

# Students Cited by Austin Wright as "Precious Material"

The Commerce Society will meet in Room 3, Arts building, at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, Oct. 29.

## Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



O.T.C. will embrace all male students medically fit at the University, according to an announcement by Major Hogan last night. About 45 students are affected.

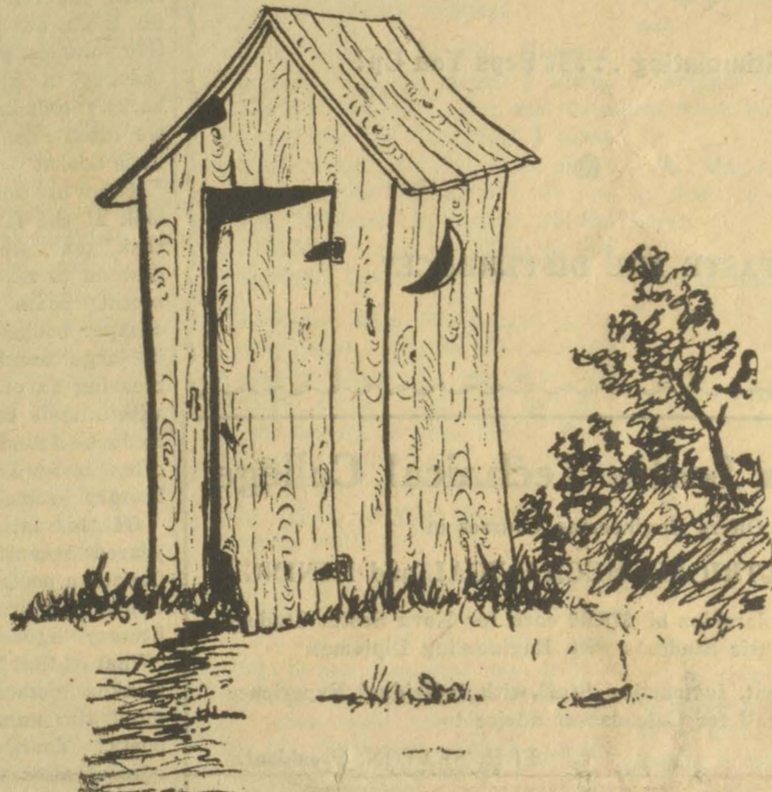
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HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 23, 1942

No. 4

# BELOVED LANDMARK TO BE DEMOLISHED?

## ANCIENT BEAUTY SPOT DOOMED



Due to wartime restrictions no picture could be obtained of the building now under fire from Prominent Authorities; however, the Gazette has fortunately been able to secure the above cut of an edifice distinctly similar in its graceful proportions of the Georgian Period of Early American Gothic. The fertile brain of Clarence "Diddles" Leakston conceived both architectural triumphs from designs he stumbled upon while picnicking in Cow Bay. Unfortunately several of the original plates seem to be still missing, and readers are requested to use their imaginations to supply interior details.

(In the interest of security, the following dispatch has been gleefully censored at random. It may be reprinted in any form whatsoever under some fool Act signed in 1215.)

An East Coast Port, Oct. 22—Reliable information, obtained by the Gazette's war correspondent at the risk of his life, has revealed that a concentrated scorched-earth program will be pursued in connection with the proposed demolition of an architectural triumph in (censored). Male students have solidly opposed construction of the building on the grounds that it will be used for purposes "dangerous to the moral codes of the undergraduates". Rumore have been circulated for some time that a wet can-teen for the distribution of (censored) and (censored) and

(censored), and beer will be installed in one of the wings of the building.

The building has been constructed upon the remains of another edifice which was destroyed in an unknown manner some years ago. The new edifice has been modelled on the soaring gracefulness of the Maori church at Herring Cove and is finished in a delicate beige coloring. A novel feature of the exterior finish has been its tendency to change its hue after every rainstorm, which are frequent in (censored), and its habit of cracking at the joints. (Here two sentences are deleted).

Hot air, which has been piped in from an unknown source, provides the heating for the separate rooms,

and one corner of the roof has been left off. At one end of the edifice a remarkable development in fire-escapes has been constructed. This has been extensively used by sleighing-parties and (censored) parties and by men pushing wheelbarrows without any apparent reason.

(One paragraph censored).

Due to the present uncertainty about the future of the building, two important meetings have had to be cancelled. The Bundles-for-Britain Ladies' Committee of the Herring Cove Maori Church, who were to hold a bean supper and bridge party in the east wing of the building next (censored) have postponed their pow-wow, as have the members of the Dalhousie University Pops Orchestra under the direction of Brutus Rayne, step-brother of Rufus Rayne and son of Mrs. Rayne from Rangoon.

### Dal Students Are War Victims: Two Airforcemen Killed

War struck sharply at the Dalhousie campus this week when it was learned two students in the King's service had been killed through enemy operations. Pilot Officer John H. Barrett, Curling, Newfoundland, died as the "Caribou" was torpedoed last week. Two days ago it was learned Sergeant Observer Andrew Holmes, New Glasgow, missing for several months as the result of air operations over Germany, had been officially announced as killed.

A tribute to Barrett has been written by a fellow classmate, and appears elsewhere in the Gazette. The announcement of the death of Holmes came as a bombshell to the University yesterday morning. Born in New Glasgow, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holmes, he graduated from High School there and entered Dalhousie in 1939, complet-

### D. G. A. C. Meeting Held

A meeting of the D. G. A. C. was held on Thursday, with a fair attendance. The meeting was opened by the President, Anne Mackley, and the minutes of the last meeting were read by Secretary Susan Morse, and approved. Joan Woodbury and Pat Hollis were nominated for ping-pong managers and Pat Hollis was elected. It was announced that Monday night would be Girls' Night in the Gym and all girls were urged to attend. Laura MacKenzie talked to the girls about Badminton and Mary MacKeigan moved that the Council be asked that the badminton teams be allowed to take trips as well as the other teams of the college. The motion was carried unanimously. Mary MacKeigan moved that the meeting adjourn.

ing one year here. One brother, Milton, is now in a German prison camp.

### Payzant Comes Through As Juke Box Fails

Last Saturday night Shirreff Hall laid bare its inmost secrets as Dal gals held Open House. Special guests were Dr. and Mrs. Bell. Music was supplied for several minutes by the Gym Store Juke Box, but unfortunately the excitement proved too much for this faithful servant, and it collapsed amid the deep sympathy of all present. For the remainder of the evening, music was supplied through the courtesy of Mr. Peter Payzant, who hurriedly supplied a gramophone and brother which continued in excellent working order throughout the party. Kissy Cameron manhandled the piano for a sing-song, with vocal by Webby MacDonald and the assembled chorus. On motion of Miss McKean the gathering adjourned, but since a sizable profit was realized, informed quarters say another Open House may be expected soon.

### Director Selective Service Says Non-Draft Escapees

By C. U. P.

#### Moot Court Clancy Scores Again: More Trial, Tribulation

The fourth Sittings of the Fall term of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie were held on Friday, Oct. 16. MacDonald, L.C. J., MacDougall and Kapak, L., JJ. were on the Bench.

The case on appeal was Smith v. Hart. Elizabeth Allen, K.C. with J. Wilson were counsel for the appellant; while Lawrence McIvor with Bill Proudfoot acted for the Respondent. Both junior counsel were commended for their congratulatory addresses to the Bench. Miss Allen, combining the charm and grace of a Southern belle with her clear knowledge of the law was successful in convincing their lordships that the appeal should be allowed. Lord Justice MacDougall dissented. Mr. McIvor, with the tenacity and determination of a Cape Breton miner, argued valiantly for the Respondent; but the weight of law was against him.

The decorum and dignity of the courtroom remained almost unbroken throughout. However, their Lordships found it necessary to fine the incorrigible Miss Clancy for tardiness, she having been late both at the opening of the Court and after the recess. It appears that fines have no effect on this little miss, and it would seem that in the future corporal punishment must of necessity be inflicted.

The fifth sittings of the Fall term of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie were held on Tuesday, Oct. 20th, before Their Lordships Turner, L. C., J.; Allen and MacMillan, L., JJ.

The case on appeal was Foley v. Classique Coaches. Lorraine Johnson K.C. and W. Reddin appeared for the appellant; while Richard Hanna K.C. and Lawrence McLeod acted for the Respondent. Reddin

(Continued on page 2)

"It is recognized that the graduates have special qualifications to aid in the conduct of the war, and therefore you are specially guarded and cared for. It is as though you were a precious war material, the supply of which must be guaranteed, the quality maintained, and the distribution controlled. You are a war material were the words of L. Austin Wright, director of National Selective Service, speaking at Queen's University last Saturday.

Mr. Wright deals first with the Wartime Bureau of Technical Personnel, under control of which all students in Science courses will come on graduation. Serving as part of this bureau is an advisory board consisting of representatives of the universities, engineers and prospective employers. 25,000 people, an estimated 80% of the manpower, are enlisted with the bureau.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the privileges granted to students, allegedly permitting them to escape the draft. "We do not agree with this," said Mr. Wright, adding that it takes a longer time to make an engineer than to make a pilot and that the army alone cannot train electrical or mechanical engineers.

Mr. Wright expressed his feeling that the present regulations do not control the situation. "Much thought," he remarked, "has already been given to the question of adding to them. If insufficient numbers of students are found to be entering science training courses, it may in time be necessary even to see that enough are selected and sent in to fill the vacancies.

"There are obligations attached to university training. The student body must be available to active service forces. An equal obligation rests on those who have been found physically unfit for military training.

"The demands of the army are greatest for mechanical and electrical engineers. There is less need

(Continued on page 4)

## DIPO Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

### Do You Think That The Japs Will Attack India?

At Dal as everywhere else opinion is divided on the Indian question. Many students hesitated before giving an answer to this question, and usually qualified their opinions by saying that much depended upon Gandhi, and upon future developments in other theatres of war. A slight majority, 48%, believe India will be attacked, while 43% do not think that the Japs will risk an invasion. Another 9% remained undecided.

### Do You Believe That The Library Should Be Kept Open In The Evenings?

The great majority of students think the old policy of having the library open in the evenings should be continued. Students from outside Halifax were particularly outspoken in favour of having the library as a place of study in the evenings, as were also Science students with many labs. Of those questioned, 76% were in favour, and 16% were against having the library open, while 8% remained undecided.

### Which Is Your Favourite Gazette Feature?

"Campus Clippings" and "The Pig Sty" seem to be the favourites in this year's Gazette, each receiving 26% of all the votes. Next in popularity come "Sheer Hokum" with 16%, T-Square with 10%, and Literary with 5%. One student said he read nothing but the editorials, and that everything else was foolish. Several complained that the Pig Sty was too exclusive, and that they could never get in it, while others sadly exclaimed they couldn't keep out of it.

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

by EUGENE MERRY

Thought of the week: It's not what our girl knows that bothers us. It's how she learned it.

V V V

#### Saturday Night Grace:

O Lord we thank Thee  
For these beans  
If they be beans,  
And I'm afraid they be.

V V V

Senior: "May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home?"

Freshette: "But I'm not experienced."

Senior: "No, and you are not home yet either."

V V V

#### Co-eds Train Three Hours a Week

Girls on the Alberta campus are faced with the necessity of upholding their share of responsibility on the Canadian home front. The "Gateway" states that all girls unless physically unfit must do three hours a week as a minimum of training; they will perform such duties as First Aid, Home Nursing, Red Cross Work and knitting for the C.O.T.C.

V V V

Just Out: 1928. We've recently heard of a trapper who skinned a raccoon and found a Yale man inside.—McGill Daily.

V V V

We see in all college papers, stories of students harvesting crops for short handed farmers. Don't YOU think it would be an appropriate idea for students, from "The College by The Sea" to go fishing for, lets say, seven days a week with time off for C.O.T.C.

V V V

#### HUNKS of VERSE

There was a young fellow of Wheeling,  
Endowed with such delicate feeling,  
When he read, on the door,  
"Don't spit on the floor,"  
He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.

A nut at the wheel  
A peach at his right  
A turn in the road  
Fruit salad.

V V V

Date Bureau is Style of the Day  
By arrangements of the Date Bureau in The University of Manitoba, many frantic males and females were brought together in bunches, amounting to almost one hundred dates.

(Nice picking eh!???)

V V V

Freshette: "No, we mustn't Didn't you know that the President has stopped necking?"

Freshman: "First thing you know he'll be asking the students to stop."

### Front Page Freddie

These boy friends of Kissy's. We have more darn fun keeping track of them. The latest is Freddy B., whose only qualification is that he won't work, and, according to the auburn-thatched lassie, "stinks".



# Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869—"The Oldest College Paper in America"

The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

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### VOTING IDEALISM—A DEMOCRATIC RIGHT

Electioneering, like the old-time medicine show, is expected to entertain with the purpose of selling the idea. The candidate is expected to bring his plans into the fore with some pre-polling campaigning and the voters are expected to listen to him and cull out his platform before they decide to vote for him or not. There is a fundamental method in pre-election propaganda and it is essential for the voters: what are they getting for their votes?

There has been criticism on the campus about the small use of the franchise privilege in elections at Dalhousie for the past few years. This is a positive aspect of the question: why do the students not show enough interest to vote? There is much for reflection in the lack of interest in elections. No organization can hope to live when its members show no spirit for their living. No controlling power can hope for effective action when its means for such action are unfit.

Last Friday only a small minority of the franchised members of the Arts and Science Society voted for Senior woman's position on the Students' Council. Thirty per cent only, and the rest did not heed the use of the polling booth in the Gymnasium kitchen.

Can the students who did not exercise their right to vote be criticized actually, when they did not know what they were voting for, when neither candidate came out with a platform of action, or even talked the election over with an appreciable number of students.

The member of the Arts and Science faculty, unless he knew the candidates, or felt himself under an obligation to exercise his franchise, simply did not bother to vote. Could anyone attach any blame to his action?

After all, there must be a reward to this form of human endeavor. No one likes to cast his vote on an unknown politician, and then see him disappear into a governing body, the mechanisms of which are not understood, nor where he can see what work his candidate is doing. There has been much criticism levelled at the Dalhousie student body for its lack of voting interest, but little criticism given to the more practical side of the question—the lack of voting idealism, or the providing of a definite object at which voting is aimed.

There was a time when a student candidate really made much of his candidacy: spoke to the franchise which would vote or oppose his election, and made a clear platform (even if such was not followed out, or was impractical anyway). Now there is little of this among the minor candidates, and little enough among the major ones, even for such posts as society, club or student President.

Voting now has the apparent aspect of a popularity contest, with little popularity even at that. Elections are listless affairs, and after elections campus surveys displays a surprising amount of student ignorance about the leaders of student activities, the degree of ignorance varying with the importance of the activity. At least everybody knows the chief instructor of the C.O.T.C., because there is a personal (or impersonal, according to which end of the O.T.C. you're at) acquaintanceship.

There are, actually, very few people doing any work at all in making this campus live. The Students' Council has members who open not their mouths from one end of the year to the other: one is surprised to see they are actual living organisms when meeting them on the campus.

To get back to the medicine show idea, why not try a little of its personality in elections at Dalhousie. The important side to the matter, the right of the individual to know for what he is voting, should not be allowed to remain in its quiescent state any longer.

### MOOT COURT—

(Continued from page 1)  
spoke to considerable length in congratulating the Bench, reflecting that he was quite upset at seeing such beauty on the Bench. Lord Justice MacMillan commented that if loquacity is the basis of success, Mr. Reddin would be a wow. Mr. McLeod also gave a lengthy congratulatory address.

Miss Johnson was very vehement in her argument, pounding her fist on the table and arguing with heat and steam. She did not hesitate to lay down the law to the judges: "A tempest has no fury like a woman scorned." Mr. Hanna made his points slowly but surely. Their Lordships disallowed the appeal.

There were several infringements of the Moot Court laws and rules. Miss Clancy, who is well known in

Moot Court circles, figured prominently in all summary trials. She and Arky Vaughan were admonished by the bench, and were separated by judicial decree and told that the court would scrutinize closely their conduct while in the court.

Early in the afternoon, Mr. O'Connell entered the court room and was almost immediately fined for sitting beside the attractive Miss Clancy—that fruitful source of fines—and telling her in his rumbling Irish brogue of his latest escapades. This self-styled Romeo was given to understand that the court room was not the place for the Cape Breton brand of romance. Later in the afternoon Mr. O'Connell was reprimanded for delaying Miss Clancy for seventeen minutes outside the court room and thus hindering her education.



"Oh daddy, I'm going to be married!"  
"That will be a load off my Sweet Caps!"

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## LITERARY

### SUNRISE

Far in the East the sun's rays are peeping  
Into the gloom of a starlit sky;  
Ushering morn, the summons of daybreak,  
Striking the knell of an even gone by.

Now warmth fills the air to nourish the living,  
Who, seeing its light, face their labours anew;  
The sun's early glow has o'erwhelmed the darkness,  
And rises to rest on its throne in the blue.

### SUNSET

A solemn peace enhances earth and sky,  
O'er distant points there spreads a golden hue;  
The sun is sinking to its even's rest,  
A wealth of shining colour o'er the blue.

The last dim rays are sinking 'neath the hills,  
And slowly drains the heaven of its light,  
A parting, brief, but wondrous to behold,  
Its toil has ended—swiftly comes the night.

—J. McL.

## BOOK REVIEW

ANTHOLOGY OF CANADIAN POETRY.—Ralph Gustafson.  
Pelican Books—\$0.25

"To Suit Our Idle Days". It has been oft-repeated that the little things of life most frequently go unnoticed. Upon entering a bookstore, our eyes focus not upon the small paper-covered books on some far table, but upon the fat, decorative volumes, prominently displayed, bearing in gilt upon their noble backs resounding titles. How much we often miss in passing by these little books!

There are some of us who can but look at the larger books, and it is then that we discover and condescend to read the little books. In recent years these smaller and cheaper books have been appearing in large numbers and finding increasing favor. They have caught within their compass the best that could be found in larger books and often assisted in the birth of some literary brainchild.

Of this latter species there appeared recently an anthology of Canadian poetry, compiled by one of Canada's younger and lesser known literary figures, Ralph Gustafson. "What of that?", you say. Stop and think a moment! Can you call to mind the names of ten Canadian poets? Your hesitancy is characteristic of most people and shows rather clearly how little most of us know of Canada's poets and their poetry. For some it seems incredible that Canada has produced a sufficient number of poets from whose works an anthology could be compiled, but Mr. Gustafson has proved them wrong. His anthology represents one of the first attempts in sifting the mass of Canadian poetry, measuring it "in terms of vitality" and gathering it together under one heading.

Mr. Gustafson was born near Sherbrooke, Que., in 1909, of Scandinavian-English stock. He graduated with an M.A. from Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que., winning the Governor-General's Medal. He then continued his studies for six years in England. Among his works are The Golden Chalice, Alfred The Great (a play in verse), Poems (1940), and Epithalamium in Time of War (1941).

His Anthology presents the best of Canadian poetry of the past seventy-five years, during which period Canadian poetry has passed from infancy to vigorous youth. There are some one hundred and twenty-nine poems by fifty-six poets. Among these may be found the names of the better known Canadian poets, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Marjorie Pickthall, and such less familiar names as those of Arthur S. Bourinot, Alan Creighton, Lloyd Roberts, and A. M. Klein.

Unlike some anthologies, no common quality pervades this anthology unless it is the love of homeland which enriches many of the poems it contains. It is a timely book. Many of the poems in it have been born of the passion aroused by the conflict of arms and creeds which spans the world today. Of this group may be mentioned Sir Charles G. D. Roberts' "Canada Speaks of Britain" and Ven. Archdeacon F. G. Scott's "The Airmen". Perhaps the most gripping of the poems concerning the present world chaos in A. M. Klein's "Design For Medieval Tapestry", which presents a vivid, burning picture of the trials of the

Hebrew race in the war-scorched lands of Europe in this or other days. One pregnant line stands out as the core of the poem, "How long, O Lord, will Israel's heart be riven?"

Love of nature is the theme of a number of the poems. Wilfred Campbell's "Indian Summer", Bliss Carman's "A Bluebird in March", and A. J. M. Smith's "The Lonely Land", may be included in this group.

Life and death, truth and the pursuit of happiness, war and love, those ageless, never-answered queries with which man has wrestled since time immemorial, all find a place in this little book. It is the record of many able pens and while it seems to be a monument raised to the poets of that part of Canada which lies East of the prairies, the growth of Canada which found the West yet a virgin land when Eastern Canada was well on the road of progress and development, may explain why the limelight falls on the East. If this fact in itself may seem to be a defect, the poetry erases it, for it is truly "all-Canadian."

Nova Scotia is represented by such able sons as Charles Bruce, George Frederick Cameron, Alan Creighton, and Kenneth Leslie. The latter is a graduate of Dalhousie, something of which we may be justly proud.

The verse itself presents a variety of forms, from octosyllabic couplets to more modern and intricate forms of versification in which the absence of capitals at the beginnings of lines and the lack of punctuation at the ends make some of us wonder (especially those of us who have no ear for internal rhythm), if it is poetry at all. Does not poetry, we ask, consist of symmetrically arranged rows of words, having at their beginnings capital letters and at their ends punctuation marks, rhyming usually in pairs, sometimes not at all, and containing, often as a tangled skein, something which has been forced from its author by the press of emotions? Perhaps after all poetry does not consist of words alone. Breaking with tradition is often a painful operation indeed.

In conclusion it may be said that this little book is a most profitable investment, and the pleasure to be got from reading it bears no relation to its cost and that it should aid in a growing realization that there is Canadian poetry well worth reading.

—L. W. C.

### NONAMAKER - GRAHAM

A great deal of interest will be shown in the marriage of Vivian Mae, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Graham, York St., to Dr. E. Paul Nonamaker, son of Rev. and Mrs. E. V. Nonamaker of Mahone Bay, which took place in Toronto, Sept. 30th. The bride was attired in a teal blue suit trimmed with grey squirrel, matching hat and navy blue accessories. She was attended by Mrs. Gordon MacKinnon, sister of the groom. Both Flying Officer and Mrs. Nonamaker attended Dalhousie, the groom graduating in medicine in the spring of 1942. He is also a member of the Phi Rho Sigma Fraternity and is now attached to the R.C.A.F. The couple are at present residing in Sydney, N. S.



# « THE FEATURE PAGE »

## Frosh Impression Made On Senility - Senior's Analysis

October, 1942 has come. As time passes, we at Dalhousie are beginning to realize that once again our university has received new blood. This fact is vividly impressed on one by the many types of bewildered individuals which are to be seen. In general the frosh may be spotted by their ever present attitude suggesting vast stores of knowledge and personality. They are going to contribute a great deal to Dalhousie. Ask them . . .

First, a word of encouragement should be handed to those of the evidently more depressed. These creatures are seen emerging from the classrooms of the more elementary subjects such as: Physics 1, Mathematics 1, Latin 1, and last, but not least, English 1.

To these initiated seekers of wisdom, many minor points should be made clear. These classes are undoubtedly the most unfathomable hours which you have ever spent. Do not despair. Have a stout heart. For years these classes have been so elementary that at Christmas when the examinations are over, many, ever so many, can stand it no longer and persuade themselves to drop the time wasting pastimes.

Another type of frosh termite is the Transplanted High School student. He is amazed to find how simple life at the big university is as compared to that of his home town high school. How easy it is to fool the professors. How easy it is to come day after day with absolutely no preparation on the class work. These professors must be very stupid. They never pay any attention to anyone who doesn't ask for it. Gee, high school should have been like this college life . . . Great stuff. . . BROTHER, WAKE UP!!!!

Note. It is the above mentioned individual who loudly asserts the examinations are never made up on the work of the term. He may be spotted readily in the examination room by a pronounced blank look.

There are countless others who deserve honorable mention including the true student who waits in the line-up, to get a seat in the library . . . Time or space does not permit further analysis of these.

It would be a crime to wind up any attempt at this puzzling and confusing subject without taking a slight peek into the Gym store and headquarters of the many subversive elements. As one watches from a point of vantage, the parasites who

dwelt there offer much to the impression. Good and bad . . . There are the noisy and the quiet. There are the old timer and the frosh. There are always Roy and his able staff . . . A few observations will be listed.

Possibly the most evident attraction in the store is the much discussed and antique Juke Box. In spite of strenuous remarks in the past to the contrary, this maze of worn out machinery continues to provide the students half value in return for their slugs and nickels. (To say nothing of the copper collections made famous and familiar by Irma M.)

Of the parasites and transients much could be said but will not be said. There is the meek one who silently slips by the door and down the steps into the store. He waits his chance and skilfully slides into a standing position, in the corner under the stairs, lest he be in any one's way. He will wait then for quite some time daring to hope for service at the hands of the overworked coffee-sluggers. Many times, rather than speak up, he will allow Roy to pass. After "what seems like an eternity" unquote, his big moment arrived. With a squeaky voice he or she inquires the market, acceptable, common price on second hand Latin 1 grammars. On obtaining their information, they order a bottle of milk, (only five cents, pop is seven), and depart.

The glamor-goils from all the small towns, Judique to Halifax, are there in force. They are trying to make impressions and above all they are trying to see how their big sisters, who have been through the mill, conduct themselves. She learns rapidly that the tobacco weed for which her mother had no use, is an essential part of successful stool straddling. It is very humorous to note the many attempts at casual, nonchalant smoking. In connection with these young creatures without which it has been said, no campus can survive.???. They learn the very obvious fact that there should be enough lipstick on one's face to leave at least a coating of one sixteenth of an inch on all drinking straws.

On the whole, the cross section of the campus is typical of former years. Possibly there is a little more spirit and zip in this year's flock. Let us hope so. You may throw those boots now.

### D. O. P. E. (The Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Always well-up on the Current song hits of the Nation, we have spent the week attempting to judge the effects on the morals of Dallians of a recent musical novelty highly popular during the last few days.

**The Question: Are YOU kind to your Web-Footed Friends?**

**The Answers:**

**R. J. McReek, Ed Gazoot, Majoring Halifax Herald:** After all I speak to you don't I? What more could you ask? (Which should teach us not to stick our neck out).

**Rabid Foldwell, of whom we have spoken before, and will not bore you with the details:** Well, it's the marching song of the SCM, and as an ardent SCM Marcher, I naturally follow closely the high principles set by that inspiring organization to whose weekly meetings I extend a warm and hearty welcome . . .

**Gabe Shortz, English Obscura, Scholastica Latinis, ob sit:** I dunno, I haven't time now. I've just been drafted into the OCT, and I gotta run down and see if I can't get a commission as Official OTC Philosopher. (Dashes off, singing, Oh, I'm in the OTC, I'm in the OTC, da dada dada, I'm in the OTC.)

**Ruthless Janes, Music App. (as in appropriate) 7, 10, and 14, Juke Box 8 and 9:** Where did you hear that horrible thing? Isn't it terrible? It violates all the principles of Musical Appreciation, don't you think? Let's start a campaign to stamp it out. (Kid, if this doesn't kill it, nothing will).

**Prof. R. A. MacKay:** The influence of Hobbes upon the moral turpitude of his age should not be underrated while to put it another way, what is sovereignty? (We knew those Poli Sc. notes would turn up somewhere. We lose more darn notes that way).

### T-SQUARE

A meeting of the Horizontal Club will be held at Wolfville October 31. The President, G. A. Bennett will preside from under the table.

"Second Loopy" Mussett is in the news again. There have been two dances already this term and "Shorty" has not attended either; perhaps he can find a date for the next one.

Note.—Andy Eisenhauer (from Lunenburg) would like to meet some nice girl from Shirreff Hall—any girl interested please get in touch with Andy without delay.

Congratulations to Engineers for beating Freshmen in Inter Fac due to stellar playing of Hagen, Graham and Burgess.

**ASK:—**

"Alky" Hull who got a sweet bust in the mouth at Norman's this summer.

Graham Bennett who takes Norrie out when he is home studying.

Bill Hagen why he's so anxious to go down to that hall every Tuesday night.

Bruce Bauld why it took him two hours to crawl out of a small gully one night at Surveying Camp.

Keith MacLellan what blond freshette he took to the show the other night, and why?

Mackie Campbell what young English blond gave up Physics so she could go out with him Thursday night.

Tommy McKim who threw what out of which window of what cabin in Hubbard's that caused 10 people to be killed in the rush to catch it before it fell.

### Bedsyde Manor ... "Medicoe"

Of late it has been viciously rumored about the campus that the Medicos and their doings have been conspicuously ignored in this noble sheet. Such a state of affairs is obviously not to be tolerated and this column has the single avowed purpose of showing the sawbones that they have here a true friend. It shall never be said that you have been hiding your bright lights under a bushel. So, without further ado, we commence to begin to seed our sperms of suspicion and ill-will.

It has been reported that Charlie had a very pleasant thanksgiving weekend at home, or perhaps at home is not quite correct. But then, the Restigouche Hotel is not so far from Bathurst and it was indeed a fortunate coincidence that Bob Ingram should happen to be celebrating, (and no other word will do), his nuptials that same weekend.

At this time, we extend our deepest sympathy to A. K. who lately has been finding some difficulties in the transportation system. Too bad the Colonel had to choose this time to move his entourage. But then, Lex, it's so peaceful in the country and particularly in the direction of St. Margaret's Bay. We understand however that the situation is soon to be remedied with their return to the city.

And Pottle has been wandering around these past few weeks wearing a beautiful smile and sporting a brand new French accent. It is verree luckee the boat from St. Pierre got through, Clarence. Yes?

We do not want the first year students to feel neglected in this column. There is a long winter ahead. Furthermore, their activities lately have been rather suppressed.

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"BUSSES ROAR"  
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"MISS ANNIE ROONEY"  
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DUDES ARE PRETTY PEOPLE

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TARTING OCTOBER 24th  
FOR A WEEK  
George Formby  
—in—  
**"It Turned Out Nice Again"**  
★

### Through The Keyhole . . .

Bob Graves is off again . . . This time it is Frannie Webster. Guess the freshettes can't stand up to Bob's super terrific "you are going to like me" technique.

Ann Mackley's been very moody lately. Ever since "Frenchie" went away. It certainly must keep her busy trying to watch him; first Acadia, then Dalhousie and now Mount Allison.

"General" Art Hertz and Jean Yanchak, the Montreal flash, are giving the gossips more gust for their romance-rumoring-mongering mill.

Initiation boss Smith seems rather proud of his Kay freshette. He really pulled her under his wings or, is it his horns.

Jean Cameron, better known as "Puffin" to the med school, is being patriotic by using her bicycle for commutation. It's going to be fatal if clothes are rationed because she spends more of her time on the ground than she does on the bike. Happy landings, Jeanie.

Thanksgiving has come and gone but the effects evidently haven't worn off yet. Johnnie MacLellan is still in a daze. We wonder if he finally got it all settled.

"Moose" MacLeod was in evidence at the Open House at the Hall on Saturday night. He seemed to be using his Brockville training in observation to good advantage. He did have one pip up on "Lightning" though. Maybe, if the freshettes had known he was in town they wouldn't have been so keen on asking the Anzacs.

"Webby" MacDonald certainly livened the party with his French or, was it Spanish? . . . 'Boogie Woogie' Eddie Weir did his share too. His licks were plenty hot.

Anyone willing to tutor Donald "Pansy" Rice, apply to the Biology students. They are quite prepared to take up a collection for this purpose in order that they might have a chance to get some work done in class.

Alec. "J" MacIntosh, that Dalhousian of great fame and reknown who graduated last year has returned to the campus. He is now known to his friends and foes alike as "Q-BOAT MACINTOSH" and, is the pride of the King's navy school for officers. Good luck Alec. Let's have first divs. over there . . .

The Major: "Are you going to lunch, MacAskill?"  
MacAskill: "I think I'd like to, Sir."



# SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

Excepting the present company, of course, have you ever fallen in love with a horse? It's a dreadful malady. I've gone slightly daffy over a filly that sashays around Point Pleasant Park. Her name is "Speed Boat", which is no gag, and she has claustrophobia, which is no gag. When they try to look her perfect sixteen frame into one of those equine voting booths which are affectionately referred to as stalls, she nearly goes nuts trying to escape. Every time she enters the barn, or the horse-house, or the stall, or whatever they call it, she acts as though someone had offered her a seat on a waffle iron.

Unfortunately, her agility is frequently replaced by a definite fixation in the open air. Honest to gosh, there's nothing quite so stupid as sitting six feet above ground while some mug keeps yelling, "Come on, Speed Boat!" If you don't believe me, try horseback riding yourself. It's bound to get you—in the end.

My faith in humanity is not destroyed simply because "Speed Boat" is a misnomer, for I find that the sporting digest of the past six months shows plenty signs of activity. The world, somewhat engrossed with other tasks, has curiously refused to pay any attention. In Sweden, between July and September, Mr. Gunder Haegg broke world's running records at 1,500 metres, one mile, 2,000 metres, 3,000 metres, and two miles.

And an Ohio State University freshman swam to new records in the 440 yards and 880 yards, free style, in two days. And Emerson McKenzie broke the world's javelin throw mark with a mighty heave of 263 feet, 2½ inches on July 12. Since then he has broken it five times more, just to prove that his first try was not all luck. If only "Speed Boat" would read the papers!

We were all shocked with the news of the sudden death of Rev. "Charlie" Burke in Newfoundland last Friday. He was a fine sportsman in every sense of the word. Steadiness and dependability were the characteristics that marked him on both the playing field and in his chosen life work. Perhaps the most significant of his traits was the readiness with which others approached him and the inspirational quality of his student efforts. That is the highest compliment one student can pay to another. He was a true friend and a fine student and we shall miss his presence.

The football teams will swing back into action next week after an embarrassing lay-off for a two-week stretch. Two games in three days to start off the season, followed by a fortnight's vacation without pay, is no way to treat a perfectly decent squad. Don't take my word for it, but I would suggest that more mental effort and less expulsion of guff be directed toward the planning of a sane and equitable schedule in future years.

And while I'm on the subject of football it may not be out of place to remark on the friendly spirit that prevailed in both our games to date. The Dal stands, both at Studley and at the Navy League Recreation Centre, were sprinkled with a goodly number of uniforms, as ex-students returned to cheer their teams. Major Hogan set an example that many another Dalhousian—student and professor—might well follow. There is no conflict between football games, conducted as they are in this area, and our natural preoccupation with the issues of war and victory.

College sportsmen have been in the vanguard of battle before. If you don't believe me, take a look at the plaque to the left of the Gym doors.

### SELECTIVE SERVICE—

(Continued from page 1)  
for civil, chemical, and mining engineers."

In answer to a question, Mr. Wright stressed that in order to avoid conflict caused by armed forces and industry separately selecting personnel, both these functions would shortly be assigned to the Selective Service Bureau. If the bureau found that a man could be more valuable to industry than to the army he would be sent back to his job and possibly not permitted to leave it.

"You should be interested," Mr. Wright continued, "in knowing the controls which are applicable in general to citizens of Canada under the National Selective Service legislation. I would like you to know some of the outstanding features so that you may realize that certain restrictive features apply to every citizen."

In conclusion, Mr. Wright said: "In any event I think you can look forward to less disturbing conditions next spring when the time comes to consider what you are going to do after graduation."

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## Dr. John R. Mott To Speak On Sunday

On Sunday, October 25, Dalhousie students will have the opportunity to hear one of the greatest leaders of the Christian Church today, in the person of Dr. John R. Mott. He will speak to a meeting of students and city young people in St. Andrew's Hall at 4 p.m. His subject will be "The Christian Challenge to Youth". The meeting is sponsored jointly by the Student Christian Movement and the Christian Youth Federation.

Dr. Mott was born in Iowa, studied at Cornell, and has been vitally interested in students ever since. He has written numerous books, most of which have been translated into several languages.

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## "Caribou" Victim - A Former Dal Student

(Editor: Pilot Officer John Hamilton Barrett, a graduate with a Chemistry Major of last year's class, was killed in the ruthless sinking of the "Caribou". A fellow student offers the following appreciation.)

"And that inverted bowl they call the sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to it for help—for it  
As impotent moves as you or I."

—The Rubayait LXXII.

To the hearts of all Newfoundlanders this week blew a cold wind. And Dalhousie paused to note that one of her sons was with us no more. Johnny Barrett—the Chem Lab knew him, the Gym store heard his laugh and even today's undergraduates have danced to the music of his twinkling fingers.

John was born on February 18, 1922, in Curling, a quiet west coast Newfoundland village, hugging the Long Range mountains. His youth was spent boating in the Bay of Islands, logging on the Humber River and studying. Precocious in every way, John entered Grade XI at Prince of Wales College in St. John's at the tender age of 14. Combining intercollegiate basketball with his studies, he was successful in both and in the final examinations his name stood third for the Island of Newfoundland.

No graduate of Memorial College can fail to remember poignantly the years when John left his mark. A household word was the name of good old John Humber Barratt as we called him. On the gym floor, at the piano, on the river, at the college hikes, in the examination room—it was all one. His brilliance earned him universal distinction. Too easy-going to work hard; too devil-may-care to worry, he would rather compose a love song than write an English theme. It is typical that the Memorial College year book placed after his name the following epigram, "Let us be happy and live within our means even if we have to borrow to do it." And even members of the faculty were often the butt of his excellent practical jokes. When I say that at Dal John was comparatively quiet, Dalhousians in general and Pine Hill boys in particular may realize how his talents lay at Memorial College.

Erstwhile instructor in Chemistry, popular pianist with the Dal orchestra, his talent found expression at Dalhousie. John Henry (how we loved to play with that middle name) had just turned 19 when, in May 1941, he appeared on the stage at Convocation and received a B.Sc. with major in Chemistry. He had earned it, toiling on the roads of Corner Brook and Halifax, working at surveying camp at St. George's and Stephenville in Newfoundland. His father is a retired Justice of the Peace in Curling, his mother a talented Scottish poetess. He had inherited much from them. There was much promise.

After Dalhousie Barrett offered his keen brain and splendid physique in the service of Canada, choosing the Royal Canadian Air Force as his medium. It was last month that John received his wings at Brantford, Ontario, and was commissioned Pilot Officer, the youngest in his class, for he was only 20. And it was last month that he married Marjorie Watkins of Calgary.

He, too, had hopes of a peaceful world and a happy future, and as he travelled across Canada to a fatal rendezvous, only happiness lay ahead. To see his family, his friends, to spend his honeymoon amid the lovely scenes of his boyhood. His bride, for she is hardly more than a bride, survives him today, snatched from the cold waters of Cabot Strait. For her, for Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, for Art and David and Rose Barrett—sympathy seems inadequate. —A. W.

### A LIFE OF SERVICE

Dalhousie mourns the death in St. John's, Newfoundland, of Rev. Charles E. Burke, a distinguished graduate of the university. Born in Loggieville, N. B., in 1912, his had been a full and varied life. At an early age he went to work with the Loggie Construction Company, and the knowledge acquired there he put to good service in later years when, as student missionary worker at Larder Lake, Ontario, he bent his efforts towards the construction of a new church and manse, largely with his own hands.

Determined to enter the ministry, he went to Mount Allison Academy and Mount Allison University, from which he graduated in 1937 with honors. Two years later he graduated from Pine Hill Divinity Hall and was ordained at Sackville, N. B., in 1939. A year in mission work among the coastal villages of Newfoundland was interspersed with his studies. While traveling by boat to a small outpost his craft was wrecked and he was forced to spend four days in winter weather upon a small island without food.

In December, 1941, he resigned his charge as pastor of Oxford Street United Church in Halifax to go to Newfoundland with the Y. M. C. A. War Services unit. He had served for fifteen months as spiritual advisor to men of the Canadian fighting services stationed there when his sudden death came.

During his college years he was a valued member of track and football teams at Mount Allison and Dalhousie. He continued to play with the Dalhousie Tigers until his departure for Newfoundland. Always a keen sportsman, he brought to the game a ready spirit and a valuable skill. Dalhousie students and faculty will mourn his sudden death as the loss of a devoted student and a fine man. Service, regardless of race or creed or color, was the guiding motive of his career. Measured in those terms his life was fruitful and rich.

The Dalhousie Gazette, on behalf of Dalhousie students and faculty, unite with his countless friends in expressing heartfelt sympathy to the family of the late Rev. Charles E. Burke.

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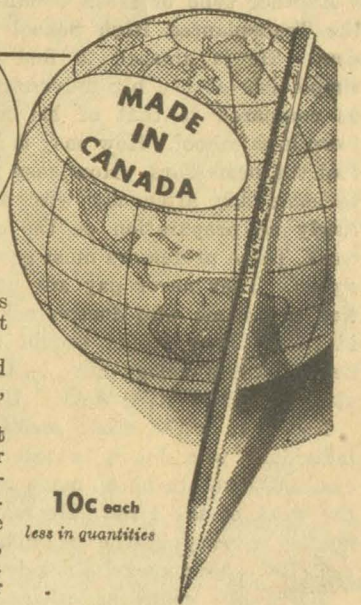


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