

Glee Club Presents Final Show of Year 1934

Appearing after two serious and almost monotonous one-act plays, the newly formed Dalhousie Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Murray Ryan, scored a hit with the large audience in the final Glee Club offering for 1934.

Pine Hill and Delta Gamma, competing for the honour of winning the dramatic shield, produced two one-act plays which were hardly well received by the spectators.

The programme opened with a Pine Hill offering entitled "A Night at the Inn". The scene was laid on an English moor, and the play was the story of four daring thieves who had stolen the Ruby Eye of an Indian Idol. The moral seemed to be a repetition of the old adage that crime does not pay, and the play ended with more blood being shed than in one of Shakespeare's tragedies, and with more lying dead on the stage than in Hamlet.

The cast was headed by Fraser Nicholson taking the part of The Toff and ringleader, while Charlie Anderson, an old favorite of Glee Club audiences, was his chief henchman, giving the best performance of the evening. The parts of Sniggers and Albert were played by Earl Gordon and John King. The three nude crawling priests who had come thousands of miles to avenge the taking of their Idol's eye held the audience in suspense for a time as they sought to knife The Toff, who sat nonchalantly reading a London Times. The roles were well done by John Jarvie, Jack Scott and Wilmer Parker. The part of the Idol, who finally had to come himself to get his eye, was taken by Andrew MacKenzie, and were it not for the green oilcloth costume he would almost have appeared realistic.

Delta Gamma, handicapped because of the necessity of working with the same stage setting as was used by Pine Hill, and the selection of a good play which had the mark of both tragedy and comedy, but yet was neither, failed to please the audience, who were expecting that the "Hallers" would give the "Hillers" a good deal of competition.

The play, entitled "Miss Tasse", opened amidst sighs and groans of the lady from whom the play got its name, but yet who was never once seen by the audience. The characters made a good attempt to give the audience a picture of this unknown person. From the very beginning, however, the play was slow moving, and in spots the dialogue was dull and monotonous, with frequent bits of good advice thrown out to the ladies in the audience. There was little room for individual acting, but Ruth Wiegand, taking the part of Rose Clifton, was the source of comedy in the play. Martha Keniston, as Miss Poselwaith, was her old maid friend and adviser, who was always ready to lend a helping hand, and whose advice, "take men while you can get 'em, for soon it will be too late," was received with cheers from the males in the audience. Sarah, dressed as the maid, but acting as the matron, was played by Florence Keniston, while Ruth Sumner took the part of Miss Liveston.

The musical part of the program followed the plays, and if applause can be indicative of anything, it will serve to show that the musical selections offered by the Glee Club Symphony Orchestra were by far the most popular part of the evening's entertainment. The fact that Dalhousians really may appreciate good music was proved by the way in which they received the newly formed Symphony, the first all-Dalhousie orchestra of its kind since the days of Sina Singer. The ensemble deserves praise and credit and it is hoped they will find time to form the musical part of more Glee Club offerings.

D.A.A.C. Comments On Sport Injuries

The D.A.A.C. has no responsibility for payment of expenses resulting from any injuries incurred in college athletics. But if a student is injured in any senior or intermediate league or exhibition game, or practice in preparation for same, the management committee may use their discretion in giving some financial assistance. The special cases considered must have had the approval of the manager in that sport before such expense was incurred.

GEORGE THOMPSON,
Pres. D.A.A.C.

Law Soc. Meeting is Quiet Affair

Long awaited and said to be postponed for fear of the wrath to come, the Law Society meeting to hear the report of the Dance Committee on the famous dance and confirmation of the rumoured staggering deficit passed off quietly Wednesday morning with none of the predicted fireworks. Probabilities seem now of a Lawyer's tea-party following the meeting's resolution to give the committee permission to hold a money-raising tea dance after the Christmas holidays.

Dance Committee chairman Bill Kelly made the report—total receipts \$245; total expenditures, \$326; total deficit, \$82—less \$20 contributed by Dean Macdonald to aid the cause. Announcement that 27 complimentary tickets were presented to patrons, chaperones and presidents of various student societies brought a murmur of displeasure as students pictured the 57 eating at their expense but it was followed by a laugh when Kelly stated the last time a Law Dance had gone in the hole was when it had been run by Angus L. Macdonald; it seems evident there is an embryo premier attending Dalhousie.

Of the 89 paid tickets, over half were bought by law students at reduced rates, some of whom had resold them to outside friends. Spec Murray, reformer, called for a sweeping exposure of the traitors, a clean up on the situation, but the meeting was too anxious to find a way to raise the full deficit to bother chasing the three or four dollars from the cheated tickets.

After further discussion, with suggestions thrown in for the next year's dance committee, the meeting decided to adopt the committee's report and to leave with them the problem of thinking up some profitable party for January. In the meantime to preserve downtown credit, funds of the Society were loaned the committee to help pay off outstanding debts—and bang went immediate prospects of a Law Banquet.

Other business at the meeting included the appointment of Bob MacLellan as law interfaculty hockey manager and Bill Davis as law interfaculty basketball manager.

A letter from former Dean Smith was read by the president, H. Hanson.

Following this there was the regular dance with music being provided by Laurie Hart and his band.

New Books at the Library

The following List is of General Interest.

The following new books of general interest have been received at the MacDonald Library and are now available for students:

Biography and Memoirs.

- Belloc, H.Oliver Cromwell.
- Buchan, J.Cromwell.
- Churchill, W. S.Marlborough, v. 2.
- Lloyd George, D.War Memoirs, v. 4.
- Nicholson, H.Lord Curzon: the Last Phase.
- Snowden, Viscount P.An Autobiography, v. 2.

Church History

- Keller, A.Karl Barth and Christian Unity.

English Literature.

- Bennett, J.Four Metaphysical Poets: Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw.
- Lucas, E. V.The Gentlest Art and the Second Post.
- McFee, W.Pilgrims of Adversity.
- Welby, T. E.A Study of Swinburne.
- Yeats, W. B.Autobiographies.
- Yeats, W. B.Poems.

English Translations from Russian Authors.

- Asch, S.Three Cities.
- Sholokov, M.And Quiet flows the Don.

History and Travels.

- Best Short Stories of the War.An Anthology with an Introduction by H. M. Tomlinson.
- Bury, J. B.Selected Essays, edited by H. Temperley.
- Esher, Viscount R.Journals and Letters, 1870-1903, v. 1.
- Moore, G.History of National Socialism.
- Moen, L.Are you going to Russia?
- Pilar, Princess of Bavaria and Chapman-Huston, Major D.Bavaria the Incomparable.
- Rosenberg, A.History of Bolshevism.
- Shotwell, J. T.Heritage of Freedom.
- Toynbee, A. J.A Study of History, vols. 1-3.
- Williams, H. W.Russia of the Russians.

Political Science.

- Mitrany, D.Progress of International Government.

Bennett May Visit The Law School

The following letter was received this morning by D. MacDonald of the Law School:

Dear Mr. MacDonald:
If it is possible for me to spend a few minutes at the Law School next week I will do so. I do not yet know what plans have been made

for my visit to Halifax, but I can only say that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to once more find myself within the walls of the old building and look upon the faces of the students of today who have taken the places of the class of which I was first a member in 1890.

Thanking you for your courtesy in inviting me,

Yours faithfully,
R. B. BENNETT.

PINE HILL ON PARADE

A billiard tournament now in progress has advanced to the finals, Earle Gordon and Jim Millar being the contestants.

Returning home at an early hour one morning last week Allan Beveridge suffered rather a nasty experience. Whether or not the story had any indirect connection with the family name is unknown, although Eddie MacVicar affirms that it has. It seems that Allan was ascending the stairs and had almost reached his own floor, when both his vision and his purpose were blocked by an apparition in white. When he had recovered somewhat, and discovered that it was only the Bishop attempting to teach him a lesson on keeping good hours, he gave a faithful promise that never again would he transgress the sacred rules of our order.

It has come to our ears that his Holiness Pope Carolus has denied all precedent and has abandoned his Vatican. He has descended from those sacred halls even to the rude habitations of the monks of the second floor annex. While it is not for us to attempt to probe the obscure and intricate workings of the mind

of the infallible, and hence we can hazard no guess as to the reason for the removal, yet we fancy that if the worthy colleague of his Holiness were a suitable answer might be forthcoming. Be that as it may, it is to be hoped that the serene influence of the sanctified presence will have its due effect on the aforementioned ruder element among our society and not vice versa.

A "storm in a tea-cup" has been raised over the milk question lately. Those of our weaker brethren—the milk and water type—who depend for their very sustenance on lactic stimulation have been heard to declare that the source of our dairy produce is no longer pure. Alas! "The friendly cow all red and white" is no longer backed up by the genial recommendations of our good friend Pasteur. If the poor man could have foreseen half the trouble he has caused in the world to date, we are sure that he would never have advocated putting the milk out to pasture with the cows, and unwittingly giving rise to the cry of the children "Give us pasteurized milk."

One of last year's graduates in theology, Norman Estey, visited in the Residence over the week-end.

Council's Activities Are Reviewed By Secretary

The Council of the Students first met on October 8th and, to date, has held four meetings. The absence from college of Mr. Layton, Dentistry representative, necessitated a by-election in that faculty, resulting in the election of Mr. Archie Cohen.

The Council started the year with a balance of \$1,657.71, as compared to \$1,765.55 last year. This, coupled with the considerable decrease in students' fees, meant an approximate reduction of 20% in the amount of money to be voted to the various societies this year. The various organizations and the Council have had to consider this fact in presenting and passing budgets respectively.

Something To Think About

From the many charges which have been laid at the door of Nicholas Murray Butler it would appear that the Italian Department of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University is under Fascist control. Despite the serious effort made to induce President Butler to discover the facts and act upon them, nothing has been done. The president has declined either to see student delegations or to institute an investigation on his own account. In short, the Fascist control in the Italian Department cannot successfully be denied.

Though the recent election in the United States gave a pronounced growth in militant radicalism in that country, delayed returns show substantial gains for the Communists and Socialists which were largely ignored by the press.

While the combined vote of the minor parties is insignificant, compared with the millions received by the New Deal, its growth is another indication of prevailing discontent which may one day force a new alignment in the American political scheme.

In the course of a month or two Upton Sinclair will publish a book, entitled "I, Candidate for Governor: and How I got Licked". The book proposes to show what money can do in America, and what it is prepared to do when its power is threatened. An example is the author's defeat at the polls by the influence of money.

The newest development in the naval conference at London is a possibility of union between the British and American navies. Especially so after Great Britain sided with the United States in declining to recognize Japan's demands for outright equality.

Political jokes are the new pastime of Germany. Here are some collected by a correspondent who who visited Germany recently:

Question: "Why do people say 'Heil Hitler' instead of 'Good Day'?"

Answer: "Because there aren't any more good days now."

Four men are sitting at a table. The first one sighs. The second one groans aloud. The third sighs deeply. The fourth exclaims: "Won't you chaps ever stop talking politics?"

Unshaken by the clamor of the Tory die-hards at home and the Nationalist Congress party in India, the British Government is going ahead with the most colossal political experiment in the history of the British Empire. It is attempting to confer western self-government on a limited scale on a subcontinent as large as Europe with antagonistic races and religions existing side by side and with 350,000,000 orientals in all stages of advancement.

Acting on recommendation of last year's business staff of the Gazette, the following motion passed the Council on Oct. 9th "That the Gazette Mailing List be revised, viz, that the next issue contain a notice to the effect that future issues will be sent only to prepaid subscribers." That policy will considerably lessen the expenditure on the Gazette by cutting off hundreds of unpaid subscriptions.

As last year, the Council approved and assisted financially a very successful Freshman Programme. The Annual Council Dance was a decided success, thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Ted Crease, who was in charge. The system of rotation adopted last year in connection with major society dances is working smoothly again this year.

The Annual Report of the Students' Bookstore Committee shows that the organization to be in a very healthy state. Mr. McEvoy, Law representative, and Mr. Oxley, of last year's Council, are working on a trust agreement whereby the affairs of the Store will be taken over by the Council.

Budget cutting without restricting too greatly the various activities proved a difficult task, but the Council feels that an equitable distribution has been reached. Further difficulties are cropping up each year, due to the falling off in receipts from athletic events, debates, and Glee Club presentations, and lack of support by the student body.

Support has been guaranteed for an active programme by the Glee Club. It includes the presentation of a major show in collaboration with the Alumni Association in an attempt to revive the Dalhousie Shows that were so outstanding until several years ago. A policy has been adopted of charging an admission of 25c to all but legitimate Students' Council ticket holders attending regular Glee Club shows.

The Council has gone seriously into the matter of awards. A committee has presented recommendations for the standardization of "D's" and the revision of qualifications for winning a gold "D" in the various organizations. A joint meeting is to be held with the different executives to finalize these revisions.

At its next meeting the Council will initiate plans for the Munro Day Celebration and deal with other matters incidental to a successful post-Christmas term. Students are urged to present matters of general interest which may be acted upon by their Council.

Secretary-Treasurer of
Students' Council.

Whether it satisfies India or not, an All-India Federation will be established, and the government party believes even its enemies, the Congress party, will co-operate to make it work.

The crux of the matter is that Britain realizes that she has more to lose by revolt than by the experiment. In any event, Mr. Stanley Baldwin is staking his career on the project.

Marrying a bridge player is often more than contracted for.

Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869. "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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ONCE again the world will pause in its ever increasing turmoil to celebrate the festive season of Yuletide. The one season of the year, when, if ever, thoughts of "peace on earth good will toward men" should be uppermost in everyone's mind. Within a few weeks the age old greeting "Merry Christmas!" will resound on all sides: "Merry Christmas!"! What a wealth of joy and happiness the magic phrase conjures up in our minds—what mellow spirit of good-fellowship it brings to those grouped around the well-laden tables. Of all seasons of the year none are characterized by more sympathy and forgiveness, than Yuletide. Throughout every land, on every continent, the holiday is celebrated. Petty grievances, national prejudices and international crises are forgotten, as man universally celebrates the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

For many the dawn of Christmas Day will be cold and cheerless. They will not know the true meaning of "Merry Christmas" save as a phrase of bitter mockery. Let us do what we can to make their lot brighter, to give them a realization of a truly "Merry Christmas"! If we can so much as partly achieve this then we are that much closer to the ideal taught by Him whose birthday we shall soon celebrate. And so to reader of the Gazette and to Dalhousians past and present we say with a chastened yet cheerful heart — Merry Christmas!

STUDENT SUPPORT

It seems that an University such as Dalhousie must always suffer from a lack of that so-called "college spirit". We mean by this that the students fail to support the various campus activities as some think they should.

Time after time this complaint is heard, that Dalhousians fail to support the activities they themselves sponsor. Many a worried and perturbed class president, football manager or society executive is at a loss to explain why this is the case. Disappointed at the small attendance at their meetings, they paint a ludicrous picture of a sleeping Dalhousie, oblivious to campus affairs, attracted by nothing save the theatre on Saturday night.

There is undoubtedly a lack of insight on the part of many as to the number of campus activities that a student is asked to support, aside from getting an education. If any student, interested in athletics, fond of social life, and a member of this class or that society, suddenly started to attend every single affair that the flamboyant notice boards advocated, he would be moving about like the proverbial pea on a hot stove. If you doubt this, recall the number of events you were asked to attend in any one week. We do not include here the many other attractions in the city, some of which claim a place in student life.

We maintain therefore that any University situated in a city cannot expect the students to attend the large number of events on the campus, because of a lack of time. So it is useless for the various class presidents, secretaries and managers to bewail the lethargy of the students. The majority of the students are supporting as many activities as they can without sacrificing a degree.

DANCES

Dalhousie is very rapidly becoming dance mad—this may seem to be a startling statement, yet the element of truth which is contained is evident. The number of class, fraternity, sorority and other parties seems to be growing steadily each year. Not so long ago, fraternity and sorority dances were few in number because there were not many Greek-lettered societies on the campus, and the other clubs did not deem it wise to make their presence felt by having a large formal dance. In contrast today, fraternities and sororities abound at Dalhousie, each with its numerous parties.

The danger of a college like Dal allowing itself to become dance mad is obvious. The social whirl has a detrimental effect on studies, and also dances in any number have a devastating effect on the average pocketbook. Of course, one need not attend; but it is usually the case that a member of a club or society is duty bound to attend and support the activities of his group. And so the habit grows and the money goes. When temptation offers it is all too easy to convince oneself that to attend social events is part of a college education. One of the most important factors that must be considered is the impression gained by the world at large who sees the college student eternally dancing. They conclude universities are for naught save a training in the social graces—a false impression and very harmful to the University. We would suggest a reduction in the number of dances and not an increase.

RAMBLING

"The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on."
—Omar Khayyam.

HALIFAX CITY COUNCIL AND EDUCATION.

A field where the educated point of view is most needed and where its presence or absence is most distinguishable is that of politics. We who have the impudence to consider ourselves to some extent educated must watch our step if we are to avoid the dangers of popular unthinking with regard to political questions.

An example, seasonable, though far from being the most suitable, which readily comes to mind is the present Halifax City Council question. The Halifax Mail has conducted a very able campaign. Its articles, however, were perhaps a little unbalanced, although not as much so as those of many other papers on similar questions. They were strongly phrased in an effort to arouse some thought or at least feeling among its lethargic readers. (We are mistakenly accustomed to believe that Dalhousie has a monopoly of stupor and inertia.)

If we, the select ones, are to think clearly, we must remember the principles of social psychology necessarily applied by the wise propagandist, and pierce the extravagant excesses of journalistic expression. We must remember that Mayor Cragg is perhaps not an unmitigated villain, and that the City Council is probably not composed solely of unprincipled imbeciles. We must remind ourselves that much of the trouble is likely due to the inadequacies of the system under which they operate, and that we must go to the root of things if we wish to arrive at a sane conclusion.

The catchwords of press and politician which are today necessary to win votes, and their rhetorical plasterings of "the fair face of Truth", must be taken at their true value if we are legitimately to consider ourselves educated. So much bunkum and ballyhoo is thrown around that one is often tempted not to attempt to understand politics and to take refuge behind a shield of cynicism. Oh, what's the use—it is all baloney; all politicians are crooks or simpletons. Let's have a good time while we can, and forget all that tripe. Such an attitude is surely indicative of defeat and cowardice.

Playing the Game

Still rambling on — a quotation from the ever famous Dean Inge appears rather apt. When he asked an American Rhodes scholar at our guests University of Oxford what he thought was the most remarkable thing about that University, the young man said: "Sir, the finest thing about this university is that here you have three thousand young men who would rather lose any game in the world than win it unfairly." Can we apply this to our own university? We all know that the football team had a season perhaps more disastrous than any that it has had in the past. With what result? The team despite the innumerable injuries, the internal dissensions, and the thought of defeat staring them in the face carried on gloriously on the field of play. Perhaps one may say: "Well, what of it?"

Our reply is for that person to look at the sporting situation in Canada as of today. What do we see — commissions appointed by the various governments inquiring into every conceivable kind of sport, colleges importing athletes in order to produce winning teams (no longer is the game played for sport's sake but for the glory and what comes from winning), and even our own Canadian Allan Cup tainted with charges of "sh-amateurism." It is not in a boasting manner that we maintain that Dalhousie is perhaps more than any of the other Canadian Universities free from such discrepancies but even we are far from being Oxford. Play the game fairly not only on the field but in the class-room and with your fellow beings.

Our Co-Eds

Once again the Gazette has been the means of someone disparaging the fair co-eds of Shirreff Hall. We (Continued on Page Three)

Gazette BOOK REVIEW

I COMMIT TO THE FLAMES!

(Ivor Brown)

If it is with the intention of amusing his readers rather than of criticizing the Arts and customs of our time, then Mr. Brown has been highly successful in this book.

Yet the tenacious way in which he applies himself to the subject under discussion leads one to think that his ambition was not wholly to amuse. He has placed himself, it would seem in the position of a clever comedian who, about to prepare a turn, gazes round for some object on which to fasten his ridicule. He finds most possibilities offered in some aspects of our modern life and letters—modern sex mania a la Hollywood, Freudian psychology, modernist verse, the coloured shirt school of statesmanship—these among others would Mr. Brown commit to the flames, not the flames of the Nazi bonfire, but to the more consuming and metaphorical fires of "argument, reinforced by a little salutary rudeness and by a spark or two of insolent contempt."

He rages against the Great God Sex, so furiously worshipped during the last few years.

He makes a very amusing sport of the Freudian enthusiasts who find sexual symbols everywhere, even in a flight of stairs. He roundly condemns D. H. Laurence, "Brother Laurence", in a manner blasphemous to the latter's firm adherers and very entertaining for unbelievers. Modern "thrills", the Liberty Hall" type of school, Mr. Buchman's "Group of Life-Changers", modernistic poetry all run the gauntlet of the author's restless pen and scathing condemnation. No one reading his opinions on these matters can elude the prejudice which is bound to attend such an exposition of ideas; yet it is the author's contention that they are written in the cause of reason. But reason, which implies balanced judgment, does not provide much pater for puns, nor is it indeed uproariously funny; it is merely quiet and truthful. Nor can the cloak of nonsense be used to disguise personal bias; for no subject from religion to sport, from science to dramatic criticism is free from all marks of ridicule, and Mr. Brown has picked the most likely of them as objects for his shafts of railery and derision.

However, its opinions aside, the book is an excellent source of entertainment. Again and again one comes across some dictum or dig, on which for all comment one need only quote a Brown anecdote:

"As the American lady in Munich succinctly said when the Nazi Brave threw her cigarette into her beer, 'Well, now, can you beat that?'"

The Literary "D"

In view of the fact that the Student's Council has decided that "there is nothing literary in the Gazette, anyway, so why award mere news reporters a 'D'?" and have agreed to present what is to be known as a Gazette 'D' for this work, it is pertinent to ask, "How may a Literary 'D' be obtained or have they been abolished?"

The opinion and decision of the Council is heartily approved. There has been very little even resembling creative writing in the Gazette for years. Anyone with a nose for news patience, a slight imagination and a smattering of English can report the Campus happenings in some form or other, however disguised. This news is known to 80% of the Gazette readers a day or more before the appearance of the paper and is usually skimmed through, but rarely read carefully. Other columns of the Gazette are merely excerpts from the local papers of the week past—a sort of revival of the dead, as it were.

What then are we going to do about Literary 'D's?' We cannot abolish them entirely, so here are two suggestions — and it is hoped that both be adopted by the Council.

Let this new Gazette 'D' be presented to those contributors who have submitted enough news to warrant its award—it should not be received for one year's work unless there has

POET'S CORNER

MY TASK

"Write," she said, "of the things I love:
Straining sails and the sting of rain,
Tossing seas and a sheltered cove—
But not of things that smudge or stain.
Write of the flow'rs that softly bloom,
And trees—the home of singing birds—
And speak of light, but not of gloom,
Nor ever use suggestive words.
Just write of beauty, purity,
Nature in all her changing moods,
The sky and sunshine, earth and sea,
Without your morbid interludes."

"Your wish," I said, "is my command,
I strive to do the things you ask.
But never this, you understand?
To show the truth—that is my task.

"I write of your soft-blushing rose—
But under the roses there is mud,
And in the mud we must suppose
There is manure and sometimes blood.
The sea that churns the yellow sands,
The wind that shieks with icy breath,
Will give you joy, you clap your hands—
But fifty mariners meet Death.
Your birds have feathers full of lice,
The rain will give you chills and flu—
In short, my dear, there's nothing nice,
No matter what you say or do."

At this she tossed her angry head,
I saw our friendship rise and flee.
But then she sadly smiled and said,
"You know—this hurts—but I agree."

been a full column, an unusually well written or novel column or two features sustained in every issue for the year. Many will work for a Letter until it is awarded and then rest on their laurels. Consequently, the Letter should be presented on graduation from the University.

But let Literary 'D's' be awarded to those who contribute enough acceptable original work to warrant it—work which does not merely reflect the occurrences of the Campus and the world—short stories, descriptive sketches, brief and humorous essays, poetry—but nothing which could be labelled as news.

And let Literary 'D's' be awarded to the winners of the annual Prizes for English Composition which are open to all students—The V. H. Dennis Prizes for Poetry and Prose (The W. I. Morse Prize is open to Arts students only, I understand.) Let a gold Literary 'D' be awarded to those winning first in each of the two sections, and a silver 'D' given

to those receiving second place — something more tangible than the memory of a cheque received and acknowledged — or have gold 'D's, suitably engraved, for both first and second place.

Gazette contributions and these annual prizes are the only competitions open to all students in the field of creative writing and the winners should be awarded with the Literary Letter which the Council proposes to abolish.

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THE FOURTH BOOK OF BUNK

CHAPTER 10

1. And so it came to pass that in one Chomer of the Lhande of For-est in the Lhibraree of the Studes of Law there arose a mighty Problem that the great and learned Mak-kevoi could not cope with. The Studes of the Law had grown tired and lazee as the Ende of the Terme was growing closer and they refused to put their Bhuks back on the Shelves, and left them scattered over all the Tables of the Lhibe, so that the Phur Lhibrarians had to Work far into the night to put things back in Place. And too in the Lhibe there are sacred Bhuks which Makkevoi hath announced must not be taken from the Lhibe, and even these were gone. Gone—never to be returned.

2. The Lhibe in the Lande of Law had always been a place of Honour, where each Stude would help the other, by keeping the Bhuks in their regular places, so as to make them easy to finde. But lo, it is not so any more! For now lazeeness hath overcome Honour, and the insignificant Bhuks have been the Cause of a Speeret of Sel-Feeshness unknown before. 'Tis time for action, the Lhibrarians have shouted, and they have vowed that they will catch the Kulpreet. No Mhan is now trusted in the Lande of Law, not even the Lhibrarians, for who knows but that they might catch themselves some night taking with them the Sacred Bhuks that are not to be removed.

3. And now even the Final Glee Cloob show has past, and the Studes were out in full Regaylha to see the men and Whomhen vie with each other Honours of the Stage. It really was very leetle competition, for try as they would the Audiens could hardly refrain from sleeping, and had honours been offered for the one who kept the Spektators least interested it would have been difficult to choose the winners.

4. Those who reside way out at the Hill of Pine presented a true story of an idols eye which could

best be surnamed a "Tragedy of Eye-Rors". The Ende found all the players dead, and the Audiens wondering how the idol pinned the By-cykel Lampe on his forehead. But despite all Errors and faults the audi-ens were always in suspense as to whether or not the Pine Hillers would drink the whiskey as it was offered to them, and the queer parte of it all is that not only did they drink it, but they seemed to like it.

5. Those who resented the who-men of Delta Gamma too put on what they called a show, which is still on the Tongue of every Stude—they are still wondering what it is all about. The finest acting 'twas decided was done by "mae west" of the Crandyll tribe who was never once seen by the Audiens, yet she was heard and spoken of and too her name on the Programme led all the rest. And the butiful Keniston Tweenes were acting too, and Martha didn't forget to forget her lines. Ruth or Bunos Ayrees was second best. She was one time young, one time old, one time crying another time laughing; but as any other good actress would have been she was out of place.

6. But as it is always written, every cloud hath its silver lining—and although the Plays were very kloudy, the new Symphonee was full of Silver. The audiens were so tired from not having clapped their Handes that even Murray of Ryan fame was applauded loud and long as he wielded his mighty Bhaton like a staunch Warrior of ye olde school. The Audiens even clamoured for more, deciding it was better to open the Eers and close the Eyes to the strains of semi-sweet Museec than to close both the Eers and Eyes to the dull Hum-Drum of Monotonous Actors and Actresses.

7. And still it seems that the learned Counsel of Studes will never learn. Still they persist in keeping their meetings as secret as if they were important. Never once for weeks has that noble Secret-Ary, he who helps himself to five hundred and fifty bucks each year of the cash of the Studes, written up his Minutes for the Kolumns of the Gaz-Jett, so that the Studes may see what is happening. Perhaps, it has been rumoured, the Nobel Counsel is spending the Studes' cash on "Christmas Gifts" for one or two of their favorite Friends, and of course it would not do to write that in the Kolums of the Gaz-Jett, for the Studes may awake and say it is not right.

8. And now it has come to pass once again that as the Seezion of Feesting is neering, all has quieted down in the Lande of Dal, and all the Studes are hidden away in a far Korner of their lonely rooms burning the midnight oil, and praying that the Profs will be kind-hearted, whenever Dal becomes peaceful, and the Lhibes become popular, it then becomes time to exchange a friendly greeting, and to say "good-luck". And so with this, the last of the Gaz-Jett for the Year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirty-four, and in keeping with the Spirit of the year, the Scribe of Bunc passes on a friendly greeting, even wishes the Counsel of Studes a very happy holiday, and trusts that over the Vakashun they will get a chance to rest their weery heads, which must be tired indeed, for it is these heads which must work out the way in which to spend the Studes' money so that the Studes will not benefit too much.

The Spirit of Christmas

Nineteen hundred and thirty-four years ago, according to the historians, a Semetic king ordered three wise men to seek for another king who had just been born. Herod wished to appear friendly, and sent gifts to be presented to the new king when he was discovered, but in reality he wanted to kill his rival.

Today, however, the order is reversed, for it is not the sender of the gift who wishes to kill the recipient, but the latter would often like to murder the giver, for it usually means another name on his or her Christmas list and consequently an added expense on an already overburdened pocketbook. But the Spirit of Christmas is still present.

The Spirit of Christmas is responsible for the 'gold-digging' habits of the younger generation. Beginning about the tenth of December, Jimmy's hands are always clean, the woodbox is full and he is very courteous. Jane is very willing to help Mother with the housework or run on an errand to the store. The favor of the plumpest female relative is sought and gained, so that the little dears may borrow a stocking for Christmas Eve. Long letters containing outrageous demands for presents are written to a certain, round, jolly, red-coated old chap who is the patron Saint of children and the bugbear of parents—a Saint for the last two weeks in December, and a bugbear for the remainder of the year. The requests are often so impossible that it is no wonder Santa claws in his efforts to find a reasonable substitute.

After New Years, if you should ask either Jimmy or Jane if they believed in the Devil, they would probably reply, "Naw, it's just like Santa Claus—it's yer old man," and resume playing with the tops that hadn't been broken.

The other day we saw a couple walking down the street, when suddenly the young lady gave a little squeal of delight and dragged her escort over to a shop window full of toiletries. Hung above the glittering boxes was a sign, Gifts for Ladies, \$6.50 to \$25.00. We saw the swain's Adam's-apple do a hop-polka as the girl-friend gurgled, "Oh, I like that one!" and pointed to the largest. The clerk inside saw them and rubbed his hands in glee. He would make a sale within a week, but the swain would have to give up smoking again.

However, this beau had solved his gift problem for the beloved one. Usually it isn't so easy to discover what the object of infatuation desires, and friends must be engaged to act as snoopers, questioners and informers for the loving pair—usually adding helpful—and expensive—ideas of their own.

The sending of gifts has gone beyond the bounds of reason. The original practise was to give a present to a child with the wish that it be increased a thousand-fold, or to a sweetheart (believing that it would be regained or kept in the family through marriage). But the habit has spread so that it now includes every relative, hoped-to-be-relative, friend and person of a month's acquaintance. This has resulted in the more-or-less habitual practise of falling out with a lot of people in the last two weeks of November and making up again in January. Otherwise, the average woman spends from the first of November to Christmas Eve planning and making or buying gifts. How often one from someone forgotten arrives at the last minute and another friendship will be ruined unless one is sent in return!

The sending of a card with an appropriate wish to all but the children the immediate members of the family, and to "THE" one is all that is necessary and is really more satisfying to all concerned. If the vicious practise continues to grow as it has in the past few years, for six months of every year we will either be without friends or money, or our homes will be cluttered up with bridge prizes and uninteresting books and the hired man will have an envious assortment of gaudy-awful socks, shirts and ties.

My uncle used to say: "When you hear an ill report about anyone halve it and quarter it and then say nothing about the rest."—Spurgeon.

POETRY REVIEW

The Reviewer had had the privilege of examining the latest—let us hope it is the last—poem of one of our promising young poets. The poet's creditors say that he is very promising, but that is impertinent to this review.

The poem was written by that over-sentimental ass, Burpert Rooke, and he entitles this extravaganza with a synonym often applied to himself by his contemporaries, "The Great Lubber".

The poem is vital, living, alive with the fresh staleness of senile enthusiasm for beauty, comfort and myriad other sensations. The poet tries to captivate the reader by the multiple brevity of twenty-five lines of expusitely agonizing vignettes of sensations which result in a poem that is as dull, boring and lingering as the morning dip stories of a cold-tub fanatic. The poem is a catalogue of what were, to him, vital sensations.

What were his loves? He says:

These I have loved:
Once clean tureens, now greasy,
Piled in the sink; twisting spirals of dust
Blown off the floor; the bloodstain red of rust
On tools; an ice-box full of party food;
Someone to keep the cellar full of wood;
The rain that lets me stay at home from work
To do the many things that others shirk,
Such as dreaming of romance, 'neath the moon,
Or snuggling in between cool sheets, that soon
Lull me to rest; and the caressing kiss
Of blankets on my neck till noon; hair that is
Down below my collar, rather unclean;
A three-day beard that loves the not-so-keen
Scrape of the steel; and things not mine to touch
And take apart; loud ties and other such—
Shoes that squeak; the musty reek that lingers
Round a pocket full of butts; stubby fingers
Waved underneath my nose for emphasis;
And whispered dirty stories; and the bliss
Of hearing something gurgle in a flask;
The joy of letting someone do my task;
Large mugs; the little dulling edge of foam
That rimes my moustache as the beer goes home;
The thrill of seeing sunrise from the jail;
The knowledge of a friend who'll go my bail—
All these have been my loves, but let it pass!"

What charming expressions! What sensations he has experienced! Truly, here is a man who has lived in the fullest sense of the word! What a lover! What a poet! What a poem! What a man! What rot! What about it?

The reviewer would suggest that you get your copy early. The supply is limited, thank Heaven, and there is no doubt but that in a few years your copy will be worth many times what you have paid for it, as a classical example of how poetry should not be written.

Mr. Rooke says that he has other irons in the fire. May we suggest that he put this poem with the others?

RAMBLING—

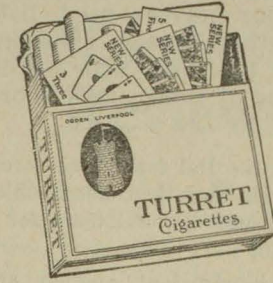
(Continued from Page Two)
say once again for this has been done often in the past.

This time the girls are accused of being "gold-diggers". Such a vulgar word—who could have written such—the word 'anonymous' covers a lot—why go farther? We take great pleasure in refuting this absurd accusation. We agree that perhaps a few of that type are in existence at the Hall but why accuse the whole for the folly of a few sophisticated girls.

Shirreff Hall is an institution within an institution and we are sure that those who have had the pleasure of meeting and making the acquaintance of its inmates will be righteously indignant.



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NIGHT THOUGHTS

To-night I watched sweet curling
incense rise
From out my burner, whirl around
the room,
And glide and shimmer in the hazy
gloom
Like fairy dancers in transparent
guise.
How should I know that they were
otherwise?
How could I tell whence came they,
or from whom?
I only saw pale wraiths ascend,
and loom,
And slowly fade before my eager
eyes
Till, caught by some mad fancy of
a draught,
They drifted close about your fav-
ourite chair
To merge and mingle, deftly inter-
lace
To form a woman's figure, and I
laughed
To see, among the impish features
there
Smiling at me, once, as of old, your
face.
The house is haunted—every night
I hear
A gentle footstep pause beyond my
door,
A voice they said was stilled for-
evermore
When kind hands placed her coffin
on the bier,
Speaks softly, lest it wake me,
"Sleeping, dear?"
I hide my face within my arms,
implore
The God of Death to take me, or
restore
The one whose going filled my life
with fear.
Each yearning day brings back
some former while,
And dim scenes from the past ap-
pear, to fly

A BALLAD

Throughout the land of Dal, the
Meds.
Long have proclaimed their ball.
And eagerly we all have sped
To answer each phone call.
There are six girls in Shirreff Hall
As I have heard it said,
Who to the dance intend to go
Instead of going to bed.
From dinner they dash up the stairs
And to their chambers rin
And by the troth of my body,
Never heard I such din.
Now I've seen maids, and I've seen
queens,
Ladies of high degree,
Bot a fairer lot than this, I ween,
Mine eyne did never see.
"If you will lend me your silk cloak,
I'll ever be thy slave."
"No, I'll not lend thee my silk
cloak,
It for myself I save."
And all a-flutter are these girls
Preparing for the dance,
When all at once the six do cry,
"Need we some leaves, per chance?"
And to the office send they one
For the decree to get.
Not patiently the girls do wait,
Eyne open wide and set.
"What news, what news, my dear
class-mate?
What news hast thou for five?"
Said she, "There are no leaves to-
night,
So we our hair must rive."
Before my mem'ry's view, and there
I see
That once familiar form of her, and
smile—
But then I hear those steps, that
voice, and cry,
"O Mother, Mother, Mother, come
to me!"

LATE--

but we hope you will like it.

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Reviews Dal's Showing In City Football League

Sports Writer Analyses Rugby Situation; Suggests Changes For Next Season.

With the football season behind us, it is interesting to note the part played by Dalhousie in the City League, and also various statistics compiled on the season's play.

During the season Coach McCarthy used twenty-four players, eight playing all the games, while four saw action in but one game. Of the twenty-four players used, fifteen had played senior football at Dal prior to this year. The line-up for the opening game contained only two men who were playing their first senior Dal game, and one of these, Jack Worrell, had played for King's last season.

With such a predominance of veterans Dal was expecting big things from their squad; and their expectations were more than realized, when the Tigers ran rough-shod over the United Services for an 18 to 0 victory.

But the team could not stand prosperity, and the rest of this story will make sad reading for Dal fans, because from a team that had everything on one Saturday the Tigers changed during the week to a collection of weary individuals who couldn't have held their own with a good High School team.

There have been so many reasons given for the Tigers' downfall that the writer may, perchance, be excused for advancing his own pet theory—that the team lost interest in the game. The readers will probably remark that there was a holiday between the first two games of the season. In other years the Dal management had seen fit to arrange a game, either at home or abroad, for the holiday; such was not the case this year, and the Dal players sat in at the Wanderers vs. Montreal game, which was undoubtedly the worst exhibition of football shown this year. Since this game caused many real football fans to vow that they would never again see an English football game, it is only reasonable to suppose that it may also have left a bad taste in the mouths of the Dal players. During the week a number of the players openly stated that the old interest was lacking, and the mechanical way in which the boys practiced corroborated their statements.

Dalhousie went into the second game with nothing but confidence. A couple of breaks gave them an early lead, but they grew careless and the second row forwards, breaking from the scrum before the ball was out, soon had the pack disorganized, and the Wanderers' forwards, by breaking through the front liners, had a clear field to dribble towards the Dal line. Wanderers soon tied the score, and when Vic Kyte, one of the few tacklers

on the Dal team, was forced off the field, they had no trouble running through the Dal team for a 17 to 6 win.

A prevalent opinion among the players that four or five of the squad were telling the coach how to run the team, didn't help the morale of the team; and the Acadia game in which Dal trotted out several new players and a new scrum formation showed that McCarthy hadn't put his finger on the team's weak points. Smart playing on the part of the Tigers' backfield was unable to overcome the handicap of a scrum which heeled the ball but six to their opponents' thirty-six times. The team were then practically out of the running, having but a mathematical chance of tying the league-leading Acadians.

In the second Acadian game, the seniors were bolstered by several intermediates, called up to fill gaps created when several temperamental players quit. The new players, proving better than their fellow players, helped Dal flash some of the form displayed in the opening game, and Acadia was barely able to eke out a close win.

The Tigers, now thoroughly ashamed of themselves, were out to take the Wanderers. But although clearly outplayed, the Wanderers got the breaks of the game, and, aided by the worst refereeing of the season, walked off the field as victors.

While all the experts picked Dal to win, their final game with the "United", who in two years' playing hadn't won a game, fate decreed otherwise. The coach, overlooking the disgrace of this final defeat, and with the idea of seasoning players for next year's team, replaced several of the regulars with intermediates, and the United further humbled an already humble Dal team with an 8 to 6 trimming.

The following players were used during the season: Worrell, Kyte, Buckley, Thompson, Crosby, Stoddard, Tanton, Crease, Ball, Ferguson, Bent, D. Ross, Peters, Sheppard, Barnstead, Davison, Flynn,



The above picture taken in 1929 may be a possible answer to the prevalent after-season question of what is wrong with football. The picture gives the answer as many have suggested — lack of interest and support by the fans. The Dalhousie band and the cheering stands were there in 1929 and 1930 that one did not see this fall. At the famous Dal-Acadia game in 1929 an estimated crowd of 4,000 packed the stands.

Those days have not gone forever

but may come again. Scenes like the above will re-occur if the players show a winning team and that can only come when players leave their petty grievances out of the game—and play as a unit. It is no idle rumor that the Acadia game at Studley was lost because of dissension between a few Dal players. Once the fans know that, supporters fail to fill the stands—Dal football teams have been famous in the past and will with the right attitude become so in the future.

SPORT REVIEW

By TED CREASE.

Our one and only "Tiger", F. X. Mackasey, manager of hockey, has turned sports promoter. "Tiger" blew the town on Sunday en route to Boston to finalize plans for a tour of the New England states by a selected Maritime University hockey team. The Dalhousie players slated to make the trip are Doug Bent, Jack Buckley, Cappy Cooke, and Eddie Cohn. The venture, if successful, will be a great publicity stunt for the Maritime colleges and will also settle the old argument as to the respective hockey abilities of the colleges of the rival sections.

While in Boston and vicinity, the "Tiger" is also acting as representative of Manager Bobby McLellan, who plans to take his Dalhousie hoop squad across the border on December 27th, returning on January 3rd or thereabouts. Bobby wants four games and lots of cash.

Negotiations are under way to organize dual wrestling and swimming meets between Dalhousie and Y. M. C. A. early in January. Last year the "Y" took the wrestling laurels, while Dal copped the City Senior Swimming Championships.

This column erred last week (among others) in commenting on hockey prospects. It has been learned since that Jack Buckley and Hal Connor, two of last year's big stars, are ineligible for intercollegiate competition.

After sitting on the sidelines for a practice session, Charlie "Killer" Anderson definitely decided to don the sweat togs and toss basketballs around for another year. There is now only one member of last year's championship outfit missing. The rest depends on the coaching.

Rumor has it that there may be a fifth team in the City Senior hoop loop this year. Just who and what, nobody knows. It is quite probable, however, that in 1935 or '36 a team composed of Dal grads will enter the league.

The Management Committee of the D. A. A. C. met last Sunday to discuss budgets and general business. President Bud Thompson presided.

Statistics show that the Tiger cage five last year played 15 games, winning 10, losing 4, and tying 1. They scored an average of 40 odd points per game, as against opponents' 20 per game. Not a bad record and a good mark to shoot at. Which words of wisdom are the last for 1934.

Laurence, Webster, Lorway, H. Ross, Bauld, Connor and Stephenson.

The outstanding players on the team and ones that deserved to make the mythical all-star team were:—Bent and Barnstead, forwards; and Crosby and Thompson, three-quarters. Next season we will expect much from this year's newcomers—D. Bauld, H. Flynn and H. Ross.

While most of the team's friends have laid the blame for the team's poor showing, on injuries, a check-up on statistics throws that excuse out.

The only players whose loss because of injury weakened the chances of the Dal team were: H. Ross, V. Kyte, C. Stoddard, and B. Peters. Ross' sprained ankle came prior to the opening game in which Dal won their only victory. Vic, who had replaced Henry was injured in the second game of the season and although the Tigers missed his tackling, yet injuries to players on opposing teams, should have made up the difference to the team, caused by his absence.

The team had been practically eliminated, before Carl and Budd were injured. With the season ended, Dalhousie's attitude must be to seek to remedy rather than to excuse the weakness. With that in mind, and realising that some readers will disagree on certain facts, we invite all interested to send in any criticisms, or suggestions, that they may have to offer.

Softball League

Law 22 — Arts & Sc. 10

Law having suffered two defeats in the Pre-Exams league staged a decisive victory over Arts & Sc. at Studley Gym. A nine run rally in the sixth frame clinched the game for the Lawyers. Only three batters faced the winning pitcher Don Ross in the seventh as the Lawyers showed their superiority to retire them before getting by the first sack. Each team scored a runner in the initial inning. The finish of the third found the teams tied at five-all. Arts and Sc. jumped two ahead in their turn at bat in the fourth while Law retaliated in their half with five runs. From then on they were never in danger, and the big sixth sewed the game up for the first Law victory of the softball season.

Ross was opposed on the mound by Bruce Fergusson. Both pitchers kept even until the Law bats found Fergusson weakening in the fourth. Ross, although touched for four runs in the third, came back to finish the game a winner.

Law—D. Ross, p; A. Thurlow, lf; J. Godwin, 1b; M. Hinchey, 2b; I. Pink, 3b; F. Bentley, ss; B. MacGillivray, cf; N. Green, rf; Buckley, c.

Arts & Sc. E. Stewart, c; B. Fergusson, p; L. Kitz, 1b; H. Flynn, ss; R. Dickie, 3b; R. Homans, rf; A. Mackles, cf; J. Carroll, lf.

A Message To College Men

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Dal Represented at League Meeting

Dalhousie was represented at the first City League Meeting at the "Y" by Miss Kindle, athletic instructress, Dorothy Dobson, basketball manager, Isabel Fraser and Shirley Sterns.

As a result of the meeting Dal Girls will have teams in both Intermediate and Senior City Leagues. The meeting definitely agreed that Intercollegiate rules will be played in the Intermediate Section. Another meeting is to be held this week to decide on rules for the Seniors as there is considerable controversy as to the choice between boys and girls rules.

The Intermediate Dal Team will be coached by Miss Kindle. In view of their using Intercollegiate rules they will afford valuable experience when the Maritime Intercollegiate League operates—as such rules are played there. Both Senior and Intermediate League games begin about the second week in January.

Tigers to Perform in United States

HOCKEY

Dal hockeyists will renew the feats of former teams of the Maritimes by playing in Boston during the Christmas holidays. Maritime teams have always been popular at the Massachusetts city, being the home of many from these provinces.

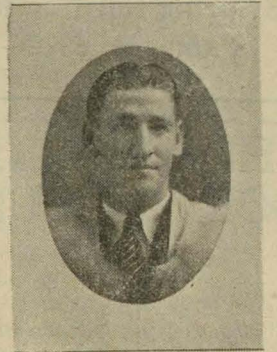
Tiger Mackasey is to be congratulated on this progressive step in his new duties as Dal hockey manager. Not for several years has a Nova Scotia team played in the United States, and the movies being met with much approval.

Dal is by no means the first college team to play there from Nova Scotia. St. F. X., with such players as Kenzie McNeil and Gerry Coleman played there. Both these players later played with Dal. King's, when at Windsor, sent a team to the Bean-City, while Acadia in '28 toured the colleges on the Maine coast.

BASKETBALL

Should Tiger MacKasey, acting for Bob McLellan, basketball manager, arrange hoop games in the neighboring country, it will mark the first trip of such kind to the United States. These games will also be played during the holidays.

It is a moot question as to whether Canadian basketball can keep the pace with the U. S. game, hence such a tour would create much inter-



ANDERSON TO PLAY

Charlie Anderson, former Dal Basketball Captain has decided to come out of retirement and take his old position on defence for the Maritime Title Holders. Basketball fans are elated over this recent decision as it makes the Tigers look invincible. Sport followers predict big things for team this year, some even looking way past the Maritime Title and with "Andy" added to the team it may be no dream.

Swimmers to Meet For City Laurels

Dalhousie University's Swimming Team, present Halifax City Champions for Pool Swimming will defend their title at the Y.M.C.A. tank in January. President Bennett of the League, in conversation with George Murphy, Dal manager, agreed to postpone the meet, scheduled for December, until January, because of Dal not being able to compete until that time.

Members of the Champion nadoes include George Murphy, Len Kitz, Art Grant, Leo Simmonds and Laurence Redden.

In a meet with Acadia swimmers, Dal lost out in their quest for further laurels. It may be possible that Acadia can be brought to the city for a meet to decide the Provincial Intercollegiate Title.

est on both sides of the line. Particularly so as Dal is just representative of the game in Eastern Canada, being finalist for that title in 1934.

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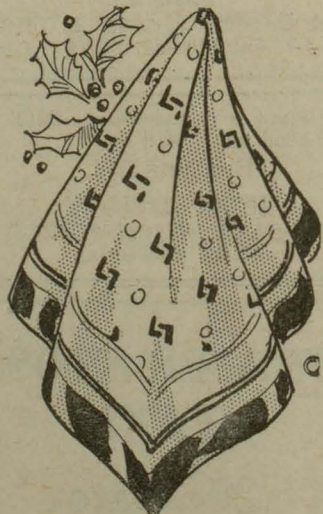
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