

A. and S. BYE-ELECTION TUESDAY

GLEE CLUB SCORES HIT



Sheik Graves receives adulation of Freshman cohorts Sue Morse (Sweater Queen), Doreen Miller, Margaret Morrison and Anita Reed in Frosh smash hit production.

First of this season's Glee Club productions, the annual Freshman Show was released before a large and appreciative audience last Friday night. The performance was presented in the form of a musical revue and variety show. A great number of talented freshmen were unearthed by their revue and outstanding performances were turned in by Anita Reed, whose Oriental gyrating and twisting caused many a male heart to palpitate just a little

faster, Lorraine Harper, dancer "par excellence" and the song team of Dorothy Rose and Art Hearst whose rendition of "Until Tomorrow" had a wistful appeal that brought the tune to the fore as Saturday's number one hit on the campus.

Many of the numbers were slightly more risqué than your reporter has hitherto had the opportunity of witnessing on this campus but you don't hear us kicking about that. More of it, say I. Barbara White as the tough sophisticated strip teaser was a natural. All the boys had to do was to shut their eyes and imagine. And they did.

As the gum chewing, gabby, switch-board operator with the Bronx accent, Jean Cameron did a grand job. It was obviously a take-off on the comedy team of "Brenda and Cobina" but was well handled and not overdone.

The solo efforts of Lynn Marcus

in her rendition of "Daddy" were a delight to the ear and provided lots of "Oomph". The feature attraction of the evening, however, and one that received the most enthusiastic reception was a surprise presentation by Bunny Levitz, who gave an excellent impersonation of a Latin American dancer in the number Frenesi.

Altogether, the show reflected creditably on those who had charge of its direction. Production manager Kirkpatrick and Director Levitz deserve the full credit for the performance while to Barbara Sieniewicz goes orchids for the unique costumery. Although some grumbling as to the shortness of the show could be heard, there was little criticism directed at the show itself.

Music for the presentation was supplied by Jerry Naugler while a Student Orchestra took over for the dance afterwards.

ATTENTION GRADUATES!

Will the following please take \$2.00 themselves to Climo's to have their pictures taken on

Tuesday—P.M.:

- 2.00—Mary Beattie
- 2.15—Louise Bishop
- 2.30—D. J. Black
- 2.45—Phyllis Blakeley
- 3.00—K. Boite
- 3.15—Grace Burris
- 3.30—J. Caban
- 3.45—Chris Cameron
- 4.00—K. Campbell
- 4.15—M. Campbell
- 4.30—R. Cohen
- 4.45—Mary Comeau

- 2.30—B. Fink
- 2.45—A. Forsyth
- 3.00—A. Gardner
- 3.15—H. K. Greer
- 3.30—N. Hermans
- 3.45—C. Hicks
- 4.00—M. Hyland
- 4.15—Mary Kinley
- 4.30—P. Lane
- 4.45—E. Littlejohns

Remaining Grads:

Please watch the bulletin board for time schedules for their appointments.

Wednesday—P.M.:

- 2.00—T. H. Drillon
- 2.15—M. Evans

Dunn And MacIntosh Candidates For Council Vacancy Windebank Post-Grad Representative

By order of the Student Council, bye-elections for the vacant Arts and Science seat on the Student Council will be held on Tuesday, November 18th. John Windebank was elected to the position in the spring elections last year, but as a result of his having joined the post-grad ranks this year, he was forced to vacate the seat in October. Later, at a meeting of the post-grads, Windebank was reappointed to the Council as post-grad representative.

REVOLT in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING CLUB

After a moderately acrimonious discussion the executive of the Effective Speaking Club resigned at a business meeting held in the Arts Building Thursday the sixth. The ostensible purpose was to free Mr. Edward Morris, the president, from such prosaic matters as the conducting of meetings, so that he might act as a "Jupiter fulminator", co-ordinating the activities of Sodales and the Effective Speaking Club. For this purpose he was elected honorary president of the club.

The new executive consists of Miss Betty Ritchie, president; Jim Stevens, vice-president; and Colin Smith (surprise!) as secretary. To strengthen the club, members were appointed to handle various phases of its activities and represent sections of its membership: Forrest, Ed Weir; Studley, Doug Robertson; Freshmen, Allan Butler; Gazette Jim Stevens; Sherriff Hall, to be announced.

The policy of the new executive is to make the club the training ground for all students interested in public speaking and to prepare for Sodales.

If you have any ideas which you're ashamed to express in normal society, tell them to the club.

Considerable delay in arranging for the election of a successor to the post was occasioned by the lethargy and inaction of the Arts & Science Society in making nominations. At a meeting of that Society, held at the first of November, the names of Andy Dunn and Alec MacIntosh were brought forward as candidates for the Council vacancy and were approved by the meeting.

Ballots are to be cast in the D.A.A.C. room in gymnasium between the hours of twelve noon and one o'clock on Tuesday. All students registered in the Faculty of Arts & Science and possessing a Student Council card are entitled to cast a vote. Webster MacDonald has urged that every student eligible to vote shall exercise his franchise as an indication of his support and interest of student government. All too few realize that it is of vital concern to every Dalhousian to see to it that he is adequately represented on his University government. Almost every phase of student activity at Dalhousie is controlled and regulated by the Student Council. These are the solons upon whom rests the responsibility of spending your ten dollars. It is, therefore, your duty if you are entitled to a vote, to cast a ballot on Tuesday.

? DIPO ?

(Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion)

Should U. S. and Great Britain Have Russia Join Them in Post War Policing of the World?

45% decided in the affirmative, the same in the negative, and 10% were undecided. Of the men, 55% were answered Yes, with no indecision, and the rest an emphatic No. One suggested they would have no choice, another that it was a question as to whether Russia would let them or not. One reason for a negative answer was the fact that Russia has so little a navy. One of the girls said Yes, if she beats Germany. Sister, if Germany wins, there won't be any need for a policing. 38% of the women answered Yes, and 46% no.

How Many Times Have You Taken An Active Part in Dal Organizations? Such as the Football Team? Sodales?

Evidently nearly everyone has engaged in some pursuit or other. Of those quizzed, 30% only, had not engaged in any activity, not even the Effective Speaking Club, where everybody is free to join in. Of this year's frosh class, only one quizzed said he had not taken part in university life. One reason for the quality of frosh activity was the fact that the observer was drawn to the more beautiful freshettes, who have done everything from cartwheeling to wearing green pants and red leg warmers at football games. Others put their social triumphs at a very high level. One had engaged in "thousands of activities", no doubt counting his ping pong games. On the average each person had engaged in 3.8 activities, after we had pared down the 'thousands' to 4.

What Do You Find Most Objectionable About Styles?

This was a double-barrelled question, and each person could comment on that of their own sex as well as that of the opposite. 25% of the men said their styles were all right, and 8½% of the women were just as optimistic. Commenting on their own styles men found fault with loud ties, baggy trousers (looking significantly at the inquisitor), drabness (this one was wearing a green coat), three years behind style, and what's inside. Women commenting on their styles didn't like dippy hats, crooked seamed stockings, everything, knee socks, too radical, don't wear clothes to suit them. There was an agreement on crew cuts, with 16% of the women condemning them. They didn't like striped shirts, frayed collars, (17%), ties (25%), combinations, drab clothes, and white collars with different coloured shirts. Men had more pronounced dislikes. 50% were against knee socks, and certain types of sweaters, some hermits hadn't really noticed, others thought the girls wore too much, their skirt lines too low, their skirts should be rationed more strictly, and there was even one complaint by an explorative individual against girdles.

This week, Queens is to the fore. They are collecting blood there for shipment overseas and the resultant weakness seems to have been transmitted to the jokes. As evidence: Then there was the graduate engineer whose first job was drawing up plans for a prison house (clink to you). When it was finished they found the walls were NOT MADE TO SCALE.

We must agree with the following also from the Queens Journal: I've analyzed it roundly, I've looked at it with care I've studied it profoundly And now I do declare That the difference between them As I check it step by step Is that Seniors are just Freshmen Who have lost their pep.

A "friend" tells us: Dieting is the triumph of mind over platter.

At Western, the college has received assurance that the student rates on trams would apply to all students, not just those under a certain age. Too bad something cannot be done in that way here. We could use a few reductions in transportation fares generally.

Taxis in London, Ont., cost 35c anywhere in the city. After the war something should be done about this here. In the meantime it is evident that not much can be done.

Do you remember this one: "Porter, get me another glass of ice water."

"Sorry, sur, but if I takes any mo' ice dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't goin' to keep."

Some people use statistics like a drunk uses a lamp-post—for support, rather than illumination.

Blame this one on a reader of "Life":

"Senator wants sit-down of woman probed"—headline. Bob Reynolds, no doubt.

Shirreff Hall is quite the place In which to woo a pretty face, For which I'm thankful; And there's a dive down in the town In which my jilted heart I drown— For which I'm tankful.

Then there was the Babe White joke—about the strip tease artist who just couldn't learn to knit because she'd drop ever stitch.

A robin sang.
His cheery notes
Were sweet.
Came chaos wild,
Men trembled, guns
Boomed loud.
Man's cry of fear
Rang loud. But still
The robin sang—
So sweet. —Argosy.

One Moment Please

Sorry to spoil your fun, folks: we'd sure hate to interrupt anything; but we've been asked to advise you that . . . well, maybe we shouldn't make this too abrupt . . . anyway . . . gosh, this is awful—just look at the bulletin boards. Notice anything different? Yeah, the timetables for the Christmas exams have just been posted. Disgusting, isn't it?

Law Ball tonight, fellows. It isn't too late yet. There are still plenty of pretty girls floating around just dying to be asked.

C.O.T.C.—A battalion parade is to be held tomorrow afternoon instead of Sunday. On Sunday, however, "A" Syllabus candidates are to parade at 1000 hours for a two-hour examination paper.

At a meeting of the Class of '42, held on Thursday at noon, arrangements were made to have all graduation pictures taken before Christmas.

A meeting of the Students' Council has been called for this coming Tuesday evening, November 18.

Basketball practices have begun and will be held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at one o'clock.

Don't forget the intercollegiate debate between Dalhousie and Mount Allison co-eds, Room 3, Arts Building, November 26th at 8 p.m. We are upholding the affirmative of "Resolved that modern advertising is more beneficial than harmful to society". Come and root for the home team.

Attention, Shirreff Hall! Pine Hill wishes to announce that its new phone numbers for the year will be B-8576 and B-7908.

Meeting of the Effective Speaking Club, Tuesday, November 18th, Room 18, Arts Building.

Dalhousie Gazette

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OPINIONS IN COLD STORAGE

In the course of the last few weeks there has been some controversy about the age-old question of "college spirit". The long-standing complaint that Dalhousians don't think enough about their university has been revived and answered at two pep rallies and several football games. We have a more serious complaint than that, however, to make against university students at Dalhousie and generally throughout Canada, in that they don't think enough about what is happening around them. During the first months of the war a conference held by the Canadian Student Assembly at St. Anne de Bellevue precipitated a major crisis in university circles and even furnished an occasion for daily sensational editorials by one of the downtown papers. Since that time student interest in politics has waned to such an extent that one can almost agree with the statement of a former president of the Students' Council that "Dalhousie students have no interest in discussing religion and politics". It appears that opinions are being held in cold storage until the end of the war.

This attitude of mind is defended on the ground that our first task is that of winning the war and that all other pursuits must be subordinate to that. It will readily be granted that if the war is won by Germany and her allies all the thinking we may do on the subject will have no practical effect. It is not so certain, however, that planning for a future world is detrimental to the war effort or even that it will be of no effect in furthering it. If the realization of our ideals depends on victory, so also victory depends on the realization of our ideals. Many of the weaknesses of the democracies in the present war can be traced to the fact that we have no clear idea of the sort of a world we are fighting for. The greatest resistance to Hitler has been offered, not by capitalistic, democratic France, but by communistic authoritarian Russia. This Soviet superiority cannot be accounted for by the difference in the technical skill of the two staffs. It is due in great measure to a general honesty and singleness of purpose which had its origin in devotion to an ideal, and that ideal is not simply "holy Russia" but has far more reference to working class feeling than many of us are willing to admit. France was betrayed by dishonesty in high places and in low; and the source of that, as of all, dishonesty, was a lack of constructive idealism. Dishonesty and betrayal are the fruits of indifference, and indifference can be cured only by solid and fearless thinking. Nothing will be as fatal to the war effort as a thoughtless acceptance on our part of every action which the government may carry out in the course of it, with the implied acknowledgement that the resulting peace will be ours only by proxy.

The fact is that after more than two years of war many of us still do not know what we are fighting against, let alone what we are hoping to gain from the struggle. The present war is commonly termed "The war against Hitlerism", but we have not shown ourselves against Hitlerism at home as exemplified in government hostility to unions and in the interning of labor leaders for opposing the policies of companies which are much less patriotic in their actions than are the great majority of workers. There are numerous incipient Fascists in Canada, even within our universities, who extol "Anglo-Saxon" racial superiority as glibly as Julius Streicher lauds his Aryan Germans, and who hint mysteriously that "something should be done about the way the Jews are running the country". Such people would be delighted to see set up in Germany a somewhat modified form of authoritarian government, headed by a "nice" man who would cooperate with Great Britain and keep western Europe safe from Bolshevism.

This is, of course, not the opinion of the average man. Most of us desire to see Hitlerism wiped from the earth because it represents to us the summit of oppression, because in the name of socialism it imposes a new form of economic serfdom upon all but the Junker aristocracy of a chosen race. We hope to see a world of peace in which justice will be firmly established. We even accept (without reading) proposals for a model peace made by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. But we do not think about the matter ourselves, and because we do not think we are a dead people. Idle is the excuse that we must devote all our time to the war effort. English church leaders, engaged in an effort far exceeding ours, have thought it desirable to devote some time to a conference on labour problems. English papers are being deluged with letters from interested people on problems of the peace. We ourselves take time for everything but thinking, and that failure may yet be the cause of a very real defeat.

This matter may seem to be related only very indirectly to the university. It is not, for learning is the first victim of oppression. Japanese bombers were directed towards universities from the very beginning of the Chinese war, and they have succeeded very well in destroying them. Hitler has found it necessary to close the universities of Czechoslovakia. Would he have any reason to close the universities of Canada? They should be centres of a dynamic ideal of democracy, a continual danger to anyone who seeks to impose an unwelcome form of government. Canadian universities are not maintaining that ideal as they ought, and no amount of burning Hitler in effigy will make up for that lack.

If the universities cannot give leadership in the organization of the post-war world, then the future is indeed dark. The course of things must be planned, or the result will be a slot-machine peace which will satisfy no one and which will lead to a third war in this century. Even if we should fail to defeat Hitlerism on the battlefield, thinking

by university students will not be in vain. The ideal of freedom will live in China and in Czechoslovakia. Whether or not it will live in Canada depends on the extent to which it is imbued in our leaders and especially in our thinkers. We students cannot, therefore, afford to leave our opinions in cold storage.

FICTION

Do Unto Others

Sally Rodgers deftly swung her shoulder as she handed a five dollar bill to the taxi driver. Many admiring glances and black looks followed her progress through the crowded station as Sally — young and very pretty — dashed towards the platform heedless of the blows her skis gave. She was late as usual, but fate would never allow her to be left. Eager hands seized her skis as her friends pulled her on the train.

"I thought you'd changed your mind." "You just made it." "I wish I had your luck." "You're not really standing Bill up tonight are you, Sally?" These and other remarks hailed her arrival. The laughing and chattering group moved into the coach slightly flattered that she was willing to break a date to come with them. Inexplicably Sally's spirits rose. She was glad she had come. A cross country skiing trip with the gang was more fun than a dance with Bill. It would serve him right when he found out she wasn't going after all.

The unbroken trail stretched before them for ten miles cross country through woods and fields interspersed with small steep hills, and the terrain gradually sloped to the river where the railway was situated in the valley. The crust was hard, and sparkled like diamonds in the sun. The air was cool and clear like a draught of spring water on a hot day in summer. The fir trees threw jagged shadows across the snow.

"The afternoon has been perfect" sighed someone as the group halted beneath some evergreens to have sandwiches and coffee. "I thought I'd die when Jim tried to go through the tree, and when Mary nosedived into the fence!" "I declare the day just flew. How much farther is it?" "About two miles, I guess." "There's a short cut if you go this way — east — and there are some wonderful hills," said Sally. "It's only a mile, and you come out at Terford instead of the Junction—that's a couple of miles farther up the line. Who'll come with me?" "I'm going to the Junction," said Mary, firmly, "I don't feel like getting lost and missing the train." The others agreed with Mary. But Sally stuck to her decision to go to Terford in spite of their protests. "I bet that when you get on the train you'll find me there." Glancing back from the top of the Long Hill she saw the others straggling towards the Junction. "They acted just like they thought I didn't know the way," muttered Sally, and then the others were forgotten as she glided down the hill faster and faster. She was filled with a sense of increasing mastery and delight. The beautiful scene before her at the top of the hill, the downward dip of the horizon, her increasing confidence in herself as she easily avoided the obstacles in her path were as music to her soul. She was filled with exhilaration and a quiet pleasure. The smoke drifted lazily upwards from the white house etched against the poplars.

With a start of fear Sally realized that the pale frosty yellow tinge of sunset had disappeared, and the shadows were increasing. She was forced to go much slower now because trees and fence posts loomed up unexpectedly out of the dark and unfamiliar world around her. "Surely I should have been at Terford before this — I'll miss the train." Then her left ski hit some submerged object. Sally pitched forward into the snow. She sat up painfully, and disentangled herself from her harness. Rubbing the snow from her eyes she saw a dim light. Gathering up her skis she stumbled towards it.

Sally knocked on the door of the cottage. There was no sound from within so she kicked the door. It opened very slowly. Sally explained that she had been skiing, and had

been separated from her friends, and she was looking for Terford.

"Come in, my dear, come in!" Sally found herself in a square low-ceilinged room facing a short, thin, bent old woman with grey hair and bright blue eyes and faded rosy cheeks. Her dress and sweater were shabby, but neat. "My name's Miss Lang. You're just on the backedge of Terford, but you'd get lost, and anyway the train's gone half an hour ago. I ain't got a phone so I guess you'll just have to stay the night. Take your things off while I get a bite of supper. I get kinda lonely here by myself—though mind now, no one has better neighbors than I have."

The little woman bustled off. Sally looked with distaste around the room. The floor was covered with braided mats. The whitewash was scaling off the ceiling, and the wallpaper was faded. The room was crowded with too much furniture—a small organ, whose yellow ivory keys were loose, a hideous parlor suite, a rude bookcase, and a cracked vase on the mantelpiece. There was a small fireplace in the corner. Sally shivered for the place was unbearably cold. There was no fire. She followed the woman. There was a diminutive bedroom and dining room. Sally had seen many rooms which were larger than this whole house.

She found Miss Lang scrambling eggs on a decrepit stove in a tiny ell kitchen. The ceiling was discolored with water stains. In one corner the water dripped monotonously into a pail. Sally stroked the large black cat lying on a chair. "Why on earth do you live here!" she exclaimed. "Well, you see," said Miss Lang, "I've lived here most of my life, and I stayed here after my father died. I've sort of got used to it. At first I had some real close neighbors, but now there's no other place in the village, and I can't pay more than ten dollars rent out of my pension. Toby here is good company. The man who rents the house has promised to fix the leak, but he's never got around to it."

On Monday, Sally went to her lawyer's office for her monthly check. She was rather stiff from her trip. The lawyer said apologetically as he handed her the check. "Miss Rodgers, that Miss Lang who rents that house of yours in Terford has been complaining again about her repairs. Don't you think you should do something about it?" "Of course not," snapped Sally, she only pays ten dollars a month, and it would take a year's rent to fix the place up." Bill was calling tonight. She must hurry, or she wouldn't have time to buy a new dress.

P. R. B.

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TUNE IN

TUESDAYS

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» THE FEATURE FOLIO «

THE MENTOR

HOW TO COPE WITH COLLEGE LECTURES

Shortly after the start of the College Year, the Frosh suddenly discovers that he is expected to (1) Attend Lectures, and (2) Get Something out of Them. These Revealing Regulations are set forth in the Official Calendar (in Latin) and the average Frosh has no choice but to comply, for it is stated that "everyone attending College must go to Lectures", or else. To the uninitiated, this may come as somewhat of a shock, but it is not too late, as most Lecturers are only now approaching the Subjects offered by the Class.

While Early High School training prepares you for many College activities, it cannot Equip you against the College Lecture System. This is one of the Great Faults of Preliminary Education. The Frosh, when first confronted with the Lecture System, becomes Hopelessly Lost. For weeks he wallows in Deep Despair, for he is learning nothing. This is Discouraging, but not Disasterous, for presently he will discover that when the Lecturer is talking about the internal workings of his old Maxwell, he is merely illustrating the Fact that Milton, as a youth, favored mass hangings instead of the firing squad. These things will come in time, but let us present the first steps in the Inscription of the College Lecture, and use of same.

The College Lecture System is primarily designed to teach by letting you Do Things Yourself. Hitherto you have been Led by the Hand, Educationally speaking, and now you are Facing a New System. No Lecturer worthy of the name, ever talks about the subject of his class. Thus you must Adapt yourself to taking down not what he says, but what You thought he said. This, on future reference, will often be interesting. If the Lecturer is giving a lively discourse on Milton, and suddenly he switches to a discussion on Sheep-dipping in Australia, you can take it that this is some vague comparison to Shakespeare. Put down boldly in your lecture notes that Milton advocated Sanitation in his Tractate on Education. You are now Getting Somewhere. (Note: The drawings you make on the opposite page will avail you nothing in the Exams.)

The Frosh will soon learn that each Professor has a different method of delivering Lectures, though these can be Classified. The most common, and by far the most difficult to follow is the Common or Digressive type of Lectures. The lecturer, in order to pursue the policy of Letting you Do Things Yourself, spends at least 95% of the period showing how the Ancient Greeks could be compared to the even more Ancient Esquimaux, or the Suffocatingly Modern Inhabitant of the Isle of Manhattan, in his manners and customs. These sidelights have nothing to do with the Course, but they Make You Think.

The Frosh will be warned to exercise Great Care in taking Notes in this type of Class. It is Common Practice to Lull the Student into a Lethargy by this means, and then suddenly rush through Really Important material, without giving him a chance to Recover. The best way to deal with this type of Lecture is to Relax, and listen to the Tempo of the Lecturer's voice. As it becomes increasingly rapid, begin to write, following the suggestions set forth in the preceding paragraph. In this way you will be rewarded by catching the Important Points of the Lecture.

The easiest type of Lecture to follow is the Diagrammatic or Illustrative Lecture. Here, there remarks of the Professor are amply and periodically punctuated as he fills the board with Chemical Symbols, Algebraic Formulae, and other Pictures. Here the Student is torn between Two Desires; To take what is being said by the Lecturer, and to get the Hieroglyphics from the Board. It is dangerous to attempt both at first, so the Frosh will be warned to pursue the simpler course of inscribing only the drawings. Some Professors have developed a Technique of doing both Lecture and Drawing at the same time, but if the above suggestion is followed, no Harmful Results can be felt.

A third type of Lecturer, now almost Extinct, is the Perennial or Diehard Lecturer, who gives the same notes, unrelenting, year in and year out. In this case it is only necessary to be present at the lecture. The best method of dealing with this Type is to get somebody's last years Notes and follow these to the Last Letter. Pick somebody who got through the Course—it is safer.

If these Suggestions are applied, you need have no further worry regarding your College Career, for you will have mastered one of the most difficult of all the Problems which confront the Student. If, however, you are still Submerged, consult the Dean of the Law School. You've missed your Calling.

» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

Episode 5

Now You Know or Red as Rayne

The cloud of ballots was growing daily in intensity, gradually turned that faint green. A sort of melancholy thud could be heard, which proved to be nothing more than Drooley Mouthwash being pounded methodically by evil-appearing Xaverians, revelling in Dalhousie gore. At this moment a startling shriek could be heard, which could be seen to be coming from the sweated figure.

Who is the sweated figure? Wouldn't you like to know?

Time out for mental subtraction, and a division could be seen brought into action by Major Hukum, in addition to a huge neon multiplication table. Through it all the Hukum could be sniffed barking furiously, "Fifteen million right shoe laces for the ordnance corps; Rayne on Saturday for the engineers". A bunch of pioneers appeared headed by Elk MacLoud, exploring an acre or two of freshettes, bursting forth in poetry, "Kish me good night, Sergeant Major". Sergeant Major Balaam was following as close upon him as he dared, urging on his decontamination squad to greater efforts. It was a situation for a master, and the master appeared in the shape of Wubber MacTunnelled, who darted to and fro, a solon under each arm, issuing forth gas warn-

ings as he went. Then followed Ignatz Schmidt's signalling corps, then J. Windebag's Lancashire quadrille, then Kerl Antuft and his lobster fisherman, then Sissy Macaroon and the troops. Then followed corps upon corps upon corpse.

As the eternal green fog lifted slightly, two figures could be seen dancing on Lotus Leaves, draped in tight fitting sweaters. One of these detached itself, with ethereal grace, and, describing a graceful hyperbole, alighted in front of the corpse. This was none other than General Hard Hearts, who held the group enthralled by his elegance.

A horrified scream came from the lips of Kerl Antuft and the lobster fisherman. For it was their hated enemy—

PROKOV



Who left the door open?

What is this reactionary villain doing in Major Hukum's corpse? Can it that Dalhousie is being victimized by a counter-revolutionary plot?

The March of Grime

The Shirreff Hall Formal has passed softly into the limbo of the best forgotten past, but we are still wondering if the Leading Lady of the Frosh Show was the Leading Lady at this affair.

Oh what a column I could write
(So luscious and so fiery)
If I could only lay my hands
On poor Ith Graham's diary.

This New Glasgow must be quite a place to attract the boys through all that rain last week-end. Ask Jack?

Won't someone tell us the big secret about 'Dooley'. The inferences are really shocking, but details are lacking as to what it's all about. Come clean, kid, it couldn't be Peanuts, could it?

Some people will do the darndest things to get into this column, though often we will ignore the more obvious attempts. This includes Doreen Miller and the long Red Drawers. Consider yourself ignored, Doreen.

Interesting observation of the week. Chas. "Fido" Doyle seems to have changed his outlook on life. First the Frosh Show, and then the Football game, and the new outlook none other than Ann Mackley. Hm-m-m.

Heard after the Girls' flouroscope examination. "... and of the five other girls who were there, I was the only one Dr. Holland knew in the dark". Such confessions.

What Charles Gordon was stood up by which Campus Personality on Saturday night. Don't tell us its happened again.

Does Miller Ballem think that

T-SQUARE

Good morning, folks, (yawn). Oh hi, anyway, huh? Yeah! you guessed it isn't morning. Well what day is it, we were away with the engineers on the annual "educational" trip. Much may be said for bus seats, ask Johnny McLean, but they are no good for sleeping.

Well, altho' we know lots we dasn't print much 'cause we have no desire to be lynched. So-o-o we would suggest that Ted Canavan should find a nice quiet corner next time. Johnny Rogers will tell you that bottles and skirts have been the downfall of many a man. We hope you don't get us wrong we wouldn't think of gossiping, but let us tell you... that altho' George Smith is quite a romeo the Amherst school girls weren't impressed and so he had to forget his troubles and in the end was feeling quite "happy" about the whole thing. It seems that Mt. A. holds more than Shorty Mussetts o. and o. Eisenhauer and Hubley say they had a good time, were still wondering just what makes a "good-time". Any statements gentlemen—because we think the worst. Charlie Fowler is expected to appear with a new chapeau as a result of a feud enrouté. Our congrats to Bennet and Graham — are your will powers developing or didn't anyone offer you any? Conspicuous by their absence were Santz and Menchions who we know had dates spotted ahead of time.

Wiswell's not satisfied with Miss Tobin he had to chase Barb. W. right down to the dressing room. We understand from an interview that Bob Mussett enjoyed her visit last weekend. Hagen would do well to remember that opportunity only knocks once — we wouldn't accuse Bill of a faint heart, but there must be a reason.

it's part of the Best Man's duty to look after the younger relatives, because he seems to be taking the job seriously.

We understand that there are some very attractive Maids at Pine Hill this year, which may account for the popularity of the same institution to certain members of the Stewdent Body. "Lightning" Forbes seems to think so, anyway. De gustibus non disputandum est.

We should like to apologize to Miss Rose for the item last week. For difficulty in "securing a date" read "dates for friends" throughout. Damon and Pythias had no monopoly on that sort of thing.

Kay is on the loose again. We find it particularly hard to keep up with her transgressions. Possibly Sir Brian, the Lion, of H.M.S. King's will finally settle her down.

D. O. P. E.

Dal Organ of Puerile Enigmas

Where Were You When the Lights Went Out Sunday?

Ed Wier, 1st Year Pre-Med.
I was enjoying the beauties of Nature. Gosh, ain't Nature grand. Gosh I was surprised when those lights went out.

Colin Smith, 3rd Year Arts.
Oo-h, wait a minute... Yes! Out side Brookfield's office, wondering if Shelley was really a snake. (?Ed.)
Betty Bird, 3rd Year Arts.
Oh Boy, Oh Boy! Right where I wanted to be.

Helen MacKay, 2nd Year Science.
.. I was with Betty. (Loud Screams)
Don't put anything down for me. I mean, darn you anyway...
Dave Doig, 3rd Year Commerce.
Gosh... where was I? Golly, I guess I was home I guess.

Unidentified Freshette.
Some of us were in Fader's Drug Store, and gee, everybody was running around grabbing people... Say, why do you care.

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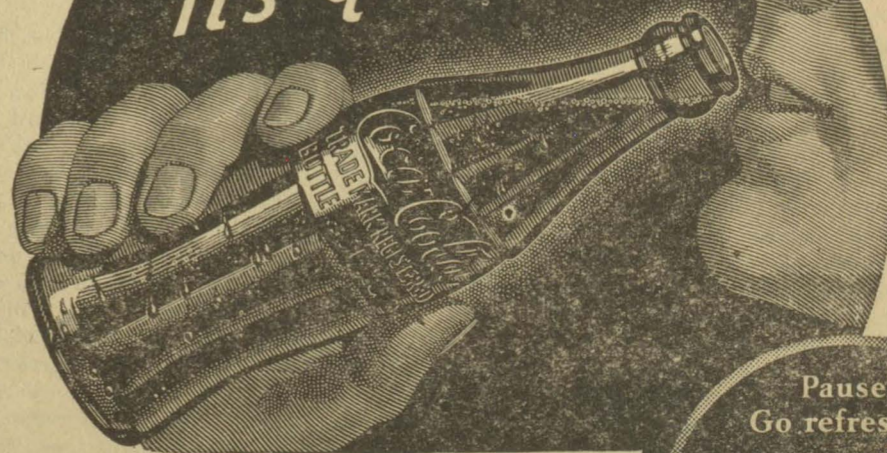
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Our Tigers Tumbled By Zealous Xaverians

Tigers Now Out in the Cold

November 11th was a bleak day for Dal students, even though the sun was shining, and the weather generally was like spring. For Dal's hopes for the Maritime Senior Rugby Championship went a-glimmering before the onslaught of the football fanatics from Antigonish. The Tigers took the field as champions of the Halifax City League, having beaten every team except Navy, and having won six out of seven starts this season. They were narrow favorites to win, on the basis of pre-game predictions. By the time the game was over, the Tigers must have felt much the same as Acadia did when Dal dashed the Wolfville team's City League hopes. For the Xaverians brought out fifteen men trained to razor-edge keenness, and each one as hard as nails. Not only the backfield, but every man on the team could run and pass, trickily and accurately. The team boasted half a dozen excellent kickers. And finally, the scrum was fanatical in its eagerness to get up on the ball, no matter where it might be. As a consequence "Dooley" McIntosh, the Day picking quarter, was continually smothered by the fast-charging Antigonish scrum and half line.

Upon opening of play, the two teams tested each other's strength at centre field with scrums and long kicks, but neither seemed to have an advantage. Half way through the first session, however, the Blue and White backfield snared a loose ball at midfield, and swept down the edge of the field, eluding all Dal tacklers, to make it 3-0 for the visitors. Grant, who made the try, was moving with the speed of a whippet when he finally hit his stride, and even the "last ditch" defence of Fiendel and Webber couldn't stop him. This score, together with the furious fighting defence the Xaverians threw up, seemed to take much of the sting out of the Tiger drive, so that actually the Dal squad never threatened for the remainder of the contest. They seemed to be too busy keeping the visitors from pouring through to further scores.

In the stands there appeared to be a great deal of dissatisfaction with the way the game was handled. It was suggested by many that the second St. F. X. score should never have counted, because it originated in an off-side play. But even not counting the second score, the visitors showed too much class for our Tigers. The Tigers weren't playing their best game of the season, it is certain. But on the day's play, the Antigonish fifteen had a decided edge.

But even though the gold and black aggregation did not win, and as a team did not show to great advantage, nevertheless there were instances of excellent rugby, and high courage, on the part of Dal players. Marty McDonald, who didn't have much chance to show his fleetness of foot on the three-quarter line, was continually diving into the mud to break up Xaverian plunges through the Dal line. Russ Webber was doing yeoman work in his fullback position, holding his own on exchanges of long kicks with the opposing fullback, and outdoing himself dragging down individual opposing players as they raced for the Dal line. Captain Jo-Jo Feindel was tackling hard in spite of the weight and speed of the opposing team. "Dooley" McIntosh, who was playing the hardest position on the team, in the picking quarter position took a lot of undesired advice from the stands, and a terrific beating from the Xaverians, when he was left holding the ball under two and three man charges by the visitors, who were breaking quickly from the scrum, and swarming through on top of him. "Yank" Forsythe, who has been a sparkplug for the Tigers throughout the season, was a marked man throughout the contest, but nevertheless managed to make long kicks to relieve the pressure, even though continually surrounded by opposing players. Jack McKenzie blocked many drives with his tackling and long kicks.

In the final analysis, it wasn't Dalhousie's day. The team just

SPORT Spice

by AL. MacLEOD

Tho' Tigers fought, devoid of fears,
(While we looked on with scanty cheers),
We lost the game—and now regretful tears
Adulterate our sympathetic beers.

The unhappy Tigers—St. F. X. set-to on Remembrance Day saw the Dalhousie fifteen come to the end of a season which was both successful and unsuccessful. The showing that the Tigers made throughout the City League schedule was gratifying: that they would win the local championship was more than we had dared hope at the beginning of the season. But having won the City League title, and thereby qualified for McCurdy Cup play, and a crack at the Maritime Senior Rugby Championship we had considered it a distinct possibility that the gold and black warriors would climax their campaign victoriously, and go out in a blaze of glory. At least we thought that until we saw the Xaverians in action. The big Blue and White machine dashed all our fondest hopes to the ground, and we couldn't help feeling a mite disappointed when it was over. For we had come to think of the Tigers as a team of super-men, who could overcome any obstacle to attain their desired goal.

But we were judging the football standard of the rest of the province by the calibre of play demonstrated in the local league, and there's where we made our mistake; for the Antigonish representatives were in a class by themselves. They played the fast-charging, quick-kicking, and accurate-passing type of game which we had come to associate with incomparable teams from Caledonia—and they did it as well if not better.

From the opening whistle, the Tigers were on the defensive, stopping the visitors' onrush with sheer "guttie" playing. When the Tigers managed to get inside the Antigonish twenty-five yard line, they were powerless to go further: and that's the place where a team of champions must be able to "turn it on". In spite of what appeared to be spotty refereeing, and in spite of a lack of the "breaks", it must be confessed that this was just a case of a good team meeting a better one. The St. F. X. squad relied on a two-fisted attack, (and at times that was literally true), and the Dal fifteen were swept before it.

But our Tigers need not be disappointed in themselves. They won six of the eight games they played this year, defeating Acadia twice, and taking the City League championship. They had drive, fight and a will-to-win, and are a credit to the University, and to the students who supported them (not too often, and not too well). It was no disgrace to be beaten by the team that represented St. Francis Xavier, and the Tigers, individually and collectively, may well be proud of themselves.

It was somewhat disappointing to discover that the Dal student body wasn't interested in a Pep Rally the night before the St. F. X. game. The function was sprung upon the undergraduates rather unexpectedly, and with only short notice. But it was hoped that even so, a great number of students would turn out, if not to show their enthusiasm, at least to enjoy themselves. Few did turn out, but those who did were not only enthusiastic, but also pleased with the program provided by the Students' Council. It has been rumored that for those who are not satisfied with the entertainment provided by the Council, the Filthy Fifteen will import a three-ring circus to attract students to the next social function.

T-Squares Tangle With Legal Eagles

Just before he was forcibly removed to a madhouse, a Gazette correspondent turned in the following write-up of an interfaculty rugby game played by Law and Engineers last week:

Behold a motley crew of Engineers (pronounced Enjin-ers), ragged and unkempt, enjoined in harmonious chant:

"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Pettifogging proctors — wait'll
we get you . . ."

Consider the vacant aspect of Hagen and Wiswell, as they carelessly hunt the shy and crimson daisy, and place it in long and fragrant garlands about the neck-like necks of other gazelle-like Binge-ineers. The setting reflects the calm and peace of the pastoral scene. See Don Large and Bob Wickwire reclining in Cleopatrian ease and splendor. See Frank McKay and Gerald Prat rejoicing in their infancy, converthing in childlike lithpht, and constructing with idle hands the artistic mudpie. All is calmness and serenity save for one sombre note. Behold against the sky-line the ragged forms of Musset, Moore and Moire, who rend the morning stillness with hoarse and unholy cries of "Backsheesh, Backsheesh, — alms for the love of Allah."

But what is this? Into view has come the procession of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, in fulsome finery, in solemn splendor. See with what fine contempt My Lord Le-moine views the Barbarous Binge-ineers. See My Lord MacDonald, A. J., the People's Choice, scanning the horizon for a statuesque blond. View the fine fury of My Lords Dunsmore, Rettie and Forbes when they behold five aces in the hand of

couldn't cope with the frenzied, high-spirited drive of the visitors, and seemed powerless to get inside the Xaverian twenty-five yard line.

My Lord Turner. See My Lord "Jack" Hartigan, that most eloquent of cursitors, as he pleads with the bystanders to put a small wager on the nose of My Lord "Dunc" Chisholm, whom My Lord Hartigan erroneously believes is running in the next race. And finally, see with what acumen and perspicacity My Lords Vaughan, Hicks and Nieman select all that is best of the over-ripe fruit which descends upon the legal entourage in well-aimed showers.

But hear the clarion call to arms! See with what violent speed the Binge-ineers descend upon the Legal Fraternity! Hear with what epithets and imprecations the air is filled! See with what dexterity the Binge-ineers lash out with kicks at My Lords' legal extremities! How skillfully the Joyful Jurists entangle the morbid Musset mob in endless red tape! See the struggle ebb and flow across the landscape!

(Details of gory encounter censored, to conceal Dal's military strength from rival C.O.T.C's).

The carnage continues, but the struggle is in its dying moments. Neither party has an advantage. Suddenly My Lord Hartigan picks up a ball of pigskin, and thinking to convert it into a 'sow's ear, obligingly hands it to a nearby Binge-ineer, saying: "See what you, my uncomely friend, can do with this." Said Binge-ineer accepts it with a malicious and hollow laugh, and runs past My Lord Hartigan in the direction of Shirreff Hall. Whereupon all My Lords fall into a great groaning, and make a mournful outcry. Quoth then My Lord Turner, quoth he: "The bubble is burst, the game is up, all is lost: sic transit gloria mundi." Whereupon the Blatant Binge-ineers organize a triumphant St. Vitus' dance, and the Legal Eagles retire to relative obscurity, in search of spiritual re-fortification.

(Ed. Note: Engineers won 3-0 Harvey McHattie getting the only try).

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