

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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Conflicts

There have occurred several extra-curricular conflicts, which have given rise to much unnecessary worry.

It appears that two Glee Club performances and two Hockey Games were scheduled and played on the same nights. If it is warmer at Glee Club than at Hockey on these wintry nights, Glee Club drew the crowds. The crowds—the rooters. That is the crux of the whole matter. The rooters. Rooters-students and Student-rooters make the Life of the College. And the hockeyists want their rooting. They stand for their rights to rooters and vehemently refuse to be treated as step-children in our midst.

A famous student jurist of the Law School has suggested that a Conflicts Committee of the Students' Council function to come to constitutional or equitable decision in the matter.

Might the Gazette suggest a very plausible and effective way out? Why not have the Glee Club Band play at all Hockey games? Presto!

A Transient Trade?

There appears in today's Gazette a very interesting report of the Midlothian Society—the girls literary guild of Dalhousie, organized two years ago, simultaneously with the Unicorn, the boys' literary guild.

Both these circles fill an important place in the life of this university—if properly conducted as informal discussion groups on writings of all sorts.

The possibilities are infinite. From two such active circles, complementary circles might spring up—a philosophical club, an historical club—there are those here who are interested.

“Oh”, some will say, “why have more societies, when the ones we have do not function regularly. One whole month went by before the Unicorn and Midlothians had a meeting and when they did meet only a few attended.”

Is there lackadaisical spirit abroad? Must the organizations be forced into a position of shouting: “Love us or hate us, but do not be indifferent?”

The Gazette has been trying to nail down the blame on someone, somewhere. The presidents of the various organizations are not to blame. Ipsi dixunt. “The members are to blame.” “Ah! The members. Who are your members?” “We have no set membership. At every meeting we see different faces. Only occasionally do we see the same faces at consecutive meetings.”—The organizations are doing a transient trade. No set membership!

That is the crux of the entire trouble. There's the rub.

“Is there perhaps an organization which has a set membership?” “Yes,” we are told—“The Class”. Every class has its unchanging membership—Your classmates—those with whom you are going to graduate.

The Class Organization: what has been the peculiar heritage of the Class Organization hitherto?

Of course some may object that we are complimenting the class too much when we call it an organization, suggesting at the same time that ‘class meeting’ would be more appropriate.

The function of the Class meeting has been like a ‘dance sandwich’, the first meeting at which a young man and young woman are chosen to debate against seemingly insignificant topics and four years later another important meeting to decide what heirloom we are going to leave to future ascendants to Dal.

In between there are infinite ten-minute meetings (members hurry in 5 minutes late with coats on) at which the chairman decides or his lieutenant makes a motion which is carried unanimously that the “Dance” be left to a committee; Dance Sandwich! The Class has become synonymous with dance. (A digression: Let us not be misunderstood. Every member of the staff of the Gazette is absolutely silly over dancing and attends at least one dance every night, and if they don't they'd like to. However we state this to show we have no grievances with “Dances” and if we have a grievance it is that there are not enough of them: With this almost everyone will agree.)

A CHALLENGE

Yes the Class has become synonymous with Dance. For everything except the the dance the class is a conglomeration of boys and girls: no community of interests. We now have the great pleasure of being able to point to the source whence may come salvation.

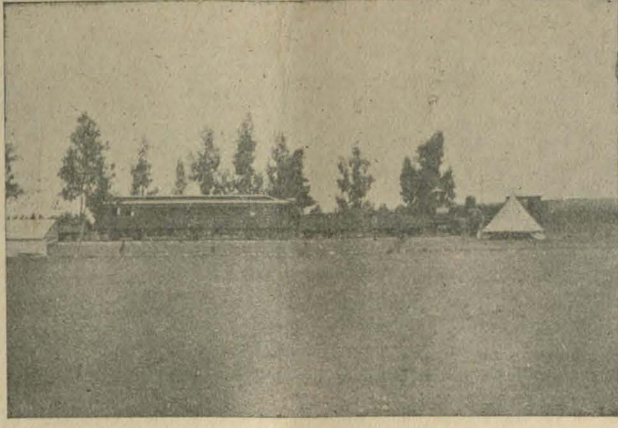
It is incumbent that every class be the registry office of the potentialities of its members. It should be a high-class employment bureau taking pride in placing its members in the service of Alma Mater. There should grow up a community of spirit—a sort of “esprit de class”. Every class should have a registry book and every member should sign his own name therein, and the organizations in which he or she wishes to be active. Then the Presidents of D. A. A. C., Glee Club, of Sodales, the Gazette could go direct to the keeper of the Register and get the very person wanted, for any particular thing.

So much good could be accomplished, through the agency of properly organized class circles.

Business—social meetings could even be arranged in the evenings. An hour and fifteen minutes to discuss competition (with other classes.) for literary, debating or athletic honours. The remainder of the evening for a little dancing.

Presidents of classes! A call to arms! Get your members together. Have them register. Find out who's who. It is incumbent on you to do so! It is your duty to Alma Mater to act. If your member has pride in his class, he will have pride in his Alma Mater. His Class should be his guide to form of expression suitable to his individuality.

Presidents boost your members. And they will boost your college. It should be your pleasure to boost.



TALES OF THE TRAIL

The little cabin was snugly ensconced in a clump of firs, a stone's throw from the half-frozen rapid, whose waters gurgled and croaked in an eerie monotone as if chiding this frigid barrier that lay in its path to the sea.

It was just growing dark and the aeolian harp of the forest had struck a mournful note when the laden Komitick with its frisky team slid down the crooked trail to the half-buried door. We had come many miles from Toenippy, the bare wind-swept musk of the high hand of Northern Labrador, where the wolves and the deer wage their feuds in a blanket of waist deep snow. The cold had been intense for a week and the moon looked sick, so that we were glad when the rugged brows of the table land, now shrouded by whispy clouds, was frowning on our backs, while we beat our trail down its lower slopes. Through rather disappointed at not stalking any deer, we felt recompensed by our witnessing on the return walk to the dogs,—one of Nature's remarkable spectacles. On topping a slight rise, Levi, the veteran trapper who led, suddenly froze, paused a while, then noiselessly lowered himself into the snow and beckoned to me with his finger. I stole to his side and looked over the top; about fifty feet below the sloping bank was a solitary caribou, digging into the snow in search of moss. My hand slipped to my rifle, then taking a sidelong glance, saw that we were not the only watchers; three enormous wolves squat on their haunches were holding a consultation on a high bank a little to our right—they too were unaware of our presence. As we watched, the largest appeared to be pressing his plan of attack, for his tail swung nervously from side to side, cutting a semi-circle in the soft snow behind him. Then as if mutually agreeing, they parted simultaneously, one loping towards us, and I became fearful lest he spoil the show, but having selected a place almost directly above the unsuspecting deer, he lay down, while the other two went in opposite directions, completing the triangle, the base of which was to converge towards the unhappy deer.

It was thrilling to watch these master brigands planning their attack. I could see Levi's eyes open a trifle wider every minute. The two partners were rapidly approaching now and the deer, as if forewarned of its doom, raised its head abruptly and moving a few paces, nose in air, sniffed the down wind, then scenting danger, struggled to get out of the drift into which it had wandered while searching for food, but it was too late, for even as it reached the light snow, one of the wolves thirsting for blood, rushed at its head, while the other to cut off any escape, galloped through the soft snow as fast as he could.

This was the deer's first sight of its foes, and for the moment it was pan-stricken, then side stepping slowly, it lunged at its nearest opponent, but the wolf was too agile—he paused a moment to feint, then leaped at his snow-bound prey. In a moment it was all over and the blood from the torn throat laced the milky snow. His partner was soon on the scene and it looked as if they planned to make a meal then and there. This was not in accordance with the arranged plan, however, for the old wolf on the hill, seeing his hungry brethren about to reap the fruits of his cleverness, raised his voice in a savage protesting howl, crouched like a panther, then with a snap of his steel-spring legs, hurtled forward over the hill and landed within a foot of the carcass, petrifying his abashed accomplices. I afterwards measured the leap, and it was approximately eighty feet from foot print to foot print. A stupendous feat, rather, and I was for letting the old beast go, but not so Levi, whose ideas along some lines were hard and fast. And a few staccato cracks of his Savage brought the banquet to a sharp ending and soon we were busy skinning and panching the carcass.

It was not long after we reached the cabin before Levi had the little tin stove aglowing and while I attended to the dogs and the small game we had shot, he prepared our supper of choice venison steaks.

THE GAUNT GREY WOLF

We talked till midnight before climbing into the sleeping bags and I seemed to have just rested a second, when I found myself wide awake staring at Levi, whose gnome-like form was half-buried in shadow, as he peered intently from the door held ajar by his stockinged feet. Hearing my stifled exclamation, he inclined his head and whispered a low “look”—as if unwilling to disturb the silence of the sparkling Arctic night. I got up and peered in the direction of his hand, but could see nothing, but the faint outline of the mountains and the nearby trees. Then a gust stirred the firs and on the night breeze there came the low, sobbing, monotonously petrifying wail—Ooo-wo-wo—for fully ten seconds, the

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Hallers

Who was the gentleman who called at the Hall with a bicycle to get his two lady friends? And did he intend to take them both on the handle-bars?

“Merriment and what-not” were to be had in Connie's room the other night when an impromptu Spanish tragedy was staged by the Famous Five. Kayo, as Roderigo the Hero, died in a touching manner, and not a dry eye was to be found in the house when the grand finale disclosed all the characters dead in a heap upon the floor. It is said that they revived, a little while later when coffee was imbued to the accompaniment of toast.

“The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.” We hope that the fond illusions of our friend at Pine Hill were not destroyed until after he'd eaten the cookies.

Hillers

Although the Freshie Sophs did not show up very well in the eyes of their Professors this Christmas, they certainly gave Murray MacNeill an eye-ful, when he turned on the lights upstairs in the Waegwoltic last Friday night.

All manner of unusual things occurred at the '31-'32 Class Party. For the first time in the history of the University, a Freshman “cut-in” on a professor.

Well! Max, you have to admit it takes “Braine” to a thing like that.

Prof. J. N. Gowanloch of the Zoology and Fisheries departments journeyed to St. John last week-end where he regaled various clubs with his sympathetic humour, besides telling a few truths about the broad Atlantic and the creatures that swim therein.

We have grown accustomed to scientist's searching for the ultimate atom, the average man and the missing collar stud but of late it has come to our notice that the present problem confronting a band of American investigators is to discover the world's ugliest women.

Well after all is said and looked at they won't find her at Dalhousie.

The boys in Bacteriology got a shot of serum on Tuesday morning. That's the way they treat 'em in the Medical Faculty after a Dental Dance.

Some of the Pine Hillers lately moved from the old home. It can never be said that the boys are a shiftless lot.

I've often thought:
That headstrong youths
Of decent education
Determine all important truths
With strange precipitation.
By gum, there's more truth than poetry in that.

Recently a Pine Hiller received word from his sister in the States that she had a phonograph which played 1000 records without stopping. After listening to Ed. McCleave talk for one whole evening, he wrote back to say:
“That's nothing; we have one in Pine Hill which plays 2000!”

All seniors have fallen arches from answering the phones for Freshettes. So far the said Freshies have nothing; but what they are going to get is “a caution”.

A man in the reception room—“much ado about nothing”.

First it was butterfly skirts, then it was long hair, now it's Fan-Tan. Shirreff Hall is becoming a gambling den. Page a number of popular boys, their shebas and a chaperone! Ask Barney.

KAMPUS KRACKS

Partician like and proud withal.
Dances very sprightly.
Happy as the day is long.
Such is G. C. Whiteley.

Correction

“Silent, slow to anger
Soft words out do spankin’.
Replica of Calvin Coolidge.
Such is Murray Rankin.”

OUT OF HER LINE

While on Broadway we ran across this bit of snuff. It dates from the time that an outdoor production of Hamlet was being staged at Hollywood. For some reason Mr. Barrymore undertook to direct the ladies who formed Ophelia's funeral cortege. Most of them had been to some body's party the night before and they were still feeling a little festive.

In any case John seemed to think that the scene lacked the proper solemnity.

“A little more dignity,” he pleaded.
“Try and be virginal, ladies.”
“One of the pall bearers snifed.”
“Listen, Mr. Barrymore,” she said, “I'm no character actress”.

ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUND-LAND

“Once during a stormy December, we made in to a little harbour of Fortune Bay, Newfoundland, to fix our main-mast which had sprung a point or two. While we were there, a man came aboard with a long tale of woe—how his traps had been wrecked, his little bit of fish unburned so that he could not pay his bill nor get any food for the winter and how his wife and children were sick, starving from the lack of even the bare necessities. The skipper gave him a barrel of flour, some pork, molasses, and tea, and the poor fellow went away overjoyed. Next morning we sailed again and the matter was forgotten.

The weather in March of that year was the worst I have ever seen while at sea. Gale after gale blew themselves out, making hell of a dory-man's life. Twice the western boats from Rose Blanche were caught, and coated with ice, their running gear lost, they beat themselves up on St. Pierre. We had our schooner nearly loaded, but wanted some fresh bait to finish the catch, so we put about for Harbour Buffet, and after running some fifty miles, were overtaken by a roaring northeaster with blinding fog. We had lots of sea-room except for the “Keys”, a breaker some distance off the land near the harbour.

“Prior to taking over the watch I had lain down for a while in my oil clothes but had not slept for the ship was rolling and pitching dangerously. Every now and then a tub of water would dash down the partly closed scuttle and wash about the fo'c'sle floor

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

On the Studley bulletin board there recently appeared a somewhat acid Philippic, denouncing the moral of the boys of a certain year who had refrained from asking their lady friends to a party. It evoked the following response.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY HAS NOT PASSED

The chivalrous writer of this morning's startling missive, apparently fails to grasp the true significance of the average Freshie's position. Let it be understood that his heart is in the right place anatomically, and physiologically functioning as it should; he is, above all, a true gentleman, with a fine sense of fair proportions, and yet, these qualities do not alter the cold facts of the case.

He is unable by force of circumstances to take his Light o' Life to the costly affairs, therefore honor bound, by damn he will not take her to a free one.

—A Cynical Fresh.

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(Continued on page 3)

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By D. J. HILL

Art Science, a verdant freshman, met his friend Joe College on the steps of the Library building one afternoon.

"Boy! Look at that chap pound that bag some punch. The way that fellow throws a medicine-ball around makes it look like a toy balloon."

Outside they met their friends Al Dent, Med Eason, Bill Law, Engy Neer, C. Pharma, and Com Erce.

After a short amble down Morris Street the boys came to the stamping ground of the Agony Artists, Kat Killers, and Politicians.

GAZETTE REPORTER AT GARRICK

Splendid Bill Offered this Week "The Little Spitfire" opened Monday night at the Garrick Theatre

"The Little Spitfire" is a rapid fire comedy in four acts, direct from a New York run.

The play is funny and the players work well as a team bringing in many bright spots.

CASINO NOTES

"Forgotten Faces," a big emotional story dealing with the sacrifice of a "Lifer" to save his daughter

MACDONALD & FORSYTHE College Mens' Overcoats \$15. to \$30.

SPORT BRIEFS

While playing in the Dalhousie-Crystals intermediate game last Saturday night, Captain Ian Fraser of the Intermediates had the misfortune to break a bone in his ankle.

Joe Mate, well known coach of the Wolverines, who has been coaching the Dalhousie and Kings University hockey teams will leave next week for his home in Quebec.

Interfaculty basketball got away to a fine start last Saturday afternoon and the league promises to be a hard fought one.

City hockey league attendance figures are not growing any and its doubtful if the circuit will continue next winter.

Although only accounting for five points in the recent Dal-Y game Davidson, Tiger forward, had an average of over twenty points in the five games he had taken part in since the beginning of the season.

Alec Nickerson was the outstanding star as the intermediates took a 24-20 win over the Crystals in a scheduled intermediate league fixture.

With the score tied at the end of the regular playing time Ian Fraser shook the twine for victory on a foul shot while Nickerson added another to make sure

FIRST DEFEAT FOR DAL TEAM

DAVIDSON WELL MARKED

Our Tiger garbed basketball players tasted their first defeat in this year's City league when the Y. M. C. A. aggregation scored a 33-24 victory in the Y gym last Saturday night.

The whole trouble with the collegians was linked up with the performance of Davidson, who in past games has scored a large majority of his teams points.

Russell McLellan and Fairstein made their first appearance of the year in senior company and although it was their second game of the night gave creditable performances.

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MAJESTIC NOTES

Most sensational among the younger British stars who have visited Canada within the decade, Gordon McLeod comes to the Majestic on Monday for three nights and with two famous plays.



On Mon. and Tues. evenings he and his all-English company present the celebrated costume comedy, "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" and on Wednesday and Friday the most powerful of ultra-modern dramatic triumphs, "A Bill of Divorcement".

It was Gordon McLeod who made a phenomenal rise to stardom in London when he stepped into the leading role of "Scaramouche" on 48 hours' notice following the sudden illness of Sir John Martin Harvey.

Only a few months later, history again repeated itself, but this time in Canada. Mr. McLeod has been seen in the Dominion on several occasions—

His coming local engagement will be his first stellar appearance here.

"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner", the first of the two bills, is dashing, romantic and punctuated with hilarity.

"A Bill of Divorcement", on the other hand, is set in the year 1932. Dealing, as its title indicates, with divorce, it is the most powerful piece of work to be seen on the London stage since the war.

See Billie Dove in "Adoration," and see the last word in emotional dramas of love and jealousy, with a beautiful European background.

"ADORATION" BILLIE DOVE

See Billie Dove in "Adoration," and see the last word in emotional dramas of love and jealousy, with a beautiful European background.

There is much excitement and thrill, with the downfall of royalty in Russia, and the flight of the aristocrats to Paris, their plight amid unfamiliar surroundings, the cafes, the haunts of the lower element, the final reconciliation and the hint of untold happiness ahead.

Frank Lloyd directed this splendid romance of royalty and commoner, a First National picture, coming to the Orpheus Theatre next week for 3 days, commencing Monday.

"Such popularity must be deserved," said Al, as she went to see Miss Lowe (by request) for the fourth time last week.

CASINO This Week Friday-Saturday TIM MCCOY in "The Bushranger"

Next Week Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday "Forgotten Faces" with CLIVE BROOK MARY BRIAN WILLIAM POWELL BACLANOVA

Thursday-Friday-Saturday REX BEACHES "The Michigan Kid" with CONRAD NAGEL RENEE ADOREE

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ORPHEUS

THIS WEEK—Thu-Fri-Sat.

"HOMESICK"

with SAMMY COHEN and MARJORIE BEEBE

Hilarious Comedy of a demon pedal pusher who crosses the Continent and double crosses his rival.

FOX NEWS — COMEDY

NEXT WEEK—Mon-Tue-Wed.

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GARRICK

REPERTORY THEATRE — ALL NEXT WEEK — CARROLL PLAYERS Present "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK" — NOW PLAYING — "The Little Spitfire"

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Commerce Clearings

A meeting of the Commerce Society was held on Tuesday of last week, and the matter of speakers was discussed.

The question of a Commerce Book Bureau was brought-up and discussed but was set over for a later meeting when it can be more thoroughly discussed.

The society banquet will be held at the Queen Hotel between February 10 and February 18. A smoker was arranged for Wednesday night, at which Sam Jacobson and Elizabeth Allen spoke.

Karl Harris was elected manager of the basketball team in place of Ab. Smith, who resigned.

Rand Matheson, the president, was in the chair. About 25 members attended.

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