

Dalhousie Gazette
Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea
Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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Printed by McCurdy Printing Co., Limited, 54 Argyle street, Halifax, N. S.

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WHY ARTS?

A never-failing subject of controversy at any university has long been whether or not students should be compelled to take some measure of classical training. A poll conducted by "DIPO" last fall disclosed that exactly half of those whose opinions were asked favoured compulsory Latin or Greek, while the other half opposed it. Whatever the accuracy of these figures, it does disclose a definite difference of opinion among students.

Recently the utility of the Arts course in its entirety has been questioned by a good many. It has been pointed out that a student may succeed in obtaining a B.A. and yet be fitted for no skilled employment; that the training given in the so-called cultural purposes simply lacks utility. It is not hard to account for this opinion being held by many people. A medical course is a natural training for doctors, Dentistry naturally produces dentists, Law lawyers, but what does an Arts course produce? The answer is, of course, that an Arts course is intended to produce culture. It is intended to keep alive in the world that flame of finer civilization which is so feeble that it is always in danger of extinction, not to train craftsmen for jobs.

A survey of young people ten years out of college disclosed that Arts graduates were earning more money than those who had not gone to university, but this is beside the point. It is science which produced the great practical advances of our time, and it is science therefore that should be studied if utility is the end in view. The Arts course, as its name implies, is intended for those interested in the arts. It is not meant to be practical. It is natural, therefore, that the attack on the Arts course should be centred on those studies which are farthest removed from practical utility, namely, Latin and Greek. It is not on the ground of their practical utility, however, that the upholder of the arts will attack or defend compulsory Latin or Greek. The criterion must be on their contribution to the cultural life of the student.

And it is precisely here, we think, that these languages are proving themselves inadequate today. The influences the Classics have had in the past is not to be despised. The Renaissance, which Professor Bennet has publicized so well that most Dalhousie students must have heard of it, received its chief impetus through the study of the languages of the ancient world. The writings of Greek philosophers and poets and Roman lawyers have a worth which leads some people to read them today. There can be little doubt, however, that it would be utterly impossible to interest the great mass of modern university students in the Classics. A survey of any compulsory Latin class, even at Dalhousie, might not show that the students in it were uncultured, but it would certainly show that they were not getting their culture there.

For this there are reasons. In the first place, a great deal has been written since the Golden Age of Rome. No student could possibly hope to exhaust the learning of modern times, nor are the modern writings by any means inferior. Milton compares very favorably with Homer, and while there may have been no philosophers as great as Plato or Aristotle, certainly no one today would accept their systems in preference to more recent theories of the world and life. The wisdom of the ancients may not have been surpassed, but it has been superseded. In the second place, most of the important works of the Classical Age have been translated. Anyone can read Plato's "Republic" or the "Aeneid", but there are important works in modern languages which have not yet been translated, and which would be well worth reading.

The essential aim of culture is to enable man to understand the world and himself as well as he can. In times past the Classics were a means to that end. Today, for most people, they are not, and a substitute must be discovered. A group to study art has recently been organized on the campus. This is one method for attaining culture, but the curriculum of the Arts course provides others. Through a study of the sciences the student gets some idea of the processes of matter and of life; in the History department he may trace the development of man; and even a course or two in Philosophy will help to link the other subjects together.

The practical man may still ask, Why bother with culture at all? If he is content to be a practical man and nothing more, there is no reason. If he wishes to be a leader of thought in his community, however, there is every reason why he should be interested in obtaining a comprehensive view of reality. If the doctor is content merely to be skilful with the scalpel, if the dentist has no ambition beyond making teeth, if the lawyer merely wants to juggle cases for money, let them avoid any study of cultural subjects. But one can hardly restrain a feeling that this would spare some of its skilful scientists and clever technicians for a few men with a true sense of values and a sound philosophy of life.

YOU IN AMERICA . . .

(Continued from page one)

From students in Europe, homeless and enduring every sort of hardship, to students in the Americas, where as yet the pinch has hardly been felt, the appeal comes for more funds. The Dalhousie Students' Council will shortly conduct a campaign on this campus. Surely no one who has any appreciation of the plight of these persons, no one who has any sense of comradeship with those who are striving to keep afloat the lamp of civilization in Europe will refuse some small sacrifice in order to contribute to this fund.

"MUSIC"
BEETHOVEN AND IDEALISM

In "Beethoven, the Creator", Romain Rolland, speaking of the passing of an era and all its ideology, speaks thus of Beethoven:

"The whole being of a Beethoven—his sensibility, his conception of the world, the form of his intelligence and of his will, the laws of his construction, his ideology, as well as the substance of his body and his temperament—everything is representative of a certain European epoch."

We today belong to a different world. We are divided into two opposing camps, resolved to fight to the finish whatever the finish may be. One side has frankly rejected the idealism of Beethoven's day. The other speaks often the same phrases, but has mostly lost faith in what it utters. There is everywhere a spirit of hopelessness, of futility. Human life no longer seems worth the praise that Beethoven gave it.

We find it very easy in these days to explain away his attitude by remembering that he grew up in the great light of the French Revolution, when to many young spirits it was bliss to be alive. We, at the distance of one hundred and fifty years, look back with cynicism on the ardent faith of the revolutionaries, and are anxious lest we should be tempted to believe in any cause and be deceived.

In spite of all that we can say about the over-optimistic spirit of the liberals of that time, the power of Beethoven holds us still. We cannot dismiss him as one who was carried away by the current idealism. If we are disillusioned, he was yet more so. He lived in Vienna when Metternick was at the height of his power, and saw everywhere about him the triumph of the old world over the new.

From the time when, as a young man from the Rheinland, he came to Vienna with a feeling of superiority over all the dukes and princes who showed him favor, he did not cease to call great only those who were so by character and ability. He could not forgive Goethe for his readiness to conform to the customs of a court. Beethoven was true to the spirit of Rousseau, the prophet of republics. In such republicanism the moral qualities were great; the aim was to enlarge and glorify the human spirit. Beethoven's Third Symphony is the supreme expression of that ideal.

If Beethoven had lived a happy, untroubled life after 1802, it would have been easy for him to accept the hopeful idealism of other rebels against the old order of Metternick. As a young man he was filled with delight by Schiller's "Ode to Joy", in which the poet is inspired by a vision of universal brotherhood. But before he was much older circumstances forced him to consider the great contrast between an ideal of a common striving after universal well-being, and the misery of his individual existence.

His deafness threatened the progress of his art and his means of subsistence. His career as a pianist was over. Fate seemed determined to subdue him. He could not believe in the ideal of an uplifted humanity when the loss of every personal aim made him contemplate suicide. Every particular problem became insignificant beside the main question regarding life itself. Why should a poor, deaf musician struggle against fate?

It was many years before Beethoven could express an answer. The last of his symphonies has for its object the expression of the living experience of a great man. It is his most complete confession of faith. In his life Beethoven passed from one struggle to another, from one disillusionment to another; each time defeating the impulse to cease struggling. His resistance allowed him to taste the joy of combat, and gave him a new ideal of human greatness.

The similarity between the ultimate faith of Goethe and that of Beethoven is striking. The joy of the Ninth Symphony is the joy of a man who has passed through all manner of disillusionment to a firm belief that the human mind and soul is born for combat and shall by that means attain to a sense of

community with others of its kind. The attainment of joy and love for mankind is the tie which Beethoven saw between God and man. Joy is the "spirit divine, Daughter of Elysium".

The belief in the great possibilities of human development was the central belief of German humanism. It is necessarily an individualistic doctrine in the sense it begins with the individual. In spite of the passage of time the problems faced by Beethoven will continue to be pondered by mankind. His power over us cannot pass with social and political systems. As long as men are men and feel the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" they will feel their kinship with Beethoven.

MUSICAL SNOBS

It is fun to be a snob. In a recent review in "The New Republic" Otis Ferguson discovered a flaw in "Fantasia". With high glee he remarked Mr. Stokowski yearning over the left of an invisible orchestra in a passage for horns. Now, as "le monde" and Mr. Ferguson know the violins are at the left and the horns when they are there are in the centre. To quote Mr. Ferguson, he brayed aloud. Mr. Ferguson, being a movie critic, must have missed the hisses of protest when, several years ago, Leopold Stokowski once again rearranged his orchestra, placing the violins in the centre and the brasses and horns to the left.

One of the advantages of "Fantasia" over the usual concert should be that it allows for rearrangement of the orchestra between such works as the Pastoral Symphony and Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps", thus being better able to render the change in instrumental emphasis. But Mr. Ferguson should not, like La Fontaine's rat, be singled out for the glory of solitary snobism.

There is also the snob who, on hearing a young man play Beethoven's Sonata, "Pathétique", said, "but it does sound a bit flat without an orchestra, doesn't it?" There is her opposite who, having heard Toscanini conduct Ravel's "Bolero", remarked that jazz sounded rather silly played by a symphony orchestra.

There is the man who considers music since Purcell beneath his dignity. There is the woman who, knowing nothing about the fundamentals of music, diserts upon the glories of Hindemith. (I once met a woman who understood Einstein, but she was insane.) In other words, we are all snobs.

As snobs we consider ourselves intelligent and discriminating beings. We are civilized and from our stranded pinnacles we look down with tolerance on the poor individual who claps loudly after hearing Rachmaninoff play some little known concerto of Schubert, then asks for "When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day, or, even worse, the "C Minor Prelude".

Yet this man is still potentially capable of understanding the continuity of music, something of which we are no longer capable. He is capable of seeing what there is of Haydn, Beethoven and Tchaikowsky in so small and so perfect a composition as Stravinsky's "Pastorale", yet, while realizing Stravinsky learned from Beethoven, this man can also understand that Beethoven lived and worked in a world which, despite continuous revolution, was ordered and harmonious, whereas at the end of the nineteenth century the cracks became apparent to all, and Stravinsky wrote in an age which felt its keynote to be chaos and dissonance.

This man is able to realize this, to realize in "Pastorale" the impact of Freud and twentieth century interest in primitive society, and thus in primitive music, but, what is more, he realizes "Pastorale" is music. To him the living composer is neither an idol because he shocks the old fogeys, nor beneath consideration because his work has not been applauded by generations.

The living composer must be judged by standards of what music has achieved and can achieve, but he must also give something new,

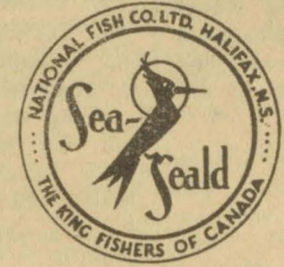
Continued on page four



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NONSENSE 'N STUFF LUNATIC LOBBY... 40 BEERS

Bulletin DUP
(Dullhousie Undependable Press)

A near riot occurred last week when a fat, bewhiskered individual with jowls of dismay attempted to break into Lunatic Lobby and evaporate the author, giving his name as Wilbur P. Fizzleque and demanding a discount on all stories reporting the decease of himself and his friend, Rufus Rayne. With the help of Milles. Ha-can and Benzine the author was able to dismantle the intruder, who turned out to be none other than John Gaunt in disguise and a rank impostor.

Subsequently a savage attack was made on Gaunt by J. Windenbag, who felt that his dignity had been needlessly impaired by mention of his name in company with Rayne, Fizzleque, Hokum and Hank Wierd-one and especially the Filthy Fifteen.

Lastly, the riot reached its crescendo when Joan Gloomytrees protested to the author that people were getting false impressions about her from this column, that she had been perfectly steady on her feet the morning after the Doilymakers' Ball, that she was a strict teetotaler, never touched the filthy stuff at any time unless it was forced on her, and, furthermore, what of it? She was appeased by a dram of overpooof and the author retired into his high dudgeon to sweat out...

Episode Three
Entitled: The Case of the Vertical Medical, or He's Med, But He Won't Lie Down.

While J. Song Woodbelly, the fiendish Chink and his defective assistants were sedulously following the soft notes of the flute in search of the Khaki-Klad Korpse, trouble was abrewing over at Major Hokum's three-ring circus. Sour-gent Smythe had spoken the magic words upon which, as was customary, all the faithful fell full on their faith

Say "99"

Title of "Most Amazed Man" goes this term to Bernie Ralston, Dalhousie's handsome Professor of Physical Jerks. Bernie just can't get over the way Ben Wilson's taken to dropping in of an evening. We don't really believe Bernie's surprised, but it came to our ears, and after all it's our job to tell you what we hear—or is it? Anyway, she's what Bill MacQuarrie would describe as a "hellishly fine gal".

Telephone trouble is what bothers Ron lately—especially when argumentative brother Ormy make three calls in a row. If Ritchie could just get the line (phone or otherwise) all would be well. (My female colleague tells me that he only needs the telephone line. Adds that gentlemen don't need any other.) I wouldn't know. But, darn it, I resent the implication that Ron's a gentleman—he's too good a guy to be slandered like that.

Anyone having dope on Joe Cantwell, please submit. He must be too well organized for us—he can't be leading that quiet a life.

Red Norvo was privileged recently in having as part of his audience leading pathologists Roberts and Smith. (Prof.) Charles has been paying up ever since.

Our advice to Dick Murphy, who recently made the axiomatic statement that gals are no longer easy to find, is: try wearing that flashy C.O.T.C. uniform a little more. "They" say your whole viewpoint changes when you're in the army. Major Hogan's viewpoint changed very suddenly last Sunday when Lieut. Wickwire took a spill. The gallant officer found it very funny until he noticed his superior at his elbow.

"Bing" Dickie had been sick, and Dr. Smith couldn't rest until he had discovered whether Bing had had proper nursing care. Faithful unto death, Bing supported the affirmative—yes, she was very pretty.

toward the east, but, lo and behold, one figure remained standing.

Hastily consulting his Koran, Sour-gent Smythe assured himself that this was somewhat out of the ordinary, but, not wishing to appear alarmed, whistled merrily as he whipped out his oil can and applied lubrication to the knee-joints of the upright figure and repeated the magic words. When nothing happened after three oilings and a valve-grind, Sour-gent Smythe tried a gentle push, but the figure remained erect and immobile.

Stuffing both fists into his mouth, Smythe next whistled resonantly for Hokum, who came panting up to the scene immediately and shouted the magic words along with some others, with the same lack of effect. "Unprincipled wretch, ain't 'e?" said Hokum to Smythe.

"Not arf," said Smythe to Hokum, "wo't'll we do with 'im?"

"Call the Kernel," said Hokum, whereupon it was legally pronounced by the latter that the figure didn't legally have a leg to stand on, so that the whole thing was ridiculous and impossible. Nonetheless, there was the vertical object, standing this time on its hands, which completely baffled even the sure-footed Colonel. Not even when Hokum stepped up and called him a cigar store Indian, did the figure budge.

King Carl and Dean Grunt arrived as the word spread and joined Hokum and his underlings, shouting the magic words and pushing together in an easterly direction. Gradually the figure yielded, but simultaneously up rushed George Thinman and his maniacal medicos to push on the other side.

Saved By a Smelly Solution.
With the gymnasium filled to the popping point, as frantic studes pushed up and feverish militarists pushed down, Colonel J. Egglepie Oatcake was working out a solution in his own quiet way. Mustering the Dullhousie band, he marched into the building to the tune of "God Save Good King Wencelas", which brought everyone to attention.

When the last sad notes had died away Smythe and Hokum again turned their attention to the vertical medical, but the vertical medical had vanished, while in its place, leering up at the ceiling with sunken eyes, was the mountainous figure of the Khaki-Klad Korpse, giving off a strong odour of sea-weed. "Well," said Hokum, "he stinks, but he's lying down, anyway, and that's the kinda sperrut we want in the army."

What does the odour of sea-weed mean? We can't see into the future, but if we could sea-weed say it had something to do with Rayne. Cheerio!

Love is stated to destroy the appetite—something certainly has affected Ballem's and Roy's. The first year boys can no longer get to supper. Something about the Hall and LeMarchant Street, we were informed. Don't lose weight over it, boys. Fellow Meds should not take these symptoms lightly—remember, it could happen to you!

MacGregor just can't seem to establish clear title to a dietitian. Tsk, Tsk! He also tells us that MacQ's affections have found a new object, or should we say subject.

Wondering what force on earth could possibly drag Spitfire Bethune away from a cosy study table to, of all things, a concert, we asked him—"blonde or brunette"—from traitorous "friends" standing near came the correction: "Wrong question—should be 'Ply-mouth or Buick.'" We're doing our own guessing—you, too.

Last but not least on our list is a memorandum to let you know, Dear Hearts (quote Prof. Atlee) that Gus Shea is back in circulation with his hair growing in again (not a trim for all of three days), and back to unbuttoned shirts. Yep, she went away, and Gus is shedding many tears. (Landlady says he uses up as many as four pillows a night).

Sorry "us engineers" haven't been in the paper lately. However, we had just gotten over the Xmas and New Year's celebrations when the Boilermakers' Ball came along and floored us again. We take our hats off to the gentleman who writes "Say 99" for getting back into action so quickly. Is he really that rugged or a tee-totler?

We wish to thank everyone who helped make the Boilermakers' Ball a success. And nobody can deny that it was a success. They are still telling us we had the best ball of the year and also the best Boilermakers' Ball in years. We knew it had been a success the minute we saw the drafting room Friday morning. It had that eerie, deathly stillness that could only be the fault of a multitude of hangovers. Not a creature was stirring, not even a "mouse".

We have decided to hold our second big event on February 15th at the Nova Scotian Hotel. The banquet date was decided on at a meeting held Thursday, January 23rd. A committee was appointed to look after the details. As usual we all plan to go to the supper dance afterward, if it's at all possible. Very few have ever found it "not at all possible".

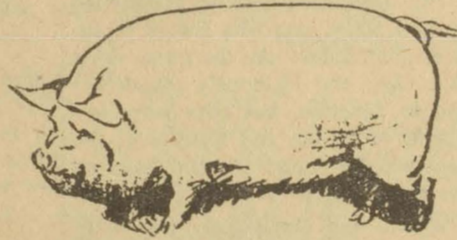
Also at this meeting a committee was appointed to select a graduating engineer who will be awarded the "Bob Walter Memorial Award". Those appointed to the committee were: Gordon Wilson, Don Dunham and John More; automatically on the committee are Professor Theakston and Professor Copp. The award goes to the engineer who during his course was most like Bob Walter. The engineer who gets this award can indeed feel proud.

We learned with regret that Barry Coleman has left Dal to take a position in Business. His good-natured personality will be missed in the drafting room. Good luck to you in your undertaking Barry.

The prize boner this week was pulled by Gilbert and his "yolk base".

Engineers are learning more about chemistry every day. I heard one lad remark at the Boilermakers' "that there alcohol sure evaporates

The Pig Sty



We are happy to announce that under the "new order" the "Sty" will be conducted as usual. Under no circumstances are the following names to be connected with this column in any way: "Itch" Graham, "Kissy" Cameron, "Hank" Reardon and others too insignificant to mention. Due to censorship, the name of Major X will only be mentioned in whispers.

The age of chivalry (?) is not yet dead. Our little Prince "Charman" is still doing right by our Audrey, even to the extent of giving her a lift across the watery road during the recent rains. A little "Errant Knightery" now and then is relished by the best of men.

We were wondering at the notable absence of one of the more prominent members of the Freshman class during our week-ends. It seems that there is more in New Glasgow than meets the eye. Hy'a Pres-s-s-s!

The dazed look on Dunsmore's face might have been caused by more than one reason, other than of being normal occurrence. For instance, we understand the King's sleighride was minus the pleasure of his attendance, due to the fickle nature of a certain Glee Club executive.

We understand that Law is still giving Medicine lessons in love. The play's the thing, these days.

The Sigma Chi house has been a hive of activity the last couple of

Dalhousie's "who's who"



He's the man who's back again at dear old Dalhousie after a year abroad! The "Freshman's Friend," the "Frenchman's Friend" and "Everybody's Friend", better known as Harry Smith, B.A.

"Now over in France... as Harry would say, he studied at Bordeaux having accepted a language scholarship from the French Government. Miraculous, indeed, was his escape from France at the time of its fall. Of course nothing surprises us if Harry has anything to do with it.

Harry has been on Council three years and this year he represents the Post Grads. Among his many activities, Mr Smith has acted in both French and English plays and Dame Rumour has it, that once again he shall star in a forthcoming production.

With three years Senior Hockey playing to his credit, C.O.T.C., a hand in "Convocation Week of 1939", and "Co-pioneer" of the Bulletin, plus his outstanding work on the Gazette Staff, as a news reporter it is quickly seen that Harry is a man of many varied capabilities.

This year he will graduate with an M. A. in French. No doubt, the teaching profession shall call Harry to its circle. No matter what he does we feel sure it will be well done.

Good Luck, Harry old boy, and oh yes, may you always have Joy!

fast". I left a glass on my table for a few minutes and when I came back it was all gone.

FAMOUS FOR TASTE AND MILDNESS

Buckingham

CIGARETTES

And speaking of Brooks, we understand that Russell's Tea Room was the scene of high jinks last Sunday night, the occasion being Brooks' birthday. No, Jack wasn't there to help celebrate!

We understand that Joan Ballem had a visitation from an old friend from out of town on Sunday. What can all this mean, we wonder, when events in the past have been what they are.

Apparently the Phi Rhos aren't so hot at accounting. They forget the "Daley" fixed asset at the Royal Bank. Hi, Vernon!

What's the matter with the eter-

nal freshman? Is he jealous? What has R.M.C. that he hasn't?

What prominent Commerce senior in the C.O.T.C. Quartermaster's Stores is spending most of his nights in Dartmouth? We hear that there are a lot of nice looking girls there, but Bob likes Helen best.

The pre-Christmas romances of the Hall freshettes are all over now, and this bevy of beauties is once more foot-loose and fancy free.—(Adv.)

It seems that there is a chap at Pine Hill who hopes to graduate with a 98.4 degree in the Spring.

CAPITOL THEATRE - HALIFAX

Friday - Saturday - Monday

"Night Train To Munich"

MARGARET LOCKWOOD
REX HARRISON

Tuesday - Wednes. - Thurs.

"Victory"

FREDERIC MARCH
BETTY FIELDS

OXFORD

Friday and Saturday
BING CROSBY
"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"
and Gene Autrey in
"MELODY RANCH"
Monday - Tuesday - Wednes.
"MORTAL STORM"
"MURDER OVER NEW YORK"
Thursday
"ANDY HARDY MEETS
A DEBUTANTE"

ORPHEUS

Friday and Saturday
"SOUTH OF SUEZ"
Brenda Marshall - George Brent
"RANGER AND A LADY"
Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday
"GIRLS UNDER 21"
Bruce Cabot - Rochelle Hudson
"GAY CABALERRO"

CASINO

Saturday
KAY KYSER in
"YOU'LL FIND OUT"
EXTRAS!
DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in "GROWING UP"
"CHRISTMAS UNDER FIRE"
Filmed in London

GARRICK

Friday and Saturday
"YOUTH SHALL BE SERVED"
"THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT"
Monday and Tuesday
"BLACKOUT"
"MEET THE WILDCAT"
Wednesday and Thursday
"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"
"GALLANT SONS"



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IN THE TIGER'S CORNER

by MUNRO and MacLEOD

Interfaculty hockey is now well under way and seems to be the most popular interfaculty sport on the campus. Two weeks ago the Engineers tore into the Dents in the opening game of the league just as if they were taking apart a rusty boiler and the Dents co-operated by coming apart at the seams. Last Friday the Meds had little difficulty in dropping the boys from Commerce and it should be interesting to see what will happen when the Meds hook up with the Engineers.

In the Med-Commerce game one of the trickiest plays of the season was seen when Al Sparks broke away from his defence and scored on his own goal-tender. These Commerce boys sure are dangerous around their own nets.

The hardest working people on the campus at the present time are the members of the Auxiliary Training Corps who attend the P. T. classes. Anybody who thinks that these classes are sissy stuff should drop around at the gym sometime and see the way those boys twist and bend (and grunt and groan.) We heard last week that one freshman has become so thin from the exercise that he now has to drink muddy water so that people will not be able to see through him. Officials responsible for the classes say that the exercise will put the boys in great shape, but they neglect to say what shape.

Where is the swimming team this year? The last two years swimming staged a comeback at the University, but seems to have died altogether this year. The last time we visited the Y.M.C.A. there was a swimming pool there, and so why don't we have some action before it is too late. There are some excellent swimmers at the University this year and we suggest that they get together and see if they can't bring home some more glory to their Alma Mummy.

The boxing enthusiasts seem to have taken their rest beside the swimmers. Perhaps the bugle-busters have lost interest this year because of the war-time ruling against intercollegiate sport, but it would seem that a meet could be arranged with some club or other in the City which would not be too tough on the boys. Several of last year's stars are back at college this year and would probably welcome the opportunity to loosen up—or get loosened up.

The latest news from the Ping Pong Alley is that a certain individual has it all figured out that he will be on top when the curtain is drawn on the spring tournament. This news should arouse those bat-wielders who think that their chances are equally as good and should also attract more competitors who may be incensed at this individual's audacity. There is an old saying that "pride goeth before a fall", which may or may not be applicable to this case.

New Interest In Ping Pong at Dalhousie

This year has seen a revival of interest in table-tennis, or as it is more commonly called, ping-pong. We are fortunate in having that human cyclone, Colin Smith, as manager. It is largely through his untiring efforts that ping-pong enjoys its present popularity. An ever-increasing number of students are now taking part in this pastime.

We have some of the finest ping-pong players in the city right here at Dalhousie. Indeed, when the "city champ" invades the Tiger's lair, he invariably meets his match. A team of four or five players from Dalhousie could hold their own against any team representing a city club.

In the fall a tournament was run off with that master of the art of celluloid-chasing, Henry Reardon, emerging as the winner. At the present time a ladder tournament is being conducted under the watchful eye of Manager Smith. The Spring Tournament is expected to get under way in a short time. The winner will play the winner of the Fall Tournament for the University Championship.

The manager has created new interest in the game by forming a ping-pong association in which the players are classified according to their standard of play. At the present time there are about forty members in good standing. The game has become so popular that the three tables are in continuous use.

Table-tennis doubles had never been taken very seriously by Dalhousians until this year. It is now perhaps more popular than singles, partly due to the fact that it is a more exciting game, and partly because of its novelty. Moreover, doubles makes it possible for more players to participate at the same time.

NOTICE

Interfaculty Hockey, Friday, Jan. 31, 7 to 8, Arts & Science vs. Law.

Wilson and MacKenzie Pace Tigers Navy Defence Stalls Dal Machine

Dalhousie Tigers went down to their first defeat of the season on Tuesday evening at the Dalhousie Gym when they fell before a powerful Navy quintet, 41-26, in a scheduled game of the City Senior Basketball League. As a result of this game Dalhousie and Navy are now tied in points for the leadership of the league. The Tigers were not up to their usual form in Tuesday's game, with their passing and shooting failing to pierce the Navy defence.

Bates opened the scoring for the Navy with a lay-up shot under the basket. Wilson evaded it up, registering on two foul shots and Martin threw in a nice shot from the corner to put the Tigers up two points.

The Navy now put on the pressure, with Thomas evening it up and Killam putting them in the lead on two baskets. Thomas and O'Hara repeatedly broke up Dalhousie plays, while Bates continued to increase the Navy lead. MacLeod on a breakaway for Dalhousie failed to register.

The Dalhousie defence of Wilson and Smith held down the Navy scoring attempts and sent the Dal forwards down the floor for many attacks. On one of these attacks MacKenzie netted a basket for the prettiest shot of the night. The play began to tighten up, and although the play was not rough the very speed of the two teams caused many penalties. With four minutes to go, the Dalhousie Tigers were on the short end of a 16-9 score.

Bates boosted this to twenty for the Navy. MacKimmie and Wilson combined on two nice plays to bring the Dalhousie score to 13. The half ended with the score 20-14, with Dalhousie pressing hard.

As the play got under way in the second half, the two teams checked their men well and there was no scoring for the first few minutes. Arnott took over the Navy attack and netted nine points for the Navy. Thomas again interrupted the Dalhousie combination time after time and the Tigers were only able to count on long shots. However, MacLeod and Martin managed to get in close to boost the score to 30-22. With eight minutes to go, MacKenzie scored one of his long shots, but Arnott matched this as he got under the Dal basket. Wild passes by Dalhousie were responsible for many of their failures to score.

The Dalhousie defence tightened up and Navy also was forced to rely on long shots. As the game drew to a close the Dalhousie attack began to function, but they were unable to overtake the Navy and the final whistle found the Dal boys on the short end of a 41-26 count.

Wilson and MacKenzie, who were high scorers on the Dal team, kept the Tigers in the game. Thomas Arnott and Bates were the big guns for the Navy.

The lineup:

Dalhousie: Smith 3, Martin 5, Wilson 5, Seaman 2, MacLeod 2, MacKimmie 2, MacRitchie 1, MacKenzie 6.

Navy: Bates 12, Killam 2, Stong 3, O'Hara 6, Thomas 9, Arnott 9.

MEDS DOWN COMMERCE

Medicine indicated that they will be the team to beat in the interfaculty hockey league when they overwhelmed Commerce last Friday at the Arena.

Commerce showed up with only five men, but Medicine very kindly donated the services of two of their best players, namely, Joe MacDougall and Grant (after Commerce had forfeited the game. But even with these two players on their team the Commerce team proved to be too weak for the Meds.

MacGregor and Strickland combined nicely for many of Medicine's scores, but were ably supported by the entire Med team. Scrymgeour and Matthew sparked the Commerce attack. Defenceman Al Sparks generously added a goal to the credit of the Med team when he shot the puck in his own net, to the astonishment of the Commerce goal-keeper.

Commerce: Mitchell, Sparks, Gibson, Matthew, Scrymgeour, Grant, MacDougall.

Medicine: Conning, MacGregor, Strickland, Bethune.

THERE IS A GIRLS' NIGHT AND A CHANCE FOR MORE SPIRIT IN A GREAT GAME!

Come one, come all, first, second, third, fourth year, and all girl students, whether new at College or old stand-byes, you are all wanted in badminton.

Come out on Thursday night from 8:45 until 10:00 and help the Girls' Badminton Night in the gym!

There are a good number of you who are interested perhaps with a few phone calls to help you along at first. What better time is there to learn, have fun, and improve, than on Girls' Night, when there are not too many good players to scare us? Anyway we want good players, too, for it is girls we want. But among us, surely are some who can help the other fellow. Everyone has, or soon can have something, that the other fellow needs, even if it but a cheery "Boy! that's showin' them!"

Then let our motto be: Have fun, keep in trim, and strive to succeed!

Oh yes, bring along your knitting, if you have any, in case we get a crowd; and the departing hour is not too late for last minute study

MUSICAL SNOBS—

(Continued from page two) something which is himself and expresses the aspirations of his age.

The musician, with the thinker and artist, is the prophet of his age, but he is held back by society. Without the "rapport" of musician and a truly discriminating audience great music is not possible. This explains why, for two centuries, George Frederick Handel was the greatest English composer.

But we are snobs. F. D. K.

when you get home. If we wish to let the other fellow show up, instead of ourselves, we will lose some of the gym, and surely as girls of Dalhousie we want to have OUR NIGHT!

when you get home. If we wish to let the other fellow show up, instead of ourselves, we will lose some of the gym, and surely as girls of Dalhousie we want to have OUR NIGHT!

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Artie Shaw's Orchestra:
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 { Temptation
 { Frenesi
 { Adiss, Mariquita Linda

Leo Reisman's Orchestra:
 { The Last Time I Saw Paris
 { What Makes a Song
 { Fresh as a Daisy
 { Let's Be Buddies

Wayne King's Orchestra:
 { You Walk By
 { Goodnight Mother
 { Serenade
 { Evening Star

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Many men who find it necessary to travel take advantage of the attractive discount rates that are available to many points after 7 P. M. These rates apply to Sunday calls also, giving a week-end discount period on station-to-station calling that runs from 7 P. M. Saturday evening clear to 4:30 A. M. Monday.

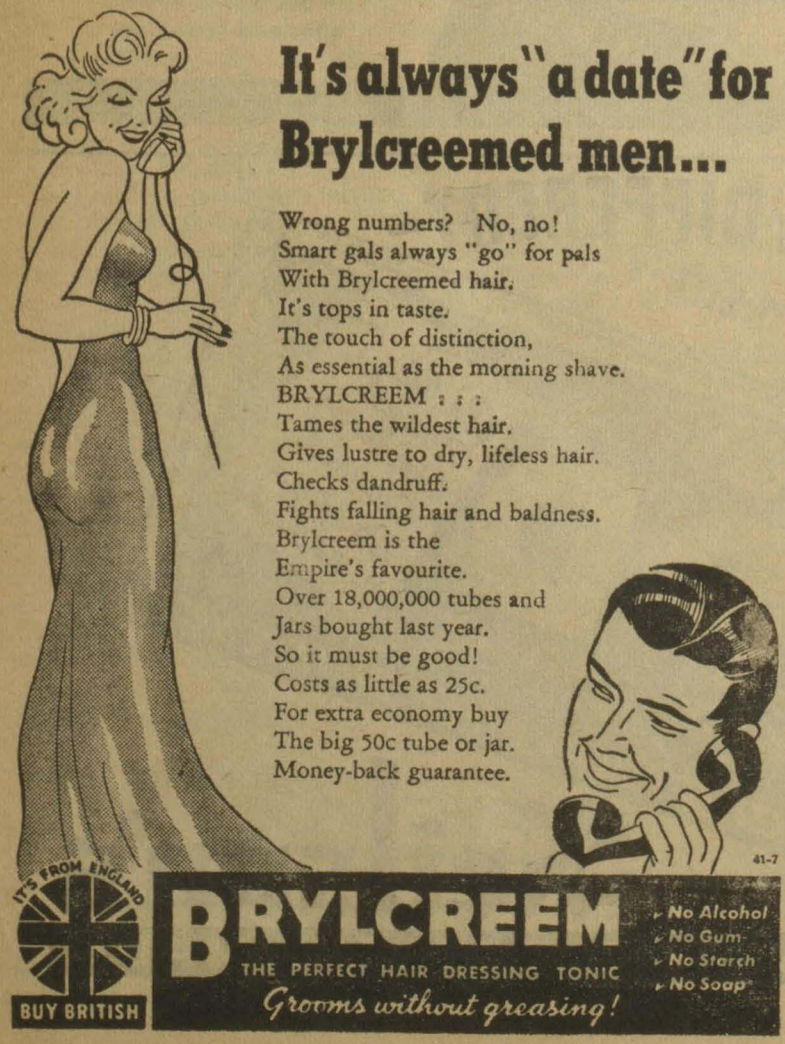
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