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O.T.C. CHANGES

Major Hogan Has New Post Major Faulkner Succeeds

Time would tell what new changes were meant, but what ever officialdom said or did not say, Major R. V. Hogan, Chief Instructor for Dalhousie-Kings O.T.C. for over three years, was being moved upstairs to a more prominent position at Atlantic Command, while Major R. E. Faulkner was succeeding him as Chief Instructor in training capacity only. Major Faulkner already has the post with Tech and St. Mary's Units.

The official notice of the change and Major Hogan's new appointment should come shortly. Already Lieut-Colonel F. H. M. Jones has been appointed Commanding Officer of the Unit succeeding Lieut-Colonel C. B. Smith. The old order has become partially a new order, but the new order is a palimpsest of the old.

IN: Major R. E. Faulkner has had previous connections with the C.O. T.C., being on the hardy force which in 1928 raised it off its theoretical organization and put some men into uniform to form the basis of an active unit. At that time he held the rank of Lieutenant, and was studying commerce at college. He is a B.A. man from Acadia. Major Faulkner is known to many students who attended camp last year where he was chief instructor.

UPSTAIRS: Major R. V. Hogan has caused more comment around the campus in his years here than any other three men. Whether there was tremendous affection of his blood and thunder is a moot question; those who met him more personally knew him as a true Irishman at keeping his word and ploughing ahead in stormy weather and adverse criticism.

To many it seemed as if the Major thought there was only one faculty on the campus, and that military. Certainly the C.O.T.C. never has never taken a back seat to anyone; under Hogan's organization the corps spruced up and became one of

the most efficient organizations in Eastern Canada. Two years ago students with conflicting timetable and C.O.T.C. drill took O.T.C. drill. Last year some hard working Meds took time out from shouldering arms to study; were nearly kicked into Active Service, caused more row and behind the scenes excitement than most officials on the campus would like acknowledge, must less like to think could happen.

Wherever he goes, and the nearer to more active service he can get, Major Hogan will want to be back on active warfronts. To many who like (or disliked) his direct approach to any problem this seemed the place to be. He fought his way through the ranks in the last war, was several times wounded, scattered grenades at the Huns as liberally as a well-wisher at a wedding throwing confetti, was once buried up to his neck in mud and nearly given up for dead.

"They didn't cover you quickly enough", one cadet once told the Major. His Irish face lit up. He likes esprit de corps.

either in third or fourth years, and all medical students taking the accelerated course. This will mean that Engineering and Science students take one hour a week during school year, and the usual two weeks at camp.

JUST JOKES?

A young lady went into the drug store. "Have you any Lifebuoy," she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug clerk; "set the pace."

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear-trumpet. Soon after she had seated herself, an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "One toot and you're out."

A bishop attended a banquet and a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup on his lap. The clergyman glanced around with a look of agony and exclaimed:

"Will some layman please say something appropriate."

Women are a funny race; They curl their hair and paint their faces.

They change their styles so often that

Last year's hat is not a hat. They sleep all a.m., dance all p.m. Go to games, but never see 'em. They spend the stuff so well, The bills mount up—but what the h—!

Yet man is, too, a funny race— He pays for all this awful waste.

—H. Lampoon.

Stormy Scenes In Moot Court As "Weaker Sex" Takes Over

The second sitting of the fall term of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie was held in the Moot Court room of Dalhousie Law School on Wednesday afternoon, October 20th. before Lord Chief Justice Charles O'Connell and Lords Mary Kinley and Lorraine Johnson. The case on appeal was Botch and Baldey v. The Blueberry Special Railway Co. Counsel for the appellant was that eminent legalist William Proudfoot, K.C., and with him were Martin and Butler. William Reddin, K.C., eminent barrister and scientist, acted for the respondent; he was supported (to some extent) by McColough and McDonald.

Proudfoot ably argued his client's case. His brilliant oratory augmented by an abundance of good spirits and his excellent Latin—Mr. Proudfoot is a keen student of the classics — deeply impressed Their Lordships. The case concerned injuries suffered by his client which were caused by an improperly braced balustrade, and Mr. Proudfoot's knowledge, gained by personal long experience, of the advantage of a few stiff bracers, was of incalculable value to his client's case. Mr. Reddin brilliantly presented his client's case. Being an able physicist, his expert knowledge of the technical points involved was of great help to their Lordships. Judgment was handed down in favor of the appellants, Lord Chief Justice O'Connell dissenting.

A novel situation in the annals of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie arose in the presence of two members of the weaker sex on the Bench. Their Lordships Johnson and Kinley proved once and for all that at times beauty can be combined with brains. Their sagacity and wisdom may be said to be almost comparable with that of men.

A darker and very lamentable side of the afternoon's sittings was

presented by numerous breaches of Courtroom decorum by certain of the junior counsel and a number of the spectators. The insolence and impertinence of Butler and McColough in their opening speeches to the Bench was probably without precedent and can only be attributed to ignorance. Much to their deep sorrow Their Lordships found it necessary to impose a fine on these two members of the Bar. The Courtroom was pervaded with an atmosphere of profound suspense when Their Lordships called upon Lord Chief Justice Lawrence, an interested witness of the proceedings, to read a note in shorthand, signed by Mr. Sheffman, which had reached the hands of Sheriff McIvor. This note contained very degrading remarks concerning Their Lordships. Again it was with the deepest regrets that Their Lordships found it necessary to impose a stiff penalty upon the accused, who had a previous record.

Mr. Martin and Mr. McDonald also made panegyrics to the Bench. Mr. McDonald, a former class-mate of Lord Chief Justice O'Connell, touched briefly on some incidents of His Lordships' younger days. There was a slight suggestion that His Lordship was not then the sedate and sober scholar of today.

The final sittings of the Fall Term will be held on Wednesday, October 27, before Their Lordships Vaughan, McIvor and Parsons.

Erratum: In last week's report there should be interchanged in the last paragraph "respondent" for "appellant" and vice versa in the judges' decisions. The Gazette is sorry it has inconvenienced third year brains, also states that it is usually the custom in other courts not to stop a reporter in the midst of taking notes.

Forecast Fireworks Fizzle MacKinnon In By Acclamation

The great fireworks expected at the Students' Forum, held in the Chem Theatre Thursday noon, did not come off. The meeting did not get under way until all the Meds and Dents finished staggering in, and indeed, their mere weight in numbers took Studley down a peg, including the Grecian-minded Engineers.

The Studley students, obviously overawed by the concerted might of the Meds and Dents, then gave way, and, with Forrest, gave their one hundred per cent approval for the action of the Students' Council to appoint Ken MacKinnon as new president, following the resignation of Tom Patterson.

This action of the student body clears up all fear of an election in the near future, which, if called, would cause unwarranted work and bother to all concerned, especially the hard-working Meds.

This meek and dull meeting was a far cry from those of the old days, when a Student Forum meant a real battle worth attending. Except for a few questions from Allen Blakeney, further quizzing from Laura MacKenzie and a mere whisper from Barbara White, discussion from the floor was positively nil.

Two Arts and Science by-elections will be necessary soon to fill the duo of vacant Council seats for that society.

Dal Takes Air At M. I. D. L. Conference At St. F. X.

"Debating should be given a higher place in the scale of values in college activities. There is one principal in all post-war plans—an international machinery for settling differences between nations peaceably. This machinery will use the instrument of intelligent and judicious debate to reach its decisions. There is no better training than intercollegiate debating." These were words used in an address of welcome by Father Kane, of St. Francis Xavier, to delegates at the annual Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League convention at St. F. X. last Wednesday.

Eight Maritime Colleges, Acadia, Dalhousie, Mount Allison, King's, St. Thomas, St. Mary's, St. Francis Xavier, and the University of New Brunswick were represented at the conference. A number of important changes were made in the M.I.D.L. constitution, and the league schedule for the year was drawn up.

A big feature of the convention was the radio forum over Station CJFX Wednesday evening on the question of State Hospitalization. Scott Gordon, Sodales representative, was the first speaker and supported the establishment of such a system. Other speakers were from Acadia, St. Mary's and Mt. A.

Unfortunately, CJFX is not well received in Halifax, and many Dalhousie listeners were disappointed in not being able to hear Gordon's speech, which was warmly commended by the St. F. X. faculty and students.

Delegates were royally treated, with a special dinner at the local hotel, with addresses by Father Kane and Clyde Nunn, station manager of CJFX, a tour of the university and radio station, and a large dance, including dates from nearby Mt. St. Bernard, after the radio broadcast.

Delegates representing colleges at the convention were: Acadia, Willis Hall; St. Mary's R. Power; St. F. J., T. A. Kerr; St. Thomas, B. Losier, F. LeBlanc; U.N.B., N. Carter; Dal, Scott Gordon; King's, T. Shields; Mt. A., D. Anderson.

Council Dance, Rally Draws Good Crowd

The year's first big hop, the Student Council Dance, went over in a large way last Friday night, with an attendance surpassed by few of last year's rug-cutting sessions. "The night was filled with music" of the burning brasses and drifting strings of Don Low's musical aggregation, sweet, hot, and very danceable.

Chairman of the dance committee was veteran Bill Hagen, than whom there is none abler in getting a Friday night cut-up really under way. The Pep Rally in the middle of the evening needs no further testimony to its success than the way in which Dal tonsils really let go the next day, from the opening whistle to the closing of the game.

Noted by Dalhousians of three or four years standing was the large number of new faces, as frosh and grads from other colleges taking Dal professional courses turned out en masse. A smattering of old friends in new uniforms was also evident. Our special correspondent Mr. Atwood, reports the run on the Coke Bar as "unprecedented".

First Open House at Hall Well Attended

Delta Gamma began its social activities last Saturday night, with a very informal party at Shirreff Hall. A large number attended and spent an unusually enjoyable evening. Dancing began around eight o'clock, the music was supplied by records and P. Payzant's amplifier. During the evening a sing-song was held, for which Doug Roy, ex-Mt. A. musical impresario, rattled the ivories. Refreshments were served and dancing ended about twelve.

Govern Yourself Accordingly

The Student Christian Movement will hold a discussion conference on Studley Campus this weekend. Discussion will be led by the Rev. Gerald Hutchinson, National Secretary of the S.C.M. for Canada.

The conference will start at 7.30 p.m. in the Murray Homestead. It will continue at 3.30 p.m. Sunday. Tea will be served and discussion will go on into the evening, finishing with a service of worship.

Anyone interested in attending, please get in touch with Blair Colborne, Pine Hill — 3-8576 or with Joan Archibald—2-2824.

* * *

The Freshie-Soph hop, ending the initiation period, will be held tonight in the Gym. All Frosh must attend and wear regalia, and will be admitted free. Dancing is from 8.30 to 12 o'clock.

One Soldier to Another:

"How is a Japanese soldier like a girle?"

Other Soldier: "I don't know, sir." First Soldier: "They both slip up on you and it takes a Yank to get them down."

—The Plainsman.

* * *

Little Bits of Nothing.

Drunk: Shay, can you tell where the other side of the street is?

Cop: Why, of course; it's over here.

Drunk: That's funny. Fellow over there said it was over here.

—The Georgian.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Well, after three weeks of initiation, which has caused many freshettes to think that "life is just one damned thing after another", especially Waterfield, or freshmen have found that "life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds, so long as you're happy," so we find initiation all over, except for the Freshie-Soph dance Friday night.

ADVICE

Character is what you are in the dark.—Dwight L. Moody.

Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.—Emerson.

McGILL DAILY SAYS LESS O.T.C. FOR SOME

(C. U. P.)—A reduction in the amount of military training required of certain groups of students in the university has been approved by Major General E. J. Renaud, district officer commanding M.D. No. 4, according to a statement issued from McGill's principal's office.

Students affected by this are those pursuing courses in Engineering and Science, providing that they are

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WHERE ARE THE VERDANT FRESHMEN?

Friday night, at the Freshie-Soph Dance, the Class of '47 will doff their placards and bows, roll down their pant legs, and consider themselves members of Dalhousie University, their formal initiation at an end.

Congratulations are due, and overdue, the Initiation Committee who have this year, faced with one of Dal's largest wartime freshman enrolments, staged probably the most successful initiation seniors and post-grads have witnessed on Studley in recent years.

In the Roaring Twenties, Dal initiations overflowed through the length and breadth of the city, from the professors' homes to the theatre lobbies. As initiations ebbed, so did that elusive ettoplasm whispered of as "Dal spirit". We are not advocating any return to the overabundant exuberance of ten and fifteen years ago. The flame of Dal spirit was fanned until it all but burned itself out. Another such unlimited release of enthusiasm might well extinguish it for good.

What we are in favor of, and hope to see established, is a thorough and well-enforced initiation on our own campus, supported by all upperclassmen. The results of such an initiation are legion. The new men and women are made conscious of themselves as an entity, and of the University's recognition of them as such. The realization of themselves as a part of Dalhousie is the first and greatest step in fostering a spirit of fierce loyalty to their Alma Mater.

This year the spirit, not just the form, of initiation has been revived. May future years see 1943's example followed and developed to its full potentiality!



STRANGER THAN FICTION

Perhaps once in many, many long years fate draws the threads of a person's life into a strange, unusual pattern—so strange that it makes us stop for a minute or two and think; and then when the wonderment is past we take a deep breath and go on again. In a letter I have just received from England the story of such a life is told:

... Sir Ronald Forbes was not old—as we have come to measure age today—he was only 45. And England knew him, for he was one of those who had helped to make her great and the Forbes chemical plant had brought knighthood to him. A brilliant chemist—he spent his evenings alone in his private laboratory—his work being a secret shared only with the war department. The lights at night were never out and invariably at eleven when we in our own lab turned over our apparatus to the night shift, his shadow could be seen behind the painted windows, moving quickly to and fro.

The Hun knew all about us, and in those hectic days when England heard his bombs whine down and felt them crash, we in the chemical works took our share. But always after heavy damage, the plane from Sheffield would bring in new equipment—even painted glass for Sir Ronald's personal lab and the work went on. It was my good fortune to be transferred two weeks ago to his lab where we were to work together on his first project and it was then I found that not all the effects of bursting bombs had been on glass and brick and plaster—his mind had suffered, too. The long, hard, sleepless nights had aged him, and his hair—always a dusty gray—had turned a lighter shade.

He told me his doctor had taken refuge behind a giant medical word which ended in "phobia" but that in simple English—he had become afraid of bombs, and the thought of being one of their victims was haunting him day and night. Of course, we all feel like that at times. Even if we don't love life we cling to it by strong instinct. But his fear was something that shadowed his way of living, so much so that I needed no Psychologist to tell me what the end would be, unknown to me he found his own way out.

Two days ago I walked with him down the steps of his air-raid shelter—a shelter which was the result of thousands of hours of labour by many different men. It was of unheard of size and depth, with a shaft of unshatterable, re-inforced concrete going down and down and ending in a kind of buried luxury flat. Down there, Hitler could drop fifty kinds of hell out of the heavens and we would hear no whisper, it was sealed against the faintest whiff of gas and we breathed filtered air. We looked through artificial windows, cunningly lighted from behind to create the illusion of a sea view. At my side Sir Ronald looked lovingly upon it and murmured more to himself than to me: "My Mediterranean." Beneath my feet I felt a soft carpet and around me everywhere—paintings of forests with distant hills and peaceful skies hung on the walls, and as I stood amazed he moved to a phonograph in the corner and gave me a Beethoven symphony to add colour to it all. His worries were over now, a little army of workmen made his nights secure.

strange new world; I still remember the scent of roses coming from the vase of rose and fern which rested on the table. In over three long years of war I felt I had seen no gayer, lovelier place.

Soon, however, I was conscious that he was looking at me—he wanted my opinion, of course.

"Do you think, Sir Ronald," I asked, "that one can run away from his destiny?"

"Of course not," he replied, "but one doesn't know his destiny. Air raid shelters are essential—they cut London's casualties 80%."

Two weeks of working together had made us close friends. We always spoke frankly to each other.

"You bring to mind, Sir Ronald, a story which my nurse used to tell me at times when I was difficult to put to sleep. Do you care to hear it? It'll only take a minute."

He smiled: "Carry on."

"Once upon a time, in some Eastern town a servant came to his master and said: Master, I have served you faithfully all my life, let me leave you now. This morning as I was passing through the market place, I saw the Angel of Death and she beckoned to me. Please, Master, let me go away to the town of Samara, because if I stay here the Angel of Death will take me."

"Well," said the Master, "you have served me faithfully, as you say, and rather than that death should catch you, take a fast camel and some money and go to Samara and good luck to you."

"The servant went away that same hour. But later in the day the master, crossing the square saw the Angel of Death, too, and he said to her: "O Dark One, why did you beckon to my servant this morning?" The Angel of Death replied: "Beckon? I did not beckon your servant. I made a gesture of surprise at seeing him in this place—for behold, I have an appointment with him in Samara this afternoon!"

Sir Ronald clasped his hands: "Fine, fine," he said; and we climbed the winding steps: "You must tell us a few like that tonight. I'm having a bit of a party here—something to eat, you know—and all that!"

A call from the lab kept me from Sir Ronald's party, but now forty-eight hours later, I have come from his bedside. It had been a gay evening with music and guests and—a lot of fun. There were oysters too,—he loved oysters. But in one of them, the doctor thinks, a germ was waiting. Even as I write, the BBC news is coming in:—"We regret to report the death of Sir Ronald Forbes at his home in . . ."

WILK.

ON LITERATURE

Few of us care to read a dictionary. Dictionaries are to most of us, dry and formal collections of words arranged in a certain systematic order. The breath and vital warmth of Life is not in them. We find in the most authoritative of English dictionaries the following definition of literature, "writings whose value lies in beauty of form or emotional effect". We cannot here detect any reference in which literature is related to Life and Truth, yet even in its task of mirroring Nature, literature is of Life and living—a vital force.

Many and varied are the forms of expression used by important men for the recording of important things. He only is "important", and justified in writing, who has something to say, i.e. something "important". He has a choice of many forms of literature with which to clothe his naked thought. Matter and form at the hand of genius combine literature.

This humble page may never bear great literature but it may bear the

imprint of sincere effort. College students, as such, must have at least a nodding acquaintance with the forms of literature. This column is always open to those who give evidence of a sincere effort at literary expression. We offer the suggestion that a glance at the works of the masters of literary expression will be as a guiding hand when ploughing the first furrow in a new field. This does not mean that detailed study should be attempted merely to aid one in breaking into print. However it might prevent one from sinking into the mire of the commonplace.

There are few mechanical details to be remembered when sending in contributions to this column. Contributions should be typewritten if possible or, failing that, written in clear, legible handwriting. Brevity, clarity, compression, and simplicity should be the keynotes of contributions. Such contributions may be given to the Literary Editor or left at the Gazette office.

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ARTS AND SCIENCE

Well, here we are back again with all the extra dirty dirt that even Sunlight can't remove—

Who claims that the age of formality has passed? What do Bill and Vern have that get them written invitations to Open House? Whatever it is we just hope they keep it but from various rumors we have our doubts.

Reward offered for anyone who can tell us what there is about Halifax on Saturday night that scares Lauchie out of town?

What sidetracked Henderson on his way for spiritual guidance last Sunday night? Did he prefer her to Hymn?

Do tell, has Ballem really got a Hart—throb?

Stu thinks that upperclassmen are very sweet to entertain the younger boys. How was open house, Nickie?

Hot off the press—Latest institution on Studley is Mackley's Date Bureau: Have you tried your luck, boys?

In closing may we remind all ye lads that the Hall formal is only two weeks off—Nov. 4th is the date—so you'd better start being good boys.

T SQUARE

Greeting, fellow Engineers!

At long last, your correspondent has awakened to the task before him, and now we can get down to business.

Last year, you remember, we were a dominant force on the campus, to such an extent, that the Engineers alone could give forth with more pep and enthusiasm than the combined efforts of all the other faculties put together. So, this year, let's not slacken our pace, but get right in there fighting.

At the first Engineering Meeting of the year, held a little over a week ago, Interfaculty sport managers were nominated, and the following results were obtained:

Football Manager—Art Burgess
Hockey Manager—Gerry Lantz
Basketball Manager—Gus Oakley
So, come on gang, and sign up with the Interfaculty teams!

Another important item of the meeting was the question of the annual Engineers Trip. Last year, certain difficulties were encountered, and the trip was not held; so support Pres. Hagen and his executive, and try to get a trip arranged this year. There will be many educational features gained by so doing!

We hear that MacSwain has applied for membership in the Horizontal Club, but this will have to come up under the table.

Ask:
Dick M. about a certain incident on Boutillier's Point road and why he apologized so profusely to Miss I. G.

Bob Seeley what he was doing in the hallway at Shirreff Hall on

MED SMEARS

by GRAM POSITIVE

(The writer of Hippocrates diary is on holiday, and his job has been taken over by those who call themselves Friend of the People).

The Martins and McCoys have nothing on "Newfie Pete" and "Davie from the Bay", who are locked in mortal combat over a certain doctor's daughter. At present they are neck and neck—I wonder who's getting the most of it?

Ivan Wilson, the noble lad from Spud Island, has certainly a calculating future, judging from his latest social appearance at the Gym.

"Cormie" one of the dull-dents, will have to beat Redmond to Bacteriology in the morning, if he wishes to make good his bid for the friendly girl in white.

"Curly" Lee and Dave Archibald are rapidly becoming the "Cafe Society" of Forrest—in that they include dinners at the Nelson in the course of one evening's campaign.

A romance started in 1st year Med, is continuing successfully—to wit Geraldine and Pat.

It must have been an awfully wet Saturday night to keep "C.W.A.C. lovin' Donne Smith" home from Wellington Barracks.

Kenny "Atlas" Rodgers, no doubt is able to maintain his healthy physique by his regular Sat. P.M. patronage to either the Y.W.C.A. or the "Danceland".

Another Dull-Dent Charlie MacIntosh spent a very friendly weekend at St. Margaret's Bay upon the "cunning invitation" of an Acadia freshette.

The "bit of olde England" from Canada's far west who since coming East has become a true Newfie convert is said to be "that way" about a girl called Eleanor. Could it be the "broad a" Eleanor?

To top it all, miracle of miracles, Stu Maddin hasn't been to Sydney for three weeks—to answer the call of a certain car dealers passionate daughter—could this be due to Nicki's able missionary work.

Prognosis: More Meds will have stay home and study "macerated bones" and theoretical Anatomy. "The moral is of course obvious", quoting a leading pathologist and educator.

Saturday night, and with whom. Why that silly grin, Bob?

Notice:
A frantic appeal has been heard recently from Frank MacKay who desires a mate; come on girls, and give this stalwart Colchester County boy a break. Phone 2-2039, (all hours).

To all Freshmen Engineers: There will be an Engineer's Smoker held in the Smoking Room daily from 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. during the coming week. You will be entertained by Professor Gus Beaver (prof. of Plumbing 29, and Sewer Cleaning 5) who will give an interesting talk on "Steam Fitting", and the priorities on Six Foot Stilson Wrenches. Come early and bring your own butts.



ENGINEERS STRUTIN'—Here are the favorite "We love us" boys of the campus in a favorite pose—stuffed around their annual cornboil. The photo was taken at an unidentified East Coast Canadian hut. Note bib on cookie in rear.

Glintimate Impses

by TRIPE

This is a series of articles which form a supplement to the "Mentor", popular feature of the Gazette two years ago, in which college life, in all its trivialities, was sketched. This series will deal with "After University—What?"

GETTING MARRIED

There is a time in the affairs of man when his resistance is weakened to the point of asking somebody else to share his bread and butter for the rest of his life. This is not a friend escaped from jail whom he is defending from the law, but rather a WOMAN. Lest the gentle reader of this series start in consternation it is perfectly legal due to quirks of civilization.

A philosopher, skeptic that he is, states that it doesn't make any difference whom one marries, because all women are alike under the skin, on which rests that superficial, but striking, element of beauty. Despite this, men have definite ideas in mind of the one they would like to marry, and embellish her with such titles as the one who would be so nice to come home to, the one they would most like to see cooking eggs for them, the one they would most like to see in the morning, and so on to the point of repeating.

Recognizing this difference in the wants of men (as contrasted with the common Need), we are forced to initiate the novitiate into the Meeting of the Mate. This is a subject of much unnecessary drivel on the part of many romantic writers and novelists, and one can gain all sorts of stuff from fortune tellers on the subject, but the simple elementary rules are not wanting from ordinary, common sense.

The first thing to remember is, what do you want your mate for? If you're marrying for matri-money, the best thing to do is to look up all available millionaires, and ingratiate yourself with them, meanwhile glancing over their shoulder to see if there are offspring in the offing. These will have to snared quickly, as there are plenty of fortune hunters in this world (you resent this, naturally, wanting to save the recipient of your affections from such a type), unless you act more quickly.

While this is a general rule for both men and women, we hastily add another. If you're a man, don't worry, because the woman does the real marriage-marketing. So many men, blind and deluded by Women, have proposed to the girls of their affection with their hearts in their throats, while all the time the cunning creatures whose feet they kneel at, have long ago decided what to name Junior. Thus, Men, it is useless to decide what type of girl you want. Just start running now and it will happen to you anyway.

Still, it might be well to consider this as a sporting chance, and not as a mere killing while the birds are on the ground. Thus, the Proposal comes into our consideration. To many men this merely entails getting down on their knees, looking fearfully heavenward, and squeaking the words. There are, however, races to who proper proposal manners are as necessary as knowing how to hold a tea cup. Here is not the heedless folly of a race unschooled in the art of the Proposal, but a calculated series of limb-movement which would do credit to a skilful fencer.

Then too, the ordinary "Will you marry me" is not at all prevalent in other countries where a more practical sense of marriage prevails. In Russia, for example, the prospect will say to his beloved, "Will you make my tea for me the rest of my life?" Or, now that it is rationed, he has substituted "Will you sweep out my pigpen for the rest of my life?" which is another reason against wartime marriages.

Ordinarily the answer is "Yes", breathed, so the happy fellow says at a later date, in the most happy melody that ever befell those sacred lips, that ever chanced from those pearly gates, that ever did a lot of things.

The ceremony is relatively painless and the bride's family takes care of it, no doubt to bring the groom into close halter in the formative stages of their ties.

Next Week: Buiding the Home.

from at present. I thought I had a sore throat. Ha, Ha! Naive fellow, aren't I? Now I know I'm simply being host to a galaxy of pathogenic microorganisms and, believe me, I'm being a perfect host.

I'll never really be the same God-fearing, home-loving, vice-free fellow whom you once knew in Halifax. Every new person I meet now I must immediately classify as amoeba, flagellate infusoria or sporozoa. Heaven help me. I can't.

And those devilish little Plasmodia malariae! Did you know that while they are perfect ladies and gentle-

men in the human bloodstream they act up disgracefully in the body of Anopheles mosquitoes. To quote Burdon, p. 50: "As she (i.e., Annie Anopheles) bites a malaria patient the male cell throws off bodies resembling human spermatazoa—and enter and fertilize the female cells." Makes you think, doesn't it?

I know you think me just a harmless ciliated protozoan (i.e., paramecium) to write you such a letter, but what else could I do? It's all been too much for me.

ELMER.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Multicellular Organism:

I pass through a mental hell to cross you off my MUST list when what should be staring me in the face on my arrival home but a copy of Burdon's text book of Bacteriology (McMillan, 1936, 529 pages) lying on my bedroom bureau. God knows whom it belongs to or how it got there, but the thing is a reality that cannot be ignored.

First I read the Author's Note and with true prefatory noblesse oblige he gives credit to his wife who was

with the fascinating name of Dr. J. J. Bronfenbrenner. Thus egged on, I begin the first chapter and of course I now can't leave this most engrossing saga of the Little Chaps.

The author, sly fellow, has hooked me into reading Chapter VI with a promise of revealing "intimate study" of the Saecharomyces and the Blastomyces. What can I do? I shall spend most of my furlough walking hand in hand with Burdon while he leads me through the mazes of Bacteriological Procedures. That sore throat I'm suffering

COLE, SAUNDERSON, TAKE DAL TENNIS FINALS

on the SIDELINES

By BILL POPE

Dalhousie Tigers took a beating Saturday, but the score (18-0) does not exactly indicate the play. The Tigers started well and forced the Army to touch for safety on different occasions. In the first half Dal held her own, and the period ended with Army having a lead of only three points.

The Tigers came out strong in the second half but soon faded, and for the rest of the game Army had control of the play. The Dal boys showed lack of condition in the later stages of the game.

Probably the most glaring fault of the Tigers was their inability to tackle. In the whole game there was not one good solid tackle. Every Tiger seemed content to either grab his opponent around the neck or to catch a piece of an Army sweater. That kind of tackling will never win football games! If it stops the player at all, he will probably have plenty of time to pass to a teammate. Only hard tackles will stop a team.

Since the game the Tigers have been put through tackling practice. Coach Burnie Ralston is not pessimistic over the defeat, and expects the Tigers to make a good showing against Acadia.

Acadia is Dal's old rival. Each year they meet the competition seems to grow keener. Last year feelings really ran high, and it was not only the players who were in the midst of it.

The Tigers this year appear stronger than last year's squad. Several good players are on the team. Henderson, Dal's fullback, saved the day on many occasions with his long, powerful kicks. They were really pretty — and effective. However, like some of his teammates, Henderson did not seem to know how to tackle and men passed him on different occasions. Currie and Jardine also performed well for Dal, using their speed to advantage.

The prettiest play of the game — and the most painful for Dal sup-

porters — was when McAdam of the Army stole a loose ball right in the midst of the Tigers and sped down the field, passed Henderson, and scored after a fifty yard run.

Army, in my opinion, is not eighteen points better than Dal. But credit must be given where credit is due, and in all fairness it should be said that the Army boys made the most of their advantages. Dal, meanwhile, missed many fine scoring chances. They had the Army backed right up to the line on several occasions but could not carry the ball over.

Too much loose play and lack of teamwork hindered Dal's cause. The Tigers had good kicking and good running, but individual stars will never make up for an average group of players that use teamwork. The Tigers might well remember the gist of the following lines when they meet Acadia Saturday, for if they don't a repetition of last week's game is sure to result.

"It is all very well to have courage and skill, And its fine to be counted a Star, But a single deed with its touch of thrill, Doesn't tell us the Man you are.

For there's no lone hand in the game we play, We must work for a bigger scheme, And the thing that counts in the World today

Is 'How do you work with the Team?'"

There is talk about organizing a league for one of the finest indoor sports in the world. I refer to that popular game, sometimes called table-tennis, but better known as ping-pong. The proposed entries would come from Waegwoltic, No. 6 Military Depot, Eastern Air Command, Clark Ruse Aircraft, and Dalhousie. This league should benefit many of the fine players in the University by giving them a chance to enter in competitive matches. We wish this league all the success that the speedy little game deserves.



Above are shown a section of the good-sized crowd which turned out last Saturday for Dal's first game of the year. An even better crowd is anticipated for the game Saturday, and next week we hope to devote this space to a picture of Dal making the winning touch.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud. Under the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody, but unbowed."

In last Saturday's game Dalhousie certainly built up for itself a nice handicap with which to meet the loquacious and victorious friends from Wolfville. For those who are blissfully ignorant of the scores in last Saturday's games: Army defeated Dal, 18-0; Acadia defeated Navy, 33-3.



The present standing of the teams in the league is: Acadia, 2 wins, 0 losses; Army, 1 win, 1 loss; Navy, 0 wins, 1 loss; Dal, 0 wins, 1 loss. Whether Dal can climb out of the cellar, let alone into the playoffs, is a matter for grave misgivings by those "in the know", much, of course, depending on the game with Acadia.

So far as last week's game goes, and an opening game should not be counted for too much, Dalhousians were shown a fine example of what a group of fairly good players can do when they have had a little practice together. For the first half Dal played a fine game. In the second half, many of our opponents' points were chalked up through the ball being called back to Dal territory, and through penalty kicks, as a result of Dal being unaccustomed to the new rules.

Though Dal kept hoping and cheering for a try, the scrum heeled the ball about three times, and it's hard to get a touchdown when the opposing three-quarter line gets the ball. The chief criticism made of

the three-quarter line was they did not make an opposing player take each one out, before passing the ball, with the result that when it reached the wing, there were three or four men to stop him.

In defence the three-quarter line was even worse, for no one should have broken through the very centre of the line as much as Army did, Dal sports "experts" said.

The tackling was not up to standard. "Hit a man around the knees and you stop him; grab him around the neck, trying to choke his life out, and he gets mad," was one comment.

The Dal cheering was much better organized than it has been for several years. The cheer-leaders are to be congratulated.

Anyway, tomorrow is another day, so team, "Kick high, tackle low—Dalhousie, let's go!"

It is rumoured that the freshettes are changing their lingo yearly to keep up with the growing MAN-POWER SHORTAGE! In 1941 they said, "Whatta Man!" In 1942, they said, "What, a man?" In 1943, they say, "What's a man???"

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In the finals of the Dalhousie tennis tournament Phil Cole defeated Blair Dunlop in a hard fought, three set match, and was awarded the Munroe-Evans trophy. Ann Saunderson, in the ladies' singles, won from Pat Hollis.

The calibre of play in the mens' singles was surprisingly good. Cole has been an outstanding player for several years while Dunlop is rapidly developing into a strong player. Cole won the first set by a score of 6-2, but was nosed out in the second 5-7. The final and deciding set went to Cole at 6-3.

Margaret MacPherson, winner of

the women's championship last year, was beaten in the semi-finals by Ann Saunderson, who went on to win from Pat Hollis in the final.

Results of the semi-final and final matches are as follows:

Men's Singles — Philip Cole def. Bill Pope, 6-2, 7-5; Blair Dunlop def. George Smith, 6-3, 6-4. (Final) Philip Cole def. Blair Dunlop 6-2, 5-7, 6-3.

Women's Singles—Pat Hollis def. M. Rollins, 6-1, 6-2; Ann Saunderson def. Margaret MacPherson, 6-4, 6-4. (Final) Ann Saunderson, def. Pat Hollis.

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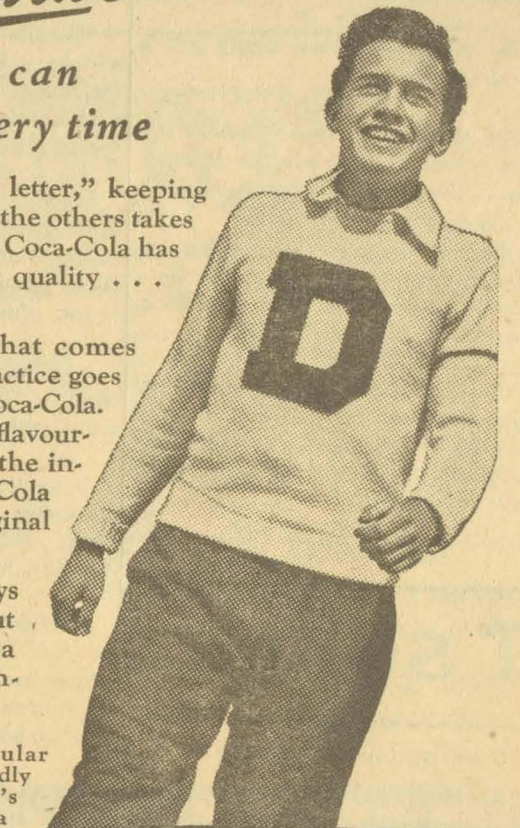
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