

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

VOL. LVI.

HALIFAX, N. S. FEBRUARY 6, 1924.

No. 4.

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

ISSUED WEEKLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
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64 LEMARCHANT ST., TEL. S. 2596 J.

President Wilson of the United States will be received with sorrow. The recent prediction by Dr. Robert Norwood that posterity will accord to the late Dr. Wilson a place in the history of the United States second only to that of the great Lincoln will, we are convinced, certainly come true. Unquestionably, if the people of the great American Republic had seen their way in 1918 and after to actively support the ideals of their great leader the world would not be in its present chaotic condition.

College Comment

Point System

The problem of obtaining proper balance between university activity and study is a matter that has been dealt with before in these columns. The proper medium can often be regulated by the student, although there have been cases where an especially acute acquisitive instinct has enabled the owner to amass more offices and take part in more sports than was adequate with his capability to do these things justice. At the other extreme there are instances when honors undesired have heaped upon an individual because of willingness or lack of will to accept or refuse such distinctions. Again, it was necessary that certain duties be slighted in the absence of sufficient time to deal with them.

The remedy to both forms of this same evil must be some way of placing a check on the number of positions that may be filled by one person. The "point system," used extensively in America and on the continent, provides the means of setting the desired limit, and its use would no doubt work benefit here, where a small student body and a large number of offices tend to the abuse of "unbalancing" the individual.

Under the system points are noted for the student relative to the duties of the office held, and in many cases by the time that is demanded by participation in a certain sport. A maximum is set, past which the student can take on no new activity. Some organizations allow him to further offices if he has intimated his willingness to act, and even in such an instance a majority vote of the council is necessary before the new duty is allowed to him.

Following is a draft which sets the maximum in marks at 20. No provision is made here for time devoted to athletics:—

President of Student Association	20
Editor of College Paper	20
Secretary of Student Association	10
Treasurer of Student Association	10
Manager of College Paper	10
Heads of Directorates	10
All Class Presidents	10
All other officers	5

Acadia Trims Tiger Profs

EPOCH-MARKING EVENT

Dalhousie's Professorial Volleyball Team met defeat by a close margin at the hands of Acadia profs. last Friday night in Wolfville. The arrangement was that the first 3 games won would decide the winner. Dal won the first game; Acadia the next two. The fourth game went to Dal by a 15-14 score, and excitement ran high as the advantage in the fifth and deciding game went first to one team and then the other, time after time, until Acadia finally won out by about 4 points.

Fully 200 interested spectators saw the game at Acadia's fine new gymnasium. Dal and Acadia's yells were given with vim and a spirit of hearty and wholesome rivalry lent an atmosphere of truly intercollegiate competition to the affair, the first inter-professorial Varsity contest ever held between Maritime universities.

For Acadia, Profs. Ross and Osborne were the outstanding players, while Dr. Wheelock played a "weighty" game. For Dal, Capt. McDonald was undoubtedly the star. Prof. Read played a steady game. Prof. "Syd" Smith was both enthusiasm personified and the means of attracting much feminine support to the Gold and Black. Many were the enquiries from the Acadia co-eds as to the identity of the "handsome young professor with the 'L' on the front of his jersey."

After the game the Dal profs. were royally entertained at the home of President and Mrs. Patterson. Acadia plays a return game in Halifax, probably this Saturday. It is rumored that a Garnet and Blue victory means a holiday for the Acadia students.

The "Tiger Trainers" took along a special press representative, but provided their own music.

Line up:

Dalhousie:—Profs. Read, Young, Wilson, Maxwell, Smith, McDonald (Capt.), Hunt.

Acadia:—Profs.—Wheelock, Osborne, DeWitt, Saunders, Ramsay, Ross.

The system, while distributing the work in connection with university activity more evenly, also tends to arouse more interest among the students concerning their institutions as the direct result of more taking part in the executive work.

—Sheaf.

The doctors are coming along: Yale has this year 311 candidates for the degree of Philosophy; 90 for that of Master of Arts, 31 for that of Master of Science.

EDITORIAL

The presentation of the operetta "The Maid and the Middy" by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Club under the capable direction and training of Mrs. G. Fred Pearson, and Mrs. (Dr.) Allan Curry, was a brilliant success. Taken as a whole it far eclipsed most amateur productions of a musical comedy nature, both in the musical ability displayed and in the ease and naturalness of the players.

The almost entire absence of plot in the piece was hardly noticeable, for the tuneful melodies, entrancing situations and graceful dances were so skilfully arranged by the directors and so artistically and gracefully performed by the members of the cast that the audience at each of the performances was carried along on a continuous wave of delight and enthusiasm.

It is impossible to refrain from commenting especially on the dancing numbers which were of a high quality seldom equalled on a local stage.

The success of the production was in great measure due to the unwavering interest of Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Curry, and Mr. O'Connell, who gave it a great deal of time and effort. They deserve the gratitude of every Dalhousie student. The *Gazette* heartily congratulates them and the students whose combined talent contributed in such an indispensable way to the entertainment. Co-operation surely spelled success.

Throughout the civilized world, particularly in the universities, the cradles of idealism of the practical sort, news of the death of Ex-

Dalhousie Glee Club Scores Brilliant Triumph

Wonderful girls, wonderful music and wonderful dancing made the "Maid and the Middy" a "rattling good show" when it was put on by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society at the Majestic Theatre on the evenings of Jan. 28th, and 29th. This performance, without casting any reflections on last year's production, eclipsed that of 1923 in every way and showed how the club has advanced under the directorship of Mrs. Pearson. When one thinks of the average college plays, this spectacle made everyone proud that Dalhousie could put on a show so much better than the average. Everything went without a hitch, and the University was truly pleased with the Glee Club and itself.

Including the college dignitaries in the boxes, the young profs and "married" men in the orchestra, Shirreff Hall in the first balcony and the howling, cheering, yelling, mob high up in "the gods" it was a typical Dalhousie audience. Out of the dim haze high above seemed to drop on endless shower of confetti, streamers and, now and then, some other thing. But everyone expected that, and these light missiles only intensified the pleasure of the audience. College and faculty yells thundered and reverberated back and forth from the heights while all around was the continual hubbub of the laughter and cheering of lively Dalhousians on pleasure bent. Added to this a real Dalhousie show—and a good one at that—and we have a real Dal night.

The operetta itself was bright and tuneful, and especially suited for a college play. With no plot in particular, except the loss of "Anita"—which keeps the piece from falling to pieces—it gives complete leeway for extra songs and dances. The entertainment so aptly interpolated in the second act made a real hit with the audience. Every number was encoered from start to finish so vociferous was the appreciation.

The scenes were located at the University Boat Club, on the North West Arm. The club members were surprised by the sudden arrival of Captain Dasher and six midshipmen from H. M. S. Dreadnaught. A Spanish Count, and an old farmer appeared on the scene and complications followed.

Andreas Johanson as "Billy the Middy" sustained the reputation he made in the "Yokahoma Maid." His dance with Miss Emelyn Page, as "Valerie Vane," the "Maid," was one of the big hits of the play. Both had hard parts which they did to perfection, singing and dancing remarkably well. Miss Paige looked especially well in her Spanish costume. Basil Courtney, as "Captain Dasher," played his part in his usual easy style and received an ovation for his baritone solo's "I'm a Gay Sea Dog" and "Sweethearts and Wives." Mr. Courtney is a favorite of Dalhousians and he

received even more than his usual number of encores.

Howard Hamilton and Ralph Dalgleish as "Dawson" the farmer, and the "Count" supplied the comedy of the evening. Howard made a great hit as a hayseed. His song and dance with the chorus taking, perhaps, the best of all his efforts with the audience. Dalgleish made the most of his part, as he always does, and his musical monologue, filled with breezy cuts on college celebrities, was very good indeed.

Miss Frances Power, as Mrs. Gaily, the young widow, played her part with the ease and confidence of an accomplished actress. One cannot help wishing that the piece had given her wider scope in which to display her undoubted ability.

Arthur Youill as "the great unknown" was responsible for a large part of the merriment. He had a hard part, but carried it out most successfully and his sudden appearances on the stage were always the signals for laughter and applause.

Minor parts by Clara Murray, Carol Hawkins, Roberta Forbes, Beryl Sims, and Isobel MacKay, were performed with perfection of both art and charm. Gordon Graham, Carl Bethune and Chester Sutherland also played their parts with effortless ease.

Among the specialties deserving extra praise were the several dances by Misses

Madeline Mader, Edith MacNeill, Kathleen Hagen and Helen Wilson. Their graceful movements seemed to change the stage to an airy fairyland with its dancing sprites as they expressed the joyous spirit of youth and beauty and unbounded life.

Strangely different in effect and spirit was the step-dancing of Kelly and Rod McLean. They staged a small riot which was only quieted by the soothing effect of "I've Been on the Railroad" as sung by the Serenaders Quartette. (Fraser, Fultz, Cameron and Wickwire.) Not to be forgotten is the work of the chorus, for never were maidens so pretty (*and shy*) and never were middies so handsome. All the intricate forms were carried out perfectly and their singing was spontaneous and effective.

At the end of the first act the players expressed their appreciation of the efforts of Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Curry, and Mr. O'Connell by suitable presentations which were endorsed by the vigorous applause of the audience. The following is the cast of "The Maid and the Middy":—

Billy—The Middy Andreas Johanson
Dawson—A retired Former Howard Hamilton
The Count—A Spanish Gentleman Ralph R. Dalgleish

Evans—Commodore of The University Boat Club
..... Carl P. Bethune

Fitz—Chairman of House Committee of Boat Club
..... Gordon Graham

Captain Dasher—Commander of H. M. "Dreadnaught"
..... Basil E. Courtney
Boulder—Champion Oarsman of The Boat Club
..... Chester Sutherland

Young Slimson—"The Great Unknown" Arthur D. Yuill

Attendant—At The Boat Club Ernest Deathe
Valerie Vane—The Maid .. Miss Emelyn Paige

Mrs. Gaily—An Attractive Widow .. Miss Francis Power

Alice, Maude and Phillis—Friends of Valerie—
Miss Clara Murray, Miss Carol Hawkins and Miss Roberta Forbes

Anita—The cause of the trouble Miss Ruth Mac Kenzie

Also Marjorie—Friend of Valerie Beryl Sims
CHORUS: Misses Evelyn Rogers, Marjorie Egan, Marjorie MacKinnon, Hazel Pearson, Isobel

(continued on page 6)

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ON BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

On Thursday Jan. 24th, the "Millionaire Club" and their friends enjoyed a very fine lecture in the Chemistry theatre by Prof. Roy Davis. His lecture was based on "Business Administration."

Prof. Davis is an old Nova Scotian and is one of Dal's most distinguished graduates. He is now Assistant Dean of Boston University, a university with an enrollment of some 10,000 students. Prof. Davis is also the author of a widely used text book—"Business English."

The "Twilight Talks" at the Board of Trade Rooms are still going strong. A hearty and welcome invitation was given to all the Commercials to attend. These lectures are well worth while, and are held every Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

—E. A. M.

With the Medicals

Dan Wood, Third year Medicine, has the sympathy of his many friends on the sad loss of his mother.

Our genial professor of Anatomy, Dr. John Cameron, missed several days' lectures recently, having undergone a slight operation. All were delighted to see him back again.

Professor E. G. Young, whom Dalhousie has secured from Western University has taken over the Bio-Chemistry Department in the new Medical Science Building. The laboratory classes will commence at once.

Perry Knox, of Fourth year, has returned once more to the calm and sanctified seclusion of Pine Hill. He states that for a small consideration he will teach the freshmen there things which Hoyle never dreamed.

Congratulations to Dennis Moriarty on his new appointment which was announced at the Majestic on "Dal" night.

—W. S. G.

A LOCK OUT

(Dedicated to the English 2 Quiz.)

The miners in Cape Breton
Are striking, so they say.
And "wage-cuts," "mobs" and "lock-outs"
Hold undisputed sway.

But wherein lies the difference
In Dalhousie, I pray?
For we had a lock-out
Just the other day.

—B. I.

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L'AMOUR!

Far away across the ocean,
(Right beside me 'neath this tree)
Flies my love whom I've forgotten
And I'm thinking now of she!

She was fair as Hindu maiden
—Cheeks as pale as any beet—
And her hair which she wore shingled
Fell in ringlets to her feet.

Long before I ever saw her,
How I loved her—'pon my soul!
But she spurned me, tho' I loved her—
Yes I loved her—father's roll!

—F.



The boys in third year Dentistry are getting very ambitious about getting their technic work done, and a close and exciting race is now on between Lavers and Willigar who are neck and neck for first place, with "Jazzer" Brown the dark horse from Dartmouth also in the running.

"Sandy" the official referee finds his time fully occupied keeping the contestants inside union hours and his daily orations on the status of a "scab" shows that his work last summer as a strike breaker was not in vain.

Dame Rumor has it that Earle Green and Louis Johnson spend their evenings instructing young ladies particularly those from the V. G. in the art of figure skating. The professional terms they employ have completely bewildered Losoda who can't get over the idea that the "Dutch Roll" is not good to eat.

The Dental hockey squad has had several practices and manager Turnbull reports that the team is shaping up well.

PROPOSE

To the Girl That You Take
Her to the

Junior-Senior Dance

ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 18, AT
GYMNASIUM

Girls, it's Leap Year—Give Him a ring
yourself if he's slow to suggest good
times. You know his phone number.

TIME: 8.30 P. M.

SENIOR GIRLS' LAST FEED

On Wednesday evening the girls of Class '24 held their annual "feed" at the Murray Homestead. Everyone agreed that it exceeded all previous ones, both in appearance and "eats."

The tables were tastefully decorated with black and gold streamers, also roses. A picture of the girls who belonged to the Class in its Sophomore year was over the mantle, while Dalhousie banners and candles completed a gala picture.

After doing justice to the numerous dishes of dainties, all engaged in a pleasant chat. Miss Marjorie Campbell, Vice-President of the class, called on several of the girls for toasts. Miss Harvey in her pleasing speech boosted "Our University" and its advantages and privileges. Miss Power toasted "Our professors."; Miss Murray "The girls of Shirreff Hall"; Miss Mader—"The town girls"; and last Miss MacKean "Class '24."

Due to a skating session several of the girls had to hurry away. The happy feast ended by a Variety Chorus and "Three Cheers for Class '24."

Many thanks are due Miss MacKean, Miss MacKay, Miss King and several others who made '24's last feed the best one of all.

M—

A Pleasant Party

The Freshman class have recovered from their "first" disappointment; anyone who saw them Friday night, Jan. 15, would say they still enjoyed life. The weather man did not favor them, and instead of the sleigh drive or theatre party, they had a dance at the home of Avis Marshall, Oxford St. Everyone was glad things turned out as they did, especially A. Freeman.

The Class orchestra furnished excellent music. The chaperones were Miss Lowe, Prof. and Mrs. Mercer, Prof. and Mrs. McNeill.

—R. M. F.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.—Ex.

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The City Print

24 UPPER WATER ST.

FRESHMAN

Until two more should come to make up a real game, the *Lunenburger* and the *Dartmouthite* sat playing Dutch Bridge. The fact that they had already spent two hours at bridge, that one had skipped one class, the other two, meant nothing to them, for they were real enthusiasts, and deserved credit for their opinion that bridge is a game to be played and class work a game to reniguer at. I wish I had their nerve; I'd be with them. But the thought of an attendance record has on me the effect of Limburger on atmosphere; the sight of one professor with a pencil in his hand will permeate me with an odour of work and respectability such that before now I have been mistaken for a freshman.

As I say, they played Dutch Bridge; and that to Bridge, is ginger-pop to forty-rod; and Dartmouth felt upon him the necessity of conversation.

"Talking of ferry-boats," said he, "ferry-boats, professors, and such, what d'you think of the freshman class?"

"Not bad," admitted Lunenburg. "But there was only one freshman class I ever admired. For nerve, spunk, pluck, ability, and women, I never saw it equalled. It was never hazed; it never *could* be hazed. Why, we razed the Senate and got away with it; we—"

"Oh—your class?" asked Dartmouth.

"Sure," said Lunenburg. "Whose else? But there is one freshman this year that I admire. The ambitions that man calls his own could never have been acquired. They were a gift. He had been in the city two days and not registered yet, and he had decided for a start to play on the first Rugby team and to rush a senior Delta Gamma.

"He went to three dances with the sole object—he didn't dance—of meeting a senior—'But she *must* be pretty,' he told me—and asking her to sit out *three* dances; then he planned to ask her, if she liked him? And if so, would she attend the Majestic with him next evening? Curiously—he thought it was curious—the first part of his proposal was unanimously turned down by the senior class. I pointed out to him, that the girls *might* prefer to dance; and suggested that he come down a notch, and try a junior.

"From the first he played football, or tried to; and my stock went up with him as it looked more and more as if I would make the first team, while his chances were about inversely proportional. I told you he had nerve; but what is that when you can't work your hands and feet? He couldn't kick, he couldn't learn to kick; he couldn't catch a ball or run, and to cap it he must have weighed all of a hundred and ten. He was game to tackle anyone, but generally he looked like a golf ball on cement paving, and bounced as far.

"He had the nerve, but he couldn't play football; and he had the sense to quit after three weeks. But he 'hero-worshipped' the rest of the team and almost respected me. I

SHIPS

Men sing of ships with silver sails
That over the ocean fly,
Or drowse at rest thro' dusky nights
Under a tropic sky.

For all men feel the lure of ships,
The call of the open sea;
And all men feel a restless urge
For a ship that they call free.

But the wise man knows in his heart of hearts
As he answers the silent call,
That the ships that travel the homeward path
Are the best ships after all.

—TAM.

know, for I was in his room about a week after he dropped football and he had pictures—my gosh! he had the whole team individually and collectively in every picture that had been snapped or posed for this season; and he wanted me to sit down and give a life history and commentary of the whole fifteen. He wouldn't talk anything but football except when he began to dream—out loud—of the senior he would pick out; but mostly he talked football. It got to be like dodging Archie's eye in class: I met him no more than I could help. "How much would the whole team, with two pairs of boots and a pair of socks on between them, weigh?" or some such fool question he was forever springing on me.

The Wednesday after Thanksgiving I was downtown heading for the Shanghai for supper, when I saw the freshie about a block ahead on Barrington, waiting for a Belt line car to go by before he crossed over. I saw a girl start across ahead of him, in front of the car; and then I heard him shout something that I couldn't make out. The girl stopped and looked behind her; but he had made a jump, and hit her squarely just in time to get her out of the way of an automobile passing the street car and doing about twenty-five. He knocked the girl for a field goal, but the car made a touchdown of him; when I got there with a doctor five minutes later he was still in the Land of Nod. The doc felt his pulse, listened to his wind, and didn't look cheerful.

"What a pity!" said the girl—she wore a Delta Gamma pin—"what a terrible shame—poor kid!"

"The freshie moved a little and then counted aloud—"twelve, fourteen, fifteen! What an ugly one that is!"

"Delirium," said the doc.

"Delirium? Were those devils?"—and the freshie sat up—"They looked it. Where's my cap? Darn it, I thought that ugly one with the red head was Red Sutherland. Yes, I thought that was the football team; that's why I stayed still. Gimme my cap!" And then he saw the pin on the girl's coat. "Are you a senior?"

"She laughed and said 'Yes.'

"Darned if that kid didn't up and take

The Wheel of Time.

It so happened, that there lived in a little tin-can hamlet of Nova Scotia, that Province of apple blossoms and racing schooners, a certain mosquito-bitten stubble clipper by name MacBarron; upon whom the padre, aided and abetted by near relatives, tacked the title "Napoleon" and clinched it there with a gallon of bog water.

Napoleon, or "Boney as he was called by the neighbors' children, grew up from a ragged urchin to mature stature, cut his wisdom teeth, learned to drink home-brew, smoke cigarettes and say "damn" with ease and gracefulness.

When old Pa Time had spun his big pin-wheel around into the nineteen hundred and twenty-third revolution, Boney was up at Dalhousie, shaving twice a week, wearing silk socks, whistling that story about not having any bananas and making love to all the beauteous calcimined damsels at Shirreff Hall, who would glance shyly sideways beneath their fuzzy forelocks and murmur "Oh girls, isn't he just G-r-a-n-d."

One maiden in particular struck his fancy,—a sweet young thing composed mostly of alabastine, silk stockings, wonderful eyes and a more wonderful appetite for ice cream. To her the amorous Boney paid his court and on her he spent his change with varying success, and would march off to the Bagdad with the air of a conqueror and while the saxophones played "Barney Google" would shoot successive shots of "Haig-punch" down his throat to celebrate the victory.

After the Spring Exams were written he got a notice from the Committee of Studies that he was down in all his exams. So he retired to the garden of taters and buckwheat to work out a miscalculated career, flirting with bootleggers and dodging prohibition officers: 'till that old boy with the seythe came strolling around, tapped him on the "back-porch" and said "Come along with me"—and he went—Moral "While at Dalhousie work, for when once gone you never shall return."

—J. A. S.

her home; and I heard him say as he went out the door,

"Do you live at Shirreff Hall? My name's Bill. Gosh, you're a peach!"

"She sure was; and I never saw her so pretty as she looked with the black eye the pavement gave her, and the flush on her face. And he looked like you the day you got your pass in Latin.

"Yes," said the Lunenburger to the Dartmouthite, "if the rest of his class is like him there have been two remarkable classes at Dal—his and mine. It's your lead."

—O.

As a result of a conference of students and faculty at Columbia University, a movement is now actually on foot to abolish final examinations and to base marks on daily work in the classroom.

Pine Hill Post

Yes, Perry Knox is back again. Morris Kim, Robert Robb, Don Grant and all his old side-kicks were down to welcome him with open arms, and Dunphy, our budding "Firpo" met him, too.

"Are you a stranger here?" he asked.

"No" said Perry "I laid the corner-stone of this building."

The cheek of the verdant is amazing. Still when one Hawkins, better known as John Wesley, says he hasn't met a good looking girl at Dalhousie, there may be a fair excuse. The fault may not be all his.

How'd you like the Bean Brigade at the Majestic "Dal" night? "Of course there's a reason for my good shooting," B. explained afterwards. "He snatched her from my very arms and I had to get my own back somehow."

The spirit of spring and young man's fancy must have risen strong in the Pine Hill first balcony row. (And we didn't think Cardinals were supposed to do things like that.) And "O Ha!" Did you see Harry Langwith? And did Art Ross have a girl among the gods this time?"

If you want to know anything about the Pine Hill "At Home" ask "Jo" Pringle or "Beareat" Harrison.

With a sorrowing mind, Bill Patterson saw his friend the Bishop growing thin from the onerous duties that fell to his lot. So with Harry Langwith, last Sunday night he selected an assistant in the person of Curry Creelman. Curry entered on his duties with a zest unknown in Pine Hill, gathered up the hymn books after prayers and carried them carefully over to Shirreff Hall and back again—and wasn't it slippery and cold! Indeed there is a subtle propaganda abroad that certain selections of the Code be repealed in order that Curry might yet attain the primacy of the diocese of Pine Hill.

Ches Oake celebrated his inaugural day right fittingly Saturday night. Enough to say that the "Gang" on the top floor of the "Old Building" wish it came once a month.

There were other birthdays too. Owen Armstrong and Maurice (not brothers) celebrated their natal days. Pine Hill joins in wishing them all many happy returns. We can't tell who is going to win the race that Maurice Armstrong, "Pill" Hill and "Tammy" Kirk are competing in. Our money is on Hill, but you never can tell what these dark horses will do when they remember that the Co-Eds make merry but once in the winter.

"Bingo" Harrison is of such a temperamental disposition, that after the last showing of "A Fool There Was" he stayed home all Sunday and wept. Strange how seriousy some of our young and innocent friends take life.

Pine Hill is unalterably opposed to wearing sweaters at dinner. "Jigger" soon bowed to the situation—but Ted Cummings, well

(continued on page 6)

SHIRREFF HALL

You have all read that "Music hath charms to soothe the pangs of hunger"—or words to that effect; but how did everyone enjoy the Sing Song last Sunday night? There certainly was a splendid attendance, and it is only to be hoped that some time again it may be repeated.

Jane Graham has been ill and the sympathy of the house is extended, but with due regard to Jane, it was a great pleasure to have Miss Dorothy Graham staying at the Hall for a few days.

Miss Marion Cantley came down from New Glasgow last week for the Glee Club performance, and all the old Marlboroughites greeted her with gladness.

As everybody knows, the Hall went as a body to "The Maid and the Middy" and the show was unanimously acclaimed "the best ever"—Even to the beans.

All is set for the Shirreff Hall Dance on Friday night, for a few days the question was "To be or not to be?"—but at last it is well on the way—of course the telephone has been overworked for a week but everyone having been assured that "he" would come, peace prevails.

On the night of the Sing, Sid Gilchrist and Don Webster must have indeed been centres of attraction, for one collected five of the fair sex, and the other no less than six—

A Definition.

—Not in Webster.

A wildly, whirling,
throbbing in my head,—
Lights flashing,
twinkling, sparkling, glowing red—

A glorious tingling
feeling up my spine—
Two eyes, that through
some mist gaze into mine—
Two carmine lips with
teasing hesitation
Ling'ring near mine
in sweet anticipation—

A fleeting moment
of eternal bliss—
A kiss!

—"A Work of Art."

For each student in Yale University the University made an average expenditure of \$835 for the year 1922-1923, as compared with average payment of \$267 made by each student.

"Pretty Girl Missing." Headline.
But not many pretty girls are missing much.

Keep up the good work!

Have you exhausted your supply of five-cent pieces, Pine Hill, or are you simply calling someone else.

—ACK EMMA.

SCIENCE AND BRAINS IN BASKETBALL

BY DR. GYM.

(continued from last week)

"Foul Throwing"

Foul throwing is an important factor in winning games. Every player on the team should practice foul shooting, as accuracy will mean much to the team. In making a foul shot, see that your feet are well apart and clear of the foul line, ball in both hands about waist high, thumbs and first fingers just about centre of ball, in throwing bend the knees and lower the ball slightly, aim for the centre of bank about six to ten inches above the basket, then straighten the knees and throw the ball with enough force to carry it well above the target before striking the bank. The higher the shot the more "English" needed. In practice make the foul throwing as much like game conditions as possible by stepping out of the circle after each shot.

(To be continued)

PINE HILL POST

(continued)

Ted took his first lady to the Majestic Monday night and his intellect after the great adventure was too involved to deal with the significance of lesser events.

By the way, Pine Hill notices a singular Appolo-like improvement in Herbie Davidson since he began his career as an Art student of Miss Nutt. Firpo is already imbibing some of the principles of artistic beauty and displaying them second-hand.

Some one asked us about "Red" McLean the other day. Well, we do our level best to find out. Red visits here occasionally. That's all we know.

With Cliff Grant campaigning in the other Maritime Colleges, with Herman Campbell, Roy Inglis and Archy McKinnon preaching in various city churches, with Frank Archibald of the Curly Locks in Harmony (Good thing they have mirrors in church vestrys), with Cecil Blanchard away with the grip as usual and with Eddie Murray preaching in the Residence, Pine Hill exercised a power of good last Sunday even if we do say it. "What's happened to Don Clouston?" That's what all the girls round Studley ask. "Studying," is the answer.

We don't hear much about "Pete" MacDonald save around election time. Morris Kirn gets blamed for a lot of stuff, but through it all can be seen the shadowy spirit of "Pete."

Say Shirreff Hall, we know "Murk" McLean is a nice boy, but he's got to be back here at least by one in the morning.

—Tabellarius.

You can drive a horse to water,
But you cannot make it drink;
You can ride a Latin pony,
But you cannot make it thin!

Class '24 Feed

I passed by the Homestead
In the grey of the morn—
Like a desert its silence
Forsaken, forlorn.
Too bad,
Oh! its sad.

I passed by the Homestead
At the falling of night
And lo! it was brilliant
With the laughter and light.
Oh! golly,
How jolly.

The Seniors were there
'Twas a gathering fair!
Making merry with song
And a banquet so rare.
Oh boy! Oh man!
Beat them if you can.

Ad Rein.

HAIR! HAIR!

Hair has been induced to grow on billiard balls by a new treatment of the cellulose fibres by Doctor Josephus Void, of the University of Gila, Nevada. He states that the new hairy billiard balls will cause less wear and tear on the tables and will not click so loudly. Doctor Void refuses to disclose his secret way of treating the balls.—Nevada Numbskull.

MAID AND MIDDY

(continued)

Mackay, Pauline Torey, Jean Shaw, Katherine Vickery, Minna Troop, Phyllis Hilton, Beryl Sims, Pearl Young, Edith Bowes.

Messrs Norman Coward, J. A. Forbes, Albert Beaton, Jack Merritt, Roy M. Wiles, Chas. G. MacLennan, Wilsow Gates, Chas. Beckwith, Gerald Godsoe, C. Bert Moore, John Shaw.

DANCING GIRLS: Misses Madeline Mader, Edith Macneill, Kathleen Hagen, and Helen Wilson.

MIDSHIPMEN: Messrs Sid Gilchrist Hugh Eaton, Dan Meeney, Whitney Sexton, Stanley Hillis, G. E. Olmstead.

Orchestra: Misses Katherine Inglis, and Madeline Fitch, Messrs John Thurrott, Ralph Misener, Douglas Macdonald, Chas. MacIntosh, William Fultz, Henry DeWolfe, Hugh MacKay, Chesley Oakes, Harold Wilson, Frank D. Ross, E. M. MacDonald, and I. G. MacDonald.

VAUDEVILLE:—Hugh MacLean, Rod MacLean, John Wickwire, Eddie Cameron, Fraser and Fultz.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Mrs. G. Fred Pearson

STAGE DIRECTOR: Mr. J. F. O'Connell

STAGE MANAGER: Mr. Carl P. Bethune

DIRECTOR OF DANCING: Mrs. (Dr.) Allan Curry

SYNOPSIS

ACT I—Grounds of University Boat Club North West Arm.

ACT II—Interior of Club House.

—R. F. R.

ST. F. X. WINS EASTERN HOCKEY TITLE

Dalhousie Takes 4 to 2 Victory From the Wanderers

Dalhousie completely upset 'old man dope' at the Arena on Jan. 29th by handing the Wanderers a 4 to 2 defeat.

The game was marked by speed, both teams starting with a rush and for the first five minutes the Wanderers had the better of the play, but from then on the Tigers retained command of the situation throughout and only good goal tending by Gabriel kept the score down.

Fabie Bates, the Dal captain and centre was the outstanding star of the game. His rushes and back checking drew him rounds of applause. The other members of the Dal team were not far behind Bates and all turned in great hockey. Lewis in the nets was particularly good—having a lot of hard shots to handle.

In the first period Dunlop and Wilson did some great blocking and their splendid rushes throughout the entire game were a treat to the fans. Several penalties were handed out during the evening, particularly in the first period. After nineteen minutes of fast, hard and brilliant playing. Haslam drove one from nearly-centre ice past the Wanderers goalie. Besides his wicked shots Mont's poke-check is causing his opponents much annoyance.

In the second frame Dunlop spoiled many of the Wanderers rushes. Coke Cahill took the disc through on a pretty piece of play, but Lewis came out of his nets to make the most sensational save of the evening.

Temple Lane from an offside pass banged the rubber into the Dal net but the goal was not allowed. Wilson got the next goal for Dal on a pass from Haslam, the rubber being deflected into the draperies off of Young's skate.

But in the final period Young retrieved himself and gave the Wanderers a chance to 'Rah' when after six minutes of play he skated through the Tiger's defense for the Red's first tally. But three minutes afterwards Hickey secured the puck and getting the rebound, dented the twine for another score. Fred Lane a few minutes latter skated through and scored another for the Reds. Lane's uncalled for attack on Referee Butler, after he was penalized, did not make him any more popular in the estimation of the fans.

Haslam who started the scoring for the Tigers also ended it on a wicked shot past Gabriel, about two minutes before the end of the period.

The lineups:

Dalhousie:—Lewis, goal; Dunlop and Wilson, defense; Bates, centre; Haslam and McKenna, wings; Hickey and Smith, subs.

Intercollegiate Basketball League.

"MT. A. CLASS OF '23" TROPHY RULES

The following are the regulations governing the trophy offered by the Mt. A. class of '23 for competition among the Co-Eds of the Maritime colleges.

1. Trophy to be known as the Mount Allison Class '23 trophy.

2. All teams who intend to enter this league must apply for admission when the league is being formed. The teams need not play the first year but will not be given any handicap for the years they lose.

3. Schedule to be drawn up each year before games commence and no team not in the schedule will be allowed to challenge the winners for the trophy.

4. All Co-Ed teams of recognized degree-conferring institutions in the Maritime Provinces are entitled to apply for admission to the league.

5. The rules of play are to be as those laid down in the Spaulding rule book for the current year.

6. In the event of a tie at the finish of league, total scores to count. In the further event of a tie in scores, trophy not to be awarded for the year and to remain in the possession of the college then holding it.

7. Any disputes concerning the rules of play will be referred to the trustees of the cup, whose decision will be final.

8. The cup will be up for annual competition and will be finally awarded to the team securing three consecutive or five individual wins.

Wanderers:—Gabriel, goal; Arthur and Young, defense; F. Lane, centre; T. Lane and Cahill, wings; O'Brien, Peters and Hanrahan, subs.

Neil Wilkie and Harry Butler refereed. —A. T. M.

ST. F. X.—2 DAL—1

Saint Frances Xavier won a closely contested victory over Dalhousie Wednesday night at Dartmouth. The ice was in very poor condition and consequently neither team showed up to its best advantage. Nevertheless the few fans who attended the game saw a good hard fought battle.

The Saints had the edge over their opponents in the first two periods, working some good combination play in spite of the slushy ice. McNeil tallied the first goal for the visitors after fifteen minutes of play and MacDonald in an end to end rush netted their second. McNeil, MacDonald and McKenna were the stars for the Saints.

Dal came back strong in the third period and Langwith succeeded in getting one past Currie. The play waged back and forth from then on with both goalies stopping some hard ones. Dunlop, Wilson and Hickey played an excellent brand of hockey for Dal, but had hard luck with their scoring. Bates, McKenna and Haslam were off the team, being barred from intercollegiate hockey. Fabie Bates refereed the game in an excellent manner.

Players.

St. F. X.—Curry, goal; McKenna, R. MacDonald, W. MacDonald, defense; Martin, MacDonald and McNeil, forwards; subs, Sullivan and Michand.

Dalhousie—Lewis, goal; Dunlop and Wilson, defense; Hickey, Creighton and Johnson, forwards; subs, McLean, McAskill, Langwith and Clouston.

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining minute,
A 'fittin' round from flower to flower
To get the honey in!
Yes, when it comes to busyness
The bee is a humdinger;
Yet he will always take time off
To jab you with his stinger!

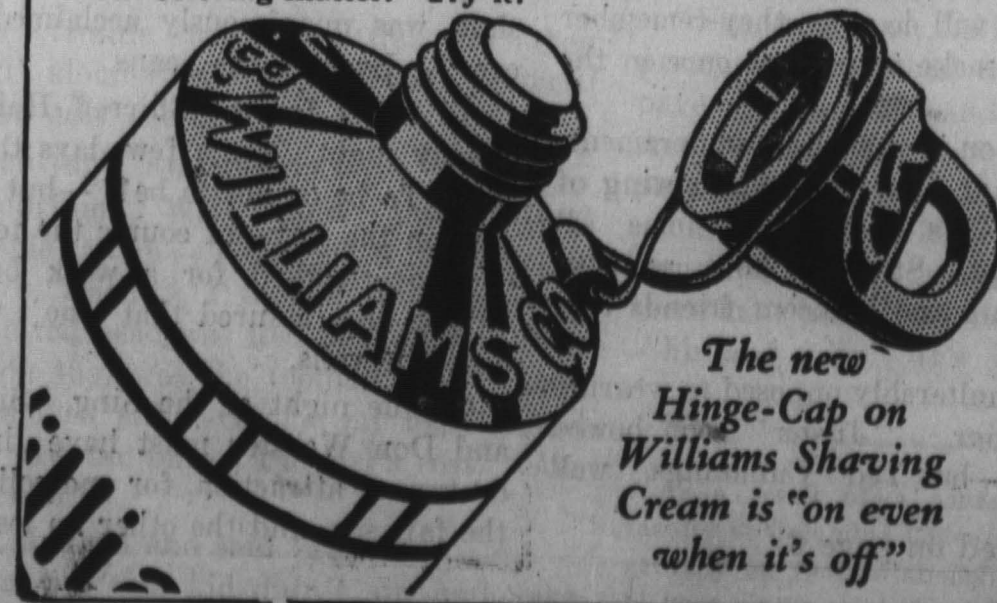
—Phil Ossifer.

Correct this sentence: 'Mary is crazy about music', boasts the mother, "and you ought to hear her play that piece about the bananas."

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For the best sentence of ten words or less on the value of the Williams Hinge-Cap, we offer the following prizes: 1st prize, \$100; 2nd prize, \$50; two 3rd prizes, \$25 each; two 4th prizes, \$10 each; six 5th prizes, \$5 each. Any undergraduate or graduate student is eligible. If two or more persons submit identical slogans deemed worthy of prizes, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each. Contest closes at midnight March 14, 1924. Winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible. Submit any number of slogans but write on one side of paper only, putting name, address, college and class at top of each sheet. Address letters to Contest Editor, The J. B. Williams Co., 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal, Canada.

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McLe-ve (translating Horace) Demitto auriculas ut iniquae mentis asellus.

"I hang down my ears like an evil-minded ass."

"Vellunt tibi barbam pueri".—Will the young lady who in Latin 3, translated this passage as:—"The boys wish for long whiskers," kindly forward her apologies to the Sect. of the U. S. C. and avoid further trouble.

Ducky—"Say' feller, on the level, what does Delta Gamma mean, anyway?"

(Surgery Prof.)—"How deep does a surgeon bury his sutures in an operation on abdomen?"

(Dent)—"Six inches under the sod."

Who will answer these?

Did Harlow get it back yet?

Who in charge of the dental lab at 19 Carleton St.?

Lecturer on Crimes—"D. T's often results in actual insanity."

Art McD. (sitting between Roma and Mary)—"I didn't catch it, sir."

Soph—"Say, Bill, when did Milton write 'Paradise Lost'?"

B-ll M-eOd-um—"After he left Cape Breton, I guess."

(Overheard at Sing-Song at S. H.)

M. McC.—Have you your costume ready for "The Maid and the Middy" Mr. S.?

C. S-h-l-l-n-d—No, I'm not wearing any. Then he wondered why everybody smiled.

A LARGE ORDER

Fair Co-Ed (to kind gentlemen adjusting the window.)—Put it down from the bottom and up from the top, please.

WHATS'A MATTER?

At Dinner the night after the Law Dance:—

B. C.—What night is this anyway? It seems like breakfast.

S. H.—(after a tiresome evening):

"Well, good night. Be good."

P. H.—(brightly): "I always am."

S. H.—"Yes I'm afraid you are."

I know a guy who gets my goat (I'd lick 'im if I could);

Whene'er he sees me eating soup

He blats out: "That sounds good!"

—"Post"

Dalhousie Badminton Club

A meeting to organize a Badminton Club among the students of Dalhousie was held on Friday evening, Jan. 25th, in the gymnasium. The following officers were elected:

President, Roy Woodill; vice-president, H. Frame; secretary-treasurer, E. S. F. Piers.

The attendance was rather small, probably owing to the bad weather, but as over forty members are now enrolled the club promises to be a great success.

A ladder tournament is to be held in which each competitor challenges the one above him and either moves up or remains where he is.

To get started it was decided to collect a fee of twenty-five cents from each member. This may be paid to Mr. Stirling or to Edward Piers.

—E. S. P.

Confused

There is a certain young matron of Philadelphia who is a bit absent-minded and, consequently, apt to confuse matters at times. On one occasion she was fearful lest she would forget to order the chickens in time for dinner. Throughout the forenoon she kept repeating to herself, "Chickens—grocer—chickens—grocer."

Finally, when the hour approached at which she was accustomed to call the grocer, she took up the phone and asked:

"Have you any nice young grocers?"

"Why, yes, madam," came in a surprised tone from the other end.

"This is Mrs. Smith talking," she went on, "and I want you to send me a couple dressed."

"Send you a couple dressed!"

"Well—no; you had better send them undressed, and when my husband comes home he'll wring their necks and the cook can dress them."

—Tribune.

"Medicine"

Voltaire once said that medicine was the science of keeping people amused while nature does the work of healing them. The biblical writers of the Chronicles of the Old Testament while not so abrupt and pointed in their description of medicine, express the merits of the M.D.s in a very ironical manner. In 2 Chronicles 16: 12-13, one reads; "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."



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