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Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



NOTICE
COUNCIL TICKETS
In the forthcoming Student Body Elections every student before receiving a ballot will be required to present his or her Council ticket to the Presiding Officers, who will punch each ticket accordingly. You are reminded, therefore, to have your Council ticket on hand for the occasion.

VOL. LXXII

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 29, 1940

No. 17

SADIE HAWKINS DAY LOOMS

ADVISE MEN TO DUST OFF RUNNING SHOES

Sadie Hawkins is a-comin'!! Sho' nuf, friends, yo-all-cain't affo'd to miss the funniest shindig of the year! The hen-hussies are even goin' to do a bit of decoratin'. Ah'm sure yo' will be attendin', if only to glance at the grand and glorious conglomeration of flags—you've heard about the false ceiling—just to make it cosy-like we're doing this little bit of supercolossal skyscraping.

You really mustn't miss the amateur-essional depictions of your one and only favorite comic strip characters—Li'l Abner, Mammy and Pappy Yokum and Daisy Mae and all the other Dogpatch celebrities—no sircé!

Just be pleased to ponder short space, boys, and you'll come to the stupendous conclusion that it won't cost you a red cent, a jar of pre-sarved turnips, or nothin'. The Daisy Maes of the campus do all the honours, and right pleased they are to have the opportunity. I'm sure yo'all will keep the date open, just in case Sadie calls—that is, Wednesday, March 6—and don't forget the costumes. Do you know what the prize for the best Dogpatch costumes is going to be? Cain't say for sartin, but I've heered that the reward for the best-dressed couple will be a ticket for the Supper Dance at the Nova Scotian Hotel—Now, Ah knows that's high steppin' fo' Dogpatch folks to truck on down to that swish establishment—but Ah'm sho' none of you will be willin' to pass up the opportunity to try for said prize—

SADIE GOES ARGUMENTATIVE

On Monday night, at eight o'clock, the Dalhousie Girls' Debating Team will meet the U.N.B. team in the Arts Building to decide the relative merits of Britain's famous queens, Victoria, and Elizabeth Tudor.

Girls' debating in the past hasn't received much support from the student body, and we are hoping that this year Dalhousians will turn out to make the visitors feel that their trip was worthwhile, and that Dalhousie is interested in what the girls have to say. Professors Willis, Mowatt and Wilson will do the judging, and Frank Corcoran will be in the chair.

Intercollegiate Badminton Tourney To Be Held For First Time

Starting Friday at the Dal gym the first Maritime inter-collegiate badminton tournament will be held. If this one is successful, and there is every reason that it should be so, it is probably the beginning of a permanent badminton league between the different colleges in the Maritimes.

This tournament is open to any college student in the Maritimes and cups have been donated for the winners of the various events.

The finals will be played off Saturday night. Those colleges which have entered are Acadia, Mount A., Dal, Kings, Tech, St. Mary's.

McQuarrie Throws Hat Into Ring

The Glee Club elections promise a unique contest this year. One of the contestants will be Ruth MacQuarrie, who is an exchange student at Toronto this year, and who will return to Dalhousie next year.

Ruth came to Dalhousie in 1937, with a background of both acting and stage work in Moncton. During the two years she has already spent on this campus, Ruth has taken a very active part in Glee Club work. In her first year she was outstanding in the Delta Gamma play and the Munro Day Musical, "My Tom-boy Girl." In 1938-39 she was the very efficient vice-president of the Glee Club, and also found time to take a leading roll in "Twelfth Night." Those who saw that memorable production will have no doubt as to Miss MacQuarrie's histrionic powers. She was also in a singing role in the Munro Day show last year.

It would be very difficult to find anybody as well qualified as Ruth for this admittedly difficult position. She has had the necessary stage as well as acting experience, and has already more than capably filled a responsible position in the Glee Club organization. So it is with all wishes for good luck that

Glee Club to Present "Charlie's Aunt" Parliament

Since the Glee Club's big effort of the year is imminent, it is high time that some of the vital statistics were made available to the student body. As everybody probably knows, it is to be "Charlie's Aunt", that perennially funny piece that will probably be acted as long as there are college students to act it.

Super Solons Meet

On Tuesday evening the Executive of the Council met in the D.A.A.C. room in the Gymnasium, for the purpose of cleaning up the business delegated to them by the Council. The first business was the International Student Service. Philip Beattie, Canadian Secretary of the I.S.S., talked briefly and interestingly in response to a request for more information about the I.S.S.

Next, the troublesome question of the \$150 amusement tax on the Caledonia game (of happy memory) reared its ugly head. Ralph Plumer, D.A.A.C. president, protested that it should not be put under the D.A.A.C. budget unless he was given an extra grant by the Council to pay it. The problem was finally shelved by counting the item under the heading of expenses for the Caledonia game, which is a separate budget.

Henry Reardon, Glee Club president, then presented an account of the desired changes in the Glee Club constitution. Among these is a stipulation that the president may now be either male or female.

The offices of Business Manager we launch Ruth into the stormy seas of the election—Bon voyage!

The cast, in order of their appearance is as follows:

- Brassett (a college scout)
- Ken Archibald
- Jack Chesney—V. Koretsky
- Charley Wykeham—F. Mountain
- Lord Rancourt Babberley
- Bert Perrot
- undergraduates at St. Olde's College
- Kitty Verdun (Spettigue's Ward)
- Joan Moon
- Amy Spettigue (Spettigue's Niece)
- Marge MacKenzie
- Sir Francis Chesney, Bart.
- (Late Indian service)
- J. Carstairs Arnel
- Stephen Spettigue (Solicitor, Oxford)
- V. MacQuarrie
- Farmer (a college scout)—Ed Wier
- Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez (from Brazil)—Shirley Kirkpatrick
- Ela Delahay (an Orphan)
- Joan Blackwood
- Maud (a Parlourmaid)
- Penny Patchell

The time of the play will be of particular interest to graduates—it takes place during commemoration week at Oxford, which of course corresponds to our convocation. So all those who have any hope of ever graduating should not miss this golden opportunity of seeing how things are done at jolly old Oxford, don'cher know.

We tried to interview the cast on this subject of what the college graduate should do during convocation week, and the first one we approached was Forbes Mountain. He would say no more, however, than "We of the old school prefer not to publicize these things—not done, y'know." Carstairs Arnel was no more help. He merely unscrewed his monocle and withered us with a glance. We were hurt until we were told by one kind-hearted member of the cast that he was merely practising his dirty look for one of his entrances.

Bert Perrot, we learned, was developing a giggle, and was having a hard time trying to manage his trousers after being so used to skirts. He it is who impersonates "Charlie's aunt from Brazil—where the nuts come from."

"Charlie's Aunt" will be placed before its eager public on Friday, March 8, beginning at 8:15. We know that none of you will want to miss this super-colossal bit of foolery, so we'll be seeing you there!

and Property Manager are to be combined into one, Business Manager, which will make for greater efficiency in the making up of reports. The new office of Secretary has been created to take care of matters not falling in the new province of the Business Manager.

At the beginning of each year, the Business Manager is to be given his choice of either being paid \$7 per show (as under the old system) or of being awarded 2 points toward his gold "D". It was also the feeling of the Executive that, with all due appreciation of the Glee Club's present problem, they were obliged to present candidates for election at the same time as all other societies.

The final business of the meeting was the passing of the recommendations for gold "D's" in debating and sports presented by Delta Gamma. On the completion of this the meeting adjourned.

Parliament Dissolves

With flourishes of true parliamentary discipline and grandeur, the Dalhousie Parliament opened its 1940 session. Having again chosen L. W. Fraser to be their speaker the House of Commons retired to the famous senate chamber (the moot court room) in which hangs a portrait of the Hon. R. B. Bennett who formerly played parliament in this self-same fashion.

Mr. E. T. Parker, K.C. as Governor-General read the Speech from the Throne and then all the members graciously followed the black-rod procession to the House of Commons (the Munroe Room) the Hon. Speaker Mr. Fraser read telegrams of congratulations, from such distinguished people as Premier Campbell of P.E.I., Dr. Manion and J. S. Woodsworth the C.C.F. leader.

Delmar Amiro as premier equipped like the rest with cigars and tails upheld the governments position against the fiery attacks of the dual opposition consisting of Conservatives led by Alex Hart wearing the tartan of "Rumonald" and the Independents under the leadership of the brilliant Confucius inspired James Curry. They upbraided the government for its "laissez-faire" attitude concerning monetary and social reforms.

With added witticisms and ambiguous orders given by the Speaker together with the applause of a large audience the first evening was very pleasant.

Parliament resumed its session on Tuesday evening, a rather hesitant but humorous bill on fisheries was presented by the Minister of Fisheries, Murray Ryan. Minister without portfolio, Douglas MacDonald added much ready wit in support of the government. An overthrowal of the exposed Amiro government, was averted by a few Confucius jokes and a letter read by the Speaker dissolving parliament.

Dawson Club Meets

Dr. Helen R. Belyea was the guest speaker for the Dawson Geological Club meeting held Tuesday evening at President Stanley's home. The topic was "Geology of the Musquash Area of New Brunswick", and it was a very well illustrated lecture.

The president, Hugh MacDonald, announced the intention of holding the next meeting on March 12 in open house form in the Geology Lecture Room. There will be four speakers and it should prove to be a most interesting meeting.

Dal to Meet Navy

Tonight the Dal Tigers will play their second game against the Navy. The Navy has a good team, but they beat Dal by only a few points in the last game and then only because the shooting of the Dal squad was off par. If Bernie can get his team off to a good start there is no reason that they can't win.

PLATFORMS PRESENTED AT FORUM

The Arts and Science Society sponsored a Forum on Tuesday which was well attended, a remarkable number of lawyers being present. Don McKeigan was in the chair and introduced first Web MacDonald, who outlined his ideas on getting a Union Building. Webster was followed by his opponent for the vice-presidency, Joan Blackwood, who said she had no platform, but would work untiringly on the students' behalf. She thought a Union Building would be a fine thing.

Next came the presidential candidates, Henry Reardon and George Corston, who were greeted with wild acclaim. Each gallantly urged the other to speak first, so they finally drew straws for it, and George Corston presented his appeal. He deplored the disunion between the two campuses and said he was for closer understanding between Studley and Forrest. He entreated the students to vote for the man, regardless of faculty affiliations, and sat down amidst thunderous applause, having heartily endorsed the idea of a Union Building.

Then Henry Reardon rose to address the meeting, and started in in true Reardon fashion with a bright quip. He then went on to make it clear that he had more to do than to tell jokes and told the students that he would like to see a continuity of personnel on campus executives, and that he was behind the drive for a Union Building, whether he was elected or not.

The meeting was then thrown open for questions from the floor, and the irrepressible Colin Smith wanted to know what business experience George Corston had had, but he was ruled out of order.

Butch Lawson then claimed the attention of the meeting by asking Webster MacDonald his personal views on the C.S.A. The meeting showed disapproval of the question, to which Mr. MacDonald replied very ably.

When the period of questions was over the chairman threw the meeting open to those who wished to speak on behalf of the candidates. Betty Sandall gave her views as to why Reardon would be the better man, and then Bob Maitland spoke on behalf of Corston.

Mr. McKean then added his bit in Corston's favour, and Lloyd Dalton evened up the score by saying that they were both fine fellows, but he favoured Reardon. The last speaker was Art Peake, who told the meeting that the Law Society was highly satisfied with George Corston as Secretary-Treasurer.

In spite of all the remarks about unity between the two campuses, no one suggested that the quickest way to bring the two together in fellowship and harmony would be a tavern, half way down Morris Street, and the meeting was adjourned.

As things stand now the Dal Grads are leading the City League with the Tigers running in second place. If the senior team wins the next three games they will be in the play-offs, and Manager Butch Lawson thinks they have a good chance.



With apologies to Al Capp

Dalhousie Gazette

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The views expressed in any column of *The Gazette* are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the student body.

A WOMAN'S VIEW

It would be almost futile either to pretend or to create interest in any other issue than that one which is, or should be occupying the mind of every student on the campus now; and that is, the forthcoming election. To discuss this vital question of campus politics is not inappropriate, we feel, to the co-ed issue; for the question is equally important to the women at Dalhousie as to the men, and affects them as greatly.

The very name, "campus politics", is a misnomer, for it suggests at once a comparison with the sort of thing that one naturally associates with federal and provincial elections; and that is, chiefly, party feeling running high. There are no parties at Dalhousie; or there should not be. We have, of course, a Studley faction, a Medicine faction, a Law faction, and so on; and by campaigning, platforms, and all the other familiar attributes of party elections, we accentuate the differences between these groups, rather than bringing them together in a closer co-operation, which would work to the benefit of all the students of all the faculties.

Campaigning calls to mind other unpleasant features of an election system we should avoid rather than encourage. There are the rash promises, in all probability sincerely meant at the time when they are made, but impossible to carry out. There is also the oratory which is very likely to sway the voters to an emotional selection of those who are to fill the responsible positions of the university, instead of a carefully considered selection based on a thorough investigation by each voter of the qualifications and past record of achievement of each candidate.

We all regret the fact that there is a separation between the campuses of our university, that often makes it difficult for the student to know all the people for whom he is voting. It frequently causes him to vote for a poorly-qualified candidate whom he knows, rather than a well-qualified one with whom he is not familiar. Campaigning and platforms do not provide the answer to this problem. Whereas under the present system one Council is very much like all its predecessors in types that go to make it up, in its sincere desire to act at all times to the best advantage of the students as a whole, and in its conservatism; under a system of intensive campaigning, sooner or later the wrong men are going to be swept into office on the strength of a few impassioned speeches. So that is not the answer. Co-operation is the only platform which has any truth or reality, and the only one that promises any benefit to the student. Let us then make it our business to break down these artificial barriers between the campuses. The duty of the student who wishes to have only the best qualified people in the highest positions of his university is to vote, not because a candidate is in Medicine, or Law, or in Arts and Science, and for that reason only; but rather because of his individual merit, regardless of his faculty. It is not the duty of the candidate to make himself known through campaigning, but of the student to know, by careful thought and investigation, for whom he votes.

INTELLECTUAL MODESTY

(Contributed)

When will we learn to push the bowl of bread and milk that we are eating from us? When will we eat instead the real food of men? We are living on pap, we college students. We are too afraid, or else too indifferent to discuss those things which are at the root of all life—love and art and religion and philosophy. "It is 'not done'," we say. O ye Gods! Yet, while we scratch the sands of learning like young chicks just hatched from their shells, the great guns are booming across the sea, shattering into ruins your civilization and mine.

Into the school-room filled with intellectual modesty comes the voice of a woman. A woman who suffered continually from ill-health, and who spent the greater part of her life on the farms and in the small towns of South Africa. A woman who said about her greatest book, "The worst of this book of mine is that it's so womanly." Now let us see what this 'womanly' book has to say about religion, and love.

"The true atheist is of necessity no longer the man who denies a knowledge of an unknown and unseen personality, but rather a man who believes that by juggling with facts he can outwit the Universe and make that which he knows is not as if it were; . . . and the sin against the Holy Ghost—the sin which hath no forgiveness—is the conscious wilful blinding of our own eyes to any form of reality."

"The love which is not planted on naked sincerity, which needs subterfuge and self-deception and the deception of another for its life, is a plucked flower stuck into the sand; what matter how soon it dies—it has no real life."

"Prostitution, especially the prostitution of men of themselves to their most brutal level, can't really be touched till man not only says but feels woman is his equal, his brother human to whom he must give as much as he takes, and the franchise is one step toward bringing that about."

If you read those searchings after truth without blanching or feeling uncomfortable, then any charge of intellectual modesty is entirely without foundation.

The BOOK SHELF

"The Homely Slighted Shepherd's Trade"

Of recent months our patriots have been awaking and filling the newspapers with warnings—warnings meant to unify Canadian sentiment for the duration of what looks to be a desperate world-struggle. Russia is receiving a large share of the censure of the Press; Canadians are being taught, by Colonel Drew, and others to see Russia as a vast country which is but slowly throwing off the shackles of barbaric wickedness. That much of this anti-Russian talk is true I do not doubt. A glance at Russian history is enough to show the rudeness of Russian civilization, but that glance also calls the student's attention to a few facts that make him hesitate to speak of a rude culture as a low culture. One of the facts is this: Russia has produced, and is producing, great music. If this fact does not seem extraordinary to you, may I recall you to a study of Canadian civilization? Read books, or look about you in daily life, and ask yourself, "Does not art play any part in Canadian life?" So far as I have observed, the only Canadian art that arouses any enthusiasm among average Canadians, is the work of our schools of painters. Music, in spite of the abundance of people who take piano lessons, means almost nothing in our lives I cannot give any satisfactory reason why this is so; perhaps we are too prosperous, perhaps we think too much instead of feeling, or we mistake feeling for weak sentimentality. (like the writers of popular songs.) But whatever the reason, I think we must bear in mind this defect and value the total of our culture, and Russian culture accordingly. I am not trying to draw a comparison between Canadian and Russian civilization to the advantage of Russia, but only to call to mind the mysterious phenomenon of art in the life of a nation. We in Canada have benefited greatly by British common sense and political genius, but who could say of Canada what Havelock Ellis said of Russia in 1914: "It is the genius of Moussorgsky which all these things so magnificently interpret. And Moussorgsky typifies the genius of Russia: a gigantic untrained child, strong and playful and spontaneous, manifesting itself with a magnificently original energy, and yet with the child's naive simplicity, sweet and enormous. . . . That is the genius of Moussorgsky. That is also the Genius of Russia." Could anyone tell me what is the Genius of Canada?

I've Lived Enough

I've lived enough; why should I still strive on?

Well, twenty-four eternal years ago A woman, scarcely older than myself,

With sweet intention took the path along

The dizzy brink of life's high precipice,

Endured the agony of clinging to its ridge

That I through her might live.

Throughout these four-and-twenty endless years

She has kept watch of everything I've done,

Rejoiced for every small success of mine

And sorrowed for my injuries and wrongs.

The woman gave but half the love and care

That tended me with such solicitude. A strong, brave-hearted man was

with her, too,

Co-author and protector of my life. A double duty his, to guide my steps

aright

And to secure contentment for us both.

Throughout these four-and-twenty weary years

His labor has sustained my every day,
Supplied my many needs; he oft denied
Himself to give the pleasures I desired.

If these, apart from my peculiar self,
Can joy in their accomplishment through me,
For whom each conscious sacrifice was made,
Then how can I repay such tender care
Except by striving on as best I may
To justify their pride.

Throughout another four-and-twenty years,
Or twice that number, if they wish it so,
May I go on, to prove their enterprise,
To them at least, a noble work well done
E.L.B.

Reflection

I love windows, but best of all I love the window in the old town hall. In memory I see it clearly still: a bit of tracery in old brown wood, curved in a simple Gothic arch, the moonlight streaming through, its silver flood subdued by glass as delicate as the wind-blown clouds of March. So familiar was its simple beauty, like the blue of August skies, or the vivid green of June's wood lawns, that its absence lends a sweet appeal to which I was quite adamant while in the presence of its loveliness.

Other windows present to view the richest mosaics of leaded glass, imagery in colored light of jewelled brilliance; other windows permit vistas which fill the heart with quick delight, bringing joy to weary eyes, to minds so cloyed with sordidness that the pleasant vision seems, by sheer contrast, a bit of heaven. But none ever will be as precious to me as that blind arch of light, for it watched over a moment of perfect contentment which I shall never forget. Through it the silver light of evening shone upon the face that is dearest to all the world to me. Window, moonlight, evening shadows, shared with us the magic communion of our thoughts, our words. A quiet peace pervaded all our world. We knew in that brief space a paradise divine, flooded with soft radiance, vibrant with a lingering melody, soothed by the incense of fresh growing flowers. Profound happiness filed my soul. Could such perfect joy live on then heaven would indeed come back to earth.

The moment ended, we moved away, and left the lustre of that window in the past. Still its pale shadow of light stays with me. I close my eyes to see it once again as it grew upon my vision then. I hear in memory the music of a dear voice, and the fair spirit of that happy moment returns to bless my day; returns, called from the past by the vision of a simple Gothic arch aglow with the silver of summer moonlight.
Erin

EVENING SONG

By K. A. R.

I shall walk home tonight,
In the crisp and crunching snow,
By the white path, I'll go
Through the trees.
And I'll watch the dying glow
Of the sun beyond the coast,
As the darkness, creeping, goes
Close beside me, like a ghost.
And I shall linger, as I please.

I shall walk home alone,
And my dreams shall be my guide,
As the frail new moon hangs
In the blue.
And perhaps I'll make a wish
Upon the pale evening star,
Hanging o'er me like a spark
From some great eternal fire.
And I shall wish for everlasting youth.

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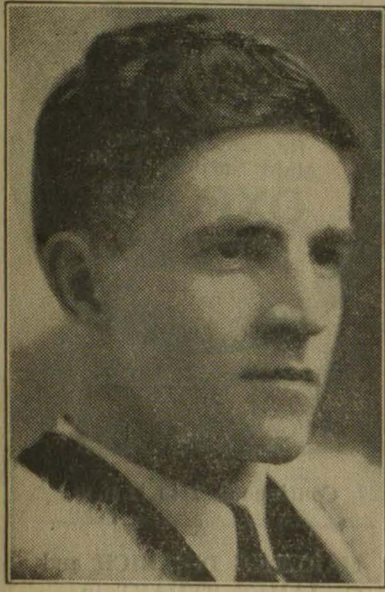
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Dalhousie's « « who's who



WEBSTER MacDONALD
Arts '40

The Co-Ed issue just couldn't be "tops" without some mention of the opposite sex and without any hesitation we feel sure that Webster MacDONALD is worthy of such an honour.

Born in Kentville, N. S. Webbie started his academic career in his home town, furthering his studies in Montreal and Kings County Academy. In the fall of 1937 he entered Dalhousie, with an entrance scholarship as a student in Arts taking an Honours Course in Public Administration.

On the field of sport Webster ranks high. In the last two years he has capably played on both the senior rugby and hockey teams. Badminton is another sport he has well in hand. In boxing he displays the ability of knowing "how to throw his punches."

A few weeks ago the title role of "The Swashbuckling Romeo" in the tragical farce of "Romeo and Juliet" written by Lincoln Fraser, was well portrayed by Webster "who startled the audience with his vocal efforts in the best classical style."

Last but not least one must mention his literary ability. The first year at college Web was editor of the King's College Record, the second year brought a \$200 prize for winning the "James DeMille Essay" competition and this year he is editing a Gazette that is far above average. The editorials Webbie pens are really worth reading!

Next year Web hopes to take law and we feel sure that it will be just another step along the road to success. After that who knows—perhaps the love of journalism shall entice him from a law practice or maybe the civil service will claim him or perchance too he shall sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa translating a sound philosophy into active life. Whatsoever it shall be we wish him the best of luck and happy landings.

Sign on the door of the bathroom in my boarding house:

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MINNIE MOO FROM MUSQUODOBOIT

The Strange Adventure of Minnie Moo; or
Yah! Yah! Yah! Said the Little Fox

Filled with determination and Saguenay Specials, Minnie Moo decided to track the insidious archfiend Rufus Rayne to his lair. Following a trail of eerie greenish mist down Wubber MacTunneled she soon arrived at a dank cavern lighted only by the fitful gleams from Meeter Beneath's nose.

"Aha", shrieked Boob Lateman, "I am lost—Shady Hawkins has found me at last!" "Not so," cackled our intrepid Minnie, "Throw another nickel on the drum and follow me!"

Saying which she picked a New Rolls Royce out of Boob's hat, and the trio rolled merrily along a tunnel filled with a weird greenish mist (see above) and the blood-chilling wails of the despairing ones who had sat in vain by their telephone waiting to be asked to the "we want fellas" dance.

They emerged into the bright moonshine, to find Batty Bug and Fretty Barnone chasing each other ecstatically around a grassy plot, made up of six delicious flavors and four out of five can have it. Just then Wheezy Dishup darted out of the underbrush, wrapped the Old Oaken Bucket around Fretty's neck and led him away screaming, chanting as she went, in her hand-organ like voice, "Who's afraid of the C.S.A.?"

"Aha", chortled, screeched, cackled, gurgled, and roared the voice of Cuddles Bloomer, coming from a passing radio car, "has anyone seen my pal Hanky Weird One—or any reasonable facsimile?"

"There ain't no such animule," hissed Gone Wishwell, the sly dog. Just then a loud noise of osculation ushered in Fanny Anderlittleboy and Jean Singe'em, screaming "Happy Birthday to us!", and beckoning to the whole Bed School (Please excuse the bad code id by head).

A wailing cry from Batty Bug, who by this time had recaptured Fretty signalled the arrival of Shady Hawkins. It's our Shady," croaked Batty hoarsely. As the girls fell on grateful knees to their benevolent deity, the boys disappeared into a thin greenish mist—all except Cuddles Bloomer who cowered under a lotus leaf, mumbling distractedly, as he picked the petals off a shun flower, "Olga—Marjorie—Olga—Marjorie—" until the nice men in the white coats came and explained to him the error of his ways, and stubbornly refusing any substitutes, carried him away—still muttering.

Saddened by this tragedy, the happy group hysterically, and hopping on the back of a passing chill, trembled down the tunnel in search of Rufus Rayne, the despicable dirty dog who had done this desperate deed. Suddenly 6,394 pairs of fiendish eyes glared at them from the warm, scented darkness, accompanied by a burst of maniacal laughter—

Will the little red fox escape the vengeance and return next week? Will Rufus ever forgive Minnie? Will anybody?

Fraternities

Pi Beta Phi

Many people cannot understand why the Women's Fraternities on this campus are not called "sororities". It seems fitting at this time to explain that a sorority is only a local club, whereas a women's fraternity is an international organization.

At the 1934 Pi Beta Phi Convention a group of Dalhousie women students presented their petition, and prospectus for affiliation with this oldest International Women's Fraternity. These girls, members of the local sorority Sigma Theta Pi received their charter in the same year, and Nova Scotia Alpha Chapter was installed at this University.

Since that time the Fraternities has rapidly expanded in both membership and activities. Various members have been outstanding in student activities such as Glee Club, Delta Gamma, Students Council and Debating.

Each year the Chapter as a group has entered into philanthropic work by giving services to the Children's Hospital, or some other local charitable institution.

The International Fraternity maintains a Settlement School in the Appalachian Mountains as a memorial to the Founders of Pi Beta Phi. This school is supported by voluntary contributors from Alumnae Clubs and active chapters.

Many Pi Phi's have distinguished themselves individually in Student activities such as Shirley Kirkpatrick, the first woman vice-president of the Dalhousie Students Council and Peggy Merkel, Life Vice-President of the class of 40. Katherine Robinson won the Panhellenic Award last year and Daphne Christie is the Secretary of the Arts and Science Society. Among the few women graduates of Dalhousie Law School, Pi Beta Phi has had two members Margaret Drummie and Merle Purtill.

Alpha Gamma Delta

Alpha Eta chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta received its charter of incorporation in 1932. It was the first woman's fraternity on the campus to enter an international, having formerly been a local sorority, Kappa Kappa Sigma whose members became the charter members of the new chapter. Amongst well-known local alumnae are Aileen Meagher, who ran in the Olympics in '32 and '36 and in the British Empire Games in '34 and '38, and Eirene Walker who was sent as a delegate to the Canadian Youth Congress held in Winnipeg last summer. On the campus this year as assistant to Professor Douglas in the geology department is Helen Belyea, who is a member of the Malcolm Honour Society.

Alpha Gam maintained as its altruistic work, two summer camps for underprivileged children, at Welland, Ontario and Jackson, Michigan. Two Alpha Etas, Vivian Douglas and Mardi Schwartz have served as workers at Welland camp.

Every two years an international convention is held to which Alpha Gams are sent from campuses all over the States and Canada. Last June a convention at which Ethel Mackenzie was a delegate was held at Spring Lake, New Jersey. This year besides the usual social activities many important events have taken place in the chapter. One of the most important was the founding of a Mother's Club, which plays a friendly and important part in the life of the chapter.

In extra-curricula activities at Dalhousie Alpha Gam is well represented by Carly Sullivan as manager of the girls' tennis team; Dot Mackenzie as manager of the ground hockey team; Marjorie Manning as assistant manager of the basketball team on which four Alpha Gams play; Barby Schwartz as secretary-treasurer of Delta Gamma Society and Kay Hicks and Ethel Mackenzie as members of Midlothian.

Kay Hicks has also been prominent in Glee Club shows as well as a member of the Students' Council. This enthusiastic turn-out for the different activities shows the support and esteem Alpha Gam gives to Dalhousie.

Seen on a door at Shirreff Hall:
Us is broom mates;
We sweep together;
Dust us two.

Confucius say (now don't be alarmed!)—"Man who crosses ocean twice without taking bath is dirty double crosser."

Sheaf.

Meow-w-w

The doings at the Junior Prom this year would be a delight to any columnist's heart—we feel terribly sorry that the "Little Pig" can't take advantage of it.

We hear, among other things, that Johnny and Marie forgot where they were going and ended up in a saxophone. It is often advisable to keep the eyes open while dancing—even if it's more fun the other way.

Several of the dancers were seriously disturbed to see, in place of the usual pink elephants, two screens advancing up the dance floor. What—or whom—were Jack and Mary hiding from?

Pete MacCreath trickled in—and we mean trickled—with a new lovely tucked securely under his wing—none other than our own Bob Maitland!

And among the other unexpected guests was one Charlie Roberts—unexpected even to himself until very late, we are told. Could the old flame be burning again?

So much for the Prom. To get down to more practical things, there is that delightful tid-bit from the Med School. It seems that the other day the whole first year class rushed to one of the windows as one man. The reason? Two pairs of white rubbers crossing the staid Forrest campus.

The unexpected happened at the Mock Parliament Tuesday night—that august body was dissolved—in alcohol! They adjourned to the Cameo and entertained the customers with their witticisms and high young spirits instead.

Can it be jealousy that makes Flit want to add his little bit to the scandal column—even this weakened feminine version of same?

We hear with pleasure about one Bill Howe's presence of mind in time of stress—and under such circumstances, too! It seems that just when the long arm of the Law was reaching to gather him in, Bill fainted—or something—and then made good his escape when the Law went to look for conveyance!

A Sigma Chi has been lurking around the Hall these days where a Phi Kap was wont to be. It seems strange that two from the very same home-town should discover each other after all these years—doesn't it, Jeff?

It has come to our ears in a round-about way that "Glamorpants" Ritchie is being solicited by a well-known magazine to write an article on "The Secret of My Success; or, What Is My Strange Power Over Women?" We have our own theory—it's that devastating blush!

A certain red-headed young lady was indignant about the alleged slur on the Zetes last week. She announced to us with pride in her voice, the "Only seven Zetes beat eleven Phi Deltas at hockey last Sunday!" All of which proves—what? It is hardly necessary to guess at the source of Kissy's interest in the welfare of Zeta Psi.

To turn to more serious things, we hear with much regret that hard luck has caught up with Joan Balem again. It's been a tough term, Joan, but we're pulling for you and are looking forward to seeing you around the campus again before long.

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MATERIA MEDICA

An epidemic broke out in Med. faculty last week. There were several cases of "new female friends," Claude and Archie were among those at the dance with this serious affliction. What would that Green Gables girl think, Claude?

Rod appeared at the basketball game with his little Saint John attack. It happened on the train, says he.

Speaking of Saint John reminds me—Did Kent Irwin make the Gazette after his whirlwind courtship? Jane came to the fraternity formal planning to stay a few days. About two weeks later she went home with a fraternity pin. Congratulations Kent! She is pretty special.

These days the Sadie Hawkins dance and elections are uppermost in our thoughts. There are so many "han'some, romantical Li'l Abners" stamping about the Med. school that Daisy Mae and Sadie should have quite an exciting time tracking down the right one for March 6. Do you hunting early fella's!

Now I can pick up the torch and carry on from last week's column. Remember the author suggesting every voter should personally investigate "the records and merits of all candidates for election"? That is important.

This whole business of elections is important although a nuisance. For one thing it is the beginning of political life. Your vote this year is a factor in the molding of next year's course of events.

Beware the candidate who sudden showers attention on everyone. Pay no attention to those working for him. Decide for yourself what man is big enough for such a responsible position as President of the Students' Council. Then build up a good group around him, not

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Woman's Place in Modern Society
Jean Burnham, 1st year Medicine
—"A woman's place is in the home. Career? Career be damned!"

John Wiswell, 1st year Medicine
—"A woman's place? A woman is merely an accessory something or other to accede to the wishes of man—anyway she is always trying to get what she can out of a man!"

(Columnist's note: Oh, Johnny—Oh, oh!)

Jeff Gillis, 2nd year Law — "A woman's place is in the home—absolutely!"

Louise Bishop, Arts '42—"There just isn't any particular place for woman in the modern world—she's everywhere! Whoa—my name's not Sadie!"

Maureen Allen, 3rd year Law—"There is a place in industry for every woman—her job is to find it."

Charlie Gordon, 1st year Medicine
—"A woman should be put on a pedestal."

Helen Wentworth, M. Sc. Student
—"I'm torn between two opinions. Is it in the home or isn't it?"

(Columnist's note: Lady, we're asking you!)

Bernie Graham, 1st year Medicine
—"It would be unwise to quote me on such a subject."

Madeline Evans, 1st year Law—"Every woman should have a business training—but her place is in the home."

Gordon Bethune, 1st year Medicine—"I don't know what woman's place is—but I hope you can't read my mind!"

"yes men" but thinkers and active workers. Do likewise with other organizations.

Finally, trust to luck fellow students will have the sense to do the same.

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Dalhousie Plays In Intercollegiate Basketball



CO-ED INTERVARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Dal girls' basketball has not been a howling success this year. There are five new players on the team who have never played varsity basketball before. We have lost three intercollegiate games.

Acadia vs Dal at Acadia . . . 44-10
U.N.B. vs Dal at Dalhousie . . . 25-19
Acadia vs Dal at Dalhousie . . . 23-18

In the games with Acadia we were handicapped by the absence of one of our forwards due to sickness.

On the whole the team is fairly strong but needs more team practice. The passing is ragged. They should be careful about fouling. Five times girls have been put off for this crime, despite the efforts of Miss Wray to polish her rough diamonds.

An American Physical Education Program

By PHIL WRAY

What if you had not come to Dalhousie? What if you had chosen some other university at that moment of deciding; for instance, one of the co-educational colleges across the southern border.

You would find yourself confronted with this question, amongst all the others. Three periods a week of physical activity must be attended. It is the fall season, so you may choose tennis, hockey or archery. Add to this one hour of personal and social hygiene. Then when winter comes you go in for winter sports or gymnastics or volley ball for two periods a week, and folk dancing for the third.

A rather different range of activities present themselves in early spring. There are hikes and cabin parties at camp; badminton, ping pong, bowling or games such as deck tennis, shuffleboard, paddle tennis. In the last spring term you return to archery or tennis or perhaps swimming and life-saving.

As a sophomore you have the same choices for your three periods a week, but you do not take hygiene. When you attain the status of junior you may choose riding, stunts and tumbling, tap dancing or modern dancing.

At the first and last of each year you have a thorough physical examination and also a medical one. Any bad condition, injury or illness is checked closely. You find yourself in a health conference with you as the subject, and your parents find themselves with reports of your health on their hands.

The Women's Athletic Association sponsors all sports and athletics and a great number of extra curricular activities. There is a tea and a banquet, a hare and hound chase; a ski week-end and a house party, and snow hikes and delightful week-ends to a cabin on your own camp grounds.

They get together with the boys' association and have such things as Health Week and riding breakfasts. They have a freshman inspired sports tour, and you are amazed at the two gym floors, the fine tennis courts, the three games rooms, the two cabins; and the equipment that is there for your use in any game.

As all these events are under stu-

By MARG MACINTOSH

Joan Blackwood, forward, captain, 3rd year on team. From Glace Bay where she trained on boys' rules. A good dependable forward.

Carly Sullivan: forward, 3rd year on varsity team. From St. Stephen where she also played boys' rules and was captain of the high school team. Best shot on team.

Mary MacKeigan: Freshette, played formerly on H.C.A. team as guard. Plays forward, very quick and a fair shot.

Barb. Schwartz: played on first team two years ago, had to drop out last year on account of sickness. Plays interchangeably as guard or forward. Is a fair shot, when playing guard is inclined to desert her woman.

Mary Johnson: Freshette. Played last year for H.L.C. Is quite good by spurts. Needs more experience in league games.

Reta Harrison: 3rd year on team. Our best guard, good at intercepting. From H.C.A. first team. All forwards quail before her.

Daphne Clarke: Freshette. From H.C.A. where she played guard. Is sub. forward on Dal team. Needs more experience.

Kay Hicks: First year on Dal team. From Bloomfield where she was centre player. Has makings of good guard but needs to keep her eyes open.

Marj Manning: Another new guard on Dal team. Played at Edgehill. Needs practice in jumping. Is our assistant manager.

Girls' Sports Review

By RETA HARRISON

When Miss Wray first came to us as full time physical instructress two years ago girls' sport at Dal immediately took a jump and this year it has continued to improve and to include more girls. Much of this has been due to Miss Wray and we are grateful for her coaching ability and the interest she takes.

Although as yet this year the Dal girls haven't won any laurels in their games they have nevertheless had a great deal of good fun and benefit from them.

In ground hockey they had a very successful season—lots of interest and also good weather. The usual games with H.L.C. and Edgehill were played and of course those 'rarities'—the girls against the boys. Those are more fun than a picnic even if the boys don't stick to the rules.

Badminton has been growing steadily at Dal during the past few years and is still doing so. Since the freshette have been started a good foundation has been made for future players and more people are playing.

The intercollegiate tournament this week-end is a big step towards bigger and better badminton at Dal.

Intercollegiate basketball has been going on for a long time but in this too, an advance has been made. For the first time a Maritime girls league has been formed in which U.N.B. could enter a team. A con-

stitution for this league has been drawn up—mostly due to efforts of Miss Wray and Marjorie MacIntosh.

The Dal team this year is not outstanding but it is good and still has hopes of being on the top of the league this year.

Interclass basketball which was started only last year is now an established institution. There is even a cup donated by our lovable Red Payne. This league, which was won by last year's freshettes is still undecided this year, and as the teams are very evenly matched, it is hard to tell which is going to win.

On this day of review you look at this year and find that your social, physical, educational, recreational and academic educational lives have become completely mixed with each other. They are all one.

So there is a brief look at the life an American girl chooses when she goes to a typical co-educational college.

*The physical education program of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

CO-ED LOSE TO ACADIA

Last Saturday afternoon we saw the Dal Coeds put up a good fight against the Acadians, but luck was against them, one of the first live forwards being away, and they lost their third intercollegiate game.

On the whole the game was not very exciting because of the fouls which slowed down the play a great deal. Two of the Dal players and

Acadia Captures N. S. Title

This year for the first time in the history of Dal, the Tigers have been entered in the N. S. intercollegiate league and last night they dropped the final game of a sudden death series to Acadia by a score of 34-29.

In the first half the Dal squad showed us one of the best games they have ever played. They controlled the play, broke fast and did some spectacular shooting. Bundy was outstanding and high scorer when the whistle blew—the score being 16-8 for Dal.

After half time Acadia put on a drive and within the first few minutes had piled up several baskets. Dal failed to use their slow safe play to guard their lead and left Acadia wide open. Perhaps it was the beautiful fluke shots the Axemen tossed that broke the Dal spirit, but the Tigers lagged and didn't get up to top play again.

Clutch MacKimmie played a superb game and was high scorer for Dal and Brannon starred for Acadia.

Acadia: Titus 8, Cameron, Morton 4, Lawson, Camp, Murphy, Barr 7, Bayne 5, Brannen 10.

Dal: Seaman, MacKenzie 3, Bundy 8, Hart 2, Charman, Smith, MacKimmie 12, MacKenzie 4.

Dalhousie Badminton

By HAZIL BROWNHILL

Badminton has proved a popular sport this season. Dal has teams in the Halifax Church League, and Young People's League, giving 24 students excellent practice and fun.

In McCurdy Cup days only eight students were on the team, the others being members of the Alumni. Clyde Sperry is coach and can be seen any Saturday afternoon giving very beneficial instruction.

Prof. Mercer has a class for girls on Fridays. Phyl. Wray is teaching the beginners. Those who don't learn to play can only blame themselves.

The students' cup tournaments are well under way and should be finished by Munro Day. Marjorie MacIntosh and Del Gibson should take the singles events.

Much interest is being shown in this week-end's intercollegiate tournament—the first ever to be held. The finals will be played Saturday evening in the gym on specially laid-out courts. We would like to see a good crown to witness these exciting sets. Mt. A. and Acadia will be represented and Dal will put in a strong team.

The Executive of the D. A. A. C. have passed a constitution whereby Badminton will become a minor sport and for three felt "D's" a silver "D" will be awarded. This is expected to become effective this year. D.G.A.C. will have a meeting soon to discuss a similar constitution. We hope to see gold "D's" awarded before long, as the players certainly have more matches to turn out for than in any other sport.

one of the Acadians were put off the floor for fouls and Dal had to finish the game one player short.

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