

Dalhousie Gazette

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OBED EDMUND SMITH

The recent death of Obed Edmund Smith deprives this University of another friend and loyal supporter. The story of Mr. Smith's life is that typical of North America. Born in Cape Breton in comparatively poor surroundings, he rose by his own ability and ambition to be a man of wealth, power and strength in his community. His wealth he made from the people, but economics students noted his wealth, coming from the populace, was gained by suppling them with a necessity at cheaper prices, the cheapness being obtained by Mr. Smith's native ability to rout out waste and extravagance. The wealth that he accumulated, Mr. Smith turned back to the people. Seldom has Canada seen a will as that he left which was as generous to worthy causes.

Behind him, Mr. Smith leaves a fine record of service, both to industry and to the public. His clear vision, balanced judgment and executive powers are proved by the long list of financial and commercial institutions of which he was the head or a director. Nova Scotia and Canada were made better places in which to live by his efforts. In his public life, he was ever unostentatious. He preferred to work quietly, with no more than necessary display. But in the background of any public movement, he was there with his support.

Mr. Smith, frankly, had a certain reputation for being always "businesslike". But no one who went to him able to show a need which O. E. Smith could permanently help ever returned empty-handed. His Cape Breton nature abhorred waste; he would never help for the moment—he would always help for time.

We hope it was this desire of his to establish permanence which led him to donate part of his estate to Dalhousie. It is certainly flattering that a man who had never attended the University should think it worth his while to make it easier for others to be educated. His will is a silent rebuke to Dalhousie's graduates, who, on the whole, have been notably slack in supporting their school.

SIR JOSEPH A. CHISHOLM

Regardless of one's opinions on the question whether titles should be given in a democratic country, the recent announcement that the King's honour list contained the name of Joseph Andrew Chisholm was applauded by every Canadian. Indeed there could be no sensible argument against the granting of honors if they were always restricted to men of his calibre.

The Gazette is especially proud to note that Sir Joseph is another Dalhousie graduate. He was given his bachelor of law degree in 1886, the second class to graduate from the then new Law School. Since his graduation he has always taken an active part in the public's welfare. On the bench he is noted for the clarity and logic of his decisions and for the kindness with which he received newcomers to the bar. Not the least of his works was his biography and collection of letters of Joseph Howe, for which students of Nova Scotia's history will ever be indebted to him.

Dalhousians, with no exceptions are proud, and not without reason, of their little college and of the men who have gone from her halls. This year, the Medical School is not alone in deservedly feeling proud of its graduates—the Law School is glad to see another former student receive public recognition of his ability and of the services he has performed for Canada.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

It was with considerable pride and satisfaction that Dalhousie learned of the signal distinction awarded her Medical graduates in the Dominion-wide examinations. This recognition is truly symbolic of the envious position the Dalhousie Medical School holds in relation to other Canadian College Medical circles. Likewise it speaks just as forcibly for the excellence and thoroughness of the teaching staff.

The School's status quo is the result of a steady increase in importance, a gradual accumulation of valuable instructors and improved facilities all of which have come about since Dalhousie undertook a full medical curriculum in 1911. Its location is ideal as it is in the heart of the Hospital district. Opportunities for clinical study are excellent.

Many applicants for enrollment in the school are turned down each year so numerous are the candidates. These come from many distant points. This fact alone is no mean tribute to the School's reputation and Medical graduates from Dalhousie traditionally make their presence felt no matter to what section they may go.

We wish however to make an acknowledgement of worth to the chosen ten who recently did so well in competition with other medical men. (For detailed account see news item in this issue). Their part in maintaining Dalhousie tradition has been great and the effects lasting.

RAMBLING

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

EXAMINATIONS

The sheep have been shorn and the pullets plucked, and once more the prejudice-guarded examination system is assailed. Let us for the moment lay aside as far as possible our resentment, for example, at being classed as mentally inferior by the professor of Fine Arts, and consider the examination system on its merits. Much has been said concerning its frequent unfairness, of the handicap given the nervous student, and of the advantages reaped by the plugger. Much might be said of the system as a training in deceit and hoodwinkery—their's not to reason why, their's but to go in and lie and try to fool the professor. Not all professors are fools, and we must not, therefore, exaggerate these moral effects.

We must note, however, that the system seems to meet the necessity, evident in the science and professional classes, for an exact estimate of the student's knowledge. Where such an estimate is not so important, the system, while it exerts some undesirable compulsion for a few weeks, at least provides an opportunity during the rest of the year for self-discipline.

In short, we may say that the present examination system, when supplemented by frequent tests or essay assignments, works well in some departments and faculties; in others, even when so supplemented, it functions with but moderate success; in some few it is a farcical yet pitiful travesty of proper educational methods. The doctor, not the patient, prescribes the remedy; the patient can only criticize the effects of the prescribed medicine or change his doctor. The student can only complain that his educational sulphur and molasses is unpalatable and that its effects are not all desirable. He can but beseech a more careful study of his case.

BOASTING

"There are two kinds of boasting active and passive. A Yankee openly asserts and loudly proclaims his superiority. John Bull feels and looks it. "He don't give utterance to this conviction." He takes it for granted all the world knows and admits it, and he is so thoroughly persuaded of it himself, that, to use his own favorite phrase, "he don't care a fig if folks don't admit it." His vanity therefore, has a sublimity in it. He thinks, as the Italians say, that "when nature formed him, she croke the mould." There never was, never can, and never will be another like him. His boasting, therefore, is passive. He shows it and acts it; but he doesn't proclaim it. He condescends and is gracious, patronizes and talks down to you. Let my boasting alone, therefore, if you please. You know better what it means, what bottom it has, and whether the plaster sticks on the right spot or not."

There are many clever sayings on this subject. "Brag is a good dog, but hold fast is a better one." He is on considerable good terms with himself, is John Bull. He thinks the noblest work of God is an Englishman. Brag is a dog that everybody hates, but nobody fears, for he only bow-wows; but he wakes up detraction, and he is a dangerous critter, for he bites without barking. Bragging saves advertising.

"The mechanism of the human heart, when you thoroughly understand it, is, like all the other works of nature, very beautiful, very wonderful, but very simple. When it does not work well, the fault is not in the machinery but in the management."

Some members of the S. C. M. have been overheard complaining that over a month ago someone removed their copy of the Steven's Booklet from the library, and has not returned it yet. Will the person who has it please be kind enough to return it?

Gazette BOOK REVIEW

PEACE WITH HONOUR

A. A. Milne

Here, the versatile creator of Winnie-the-Pooh has turned his attention to more serious matters in what is without doubt, I think, his best performance. Skirting the complex problems of Economics, trade rivalries and class tension which accompany war feeling, he makes up for these gaps by his effectiveness in launching the simplest, most courageous and best directed attack against militarism that has yet been written.

In logic and argument, it is very simple, yet this simple directness proves to be the best possible means in securing the author's aim, more especially as the whole is beset around with the refreshing yet sometimes sharp fragrance of Milne humour.

Mr. Milne writes from the firm conviction that war is silly and wrong.

Peoples continue to fight because the use of war as a last resort for national settlement has become a convention. He shows the convention to have now become obsolete, and in so doing holds up to ridicule the old worn-out meaningless phrases used in association with national honour and security: indeed his contemptuous handling of the myth of national "prestige" is one of the high-lights of the book.

He examines critically and somewhat ironically the church's attitude toward war when it becomes imminent and exhorts the church to follow consistently upon its lost faith in the cause of martyrs, and endeavour to lose faith in war. From a political point of view, he believes wars to be caused because the leaders of the nations decide to fight them. He lays at the door of the few (statesmen) responsible for the horrible deaths of the many (soldiers), and even insists that the next war would be avoided if the ten most influential men in each of the four great European powers—England, France, Germany and Italy (complete with the names of many of the present ones) were put to death on the outbreak of the war.

The spokesmen of the nations must consider war as if they personally are responsible, and not their countries, and finally in arbitration Mr. Milne finds his alternative to war.

Antagonism to war had apparently long been troubling the author's mind, and the book is his eager outburst after a period of restive indecision. The work evidently came from the depths of his heart, and on its way out caught and used his best and fullest powers of mind.

Examinations

Post-mortems are dreadful things. So indeed, are examinations. This article is a post-mortem of examinations—so, you, whose dislike of both is too great to be overborne, read no further.

What do examinations do to the student? For weeks beforehand, his nights are sleepless; his pleasures, to his poor uneasy mind, are stolen. He sits down for a moment's game of bridge, at peace with the world, and the ugly demon of unprepared work raises its head and he bids a small slam when he has two aces and nothing else. Consequently he is ostracized, and his life, if possible, becomes more miserable. If the pesky things are in the winter, Christmas means only examinations and he forgets to buy his mother a present; when he is home for the holiday, he is restless; he sits in his chair as if there were needles under him; he grabs the paper rudely from his father; he says his prayers at night. If the examinations are in the spring, he sees nothing of the green buds on the trees; he does not observe the new-springing life and loveliness; no, he forgets his rubbers and gets a cold in the head. Not enough—oh no, not enough to release him from writing them; but just enough—oh, always, enough—to make him irritable and dull.

Now, what do the examinations do to—for would perhaps be the better word—the professors? For a month beforehand, they furnish

English Over The World

Very often we see in the papers signs of the progress of English toward world-wide use. Frequently these bits of news take the form of reports that Mexico or Persia or Chile has banned our English talkies for fear their children will come to think our tongue more agreeable than their own. Now and then the items merely inform the public that English has been adopted as the official language of another international gathering.

The four-word peace plan, "Make Everybody Speak English", which Henry Ford formulated some years ago, is not logically a reason for the universal use of our tongue. Any language, if spoken everywhere, would make for world peace. The three main reasons,—numbers, politics and talkies—are merely accidents of a beneficent fate. They do not penetrate the true heart of the matter.

First, numbers. We are told that over 220 million people either use or understand English, as compared with about 120 million for French and 110 million for German, and these numbers are advanced as if they really meant something. But unless English is in itself a good and worthy language for the world

material for lectures—for a month afterwards, they perform the same service. It may be, of course, that the professors snatch at any straw—They afford them substance for a thousand jokes and witticisms. Examinations give the professors a feeling of omniscience; they give them the power of the life or the death of the student's work during the year. They yield them the dubious pleasure of witnessing three hundred souls in a state of gigantic mental upheaval.

But enough for foolishness. Seriously, our present system of examinations is the result of the laziness of our professors. It is so easy to set a paper twice a year. I make this charge gravely and with due consideration—even if you think by what has gone before, that I am not qualified to consider anything. I am not advocating the withdrawal of examinations, but I am saying that they should be familiarized. They should not be the objects of terror and awe that they are to most students. If examinations or rather quizzes were held weekly, and the average of the student's marks taken as the final mark, there would be none of the hasty cramming and frantic work that the present system makes permissible and even advisable. Thus the student's work would be divided evenly and because of that, the effects of his learning more lasting. Think it over!

to use, the mere superiority of numbers will not make it so.

Second, politics. The World War unquestionably enhanced in tremendous measure the prestige of the two great English-speaking nations. British diplomats and American advisors have done much toward bringing about world peace. But—is English a good language for everybody to speak?

Finally, talkies. The talking pictures of Hollywood and Ellestree are riding triumphantly over all the foreign bans, propagandizing the English language wherever the sun shines. They may well prove the most effective instrument yet invented for spreading English.

But ought English to be spread? It is intrinsically a better language than French or German or even Chinese? This is the moral question which lurks behind the facts, and this is the question which we must now consider.

Back in 300 B.C., to take a parallel instance, Hellenic Greek became a world language. It supplanted to a large extent many local tongues, among them the Hebrew and Aramaic of Palestine. Yet either was incomparably a better language than Greek, simpler, more effective, easier to learn and to use. Fate is playing on the nations today no such shabby trick as when she compelled the Jews of Palestine to learn Greek.

It is a curious fact that language as we now know it develops not from the simple to the complicated, but vice versa. Latin is complication personified compared with French, Spanish and Italian. Coptic has lost many of the complications present in the tongue of the hieroglyphics. Thus the law, "Time simplifies a tongue," may be almost unhesitatingly accepted. A language gradually begins to forsake its numerous declensions and conjugations, its optative, cohortative, predicative moods, and all the other flummeries of primitive speech. Gradually there begins to emerge a lean, efficient dialect. Can you picture yourself selecting among the twelve possible forms of "bonus" when you might be using the simple word, "good"?

So the first reason why English is the best world language is that it has carried the simplification of forms farther than has any other modern language. In German "good" still has six dresses to wear, and in French, four. The German verb still counts its forms by the score, and the French is not much better. Danish alone of modern languages has approached English in its formlessness.

A second qualification, scarcely less important, is impurity. English is probably more impure than any other tongue, ancient or modern. English picks up words from any language at all, and by the process

(Continued on Page Three)

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POET'S CORNER

BEACH FIRE

Yes, she and he were there, and you,
And laughter filled the night. A few
Were still content to watch, unseem,
The leaping firelight dance and glame
On rumbling rock and curling wave.
The glowing luminescence gave
New colour to the faces there:
Pale faces old or young and fair.
Stretched here and there upon the sand,
Or seated, pensive, chin in hand,
Or proud in careless freedom hand,
The friends we knew so well and loved.
Forms half in shadow, half in gold—
How strong the mem'ry still I hold!

Then suddenly and just by chance
I saw a holy radiance
Creep o'er your face and fill your eyes
With wond'rous light. 'Twas no surprise
To find your artist's soul aglow
By beauty fired. Did not I know
Of many places hushed from wind
Where we would go and try to find
A scene for you to paint, while I,
Sitting beside you there, would try
To catch the beauty with my pen
And fail, give up, then try again,
While in the fetters of your brush
You caught the sea, the evening's hush?
Then—

Softly through my musing came
The gentle whisper of my name.
I felt your smooth brown hand and warm
So lightly resting on my arm,
And turned to see you wend your way
Beyond the rining voices gay,
Pause beyond the sound of laughter—
Then I rose and followed after.
Down beside the waves I found you,
And there we stood along to view
The living beauty of the scene:
The leaping flames, the dying gleam
Of sparks ascending, curling smoke—
What dreams the embers could evoke!
Colours on faces, rocks and sand
Painted as by a Master's hand.

You saw the many shades and tints,
The depth of shadow and the glints
Of flame reflected in the hair,
Expressions on the faces there,
The hot flame blowing down the wind,
The serried line of surf behind,
Colours, shadows, softly blending,
O'er the clouds the moon ascending
Looked so wistful and forlorn—
The things that would your cloth adorn.

I also saw them, and, enraptured
By the glowing vision captured,
Lost all my sense of Time and Place
And drifted with you into Space,
Where, from afar, as in a dream,
I heard the sound of things unseen:
The flames sang loud in hellish joy,
"We live but once. Destroy! Destroy!"
And sought to reach the trembling trees.
Proud in transient ecstasies
The dreams within the embers spoke,
And in and out the twisting smoke
To rhythm of the wind, the beat
Of myriad sparks' dancing feet
Upon the sand was faintly heard
Like rustlings of a drowsy bird.

It was a golden moment, held.
We stood in rev'rence, both compelled
To silence by the entrancing sight:
Such colours, shawods, tinted light
As viewed by only souls on high—
The fragile beauties that must die
Soon after they are born and leave
Faint memories round which we weave
Our thoughts and dreams in after hours—
Such was the moment that was ours.

Sadly we turned to go. The crowd
Still talked and sang and laughed aloud
But we were silent, for, today,
We'd been a million miles away
And stayed a million years, just you
And I, out there—They never knew.

**THE FOURTH
BOOK OF BUNK**

CHAPTER 11.

1. And so it has come to pass
that once again the Smiling Faces
hath returned to the Lande of Dal,
and the Campus that for two long
weeks was silent as sleep (except
for the racking of the Branes of the
Profs, as they swung a mighty red
Pensl through the many sheets of
Fools-Cap) is now awake with the
renewed Enthuz-y-azm of the Studes.
They retell the Stor-ees of the past
Vakashun and of the Sukses of the
Eve of the New Year, and of how
many glasses of Cham-Pane, mixed
with other sweet wines of her
Father's Cellar, were sipped. Then,
with the coming of the Morn, and
the arrival of the New Year, swelled
headsg reeted the Sun, and so, too,
Rezolushions, never to drink of
sweet Nectar again, but to make
1935 happy without the aid of artee-
feeshul anaesthetics.

2. But hardly had the new Rezo-
lushuns sprung from the Lips of
the Repentant, when the Annual
Slotter was announced throughout
the kingdom of King Karl by his
wise crier, Muree. Once again the
armies of the Plucked were great,
and, too, as usual, the Med was
named as general, for it was he that
besides Slottering was slotted.
Little Schmeet wounded many in
Path-o-logee, but he completely an-
nihilated the Pullers of the Teeth.
The Roman Ber-Bij, Main-Land the
Lean, and Rheen the Stalwart could
not see him stand alone, so they,
too, assure the Studes that to take
time off to play is to invite a Pluck,
and a Med Prof has never yet been
seen to refuse an Invitation.

3. The arnee, re-enforced by the
Bear-is-ters and the Dents, march-
eth from the Lande of Forrest to
the Campus of Studes, and there
they gather the large numbers from
Philo-so-fee, Physeeks, the classes of
Bennett and many more. Together
they repair to distant lands to for-
get, but not to forgive. 'Tis gently
whispered that all the New Year's
Rezolushuns were broken before
they were hardly two days olde.

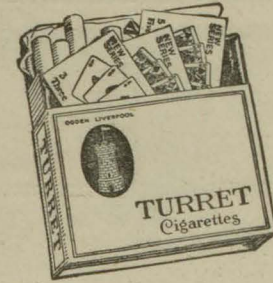
4. But in another part of the
Lande the Meds of Dal, who are
now Grads, brought great Honour
to the Leetle College by the Sea.,
for in Xams, where they battled
witsw ith other Meds from far away,
they led rest. Yea verily the Leetle
College houses great men within its
Walls. 'Tis hoped the Plucks of
the present will mean passes for
many who learn from the great
Teacher, Experiens. When the next
struggle in the great Geem arrives
the Meds, as well as the others, will
try to reach the goal set by the
Med Grads—their fellow men.

5. And lo! A great mystery has
shrouded the Lande of Forrest. Dr.
Haze of Bi-oh fame would entitle it
"The Mystery of the Frog". When
his Frogs for Bi-oh Lab arrived the
box appeared to have been tampered
with, and when the valuables were
counted, lo, one was missing. All
eyes sought the culprit.

6. Almost at the same time there
arrived amidst the Studes of the
Law a small creature which hopped
and which seemed to answer the
description of the lost animal. Much
interest was seen in the class-room,
and the learned Crows felt that the
interest was not taken in the Lex-
tur. Even Thomp-Son and the
learned Editor of the Gax-Jett were
interested in glancing at the floor,
and the Little Merle uttered groans
and almost Squeaked and turned



BALLING HIM OUT!



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noyed. But—after the
game—when he lights
up a Turret! It's then
he'll realize the goal of
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pale as the frog came closer and
closer. But it was caught and re-
turned to its owner, but the culprit
remained unfound. It was rumoured,
however, that the little creature
knew its fate, and learning of its
destination felt so small that it was
then able to crawl out from between
the cracks in the box. It then
sought refuge with the Noble profes-
sion who do not practice in the
wickedness of vivi-sectun in the
hope that it would gain its free-
dom, but all its plans were frustra-
ted as the brave Thomp-Son picked
up the heavy load and returned it
to the Lab of Haze. Such is the
honour of the Stude of Law.

OBSERVER

Here are some suggestions Obser-
would like answered. Why does
Professor Dawson always make
such a rumpus in the library? Why
was Kay Fogo the first girl to re-
turn to the Hall? Where did Ted
Crease get that prison number
(1932) on his raincoat? Why does
Burns Adams whisper aloud to
himself when he is working in the
library? Why is the Freshman P.
T. class carried on in such seclu-
sion, and what made Walter Mur-
phy and Evelyn Gesner so out of
wind after Monday's class?

Why do the "Hall" girls dislike
eating at Miss MacKeen's table?
Has Erin Russell been drinking
mercurochrome?

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