





# « The Feature Folio »

## The MENTOR

The chief aim of the Frosh, at this time, should be to Better Himself. He should strive to Emulate his Seniors, and, in this way, endeavour to become our final product, The Complete College Man. We have advanced Devious Means of hastening this Metamorphosis, and there should be little remaining but a final study of What Makes the College Man what he is.

The first problem facing the Neophyte College Man is that he must Purge his mind, and that all previous training must be Ruthlessly Discarded. The art of becoming a College Man must be Carefully Cultivated and Persistently Practised, but the groundwork must be laid in a Fresh and Unbiased Mental Outlook. This is an Essential Expedient, for reasons stated in any good book of Psychology.

The first step, then, in becoming the Complete College Man, providing you have already fulfilled the conditions as stated above, is to Practise Distain. This requires your Dispassionate Disinterest in everything connected with the University, and all Student Activities. Where previously, as the organizer of your School 'At-homes', you were Socially Prominent and an Efficient Executive, these days are, to coin a phrase, gone forever. You must Steel yourself against these urges to enter into any Activities connected with the Social or Political life connected with the University. The mark of The Complete College Man is that he is above such Mundane Matters, leaving them for the Unsophisticated. You must practice continually to reach the proper Educational Ennui required, to ultimately find your Goal.

Again, no matter how you feel, you must remain aloof from all Sporting Activities in which the University Teams are participating. In the event of being forced to a Football game or Hockey match, it is essential that you maintain a Stoic Silence throughout the whole thing. Only upon the observance of these rules can you ever hope to achieve your ideal.

The next requirement will call for a great deal of Concentration and Effort on your part. As editor of the Ecum Secum High School Record, you possessed Flawless Rhetoric and a passable Literary Style. Though you are Deeply Involved, the matter is not beyond correction. You must begin at once to practise the slovenly Diction of your Betters. The number of times you can use the word 'Don't' for 'Doesn't' in any given sentence will be your Criterion. You can succeed by practise alone, and those taking English will have Ample Opportunity for rehearsing in their Themes.

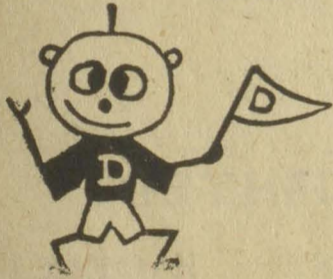
Another Essential Phase in the Formation of The Complete College Man is that he possesses the ability to Criticize the efforts of any who are Active in any manner on the Campus. This is probably one of the most difficult of all the Requirements, since, to do this properly, you will be required to know a little something about what goes on. To be really successful at this, pick only the more obvious Activities, and complain bitterly about the way they are run, written put out etc. This should impose no great difficulty, for the less you know about the matter, the better Criticism you can Evolve.

The Complete College Man can always be told by the Clothes he Wears. This, however, does not mean the Sartorial Splendor as described in Esquire, or Eaton's Catalogue. It is an Unwritten Law that the College Man never wear anything that matches, and that Sweaters, Jackets and anything of that ilk are essential. This means that you should exercise great care to pick up the Right Kind of Roommate, The Right Size, etc.

These, then, and many other Effects are all important marks of The Complete College Man. In time other Ruses will develop, and you will become Recognized and called by name by Roy; you will become proficient at missing lectures, and, more important, talking about it; you will learn to profess no knowledge as to the whereabouts of the Library; and to talk wisely about the Alcoves at Shirreff Hall. You have to but practise, and you should have no difficulty in reaching the Culmination of all University Training—?

### The Watchboid

(Apologies to Munro Leaf)



This here is a Joe Collitch



This here is a Watchboid watching a Joe Collitch



Were You a Joe Collitch This Week?



### Spoof . . .

Little pussy CAT  
You've been on a bat  
Again  
With men  
How red your nose is!  
You've got halitosis  
Pussy CAT.

Protect the birds: the dove bring peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.—Silhouette.

Miss X. Pensive  
I asked a girl named Passion  
I knew her out for a date.  
I took her to dinner,  
Gosh! How passionate.  
By Awgwan in Queens Journal.

### Points For "D"

The following are the points awarded towards "Gazette "D"s" this year. Last year's points are not available, nor are those of the Coed Issue: Bob McCleave, 24; Ed. Morris, 1/2; Mary Doull, 1 1/2; Margery Parkes, 6; Howard Gordon, 2; Dick Hanna, 1; June Phinney, 1/2; Bob Dunsmore, 2 1/2; Louise Bishop, 4; Oscar Sandoz, 3 1/2; Wm. Harris, 3 1/2; Jim Stevens, 3 1/2; David Coldwell, 12; Doug Robertson, 7 1/2; Ted King, 1; Phil Blakeley, 7 1/2; Walt Gaudet, 2; Cashman Mason, 2; Penny Patchell, 2; Lyle Brennan, 1 1/2; Bob Graves, 1/2; Colin Smith, 2 1/2; Barbara White, 1; Anita Reed, 1; Sue Morse, 1; Nancy Berringer, 1/2; Wallace Ogilvie, 5.

## Dear Auntie Effie:

Since this the last issue of the Gazette, dear children, we must try to clear up all the letters I have received from you poor perplexed things. I have a number of letters which I just haven't had the chance to answer, but which I will attempt to clear up in one final swoop, in the hope that this will settle once and for all your difficulties, that you can begin to settle down to the Exams with no other distractions, to disturb you.

The first letter comes from one Alexandra Macdonald, one time Business Managress of the Gazoot, who tells me that he is very interested in a certain young Blonde, who has been attached to another member of the Staff, now out of town. Alexandra wants to know if he should let his ethics interfere in this matter. My dear, it really is a problem, I'm sure, but there is always that little matter somewhere in the wild and wooly west, and for that reason, I should be careful. What with the Gas Ration and all, I'd put my Ethics on the blocks anyway.

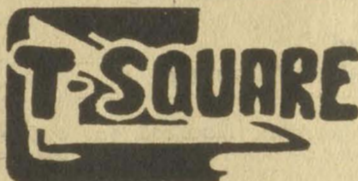
A certain Blanchard W. seems to be really beset. He poses a real question, but since this is not the first time anyone has made inquiry about the same young lady, I should like to refer him to an earlier answer given to one John McL.

We have a letter here, just signed 'Stinky' and though we try to investigate each case carefully, we are at a loss to answer her question. She writes that on Sunday nite 'It' happened the first time, and wants to know what to do now. My sweet child, as you grow up, you will become wiser in these matters, and at least learn not to talk about them. For now, just let Bill take the initiative and nothing will come of it, anyway.

And so, my dears, I must crawl back into the woodwork, leaving you with the hope that there has been some measure of consolation for you in these bits of advice. While I realize that many questions are yet to be answered, we are unable to cope with them all. Perhaps next year there will be need of my servics again, and I'm only too happy to oblige.

Obligingly,

Aunt Effie



Well, dear friends (if any) here we are at the beginning of the end. I know Munro Day may be the worst of exams but it didn't seem so vicious this year. Not nearly so bad as the Phi Delts' party, where Wilson was observed hurdling gracefully over some chairs — it really must have thrilled certain feminine hearts, en Gord?

All were very much surprised to see that elusive character "Juicy" bauding around the dance floor Tuesday night.

Also noted was the presence of Glen Rubiey and HIS Mary—he isn't a steady—I think the word is domesticated.

Although we wouldn't gossip it appears as if Fowler has lost his Mary and that his good friend Dave Webs. has forsaken (?) Myrt. What makes boys?

Johnny MacLean seemed to feel unjustly accused last time, but he gives us plenty of material on which to build. A certain New Glasgow shoulda seen him Tuesday night.

A third engineer has Mary trouble too—does anyone know how Wis is making out?

Waterfield seems to be still doing O-Kay!

In spite of the fact that he blushing denies it, anyone can plainly see that Marty Skinner has been Smitten.

We believe that if Ted Canavan drives a tank like he drives his car he ought to be a one-man blitz.

Graham Bennett ought to make a pretty good mark on Laura's physics experiment.

We were ashamed to note the high-schoolish behaviour of a certain engineer (also a sergeant) in the Gym store the other day. What's wrong with a guy when he has to fight with a girl to get her arms around his neck? No! Don't say it.

Advice to G. Lantz: you'll never meet Dot Rose by dreaming about her, although we sure don't blame you.

So now we must say farewell forever, we wish all (even Mussett) the best of luck and here's mud in your eye if this column wasn't dirty enough.



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### This is Not a "Quiz"

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**BETTE DAVIS**  
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**Johnny Davis**  
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**ROBERT TAYLOR**  
and  
**LANA TURNER**

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"CASTLES in the DESERT"  
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Friday and Saturday  
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"CYCLONE on HORSEBACK"

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**CASINO**  
Starting Sat., March 7  
★  
"To Be Or Not To Be"  
CAROL LOMBARD  
and  
JACK BENNY

**Garrick**  
Saturday, Monday, Tuesday  
"SPOOKS RUN WILD"  
"TOP SERGT. MULLIGAN"  
□  
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday  
"DESPERATE CARGO"  
"ON THE SUNNYSIDE"

## Remembrance of Things Past

By R. A. MacDONALD

With the shades fast falling on campus athletic activities for this year it might be well to review just what has been gained in the sporting field this past season. While those "in the know" will realize that Dal has had a most successful year in so far as sports are concerned it must also be recognized that they are in the minority so, for the information of the uninitiated, (those who just couldn't be bothered coming out to see the boys fight for dear old Dal.) we say here that both the rugby and basketball seasons ended with Dal on the top rung in the city league schedules and even the hockey team showed some signs of life, entering the win column for the first time since 1934.

The rugby season opened with a game against the highly touted St. Mary's squad and Dal started the season off with a 6-3 victory. The following week-end Dal split a holiday double feature, winning from Wanderers to the tune of 8-3 and then losing to the Navy fifteen 3-0.

short end of an 8-0 score and away went our hopes for winning the McCurdy Cup, emblematic of the Maritime championship. All in all, however, the season was a most successful one with Dal winning six out of the eight games played, defeating Acadia twice and coming out on top

"Their Little Feet Like Mice Did Creep . . ."



The seductive (?) creatures above portrayed indicate the Gazette's conception of what the well-built female does NOT look like. But it was Munroe Day—and the watchword was "anything goes!" This libel on the female form divine is perpetrated from left to right, by McKenzie, Fraser, MacLeod, Forsyth and Fraser.

By this time some little interest was being aroused on the campus for, after all, hadn't Dal won two out of the three games they had played? Then came the game with Acadia and Dal again emerged from the conflict with another win tucked under belt by a score of 8-5. It was a bang-up game from start to finish with Dal driving in all the time to show a surprising reversal of form over their previous game with the Navy. Having surprised all and sundry with their efforts the Dal fifteen then hitched their wagon to a star (that star being the City League Championship) and proceeded to take the Wanderers apart when they met the following week and their 12-8 victory gave them an undisputed lead in the league, which lead they further stretched the following week when they again took the Acadia Axemen into camp by the score of 12-6, and with it the City League Title. Then came that fateful Remembrance Day encounter with that great team from St. Francis Xavier and, after a gory and bitter struggle, we came out on the

in the City League which is something in itself to boast about. The team had plenty of spirit and drive and that is more than can be said for most of the team's supporters. With rugby fast fading from the sport scene basketball and hockey took over the spotlight and again arguments began to spring up pro and con as to the merits of the respective teams. The hockey team hadn't won a game since 1938 and the debate was not so much on what the hockey team would or could do but rather the question was, "Should we have a hockey team at all this year?" However, after much chewing the fat the Council permitted the boys to enter into league competition and did they ever surprise everybody? Well, I guess they did. All in all they played six games, winning two, tying one and losing three. If this is a hint of what may lie in store for future teams then we may well say that Dal has made the turn and hockey is once more on the up grade. During the winter's schedule the Dal representatives managed to break even with Acadia in two games played at Wolfville, winning 8-6 and losing 6-3. Then they proceeded to hang a trimming on the Navy intermediates and this same Navy team is now the proud holder of the Maritime intermediate championship. They also played a tie game with the fast travelling St. Mary's team and that team proceeded to carry off the Maritime Intercollegiate title. So, all in all, our hockey team gave a pretty good account of themselves this past season.

And now we turn to basketball and what a surprise lies in store for those who didn't think it worthwhile to turn out to games, read the papers the following morning or even bother to inquire. For the information of such people, and I'm sure there are many on this campus, it may be said that Dal again won another City League Championship, and not only did they do that, but they also won the Provincial Senior title and now they are just marking time, waiting for finalists to be declared in New Brunswick and quietly praying that they will get a crack at the Eastern Canadian title before exams get too, too close.

Seriously though folks, Dal this year has been represented by the best basketball team that it has had in years and that is saying something. When the first practice was called late in the Fall it was seen that the team would have to be built around the veterans Wilson, MacLeod, Smith and MacKenzie and bolstered by Forsythe, MacDonald, Hicks, Webber and Dunbrack.

In their two pre-Xmas tilts, one with the Navy and the other with the Y intermediates, the Dal basketweavers showed that they were going to be the team to best in the Post-Xmas schedule. In winning these two exhibition games the Dal hoopsters showed balanced scoring

## SPORT Spice

By AL MacLEOD

### The Last Cob of Corn:

This week we have nothing of very great importance to report. For the most part there is a tinge of regret that twenty issues of the Gazette have rolled off the presses, and that our humble college journal has done its last bit of good, and its last bit of harm for the year. It has been a pleasant association, and one not soon to be forgotten. We feel, at this moment a sense of fellowship for the ancient Persian philosopher who brooded over his beer and wrote: "El Mektub Mektub"—What is written is written." The moving finger has written, and moves on, and neither piety nor wit can cancel half a line of it, or retrieve Page Four from the dusty oblivion into which it has sunk. Sport Spice and the rhyming headline have served their space-filling purpose—and now they deserve a not-too-honorable rest in the wastebaskets to which they have been consigned, and in the ashes of the fires in which they have been consumed.

The limping doggerel which from time has headed this column was apologetic enough, and scarcely requires further defence or excuse. However, it sprang from what was perhaps a misplaced conviction that a note of novelty might be added to a sports column. Those who have ignored it have missed nothing; those who have tolerated it have been generous; those who have read it have by this time undoubtedly been confined to some institution. At all events, the writer, at least, had fun.

In conclusion, we should be failing in our duty if we failed to express our appreciation of Dal's athletes who sacrificed time and energy in pursuit of an oft-times elusive sporting glory. They have made the past year one of the most outstanding in Dalhousie history, and by their efforts the name "Dalhousie" has occupied more than a fair share of the headlines of the local press. To the Dal students, who found it convenient to rally round the gold and black banners of the Tigers and Cubs of rugby, hockey and basketball, we can only hope they found it worthwhile, and commend them for their interest.

Finally, although perhaps nothing had been gained, at least nothing has been lost—and that perhaps is reason enough for having a Page Four in the Gazette . . .

In brief, through the year we have tried to explain  
In rhyme, all the things that were happening:  
Our verses were bad,  
But you must have been glad  
They weren't costly, immoral or fattening.

power fine team play, both of which were to be a great help in the games to come.

About the middle of January the League schedule opened and Dal handily won the first game from the R. C. A. F. by a 33-19 score, and though the basketball was not the best still Dal showed that they were the team to beat. So began the victory march which terminated in an undefeated season in schedule play and culminating in the City League Title, this being the first such title for Dal since 1934. In this victory march Dal twice defeated last year's Maritime Championship Navy quintette by the one-sided scores of 45-34 and 39-26, defeated Acadia twice 51-19 and 32-12 and in their second game with the Air Force turned them aside 26-14. Dal and Navy then played off for the City League Title and the Dal quintette steam-rolled to victory with two straight wins over the Tars by the convincing scores of 46-32 and 42-35. While the whole team played bang-up ball from start to finish special mention must be given to that great pair of guards "Mike" Smith and Ben Wilson and the lanky centre of the first string, Captain Al "Moose" MacLeod. Smith and Wilson turned aside many a scoring thrust of opposing teams and added more than their share of points to the team

total while MacLeod was a potent threat whenever he was on the floor, which was most of the time.

Two exhibition tilts were played recently and Dal broke even in these losing to the "Y" 31-21 and winning from the Debert All-Stars 60-37. So, Dal has played twelve basketball games this winter, winning eleven and losing one—not a bad record for a team that wasn't conceded a chance for the City League Title by outside sports writers, is it. With the winning of the City Title Dal automatically won the provincial title and now are just marking time, as I said before, waiting to climax a brilliant season by winning the Maritime Senior Title if a New Brunswick finalist can be declared in time—perhaps they will even go further than that—who knows?

So, the sport curtain for the 1941-1942 season slowly falls on the Dal campus and I think it has been more than successful in every way—next year's teams are going to have a high standard to live up to both in ability and in general sportsmanship and we close, wishing them every success in their endeavours. The torch is now being handed on to them and may they carry it high and prove themselves worthy Dalhousie representatives just as this year's teams have proved themselves to be.



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