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The Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869

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EDITORIAL

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Gazette wishes every student and professor the season's greetings.

It is a matter of much gratification that the freshman class has assumed the task of assisting in the care of the rink this winter. We know it will not be an easy task but one that will require time and energy. The whole class, with one exception, proved themselves sports and we feel that the future of Dalhousie has nothing to fear while students like these are within her walls.

This is the last issue of the Gazette before Xmas, so some statement of our year's programme may be of interest. Our contract calls for seventeen eight page issues, two four page issues and the graduation number.

We have come to the conclusion that a weekly paper cannot be a newspaper to any degree of usefulness so we have tried not to run it altogether on the daily newspaper style. Our object has been more to combine in the Gazette, creation, recreation and retrospection, giving an opportunity for publication of original articles, and a chronicle of the events in the university of interest to the students, also we hope to our subscribers beyond the college.

Xmas Cheer for Students Unable to go to Homes

For the past few years, at Xmas time, invitations have come into the University office from prominent citizens requesting the names of students from outside places remaining in the city during the Xmas vacation. The purpose being to invite such such students to share the Xmas activities in their homes.

Difficulty was experienced in obtaining the names of such students, consequently this year, the Student's Christian Movement has undertaken to ascertain the names of those remaining over for the holidays, and to this end we request such students to hand in their names, either to the university office or to the following:—

R. F. Ross, Med '29.

Sid Gilchrist, Med '27.

Jarvis McCurdy, Arts '26.

MaeGregor Grant, Arts '25.

Blenus Morton, Law, '26.

John Macleave, Arts '27.

H. Hamilton, Pres. S.C.M.

A Song

Cool and clear the waters flow
O'er their mossy cushioned bed;
To the flowers that lifts its head
In perfect loveliness and grace
Known only to that humble place.

Soft the wind speaks to the leaves
With murmur low the ocean heaves,
That answer it in joy again;
Moved with thoughts beyond our ken,
—We feel to woo us to its breast
And give us there unending rest.

Thou too, my soul, in mystery bound,
May sometimes hear a living voice
That passes through the darkness round
About thee, making thee rejoice
That somewhere, sometimes to be known,
'Are wandering kindred of thine own.

“Rusticus.”

NOTICE

Trial Debates

There will be only one debate held immediately after Xmas when the six debaters composing the team to meet McGill and U. N. B. will be chosen. The subject is that chosen for the debate with McGill. Kindly send all applications to the secretary, Mr. Blenus Morton as soon as possible.

Literary “D” Standing

Below is a list of the literary “D” standing up to and including the edition of Dec. 7th.

Miss M. A. Beresford	24
George Morrison	22
Gordon Dawson	21
J. A. Forbes, W. S. Gilchrist	19
Donald O. Hebb	14
Earle Green	12
B. Irwin, H. R. Norton	10
Miss Freda Winfield	9
Miss Anna Grant, Miss Harriet Roberts D. F. McDonald	8
Miss Avis Marshall, Miss Harriett Elliot Miss Jean McCrae, A. B. Morton	7
Miss Covert, Miss Elinor Barnstead, T. Cumming, A. F. McDonald, D. I. Meany	6
Miss K. Vickery, Miss Elizabeth Morton, Miss Ruth Foote, A. Munroe, J. A. Smith, H. A. Davidson	5
Miss Dorothie Berry, Miss Allison Mc- Curdy, R. Williams, Arthur Murphy, Miss C. F. Johnston, Miss Roberta Bond, Miss Hope Hamilton	3
C. H. Sedgewick, Donald McInnis, C. M. Oake, G. McOdrum, C. McLean, I. Fraser, G. Godsoe, W. G. Sexton, R. Gushue, R. B. Taylor	2
Miss Anna Wilson, Miss Eva Mader, C. M. Bisset, G. M. Grant, E. W. Fraser, Miss Evelyn Burns, Olive McKenna	1

All Students Writing By Numbers

It is a matter of gratification to the majority of students that the Senate has decided to abandon the old system of using names on examination papers.

Where in a few cases benefits might accrue from the examiner knowing the name of the candidate whose paper he was examining it was obviously unfair to the largest group of students.

No matter how impartial an examiner might try to be there is always a subconscious suggestion in the knowledge of the candidates personality.

While the system has been in operation in several of the faculties for several years its general adoption throughout the University exemplifies, the democratic principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Notice

Tell your girl her Xmas present is an invitation to the Engineers Dance.

Shirreff Hall

The Change in Shirreff Hall

What a difference in the atmosphere of the halls and corridors now. Faces which a few weeks ago were beaming and smiling have grown solemn, and in many cases furrowed by thought and care; bright eyes are dull and heavy; appetites are waning; laughter has ceased; and feeds—we never hear of them. Those who were wont to pause after dinner to, "trip the light fantastic toe" now slip quietly up stairs laden with Britannica Encyclopedia and many who before emerged from their rooms in evening dress, on their way to a dance, now we meet on the corridor, in bath-robe and slippers. Bearing burdens of books, they are on their way to a fellow-worker's room to digest the contents by the slow process of study.

Quietness prevails for the most part especially through the evenings. Sometimes in passing, one hears serious tones issuing from a room, and a moments listening tells that the occupants are deep in the study of the Electrolitic Theory, Accusative of Specification, Dreams,—in fact any question under the sun. Sometimes the voices raise higher and an argument ensues—whether to use "il" "or" "ee", but not even under such stirring circumstances do the discussions reach the point they did a few weeks ago, when in those same rooms, the same people argued over the Ghondi Movement in India, or whether the "Med." was a better dance than the Freshie-Soph.

The cause for this depression of youthful spirits, this solemn atmosphere?—EXAMS!—They are with us and the goal of a college course, though blurred and forgotten at the first of the term, now stands in block letters—a Degree. And exams are the door by which we enter this 'lettered' field of Society.

F. R.

N. B.—To show how desperate the situation has become we quote the case of Francis Milner, who has been sitting up late for 3 nights in succession, diligently reading a book entitled—"How to Study!"

The Collegian's Choice



Take a tip from the cognoscenti and give her Moirs Chocolates. It is the open sesame to every girl's affections—especially the new Bridge Box that makes a delightful "fifth partner."

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Football Review

The 1924 Football season ended without any team in the Maritimes being in a position to claim the championship.

It is conceded, especially in Halifax, that the Wanderers had the best team in these Provinces—their win over Dalhousie showed that; yet they did not rub shoulders with some speedy outside teams. They defeated U. N. B. but were rather fortunate to win and it is said that if the visitors had been fresh and had not previously given Mt. A. a hard match on the same tour, the result would have been different.

The Wanderers did not meet the Caledonia team which was an aggressive, husky, fast aggregation and which would not allow a game to be easily taken. This team clearly showed its superiority over the Mt. A. squad in Glace Bay on Thanksgiving Day and were keen to meet the Wanderers.

The ending of the Intercollegiate League series was unsatisfactory. Dal dropped out of the Eastern section and left St. F. X., Tech, and Kings in the fight. St. F. X. won the honors, although Kings gave them a good run for their money. But there was no play-off with a team from the Western Section. The championship for that section was undecided since there was a three-cornered tie and Mt. A. would not agree to concede the victory on points.

Lack of decision as to what team in the provinces may properly claim the championship title is unsatisfactory to everybody. True, it is difficult to evolve any scheme of play-off whereby the question could be settled each season, but it would be a good thing for the game in the Maritimes if the football chiefs would set their mind to the task.

Medical Notes

The pre-Xmas term has passed smoothly and happily. One recent event has cast a shadow upon us all, however, for the news that that prince of goodfellows, Lauchie MacPherson, had been taken ill and gone to the Sanatorium at Kentville, comes as a shock to his many friends. We miss Lauchie around college and hope that he will be back with us soon, fully recovered.

A meeting of the Medical Society was held recently at which a grant made from our funds (we really have some since the Medical Dance) for uniforms for our basket ball players.

Congratulations to our Med football men on winning the Interfaculty League. Even though they were denied the opportunity of rubbing shoulders with the Artsmen, they had the courage to turn out full force in the snow, ready to play and he who says they did not win the league is a perverter of the truth.

Remember that every student in the Medical faculty should be present at that first meeting of the Society after Xmas vacation. Its an experiment and its success depends upon you.

W. S. G.

Pine Hill Post

The cross-word puzzle, which for the past three weeks, held a place of undisputed supremacy in the realm of indoor sports and pastimes, is now rapidly losing favour. Its popularity has been eclipsed by two games recently introduced into the Residence—Billiards and Ping Pong. At all hours of the day and far into the night the steady click, click of the billiard balls and slightly louder staccato sounds from the Ping Pong table, give evidence that the boys are indulging in these mild forms of recreation. Reservations for these tables have been booked up for days ahead.

Symptoms of the fever are manifesting themselves in persons hitherto considered immune. At almost any time of the day, Sutherland McLeod and J. D. N. may be found hanging around the table, each with a fascinated, eager gaze and a mind utterly forgetful of approaching examinations.

At four A. M. when Russ. Woodside and Gilmore get up to go through their daily exercise, (much and more Greek), they often find Bearcat and Bingo, or some other lean and sleepless night bird, playing with the ivory balls.

Dunphy has been making eager and extended inquiries in order to discover the real name and character of Jehi Remm. So far, we understand that his investigation has been without results. It is difficult to determine from the anxious expression in his eyes whether he wants to send a Christmas card to Jehi or to assassinate her.

Pope Blanchard's moustache hasn't been doing at all well lately, and Bill Byers, our agricultural expert, thinks that some kind of a blight has struck it. Another theory advanced is that since the examinations are so near, the Pope hasn't been able to concentrate his mind on growing it as much as he formerly did.

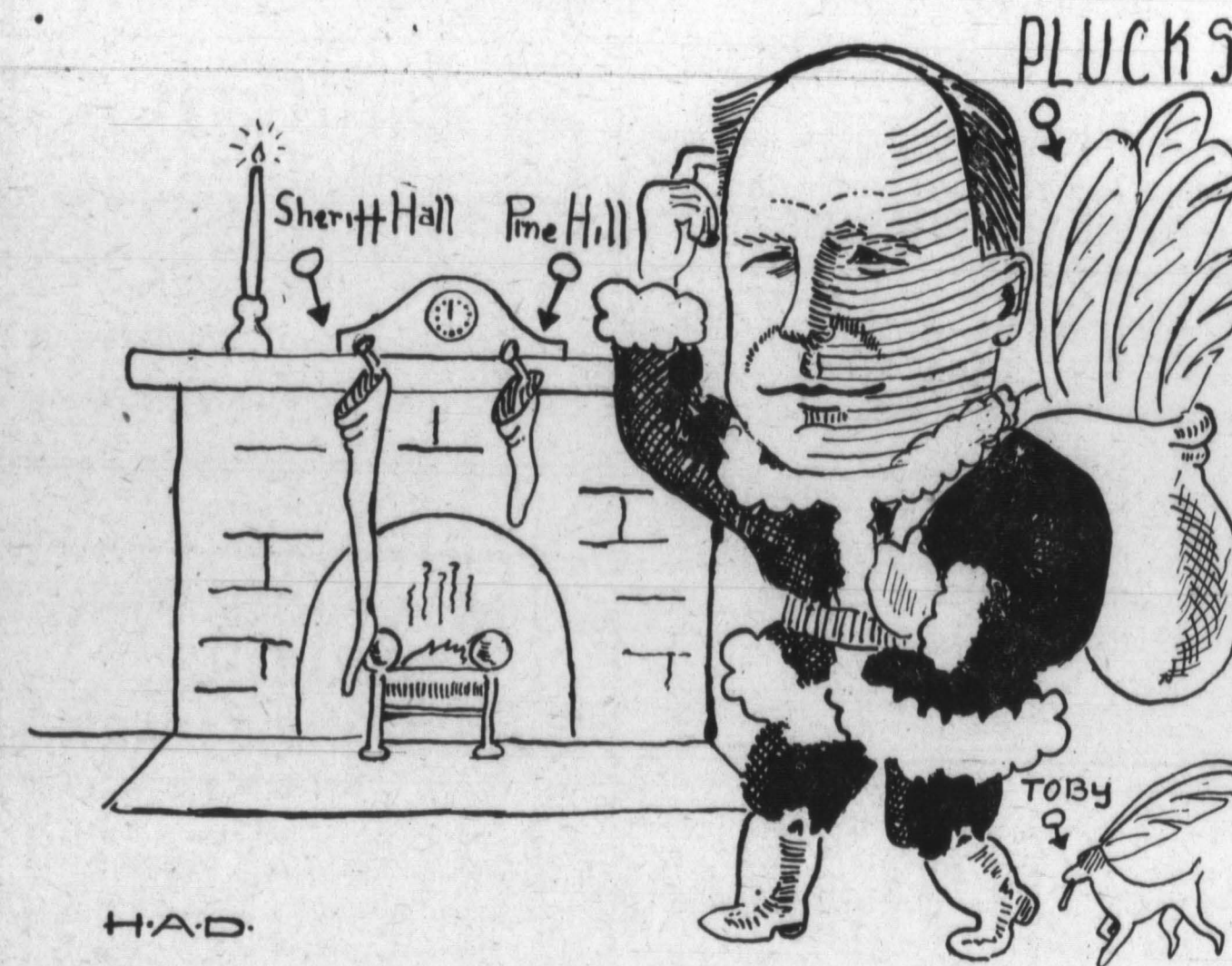
We enjoyed having the girls out here to a Sunday night "Sing song". Afterwards, the romantic spell of the earlier part of the evening still remaining, the boys gathered in the room, sat around in the light of the slowly dying fire, and sang hymns and songs until long after midnight.

There was a deep feeling of sympathy throughout the Residence when the sad news was received that Dave McLean's father had passed away; and it was with a sense of shock that we also learned about the same time that one of our fellow residents, John A. Nicholson, had been admitted to the Victoria- General Hospital to undergo treatment for blood-poisoning.

This being the last issue before the holidays, and the call of examinations being the feature of greatest interest, we will not distract your attention with the remarks of the inquisitive Pine Hill cat, but merely take the opportunity of wishing you all a Merry Christmas and as few plucks as possible.

—Apostle.

Our Santa Claus



ENGINEERING

Do it now. Never let go till tomorrow that one you can get today. To keep pace with the race of modern life its necessary to get there before the next fellow. What applies to business applies to pleasure also. If you haven't asked the girl of your choice to the Engineers Dance before now you're liable to be out of luck. How can you be her sweet daddy if she's going to the dance with somebody else. Make a good start on 1925 by anticipating things. Don't begin your Xmas vacation without asking her, it may be too late next year. Of course this is leap year, don't base your happiness on woman's ininitiative. Do it now.

Student agitator: Give us our air. Give us our two quarts of air per man, per day. We wan't more air.

Pacifist: Served hot in the lecture rooms.

Bed-time Stories

A flickering fire cast a golden glow on a tangent two, who, appeared supporters of space economy, sat .000 inches apart. Alternate snatches of sweet soprano and tender tenor voices floated up the chimney where hung on by a smoke ring wait-

ing for them to depart. Santa could bear the suspense no longer so he floated down into the room on a cloud of smoke.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, my children" said he "but now you can ask me in person for your most cherished wish."

Each whispered softly into one of Santa's hoary ears:

"A man and an invitation!"

"Two dollars and a woman!"

"For what, my children?"

Duet: "The Engineers dance".

In an instant Santa had done the trick, and filled Bill's empty dome with bright ideas.

In 60 seconds Mable got her request.

He entered axe in hand, his eyes glowing with a savage lust. He moved cautiously forward and clutched at her. She, wild eyed and terrified flew to the farthest corner and crouched there making inarticulate sounds. Still intent he moved slowly towards her reached out a long dirty hand and grabbed her by the throat.

In an instant he had raised his cruel axe and severed the slender neck from the body, the warm crimson trickling over the barn floor. He simply had to have a turkey for Christmas dinner.

Well, so long boys till next year. Hope Santa bring you everything you ask for, and that the new year begins smilingly.

Be careful during the holidays, and above all don't lose your heads over a piece of the hind leg of a turkey.

Sitters by the Sea

(Not by J. M. Synge)

List of Persons:

Barney Machone—An Irishman.

Shawn O'Day—An Irishman.

[Barney Machone and Shawn O'Day sit by the side of a shore, thinking]

B.—Do you see the loon in the waters now, Shawn O'Day? [He points]

S.—Do I not, Barney Machone, and he out there in the fog and the ships going by. [They sit and think] Sitting out, there on the cold blue waters with his feet in it. And do you see how he looks down into the cold sea itself looking for lily roots maybe.

B.—It's lily roots he'll be finding in the cold see this day with the grey fog on it. [He shivers] Ah, its a cold world, Shawn O'Day.

S.—It is that, Barney Machone. When do you think it is winter will be coming.

B.—It is coming on you say, Shawn O'Day? And winter just gone by no eight months ago, and that the thirtieth winter since Derby Sartt is gone to America. [They sit, thinking].

S.—Is it to America Derby Start is gone. It seems to me it is some other little funny place he is gone.

B.—Nova Scotia. But it is all one, Shawn O'Day. And do you remember how when the ceold sleet was falling it would all begin to melt away into water itself when Derby would begin to talk, like a warm wind off the west on the sleet itself.

S.—And so they made a professor of Darby Start.

B.—Ah, yes, Derby was never put to it for a word to say.

[They, think, sitting].

S.—[Pointing] And did you see the loon dive down now, Barny Machone?

B.—That I did. It's diving down it is for lily roots where there are no lily roots on the hard seas bottom. It makes me think hard of Derby Start looking for ideas in all that talk of his, when the sleet would melt beside him ilke snow in a warm wind out of the west.

S.—But there were no lily roots for the loon to dive for in Derby Star's mind between his two ears where your thoughts are, at all.

B.—They say he came back to see his old home again a while ago.

S.—Ah, yes, and it was like the hills of the west he looked with his big coat and all.

B.—Like the hills of the West, Shawn O'Day?—Ah, that loon has a big belly too—And so he came back with his Scotch jokes and all.

S.—And two new ones in thirty years.

B.—Ah, Derby was the lad loved the Scotch.

[They sit and think].

—Slow Curtain—

Chocolates

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(Adapted from Stephen Leacock)

Boarding-House Geometry

Definitions and Axioms

All boarding-houses are the same boarding-house.

Boarders in the same boarding-house and on the same flat are equal to one another.

A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong, angular figure, which cannot be described but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not in the same line.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Broom: How does C— like his new nephew?

Stick: Oh he has a new nephew has he? Is it a girl or a boy?

Inno: My but I'd like to be Marie and Harry in Boston now—only I'd sooner not be married.

Sense: Personally I prefer to be decent.

Bright: Let's take over the little corner store.

Brighter: Alright! I'll look after the ma(i)ls—I'll take them all to the back of the store to be sorted.

Tiny: Oh F—a can drive a car just wonderfully now. She can do everything but shift gears on a hill.

Dot Berry announced quite firmly the other night that she was not going to marry a MAN. Possibly some genius who is unable to exhaust his energy on exams will find the problem interesting.

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