



# Dalhousie Gazette

THE OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER IN AMERICA



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## MEDS SEEKING REDUCED O. T. C. HOURS

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

#### FROM ME TO YOU

By Some Moron Somewhere  
Dear Moron:

I sat myself down pen in hand to typewrite you a letter. Please excuse the pencil. I don't where I lived before because I moved here where I am now. When you come to see me ask anybody where I live—no-body knows.

"I'm sorry we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart. We are having more wearther this year. My Aunt Nell died and is doing fine. Hope you are doing the same. My cousin had the mumps and is having a swell time.

I started to Philadelphia to see you. I saw a sign that read, "This takes you to Philadelphia". So I climbed upon the sign and sat there for three hours, but the damned thing didn't move.

I'm sending you a coat by express. I cut the buttons off to make the package light. You'll find them in the back pocket.

I would send you the \$10 that I owe you but I didn't think of it until I sealed the envelope. If you did not get this letter let me know and I will mail it to you.

P.S. Enclosed you will find a picture. For fear it would get I took it out.

Less sincerely,  
LITTLE MORON.  
—The Brunswickan.

#### OKA DESPATCHES 65

Montreal, (CUP). Oka Agriculture College is the only Quebec university that has to date responded to the National Selective Service's call for volunteers to aid with the harvest of potatoes in Main. They have sent 65 students, while McGill and Bishop's Universities have definitely decided against such a plan.

#### Little Things That Make Life Miserable

She wears them in the winter  
And she wears them in the fall  
In the early spring she wears them—  
In the summer not at all,  
In the summer time I love her  
But I shun her in the fall  
For when she wears GALOSHES  
I love her least of all.

Art—(finding hair in soup) I wonder who the new cook is?  
Wee Art—Oh, well, we had rabbit soup yesterday, so I suppose it is hare soup today.

#### AN EPITAPH

Oh! Mother dear, I've lost my love,  
She left me late last night;  
What can I do! I loved her so—  
And now she's out of sight.

You said that I embraced her  
And indeed, you were not wrong  
But her scent was never cheap,  
mother,  
Though it was a trifle strong.

And how I loved to feed her  
For she never cost me much—  
She grew in girth and beauty  
Under me caressing touch.

Mother dear, you are so cruel  
And your abuse is very trite;  
I say again, I love her—  
My poor, old, smelly pipe!

### What The Students' Council Did On Sunday

- (1) Incorporated the Dalhousie Blood Donor Society as one of the Student Societies for the duration of the war; appointing Barbara White, Bill Hagen and Art Titus to represent the Council on this Committee.
- (2) Appointed Jeff Bagnall, Laura MacKenzie, and Eileen Phinney to the Awards Committee.
- (3) Set Nov. 18 as the day for by-elections in the faculties of Arts and Commerce, to fill the vacancies on the Council.
- (4) Decided to call for applications for editing the Students' Directory, said applications to be submitted to the Secretary by Friday, Nov. 5.
- (5) Temporarily passed Gazette, and D.A.A.C. Budgets.
- (6) Made plans for War-Services Committee to hold International Students Service Day on Nov. 17.

### FROSH ELECTIONS HELD

#### Sodales Discusses Debating Plans

Officers were elected and plans were furthered at the first meeting this term of the Sodales Debating Club held Tuesday noon.

The Sodales debaters have three major debates lined up for this year. Only one of these, the debate with U.N.B. will be held here at Dalhousie, the others with St. Thomas and St. Mary's being held on the opposing teams' home grounds.

The subject of the debate with U.N.B. has not been decided upon as yet, but will be made public at a later date. This debate takes place before Nov. 30, so watch the bulletin board and the Gazette for the latest information.

A shield is to be presented for the first time this year. It becomes the property for one year of the best team in the league. Give your support to your team so that the Sodales Club may become the proud possessor of this shield.

Debating try-outs will be held on Tuesday, November 16. Those who are interested may obtain further information from the club's officers:

President—Scott Gordon  
Vice-President—Ted King  
Secty-Treas.—Allan Blakeney

#### DEBATING TRIALS

Tuesday, Nov. 16—12 noon  
Room 3 Arts Building.  
Speeches of five (5) minutes length.

Suggested topic:  
Resolved that some form of league of nations is necessary to a peaceful post-war world.  
OR a topic of your choosing.  
All debaters for the year will be chosen at these trials!

### Dal University Art Group

The next exhibition will be the Canadian Society of Graphic Art Travelling Exhibition. It will be open to you and your friends on Sundays and weekdays (except Tuesdays) from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. from November 4th (Thursday) to November 10th (Wednesday). The exhibition hall is in the Geology Department, on the top floor of the Science Building, Studley Campus, Dalhousie University. Admission free.

A small but mighty group of between thirty-five and forty students took part in the election of the freshman class officers which took place in the Chemistry Theatre Thursday noon.

Churchill-Smith, who was presiding, first called for nominations for president. The four nominees—McKelvie, Knight, Farquhar and Dunlop—retired to the corridor while Knight was acclaimed president with a vote of twenty.

Next, from the nominees, C. Archibald, J. Robertson and MacDonald, the vice-president, "Joe" Robertson was elected. Then came the nomination for secretary-treasurer, with McKelvie coming out on top with a unanimous vote.

The meeting ended with the choice of Joyce Archibald, McKelvie and Mingo for freshman representatives in the Sodales Debating Society.

### C.O.T.C. NOTES

Major Hogan's new post has been officially announced by M.D. 6 this week. His new position has been stated as Reserve Army Liaison Officer for M.D. 6, succeeding Major H. G. Ashford.

Major Faulkner disclosed that there would not be a parade on Saturday, November 13, the date of the football game with Acadia. The extra hours of training would probably be filled by a long parade on the Wednesday preceding the game, Major Faulkner stated, but these arrangements were not yet definite.

Sgt. Flood, formerly of St. F. X. C.O.T.C., will fill the vacancy left by the departure of Sgt. Marshall. Sgt. Flood is at present in the hospital, following an operation, but he will assume his duties as soon as he has sufficiently recovered. No official word could be obtained this week on the proposed division of the corps with the formation of an A.T.C.

### PERSONNEL DRAWN FROM UNIVERSITIES

MONTREAL.—A recent survey of the technical personnel who come under the jurisdiction of the War-time Bureau of Technical Personnel and are employed by Canadian Industries Limited or are on loan to its wartime subsidiary, Defence Industries Limited, shows that there are 461 university graduates in the service of these two companies. Of this total 27 are Ph.D's.

### GRADUATION LISTS

This year's graduation lists have been posted. Professor Bennet asks that any errors or omissions be reported immediately to the Registrar's office.

### Hallowe'en Hop Early Flop

Lost in the vast, cavernous Gym, a handful of assorted hula dancers, gypsies, and Sadie Hawkins Day remnants cavorted lonesomely as a hastily - arranged Hallowe'en hop fizzle to a finale. Least successful of Dal dances to date, competing unsuccessfully with formal and masquerades at clubs, nurses' residences and private homes throughout the city, the affair, in spite of herculean efforts of a valiant committee, seemed destined to no place in the annals of Dalhousiana.

If "Come Stag" functions of the future were to be adjudged by last Friday's gathering, the R.I.P. could well be erected now. A smattering from Pine Hill, a dribble from Shirreff Hall, a bedazed fragment of city-dwellers, all wearing an expression denoting they had really been on their way to a lecture on the Ornithology of the Lower Congo" and just dropped in by chance, made up a crowd almost large enough to constitute a quorum for the late-lamented Effective Speaking Club. And like the ESC, the party faded to an early death.

### Tells of Growing Christian Influence

On Saturday, Oct. 30, Dr. A. I. Brace addressed the Student Christian Movement on the influence of Christianity on China today. Dr. Brace spent twenty-five years in China as a YMCA secretary, and one of his sons is at present an engineer on Chiang Kai-Chek's staff.

He said that since war had started in China eight million men had been killed and nine million wounded. Fifty million people, five times the population of Canada have had to find new homes and still the Chinese fight on. The Generalissimo has a five-point program — first, he has built one hundred thousand miles of fine motor roads; second, he has put civil air lines through all China; thirdly, there is now radio in every city in China; fourth, he is stabilizing the currency and fifth he has laid great influence on education.

50,000 Chinese student have been sent out to Europe and America to study, and have brought the best of Western knowledge back to China.

The students in China today are the new middle class. Some of them have walked 1000 miles with their books on their back to continue their studies in caves in the interior of China.

Although only 1% of China is Christian, 80% of the leadership of China is Christian, and even in the heat of war the Christian message transcends the hatred of war. When the war is over a new China will be built, mixing the best of our Western thought with the ancient civilization.

China has for its basis the teachings of Jesus.

### Govern Yourself...

Frosh Show and Dance tonight, Friday, from 8 o'clock on in the Gym.

Lecture on Dramatics and Public Speaking, Tuesday nights at 7.30 in the Arts Building.

Tuesday, Nov. 9, 8.30 p.m., Recital by the Maritime Academy of Music, Nova Scotian Hotel.

Art Exhibition now showing in the Geology Department, Science Building.

### SECOND YEAR MEN DEMAND CHANGE Would End Conflict Of Studies, Compulsory Training

Last Monday, representatives of second year medicine met Dean H. G. Grant of the Dalhousie Medical School to discuss the matter of military training. Acting on behalf of their class, these representatives suggested that medical students at Dalhousie should drill the same number of hours as those at McGill.

### Commerce Society Elects Officers

The Commerce Society held its first meeting of the year on Oct. 26 in room three of the Arts Building. In spite of the fact that this is the smallest of the faculty societies the meeting was not without enthusiastic attendance.

The following officers for the year were elected:

Pres.—David Churchill-Smith  
Vice-Pres.—Stella Myers  
Secty-Treas.—Bill Pierce  
Student Council Rep.—  
Ruth McInnis

The main discussion resulted in the decision to carry on the tradition of having a "Millionaires Ball" and, accordingly a dance committee composed of Bill Pierce, Norma Sherman, Norma Bryant, and Barbara Campbell was appointed. Although an exact date has not been set it can be said that it will be held one night of the week immediately following the Christmas holidays. So watch the notice boards, and what's more, avoid the pitfalls of the the post-Xmas financial slump.

### FIRST MEETING OF SOCIOLOGY CLUB

The Dalhousie Sociology Club held its first meeting this year on Wednesday, October 27. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows:

Hon. Pres.—Dr. Prince  
Pres.—Blair Colborne  
Vice-Pres.—Connie Archibald  
Sect'y.—Betty Knapp  
Treas.—Laurie Smith

Dr. Prince outlined the aims of the Club stressing that it was one of the oldest of its kind in Canada. Through the Club we keep in touch with other such Clubs across the continent and distinguished lecturers are brought to the campus.

Upperclassmen will remember that for the last three years the medical students have been drilling only under a form of undeclared protest. Several attempts have been made to be rid of military training altogether, and from a strictly legal view, these attempts have not always been lawful; but these minor rebellions have been of a sincere motive, and few persons have ever thought them unjustified. And in these days, when the farcial nature of military training for students in the professional faculties is being ever more widely appreciated, Dalhousie medical students at last find themselves with a substantial case to make known.

The whole matter began when certain students here received letters from friends at McGill telling how medical students there were drilling only three hours each week. The reduction in hours of military training had been announced in the McGill Daily. Immediately many students wrote to their McGill friends asking that they send to Dalhousie copies of the issues in which the announcements had been made. But within a few days these announcements were reprinted in the Dalhousie Gazette.

Last Tuesday, Dean Grant of the medical school received a telegram from the Dean of McGill medical school in which the reduction of hours for medical students there was confirmed. It is believed that the faculty of medicine as well as the students feel quite strongly on the matter, and already the faculty is thought to have approached the military district. At last the medical students here have good reason to believe that the thorny problem of their military training will be settled in a way that will favour studies rather than drill.

### N.B.—NEW STUDENTS

The hour students may see the doctor in Students' Health Service is every day from 12 to 1 with the exception of Sunday. This is the only time the doctor will be at the Clinic for this purpose.

### DIPO - - - Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

#### When Do You Think Peace Will Be Restored To The World?

65% of the "arm-chair strategists" asked this timely question, voiced the opinion of the writer of this column—that the war will end sometime in 1945. 25%, optimists all, thought that the peace bells would peal out this year, and the remaining 10% were of the opinion that hostilities would not cease until 1946 or 1947.

#### What Do You Think Is Wrong With Dalhousie?

Of the students asked this question, 60% said that there is too much to do and too little time in which to do it—the greater part of the day taken up with classes, and the evening with military training; the result being too little time for recreation and study. 30% said, quite indignantly, that nothing is wrong with Dalhousie and 10% said that there is something radically wrong, but just what they can't say. (It can't be so radical!)

#### What Do You Think Of This Column?

As the writer expected, 74% think the contents of DIPO are "lousy". 25% said, very encouragingly, that there is lots of room for improvement. The remaining 1% said they had never heard of this animal called DIPO (which, too, was very encouraging!), and so, dear reader, we ask youif what do YOU think of this column?

# Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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.

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### WHAT IS A STANDARD?

Pardon us if we keep harping ad nauseam on the fact that exams begin in five weeks, but the truth is, this though so appals us, we just have to pass it on. At least, you can't say we didn't warn you. To the over-used bromide "as inevitable as death and taxes" should be added that final example of unwavering destiny "and exams".

Probably just as inevitable, if past years are any guide, is the "high standard of Dalhousie" which will be maintained in the marking. What constitutes this "high standard" of which the University is so proud? Evidently a firm belief that the great majority of students do not rank as, and can never achieve to, "first div" or 65% bracket, that a fairly impressive percentage must be failed altogether, and that most undergraduates are 40-50% material. The professional faculties of course, are on the entirely different basis of an exact knowledge of involved and technical processes, but in Arts and pure Science, this "high standard" is religiously venerated. Within the University, this standard may well make for a higher quality of work, but outside the Studley campus, it creates a situation distinctly unfair to any scholar wishing to continue his studies.

Exchange and graduate students, seeking entrance at other universities, can feel proud to present a record of studies showing a 70% average at Dal. Any student carrying away from Dalhousie five courses in his final year all in the first division, averaging 70%, has good reason to feel somewhat above the average. Yet this same student, presenting his record at an American university, is probably slated for a very cool reception, for 70 to a graduate school, accustomed to receiving men from colleges where 80's are considered "a fairly good showing", is not impressive.

The present system is unfair, but what can replace it? Certainly Dalhousie standards should not be lowered. The quality of her graduates has been definitely higher than most Canadian and many American undergraduate colleges. Yet the situation met by those graduates transferring for further work elsewhere is very serious, and may result, especially in the post-war years when the liberal arts will again come into their own, in shedding an extremely unfavorable and unwarranted light on the college.

The perfect solution is the adoption of a set of standards by all Canadian and American universities. This, however, like all perfect endings, is manifestly impossible. But other ways can surely be found, if serious consideration were given to the problem. One solution might be the system, already in use in some colleges, whereby a student is given only one mark for his entire year's work in all courses, a "pass with honours", a "pass" or a "failure". Others, more feasible, would open upon investigation. But to prepare for the renaissance of higher education, of the humanities, in the years to come, some action must be taken now!



### MURDERER

Hmm? Oh, you're the new man are you? Well, you won't find much excitement here in Greenvale to keep you busy. Old Elias, he was the last Sheriff, used to have so much spare time he always used to be inventing things. 'Course, everybody here—about thought Elias was a little-uh-well, sorta simple, always tinkering 'n' things. Yep, poor old Elias died at last after all that—reckon 'twas on account of that. Didn't you hear about it?

Well, it was back in the spring of 1939 when a young fellow by the name of Allan Wells came along. That was when the new airplane factory was opened. Smart young man, too. Sort of a tall, nervous-looking chap—not bad-looking at all. We all took a likin' to him, though we didn't know much about him. Pretty soon he was promoted to a foreman's job and he was workin' like a Trojan.

About a month after he came he met Louise, that's old Elias' daughter. They took to each other and were goin' to get married after Wells got better established.

Now, as I was tellin' you, Elias was always inventin' things and Allan would often help him experiment just to humour the old man. One of Elias' pet gadgets was a bullet-proof vest that he'd been improvin' for years. Finally he got it finished.

So, as usual, Allan helped him experiment one day. They pinned the vest on the wall of the barn and shot twice at it. But not even a trace of powder on the wall after they took down the vest. So Allan

put on this latest boon to sheriffs. Elias slowly aimed at him and fired with his .38. As soon as Elias pressed the trigger Wells let out a groan and fell, clutching his side. He was dead. Doc Andrews said to us later, "Boys, Wells' heart was bad. His death was not the result of a bullet wound." We all believed him because nobody questions Doc Andrews.

So young Wells was buried and Louise's heart was broken. Elias went around in a daze and his health was failing after that for, you see, he still seemed to believe that he'd killed Allan.

Well, on the day Elias died, he called me into his room and said he wanted to have a talk with me. He said to me in a low voice—I can remember his words now — "Luke, you're my best friend and I want to tell you before I go. Allan didn't die of heart attack—Doc said that to soften the blow to Louise. I asked him to — I didn't want Allan to marry my Louise." At this I guess I must have looked a little bewildered, because Elias had always seemed to like the young fellow a lot. He smiled a little. "Yes, yes—I know. But he was an escaped convict—the words scarcely came—"Kent County jail—bigamy—just found out—"and that was all. Yep, Elias was dead.

And y'know, it's a funny thing. I was putterin' around old Elias' yard for fishin' worms, pretty near the spot where young Wells died and I found three bullets. They were from a .38. Must have lain there for some time. I wonder if—"

A. S. H.

### SEA CHILDREN

Up they came out of the sea  
 Dripping and glistening;  
 Fish-tailed sea nymphs three,  
 Flipping and slithering.  
 Tresses all gleaming  
 In the soft moonlight.  
 Gently smoothing and dressing  
 Long golden showers of hair.  
 The wanton moon waned,  
 Shimmering they go,  
 The murmuring waves parted  
 And clouds o'er their heads.  
 Three beautiful sea-children  
 Have gone back to bed.

### UNSOLVED RIDDLE

They say it's fall when bird fly south again,  
 And swarm like leaves across the windy sky;  
 Just why they go remains a mystery,  
 Throughout the ages man has not known why  
 A robin or a bluejay takes his flight,  
 Or wings his way above the northern sod,  
 Except some force keeps urging him unseen,  
 Some instinct born of Nature or of God.  
 While we, poor puzzled beings that we are,  
 Hoping to find an answer, search in vain,  
 The secret of a long eternal truth,  
 That when it's fall the birds fly south again.  
 —K. E. B.

### QUID EST PULCHRITUDO?

Hark! What is this seeming magic?  
 This hidden glory,  
 This old revered and ancient story;  
 This brighter light,  
 This firmer form,  
 This loveliness of early morn;  
 This dream of love  
 This enchanted hue  
 This thing that only God could do?

'Tis the personality to all Creation,  
 The very essence of Inspiration;  
 Away to love (our sacred duty!)  
 'Tis the wond'rous subtle touch of  
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C. T.

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 is: Buy fewer clothes—send what you have  
 to Cousins often.



# WARTIME WASHINGTON

By J. L. McLAREN  
News Editor, Dalhousie Gazette

The predominance on the Washington streets of government employees and civilian war workers is a striking contrast to the sidewalks of New York, which are continually spotted with wearers of the khaki and gold-braid. Washington has cast aside any semblance of gaiety. It is devoid of the carefreeness of Manhattan. The city is predominantly serious and determined. Add to this a desperate housing situation and a constant overcrowding of public utilities—and it is easy to see that the fun-seeking soldier, sailor or marine on furlough would not be attracted to the nation's capital.

The government's numerous housing projects for "eligible immigrant war-workers" have made a magnificent contribution to alleviating the existing situation caused by a population increase of 43 percent in the three-year period from 1940 to 1943. In the D.C. area, the National Housing Agency has supervised the construction, thus far, of 7,200 public units and about 7,400 public single units. When the present program of construction has been fulfilled, a total of 16,000 public units and 13,000 single units will have been realized.

### Housing Settled

An N.H.A. official observed that housing problems in Washington are now well under control. This, he explained, is in large part due to the stabilization of the war effort and the fact that the majority of the government departments have consequently "acquired their full complement of office workers."

The government, through the Office of War Information, has stretched out a helping hand to the temporary visitor to the capital who has no rooming prospects in mind. Those who wish to rent a room for an indefinite period have but to state their preferences as to rent, location and so forth and leave the rest up to O.W.I. The latter produces statistics bearing a list of available lodging quarters (if any) and directs the inquirer to the home of his choice.

### The Wages of Sin

However, many are the poor souls who make long and fruitless searchings for shelter. You have probably heard of the gentleman who was wandering along the banks of the Potomac River when he noticed an old man struggling to keep afloat in the swirling green waters. Standing calmly on the bank, he watched the form disappear, once, twice into the murky depths. Then, as the old fellow broke water for the plunge to end all plunges, the man on the bank shouted:

"By the way, what is your Washington address?"

"45 Z Street," the frustrated drownee gurgled in reply.

Thrilled by the prospect of an available room, the man on the bank

forthwith jumped into a taxi and sped to 45 Z Street. When he arrived, he was startled to hear that the room had been rented to someone else.

"Look here," he argued, "the man who owns this room just drowned in the Potomac."

"I know, sir, but it's now occupied by the fellow who pushed him in," the landlady explained.

### Complicated Streets

The visitor to Washington will find his greatest problem in attempting to discover the secret to the city's complicated street system. The numbered streets, here, go, supposedly, north and south, and the alphabetical streets, east and west. The avenues and roads, on the other hand, run in all directions, are frequently mistaken for "streets" and invariably lead the newcomer astray. Yours truly, for example, with but two coppers to his name, was obliged to hit the long trail homeward on foot one night from 18th and K streets to MacLean Gardens. But feeling gay, he was apparently undismayed by the prospective fatigues of a three mile walk. Yes, he wandered onto an accursed avenue, unaware, and ended up miles and miles from his objective. A kindly negro couple came to the rescue by informing him of his whereabouts and persuaded him to accept a dime for bus fare. Lacking compass, map or a sense of direction, he might well have crossed the state line into Virginia.

Because this writer did not have a week of his short time in Washington to spare for the purpose, he did not visit the celebrated Pentagon building in person, but acquired a collection of startling data through the Public Relations Office of the War Department. The Pentagon (so called for its five sided structure) is a wartime innovation, built at a cost of 60,000,000 dollars to house 30,000 staff workers of the United States War Department. The largest building in the world, the Pentagon has fourteen miles of quarters and is fully equipped with an air-conditioning system. For the welfare of its employees, the War Department has provided for seven indoor and one outdoor restaurant for the serving of an estimated 50,000 meals per day. The Pentagon has its own bank, a barber-shop with eighteen chairs, a modern drug store, a uniform store for officers, a cleaning and drying establishment and a shoe repair shop. To benefit the hard working members of the fair sex, a shopping service has been established to the downtown area. Each of the five floors in the building has a different colored interior so that the straying members of the staff can orient themselves if lost.

### Pregnant Pentagon

Many are the fantastic yarns spun about the Pentagon's immensity but perhaps the most descriptive concerns the predicament of a lady who had apparently lost herself and was looking feverishly for an exit.

"I've simply got to get out of here," she begged, approaching a guard, "you see I'm going to have a baby."

"But why did you enter the building in such a condition, Madam?" the guard queried.

"I didn't," she replied.

And then—you've probably heard about the Western Union boy who went into the Pentagon to deliver a message and when he came out he was a full-fledged colonel.

### Off-Hours

Although the streets of Washington are seething with rushing humanity at meal times and "off-hours", when the bees vanish into their hives during the work period, the city is left, with its parks, memorials and exhibits to that strange to be and practically extinct individual—the sightseer. It would not be uncommon then to find yourself standing beside Lafayette in the empty square or sitting with Napoleon Bonaparte in the silent halls of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

Without adopting travelogue technique, it is difficult to suppress your wonderment at the architectural beauty of the Washington and Lincoln memorials. Casting its tall, sleek shadows into the mirrored waters of the "reflecting pool", the commemoration to America's first President juts into the skies with a grim confidence. A few hundred yards away and facing his fellow countryman, is Abe Lincoln, the "saviour of the Union", cast in pure white marble. The statue is amazingly life-like and seems, through the realism of its facial features, almost to speak out to the onlooker. Inscribed on the inside walls of the Lincoln memorial are excerpts from his greatest speeches. The phrase "we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain" seems to bear peculiar significance to our day and to the future.

### Senescent Senate

But in our wanderings we have forgotten to look in on Capitol Hill and the Senate Chamber where 96 "distinguished senators" have reconvened for the new session to cast aside political issues for the more urgent matters of the war. We arrive at an appropriate time to find the Republican Senator from North Dakota shouting his denunciations of the government's Attorney-General. He has been talking for thirty-five minutes but has not yet revealed how the man's resignation could be effected. Suddenly, a cherub-faced gentleman remarks: "Why not change the Administration?" — As the laughter subsides, the Senator from North Dakota once more takes up the reins: "But that might take another ten years."

Yes, the visitor finds many things to amaze and amuse him in crowded, picturesque, wartime Washington, but he would have to look long and hard to find a Republican sleeping in the same room with a Democrat.

Cairo" gives a very good idea of the "Casbah", the name given to the Arab sections. There is absolutely no law or order there, neither the forces nor the police having any jurisdiction. Consequently only "mad dogs and Englishmen" go up there and it is no frequently that someone never returns. Your life is worth no more than your wallet contains. Money is not the only thing that the Arabs will take for the French have a monopoly on all cloths! They will, however, leave your life but you will have to walk home in a barrel. Any old clothes on the ship fetched handsome prices from the Arabs. A pair of light blue pajamas were sold as a light summer suit for \$10. Their new clothes went over their old filthy worn rags until they left the docks with four to eight suits on.

In these parts the grim reminders of war are brought home as far as the guns and bombs thunder in the distance, the war casualties are brought aboard, mental cases, the maimed and blind, broken in mind and body, but not in spirit. A completely paralyzed case, from the neck down, was the most cheerful one aboard. But as the days pass and Canadian soil eventually rises out of the sea, the patients whose last sight of home was possibly four years ago, forget their own misfortunes, and think only of their comrades "over there".

After the last war the returning troops seemed to be thankful it was all over and let it go at that but although this feeling may seem on the surface, the deeper thoughts prevailing are towards the future of the world, especially Canada. But let us, the students of Canada, wake up to the fact ourselves and realize that humanity, society and fellow welfare extends beyond the home, the campus, and the Friday night dances.

# Call To Arms T SQUARE

Ed. Note: The following communique has just been received by the Gazette from the scene of action. May we urge all Dalhousians to take it to heart:

## All out for Acadia

Here you are, you happy college lads and lassies, you loyal supporters of our great fighting team—the chance of a lifetime. The chance to go to Acadia and see the greatest game in the history of Dalhousie. It promises to be a great day in the annals of Dal sport, and a great day for all football lovers, and that means most of Dalhousie.

When will this great trip be? It's Saturday, Nov. 13. Transportation will be provided by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, through the good work of George the Hawk himself. The Hawk says it will be a great day; Douger the Roy says it will be a great day; I say it will be a great day, and all of us can't be wrong.

Your able cheerleaders are going along, with music by Douger and his accordion, songs and cheers by the cheerleaders, and a load of enthusiasm by every-body. The theme for the day will be: bring out your stuffed tiger, Acadia, and we'll roll the old football all over it.

The Tigers are really on the beam and cookin' with power this time. There'll be new songs and cheers for all lusty-lunged Ralsters, and all the old songs and cheers besides, and for all those who don't know them, there'll be a special issue of the Gazette next week with them all in it, so take your copy along.

Don't hold that pole-horse, Mr. Conroy, for Burnie and his Tigers are going to mop up the field with the Axemen. Don't forget to get your tickets early, so you'll be sure to get down. We're going to give it to the Axemen . . . right in the neck . . . we've done it before, we can do it again, so let the pole horse go, and All Aboard for Acadia, the Dal Special is ready to roll!

"LAUCHIE".

## ARTS AND SCIENCE

Well, we all had a good time at the formal, didn't we? Peeking around one of the Hall's majestic pillars, we caught a glimpse of Renee Garrett's heels, keeping true time to "Astaire" Campbell's lead. We hear he's going to be around for a while. Looking farther we saw Leone Mooney dancing with Dr. Bell, while Jimmy danced with Mother.

What was the nourishment that Red won Saturday? Maybe the football team could tell us? And speaking of football, there's a lot of stories circulating about Best's "Wolf-call."

Where was Drummie the night the Hallowe'en Dance? . . . Which reminds us of George "glamour-girl" Smith, and of the pie Barry concocted for him.

Isabel Wilmot has taken a sudden interest in PhiRho frat parties—we don't all acquire bracelets so quickly.

We must not overlook the freshmen, doesn't Bill Pearce look cute with an apron on, girls—Woo, woo!!

## BLAKELEY'S

WELCOME TO DALHOUSIE

43 Spring Garden Road

Greetings, Engineers. Here's a flash right off the press: Freshman Takes Over Senior This week our reporters dug up a bit of hot news concerning a young "knight" of the Freshman class who has made the headlines by making a super hit at Shirriff Hall. He was last seen on Sunday night between seven and eight o'clock, and he seemed to be a happy, in fact a very happy man. 'Tis said that with the ringing of church bells the man is caught. Take heed, chum.

Mac Swain, our future Horizontal Club president, has an apology coming to him. Instead of "tripping the light fantastic" down Coburg Road, he takes his hike down Quinpool Road. We hope Eleanor P. will understand this grave mistake.

## "IT DOES TASTE GOOD IN A PIPE!"



Join the Picobac Fraternity. It means pleasant hours in every day—hours of mild, cool sweet converse with a pipe—that companion which enlivens company and enriches solitude.

# Picobac

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GARRICK  
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"AT DAWN WE DIE"  
Godfrey Teavle and Greta Grant  
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"POT OF GOLD"  
"SLIGHTLY HONORABLE"

OXFORD  
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with BING CROSBY

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"THIS IS THE ARMY"

IN GORGEOUS TECHNICOLOR

## CASINO

ALL WEEK  
Starting Saturday

## HUMPHREY BOGART

IN "SHAHARA"

## Summer Interlude

The Gazette is pleased to present a series of articles by different students on how they spent their summer holidays. The demands of wartime being great, perhaps most of the holiday work is connected vitally with the war effort. Contributors to the column should, however, remember that news interest—whether serious, comic, or just good average reading—is of paramount importance. See any Gazette editor and your article will be accepted for publication.

### AN OCEAN TRIP ON A HOSPITAL SHIP . . .

By Julian Bloomer

Plowing across the North Atlantic and into the fields of battle sails a ship, with full lights, and absolutely no means of self-defence except for the large red crosses painted on her hull. This is H.M.C.S. Lady Nelson, Canada's No. 1 Hospital Ship.

A year ago she was converted from a peace time pleasure boat running to the West Indies, to a floating hospital with an operating theatre and x-ray room of which few ashore could boast. Working in these are specialists of four doctors and seventeen fully qualified nurses, assisted by sixty orderlies.

Upon leaving Halifax she headed with five hundred German casualties which were to be included in an exchange of prisoners. The older ones having lived in a Canadian environment for some months or years, and having been old enough to think before Hitler's ascent to power, could be reasoned with, but the younger ones of early twenties were as one would expect: pig-headed, conceited, and still proud of Der Furher. It was these while still in prison camps, who expected, daily, to be rescued by Hitler's hoards landing in this country, for they still

believed in their unconquerable power.

Having left them in England, the Lady Nelson proceeded to Gibraltar. This is purely a garrison town, with narrow streets, no side walks, but plenty of "senoritas" (but, fellows, they are not what they are cracked up to be in photographs and magazines.) During the business hours, 10-12, 2:30-5, music may be heard throughout the town coming from many saloons. To this music there is dancing and singing which may be watched from the street or the lack of doors and windows, open arches being a suitable substitute.

Phillipville and Algiers are typical North African towns, the houses being Italian or Spanish design and all stone. All the labor is carried by the French speaking Arab population, but this can scarcely be classed as work for it take fifteen or twenty Arabs to do the work one white man could accomplish. They carry on an incessant gibbering and yelling which can be heard great distances away, but has no bearing on what they are doing or on anything particular at all.

The picture "Five Graves To

# TIGERS TRAMPLE ARMY TEAM 8-5 FOR FIRST WIN

## Turn Tables in Final Minutes

Dalhousie fans went to the Navy League Recreation Centre last Saturday expecting to see a really fine game with Army. However, they were greeted by some play which was pretty ragged when compared with the Acadia game. That nearly twenty penalty kicks awarded to Army didn't improve the contest, and the fact that Dal won despite them is rather amazing.

Throughout most of the game the Tigers held Army in its own territory, but couldn't seem to go over the line. Toward the end of the first half, after five penalty kicks Floyd finally managed to put one over the bar to give Army a 2-0 advantage.

At about the middle of the second half Army got the ball out to the wing and McInnis was just able to cross the line near the corner, with several Dal players on top of him. The convert, from a difficult angle, was missed, but Army was out in front to the tune of 5-0.

In the closing moments of the game Barry was injured and was replaced by Ralston. From this moment Dal was a different team and really began to "turn on the heat." The scrum, which had held the advantage the whole of the game, came through again, and heeled the ball out, which started on its usual devious course along the three-quarter line. However, it only reached Currie, who, after making a feint at passing and some perfect broken field running, plunged right through the centre of the Army three-quarters to break Dal's record, —and score the Tigers' first try! McIvor made the convert from right in front of the posts, and the game was all tied up. But still the Tigers gave their opponents no rest, for immediately after the Army kickoff the collegians ran the ball back to mid-field. From there it was a short run to deep in Army territory. Then for the first time the Dalhousians really followed up a loose ball, and after it had bounced over the line, Burgess pounced on it to put Dal in the lead. McIvor attempted a convert from a most difficult position but to the disappointment of fans of the gold and black the ball bounced off the bar. Thus the game ended with Tigers having their first victory of the season:

Dal 8; Army 5.

**Line-ups:** Dalhousie — Epstein, Saunders, McIvor, Anderson, Jardine, Allen, Marshall, Carter, Barry, Currie, Hart, Giberson, Burgess, Farquhar, Wade, Ralston.

**Army** — Arthur, White, McGillivray, Morrison, Debeison, Floyd, McMullen, McLean, McInnis, Ryan, McAdam, Cameron, Dickenson Gray, Chernum.

## Tigeresses Have Busy Week End

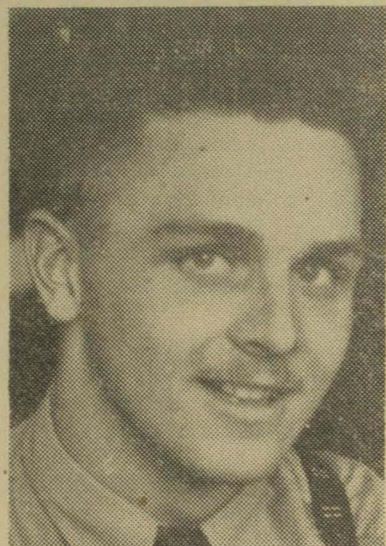
Dal girls who play hockey had a pretty busy weekend. Friday afternoon there was a game between H.L.C. and the Dal girls, score 1-0 for the former. Saturday the regular hockey team made a trip to Windsor to play Edgehill, which resulted in another close defeat 1-0. This we hope to overcome at some future date in a return match. The trip was very much enjoyed by the whole team, who look forward with confidence to the next game when the team has had more practice.

Thursday a match is scheduled between the boys and girls. At time of writing result is not definite, but may be forecast as a doubtful victory for the stronger sex. Despite the boys' total disregard of rules and "etiquette", all bruises and scars are excepted as "just part of the fun!"

Hel—"Came near selling those old shoes of mine today.  
Haw—"Howe come?"  
Hel—"Had them half-soled."

English Prof: When did the revival of learning take place?  
Stude: The week before exams.

## PRESENTING ...



Presenting Dick Currie, who has packed into his athletic career more thrilling experiences than many veterans twice his age.

Dick was born in Montreal and spent the first twelve years of his life in that city. While attending Rosoin Collegiate he began playing football and hockey, and there developed the skill in these games that was later to give him a berth on many winning teams.

Moving to Toronto, he attended Jarvis Collegiate and played on the school team which won the Toronto and district football championship. The next year this young star was again on the winning team, holding down the position of half-back. Meanwhile he had not forgotten his hockey, and in 1940 played right wing for the Shamrock Hockey Club, which captured the Ontario Midget Championship.

Currie not only stars at hockey and football but is a sailing enthusiast. For years he was a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto. With a six meter boat he has won a score of cups in competitive racing.

In 1941 the Upper Canada sportsman came to Nova Scotia and attended H.C.A. That year, for the first time, Canadian football was introduced into the high schools, and he played a stellar role as H.C.A. defeated St. Mary's in the playoffs. That winter Dick was really busy. Not only did he play a marvellous game on defense with the school team, but also played an important role with the Junior Canadians as they won the Maritime title and went on to play in the Eastern Canadian Finals against Montreal Royals.

For two years Currie has been at Dal, and he is an important cog in the Tigers' football machine. Also last winter he led the Freshmen to a victory over Medicine to take the interfaculty hockey title.

Dick will graduate in Science and Engineering in '46 and then plans for further study in Mechanical Engineering.

Besides starring in hockey, football, and sailing, capable Currie occasionally finds time to engage, with more than average ability, in tennis, track and field, swimming, and riding.

## on the SIDELINES

By BILL POPE

One of the casualties of the war, we fear, is the "small time" athlete, the so-called little man who doesn't make the headlines but who receives just as much enjoyment from sports as do the more skillful players. Football and basketball continue to flourish, and the players find time amidst their activities for practice. But what has happened to the less spectacular sports, ping-pong, track, badminton, boxing and swimming?

A few years ago the men's locker room in the gymnasium was a hot-bed for ping-pong. Players in between classes used to hasten to the tables, and push the little, white ball back and forth with such enthusiasm and ardor that the sounds could be heard from afar. But also! Today it is so quiet in the lower part of the gym that you can hear the drop of a pin! What has happened to these bat wielders that used to delight in smashing the celluloid all over the table? Granted, some have graduated, but football and basketball players graduate too, and still their game carries on.

Some of the players that developed their amazing skill on the tables at Dalhousie include Bob Blois, "Babe" Stewart, Colin Smith, Henry Reardon, Don Bauld, Dave Doig, George Mosher, and Forbes Mountain. We started out to mention a few, but the names came so fast to our memory we found it hard to stop. Incidentally, all these former Dalhousie athletes are now in the Canadian Army, except Don Bauld who is a Lieut. in the Navy.

Why aren't the present students taking up ping-pong or other minor sports? Do we hear, "No time! too much military training!" Well, if anybody is wholly substituting military training for sports he is making a mistake. Sports are needed for the purpose of recreation and entertainment just as much in times of war as in times of peace.

A tennis tournament has been completed with only a handful of people participating. At the present time a ping-pong league is being formed. Is it to suffer the same fate as tennis, or will it once again take a leading place as one of the most popular of college sports?

There are some who do not like a game with a hard, physical contact such as football gives, and there are others who do not like anything so "small and insignificant" as ping-pong or badminton. Why aren't they taking part in some other college sport? Occasionally one used to see energetic students running around the track in preparation for a coming track and field event. Things, however, have now come to such a pass that if the caretakers don't look smart we wouldn't be surprised if a "would be" track athlete found himself brushing through a field of weeds as he turned the lap.

Boxing and swimming competitions have also seemed to disappear from college athletics. We think an

effort should be made to keep these sports going. With the world in such an enigmatical state, one may never know when the art of self defense can be used to advantage, or when a strong stroke will be needed to save one's life.

Last year the basketball team travelled to New Brunswick, and the Intermediates went to Acadia. Also both football teams played in Wolfville. Not only did the basketball and football teams endure wartime transportation, but the debating society and other groups were entertained at different Universities. The competitive spirit in most college organizations is still strong and active. So minor sports should take heart, reorganize and go on to new and brighter victories.

## MEMORIES ...

Dal's capture of the Maritime Intercollegiate boxing championships in 1937... Phil Cole winning the six mile marathon race... Dal defeating Acadia in the N. S. Intercollegiate Tennis Championship of 1938, and then going on to take the Maritime title from Mount Allison... Henry Reardon winning ping-pong tournaments... Jack Ferguson and "Bullet" MacKenzie defending Dal's swimming honors... Norm MacRitchie's mighty heave of the discus (124 ft. 4 1/4 in.) to set a new mark for the event.

My girl is so dumb that she thinks all wheat that sells for a dollar a bushel is Buckwheat.



Our bombers will continue to get through if we—  
Buy more WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

## Monthly Meeting Of Cercle Francais

The first meeting this term of the Dalhousie Cercle Francais Society, Friday afternoon at Shirreff Hall was marked by an enthusiastic attendance of members, male and female, old and new. The proletariat was surprised but nonetheless gratified by the presence of a lone engineer at the gathering.

This year's president, J. B. Hibbetts gave a short address of welcome to new members and continued with a description of the French Summer School held this summer at Trois Pistoles, Quebec, under the auspices of the University of Western Ontario.

An amusing and much appreciated game was then introduced after which members joined in singing a variety of French and French-Canadian songs. An enjoyable tea served by the girls promoted an atmosphere of camaraderie and loosed a round of French phrases from long silent tongues.

A humorous monologue by one of the members and a discussion period rounded out the program of one of

the most successful meetings of Le Cercle Francais to date.

Officers of the society are John Hibbetts, president, who succeeds J. C. McLean, and Florence MacDermaid, secretary-treasurer, who replaces Harry Buxton.

Sophette—I like long skirts don't you?

Freshette—Yes, I'm bow-legged too.

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