently unsolvable mystery. Operations upon the library front were proceeding at a normal pace. Merry MacDeacon had descended from the reading room, where she had been marooned, upon a bridge formed by the perpetual dawg. Blurbie Stewpot was on strike for higher wages, while PROKOV was visibly feeling the Polar Pie shortage, and was also noticeably affected when some of Roy's "BOILING ESSENCE" was placed to windward of him.

In other parts of the world, however, things were not so calm. We hereby transport our unwary readers to a far-distant part of the world, a certain South Burmese port. Here could be seen a group of divinely beautiful maidens bearing a striking resemblance to certain Dalhousie freshettes, among whom could be mentioned a certain Prue reMorse, delightfully clad in sarongs, along sweaters. In the distant could be heard the faint tom-tom of drums, being beaten by tall warriors plastered with paints of hideous colours, also plastered.

In the centre of this group and apparently the centre of attraction to the beautiful maidens, could be seen a rather fat and infinitely sinister looking figure. This proved to be none other than our old

friend, Col. J. Eggespie Oatcake. "Certainly I know of the dastardly plot," he exclaimed with true British courage, "I thought it up myself", to the tall, rattish-appearing creature beside him. The creature, who was cleverly disguised, could be seen by a skilful observer to have a remarkable resemblance behind the ears of Rob McLeak, the demon reporter.



The creature, who shall for our purposes be anonymous, took out a small notebook. "Could you", said he, "give me a round by round discussion of the kidnapping." Oatcake was just about to answer, when suddenly a deafening shot rang out from the nearby trees, while the tom-tomers took up their distant dirge in Greek, chanting the funeral songs of Euripides, discoursing upon economics, and mentioning in fond tones the name of Miss Heavenly (or Henny).

Fortunately the shot missed, and Oatcake went on with his tale. What can it have to do with us? Is Oatcake in league with the fearful PROKOV? If he isn't, who is?

T-SQUARE



The dance season is with us again, so we suppose that all good engineers will be at the dance. We know that Mussett is not shy, but why didn't he have "une femme" by Tuesday and why did he offer so generously (?) to relieve Wiswell of his date?

We are glad to see Eisenhour and MacKay back. Could certain members of the weaker sex have kept them hangin' around the back habba - - ?

Would you believe it, but Charlie Fowler tells us that he will have a real blonde in tow Friday night.

Who would rush through the snow storm after a girl named Kay—maybe Waterfield? Gee! You can't tell about those quiet fellows.

Fred Russell tells us that Newfoundland isn't so barren and lonely after all; but what can you mean by that look in your eye, Fred?

Does anybody know what really happened to Russ Webber? Falling downstairs sounds like a variation on walking into a door.

Gordie Wilson looks like a new "white hope". He tells us that he took on twelve (could be two) sailors at a local hotel. Gord came out with "flying" colors. Bob Wilcox gave encouraging advice from the ringside.

We hear that Glen Hubley was caught "with his pants down" last Saturday morning. You ought to "snow" better, Glen.

Watch for the War Department communique regarding action at the Shuffle. Yea, man!

The Popularity of the Quiz system in determining factors of personality, love, etc. have led us to create a new type of Quiz — viz: The "Should you have come to College, and why" Quiz. If you succeed in answering more than three of the following questions in the Affirmative, you are definitely the type who will be successful in a University. If you answer more than three, you're wasting your time. If less than three, do not be discouraged, but turn your talents to the Ministry, or some less strenuous diversion.

1. Have you ever felt like a Permorphus Polyvert?
2. Don't you understand the King's English?
3. Are you under any Illusion regarding Poggendorf.
4. Have you your I.Q. with you?
5. Do you consider the Weltgeist the antepenultimate of Dostoevski's Philosophy?
6. Have you the strength to strike bravely against a Sea of Soup?
7. Have you read anything by Ibid?
8. Have you read anything?
9. Have you ever felt the weight of the famous statement 'Alles ist vom Schnee bedeckt.'
10. Are you suffering from a feeling of Inferiority?



THE MAREN OF



GRIME

On this occasion it seems fitting to reprint a poem which occurred in this column last year, which seems to have been taken literally:

Fables From the Itch.
And here's a toast to Shirreff Hall—
When you're dating one, you date them all.
For if at first you don't succeed,
To try again is rash indeed.
The wagging tongues that here reside,
Have wounded many's the manly pride.
So, Freshmen, hearken to this ditty,
And find your dates around the city.

We should like to apologize to Betty Bird for last week's item. We had her confused with someone else, though we understand that the error was solely due to the lateness of the trains.

Who goes around breaking Watch Straps, and won't replace them? Maybe Kirk can answer that one.

These Budding Ministers must have their fling. We understand "Boomer" Rowe had a rather harrowing experience over the holidays—or was it, "Boomer!"

The play's the thing. Why was "Bob" White so interested in "Dooley" attachments. Better stick to the freshmen, "Bob".

It's time Inez knew that dogs are not allowed on Halifax street cars.

Congratulations to Sergt. Lomhart (?) on giving birth to a bouncing 5½ oz. appendix.

Speaking of ghosts, it seemed vaguely like old times to see Kay Robinson occupying a gym-store seat in the company of Phil Walker. We must be getting old.

Spoof . . .

last nite i saw a witch which had a twich today there is a hitch as to which wich

Dopey—Will the anesthetic make me sick?

Doctor—No, I think not.

Dopey—How long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor—Aren't you expecting too much of an anesthetic?

Barker: Do you like the outdoor type?

Strickland: No, I prefer plumbing.

History Prof: "How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Queen's Journal

He: "Where's my wife?"

Conductor: She's round behind.

He: I know, but where is she?

Garrick

A Famous Players Theatre

Saturday - Monday - Tuesday

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"

with Priscilla Lane

"HARVARD HERE I COME"

Tues. - Wed. - Thurs.

"POISON PEN"

with Florence Robson

"WEEKEND FOR THREE"

with Dennis O'Keefe

Capitol

Famous Players Theatre

Friday - Saturday - Monday

Errol Flynn and

Olivia deHaviland in

"They Died With Their Boots On"

Tues. - Wed. - Thurs. - Friday

Clark Gable and Lana Turner

—in—

"HONKY TONK"

MacLeod - Balcom LIMITED

DRUGGISTS
Headquarters for Students Requirements

HALIFAX - SHEET HARBOUR
KENTVILLE, N. S.

ASK FOR DONOVAN'S BEVERAGES

at DAL CANTEN

46 Granville St. Halifax, N. S.

Faders Drug Stores

135 HOLLIS STREET
29 COBURG ROAD

HALIFAX Nova Scotia

OXFORD

Friday and Saturday

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN
"NIGHT OF JAN. 16"

Monday and Tuesday

"NEW YORK TOWN"
"TARGETS FOR TONIGHT"

Wednesday and Thursday

"WHEN LADIES MEET"
"SMILING GHOST"

ORPHEUS

Monday - Tuesday - Wed.

"SEALED LIPS"
"TUXEDO FUNCTION"

Thurs. - Friday - Saturday

"THE CARTER CASE"

The New

CASINO

Starting Monday, Jan. 12

"Hellsapoppin"

Starring

Olsen and Johnson

"842 Laughs for Every Customer"

Served in leading hospitals



Pause... Go refreshed

Coca-Cola

A delicious and refreshing drink . . . with life, sparkle and taste that everybody likes. That's ice-cold "Coca-Cola." It's one of the pleasant things of life . . . pure, wholesome refreshment.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HALIFAX

Tigers Avenge Cub Defeat - Basketballers Active

Cubs No Match for Y's Men's Skill But Senior Squad Unbeaten Still

The Y.M.C.A. used thirteen men in their Intermediate game against the Dalhousie Cubs last Saturday night, and won the game by a 43-28 margin, but they certainly didn't look good in doing it. The Dal Cubs dressed seven men for the game and made an excellent showing despite their lack of familiarity with the "Y" floor, and also despite the fact that they had little practice playing as a unit.

The Y.M.C.A. have sufficient experience and ability to make a good senior team. But it seems that they prefer to be the cream of the intermediate crop, rather than just another good team in senior company. But unless they show themselves to better advantage than they did on Saturday night, they will have no justification for mutual back-slapping.

With thirteen men to draw from, the "Y" team could afford to roughen the game up and take their chances on having some men removed for personal fouls, while accomplishing their object of "softening up" the Tiger quintet. Playing with wild abandon, and with never a thought for the rule book, they committed twenty-five personal fouls on the Dal team. This might have been the Tiger salvation if the black and gold team had been "on" in their shooting, but unfortunately the Ralston team missed eighteen free throws, enough to have won the game handsily. However, the "Y", too, were off on their shooting, for they missed twenty-two free throws, enough to have swamped the Cubs by a wide margin.

The game opened at a fast clip, with both teams missing shots from close in, but with the "Y" team registered scores by McRitchie and Klinik on rebounds to shortly take the lead. Forsythe and Hicks of the Cubs made neat scores on fast breaks to keep the Dal team within striking distance, but the collegians were finding it difficult to penetrate the rough, tough "Y" defence of Doubleday and Mitchell. At the end of the first half, therefore, the "Y" held a 20-13 lead.

In the second half the Y.M.C.A. took the lead they already held, and by weight of numbers added to it. Throwing in fresh men as quickly as the others tired, they soon ran away from the weary Cubs, who by this time were playing with only five men to draw from. In spite of a scoring spurge by Forsythe, who tallied seven points in this half, the "Y" kept well in the lead. Zatsman and Doig picked up eight points between them in this session, but it was insufficient to greatly whittle down the "Y" lead.

At game's end, therefore, the Y.M.C.A. intermediates held a 43-28 advantage, and had won the first game of the 1942 intermediate schedule. How they would fare in the rest of their games remained to be seen, but observers felt that when it came to using thirteen men in one contest, that there ought to be some kind of a law.

Among those who turned out to see the game, which was played at the "Y", were: Barbara White, Anita Reid, John McLellan, Clarence Frazer, Mike Smith.

Dal Cubs: Zatsman, 4; Charman, 2; Forsythe, 11; Hicks, 2; Doig, 6; Smith, 2; Fraser, 1.

Y.M.C.A.: Stone; Blackadar, 4; Doran; Bream, 5; Callaghan, 6; Colwell, 2; Wollenhaupt; Evans, 3; Johnson, 3; Doubleday, 2; McRitchie 8; Mitchell, 3; Klinik, 6.

Senior Basketball

This week the Dal Tiger roamed the deserted corners and angles of the Gym long enough to avenge her Cubs, recent victims of a rough evening at the local Y. This time, however, the Tigers cracked the whip, to a consoling, if not too convincing, 32-25 win.

Scoring their second successive victory of the current season on Tuesday evening, Dal's Senior cagers, resplendent in their new uniforms showed bursts of offensive power which resulted in a hard earned victory. The small, but enthusiastic group of feminine rooters

gave added inspiration to the Collegians, who responded nobly.

The Y team, intermediate titleholders, provided plenty of opposition, despite the fact that several of their regulars were missing from the starting lineup. Led by Norm MacRitchie, one of Dal's "old boys" who had a field day at the expense of his former mates, The Y stalwarts never stopped trying until the final whistle.

The game opened at a fast clip, and continued so throughout most of the first half. Fast breaks by the forwards, combined with sound defensive work by Smith and Wilson on the back-line, gave Dal an early lead they never relinquished. Coach Bernie Ralston at one stage of the game experimented with two complete teams, and was gratified to see his reserve string account for twelve points, working as a unit.

Early in the second period the Y team staged a nice rally, but timely scores by Wilson and Forsythe for Dal's cause rendered their efforts impotent. From this point onward play slowed somewhat, and Dal used its slow break with telling effect.

Smith and Wilson were somewhat below par during the contest, as they suffer from seasonal colds, which cut down their efficiency to a certain extent.

A survey of the scoring summary revealed no outstanding star in the Dal firmament, but the even distribution of the pay-off shots indicates a balanced scoring power and sound team play, which should pay heavy dividends in games to come.

The contest was merely an exhibition tilt, and had no bearing on the Dalhousie chances in the forthcoming Halifax City League grind. The game was valuable, however, as a "conditioner" for the Tiger squad. Further, as the Y team has on its roster some of the best of the city basketkeeters, the Dalhousie win indicated that the collegians will be able to stand up against the best in the local business. Especially gratifying is the work to date of the so-called "reserves", upon the strength of whom to a great extent depends the success or failure of any club. MacDonald and Hicks, for instance, are playing their first season on the Dal floor, but are already showing commendable form. Dunbrack is working well on the forward with the regulars, as is Doig, who combines the duties of manager with his playing.

Dalhousie: MacKenzie, 4; Doig, 2; Dunbrack; Forsythe, 6; MacLeod, 5; Hicks, 2; Smith, 6; MacDonald; Wilson, 5; Fraser, 2.

CO-EDS ONLY

By Marjorie Parkes

Basketball has taken hold at Dal this year. With the opening of the Gym after the Christmas holidays action started. Basketball loomed up.

Tackling each other in the first game of the season last Saturday noon, were two of our Activities Clubs, the Blacks and Reds. They swung into action with fast-working combination on the part of the Blacks, and such shining players as Kay Smith and Vera Crummy upholding the well-supported "Red" team. The game ended with victory of the Blacks over the Reds 33-26, determining the opponent for the game against the Gold team.

With renewed vigor, the Reds and Golds faced each other on Tuesday evening. The Reds were determined to show what they really are made of, and the Golds were just as determined to shine through in their first game. Nor were the latter unjustified in their determination! By the second quarter, having enough time to warm up, and we mean warm up from the zero weather outside, no less than twelve points were scored, Xenia Reid, the outstanding scorer, making the score 12-3.

During the remaining periods, unnecessary to the Golds, for a lot can happen in the remaining periods, the

SPORT Spice

by AL. MacLEOD

From Shakespeare's book 'tis plain to see
That "shame doth speak for instant remedy."
Good scholars say, if now there be
A trace, perhaps, of infamy
Within our sphere scholastic—
Seek out the cause and raise a plea
For reconstruction drastic.

Isn't it a shame the way some people treat the Students' Council? One can be chatting amiably with a mild-mannered chap, and in the course of conversation unthinkingly mention the topic of undergraduate government, and what happens? There is a momentary pause, until he is suddenly seized with a paroxysm of rage, a convulsion of vexation, a fit of wrathful indignation. His lip curls in a ferocious snarl, there is a violent gnashing of teeth, and his look is black as thunder. The air is filled with epithets, maledictions and imprecations, from all of which one gathers a general uncharitable intent.

But what word was this to bring a hornet's nest about one's ears?

"Students' Council", the Chosen Few, the Leaders of the People, the Vox Populi, the Office-Bearers, the High-Ones, Those Set in Authority, the Untouchably Mighty. Surely these are not the tags which we, the humble Stupid Body, apply to those whom we have set in high places by the exercise of our democratic rights? Surely the average undergraduate would never be so unkind as to suggest that his representatives are unqualified, nor would he maintain that he now regrets his earlier choice? Of course not. The Average Student realizes full well that to hold a spot on the Council is not to be greatly envied. He knows that there is little thanks for good work, and a great deal of abuse for poor work. But at the same time he knows, that having paid his Student Council fees, he wants to get his money's worth, even if he has to settle for the small satisfaction of hanging a verbal beating on the Fifteen.

Perhaps the Dalhousie student would feel kindlier toward the Council if he knew just what the Council was doing. It's a small satisfaction to a person to be told that he needn't worry about student activity, because the Council is a capable body who will see that everything is worked out to everybody's satisfaction. What the individual wants to know is just what is going on, and to be able to express an opinion about it.

Take the under-the-surface struggle that is apparently being waged between the Council and the D.A.A.C., for instance. At the beginning of the year, the Council made a grant to the committee which controls Dalhousie athletic expenditures. The D.A.A.C. was free to budget this amount, (which ran into several thousand dollars) in the best interests of Dalhousie sport. A large portion of this amount was spent to promote rugby last fall, and under the heading of "rugby" expenditures came repairs to the football field and the bleachers. Out of this amount, too, come equipment and uniforms, meals, and travelling expenses. The D.A.A.C. had to guarantee a certain sum to St. F. X. before that final championship game could be played. It wasn't so bad when the Council stepped in and took the gate receipts for that game, but the hard blow came when the D.A.A.C. received a bill for amusement tax, for that game, which the Council would not pay. Imagine! The Council takes the gravy, and makes the D.A.A.C. pay for the flour and water!

This is merely one example of the equitable (?) manner in which undergraduate financial operations are carried on. There are probably a great many more, but, peculiarly enough, nobody ever hears anything about them.

The result of this financial wizardry by the Fifteen is that the D.A.A.C. must revise its budget, and cut down on the programmes it had mapped out for hockey, basketball, and certain minor sports. And meanwhile, the people who paid to play with others, must play alone—and like it. If things keep going as they have of late, the boys and girls will probably play alone, but they certainly won't like it.

Let nobody think that this is an indiscriminate effort to slap somebody down. It isn't. This little column appreciates the work that the Council is doing on the Red Cross Ball, and the other charitable efforts in which it has, and in which it will, engage. But we should like to remind the people who are high in undergraduate affairs, that charity begins at home, and while Dalhousie students may be lacking in so-called "college spirit", they at least deserve to be told what the Council is doing, and how problems affecting every student are being handled. Such things do not fall under the war-time censorship. And further, next fall is almost too late for this year's students to hear how this year's money was handled.

But if nobody's interested, just forget that we ever brought the subject up:

score rounded out to an 18-b victory for—the Golds.

* * *

Will the Golds carry on undaunted? Will the Blacks beat the other two? Will the Reds burst forth in a new glory? What will happen?

There is a game between the Golds and Blacks on Saturday, from 12-1 o'clock, so turn out and cheer your players.

* * *

Glancing over Intercollegiate basketball and basketball players, we note with keen observance, that it was way back in the year '39-'40, that we saw the last and the best of good and enthusiastic basketball. That was a shining year, with prospects for the future, we thought. But last year fell low.

However, with such members of that team still to be seen about the campus, Mary MacKeigan, Mary Johnson, and Kay Hicks, and those

on the named team last year, Anita Rosenblum, Kay Smith and Inez Smith, with the addition of several new players, we have a wide choice for a good team this year.

Our new material is seen among such players as Anita Reid, Vera Crummy, Helen Henshaw, Jean MacLellan, Xenia Reid, Laura Bisset, Doshie Stairs, Marg Morrison, Jean Stewart. Among these and the unnamed at the moment, surely we can build up a "team to be remembered".

* * *

Once again, as in '39-'40, we see plans for an Intercollegiate Women's Basketball League. Dal and Acadia are to play off with the first game on February 20 at Dalhousie. Meanwhile U.N.B. and Mount A. are to play off. The winners of both provinces will then come face to face in the final struggle for the championship.

With such plans being carried out

by Chris Arklie, manager, and Phyl Barratt, an interesting season is to be viewed at Dalhousie.

* * *

At 4.30 on Wednesdays there is tryout practice for the University Basketball team. Anyone who is in-

terested is urged to turn out during the next few weeks.

* * *

Next Tuesday evening is to be "The Night" in the gym for the girls, to officially start the Activities Club on their merry ways.

FOLLOW THE REST OF THE BOYS FOR YOUR FOOTWEAR TO SHANE'S SHOE STORE Special Discount to Students 397 BARRINGTON ST. B9144

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



You're missing a lot if you haven't tried Philip Morris Mixture, today's greatest value in pipe tobacco.

In pouches, packages and ½ lb. tins.

THE NATIONAL FISH CO. LIMITED FRESH FISH SPECIALISTS HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

ROSEDALE NURSERIES Y.M.C.A. Building - B-7530 381 Barrington Street 31 Spring Garden Rd. - B-6440 We Specialize in CORSAGES and All Kinds of Design Work

STUDENTS!

MAKE GORDON B. ISNOR'S YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR

SUITS — OVERCOATS — SHOES FURNISHINGS

—and save on every purchase by taking advantage of our Special Students' Discount at . . .

GORDON B. ISNOR'S 69 Gottingen Street - Halifax, N. S.

TRY THIS ONE FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT

CRISP FLAKES OF TOASTED COCONUT IN RICH MILK CHOCOLATE



BUY SOME TODAY..

Neilson's

Compliments of

S. Cunard and Co., Limited

HEAT MERCHANTS SINCE 1835

Hard Coal, Soft Coal, Coke, Fuel Oil

Halifax, N. S.

Dartmouth, N. S.