

MUSICAL COMEDY DRAWS LARGE CROWDS

Good Luck in the Exams, Dal . . . and Merry Christmas!



VOL. LXXVIII

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1945

No. 9

To Attend Conference



LARRY SUTHERLAND

President, and another member of the Students' Council to attend N.F.C.U.S. meeting in Montreal.

Cercle Francais Has Entertaining Program; Many Students Attend

UNDER THE genial direction of Miss LaFeuille, the first term meeting of Le Cercle Francais Society was held last Thursday afternoon at Shirreff Hall with a large number of students in attendance.

An informal and entertaining program including a variety of French songs and games was topped off with delicious refreshments served by the Hall girls. Each and every member contributed to the success of the proceedings which were conducted entirely in French. Jim Saunders, president for the '45-'46 season, was in the chair and gave a short address of welcome to the many members present.

Plans next term call for more frequent meetings of the club and the possible presentation of a comedy farce by Moliere.

Chemists at Dalhousie Hold Initial Meeting

A MEETING of the Dalhousie Student Chapter of the Chemical Institute of Canada was held on October 30, with R. M. MacDonald, Chairman, presiding.

Officers elected were: Stirling Whiteway—Secretary, Jean Nottle—Treasurer, Alex Stewart—Member at Large.

Tentative plans for the coming year include visits to the Mersey Pulp and Paper Company plant at Liverpool and the Imperial Oil plant at Imperoyal; A series of moving pictures showing the various phases of Chemical Industry and also a mutual address system which will commence in the second term.

IT HAS BEEN brought to our attention by Miss Prickler, the librarian, that the Library will be open for the next two Sundays from 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. At present the library is open every week night from 7.30 to 10 p.m.

Spirited Arguments Varied On Glee Club Presentation For Post-Xmas Term

AN OPEN AND SPIRITED discussion on Glee Club plans and problems highlighted yesterday's forum meeting in the Chem Theatre. An overwhelming vote of confidence was voiced in the present society executive, but there were many dissenting opinions on the Glee Club's ambitious program for next year.

Some felt the inclusion of an operetta in the post-Christmas schedule would be beyond the time and talent of Dalhousie students. Others felt the dates of presentation should be advanced to allow for more rehearsals.

However, President Zappler expressed confidence that, backed by wholehearted support from the student body, the program would be an immense success.

Proceedings closed with a motion "that next term's Glee Club program be supported by the student body, provided that the Glee Club Executive is convinced after careful consideration that the program can be put through successfully."

This motion rightly places entire responsibility in the lap of the society executive.

Government Fails To Realize Necessity Of Program For Housing

AFTER listening to the rather unusual Citizens Forum Broadcast Tuesday, 27th on, "Where Are The Houses Coming From", the Dalhousie Forum discussed this vital national problem.

It was believed that there was not the feeling of emergency that should accompany such a national crisis. Since 1931, Canada has not been building enough houses to meet the needs of its population, and since 1941 this need has become acute. According to a Gallup Pole taken recently, 22% of the population hope to build their own homes as soon as possible. This means, that, perhaps, 500,000 homes will have to be built, and built quickly.

Low-Cost Housing

It would appear, however, that the cost of a house even at pre-war levels is too great for a large percentage of the population, in the low income brackets to undertake. The answer to this question is not one of increased income alone; it is one of building cheaper houses. Houses, forgetting the present inadequate prefabricated types, are constructed in the same manner as they were a hundred years ago.

Recent developments in the house building industry have shown that by mass producing prefabricated houses, not to be confused with the present models, a reduction of 1/3 the cost could be made. This may be the answer.

National Problem

This is a national problem and should be undertaken by the government using a scheme much the same as the Wartime Housing Incorporated. It is too important to be left in the hands of private business and the need has gone too far to depend upon the Law of Supply and Demand. Unless some scheme of this sort is undertaken a large percentage of our population will be without permanent homes, we shall not be fulfilling our obligation to the veterans of World War II and the slums of our large cities will persist.

Warm Feeling Toward Alma Mater At New York Dal Club

DALHOUSIANS IN NEW YORK CITY and New York area have a great devotion to their Alma Mater", said President A. E. Kerr in an interview following his return from the metropolis where he spent several days with Dalhousie graduates and visiting Foundations.

Addresses Dalhousie Club

While in New York he addressed a meeting of the Dalhousie Club. Dal graduates from as far west as Pittsburg journeyed to New York for the meeting, held in the Canadian Club in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The President was accompanied in New York by Lt.-Col. K. C. Laurie, head of the Board of Directors. Both expressed their delight in discovering the warm interest in Dalhousie that prevails among graduates in New York. Honorable C. J. Birchall, K.C. (Class of '99) and former High Commissioner to South Africa, was also present.

The first evening in New York was spent with several members of the executive of Dalhousie Club. The following morning, November 21, a visit was made to the Rockefeller Foundation, which has made

gifts of more than \$250,000 to Dalhousie since 1920. In that year a donation of \$500,000 was made for the Medical School. "We found the officials of the Foundation very interested in the welfare of the Maritime community", the President said.

Visits Carnegie Foundation

Following luncheon with John Dunlop, (Class of '22) and several other graduates, Carnegie Foundation was visited. This corporation has contributed almost \$2,000,000 to the University, including \$500,000 in 1918 for damage to the buildings in the 1917 explosion. At one time, Dr. Kerr said, the Carnegie Corporation appropriated 1-15 of the annual income of institutions of higher education on the continent, but through increased enrolments, the appropriation has been reduced to 1-140.

I. S. S. Appeal Made By Former Professor of Queen's University

A SMALL, BUT INTERESTED group of Dalhousie students gathered in the Murray Homestead on Tuesday last, to hear an appeal by Mr. John Coleman. Mr. Coleman who was on the faculty of Queen's University, is associated with the Students Christian Movement, and is here on behalf of the International Student's Service.

Work of I. S. S.

Mr. Coleman's address was very interesting and instructive, explaining the I.S.S. work in Europe and Asia. This society provided the means whereby many prisoners of

war in Europe continued their education, and it was not uncommon for these prisoners to receive a degree in Arts while being interned. "You have no idea of the great spiritual uplift this service gave these men" he said. The speaker went on to say that the men were appreciative that there was something concrete like this at which they could work, and it made them feel that people had not forgotten them. In all, men of eighteen different countries were aided in this venture.

The three point program of the

I.S.S. was next explained by Mr. Coleman. Firstly, it was formed for the physical help of students, secondly, for the promotion of international understanding, and lastly, for the improvement of university life and help in determining what our tasks as students should be.

From the 45,000 Canadian University Students the I.S.S. hopes to receive a \$50,000 bequest to be distributed for the aiding of students in other countries by the World Student Relief Committee in Genoa.

CRITIC PSYCHOANALYSES 'DREAM OF LOVE'

'Dream of Love' Failure In Spite Of Hard Work; Direction Is Inadequate



Charming chorus in musical includes: Pat MacKinnon, Nancy Mac-Dermid, Nancy Colquhoun, Renee Garrett, Jean Bowers, Frances Jubien, Jessie Morrison, Jean Leslie, Vivian Lusher, Lilo Brown, Peggy Rundle.

by MORTON NORMAN

CONSIDERING ALL THE HARD work that went into the production of "A Dream of Love", I felt that no matter how badly it might turn out to be (and I had heard advance reports) I'd still find something nice to say about it. But I had no idea how slim the pickings would be.

"A Dream of Love" might have been called more appropriately "A Labour of Love" (considering all the hard work again), but it would still have been just as big a nightmare.

Nevertheless, nightmares can be psychoanalysed, if not reviewed. At any rate, it was obvious last Friday night that Mr. Zappler's patient was a very sick patient, and should never have had visitors. Had I seen the patient a month ago, I might have recommended immediate hospitalization. It must have been a sickly thing even then. But it was nursed along, coaxed, and generally hammered into shape, and finally met the public last November 23. It was in no shape to stand that sort of excitement. I expected to hear reports of a nervous breakdown on Saturday, but I'm told it rallied slightly and made a fair showing. However, I didn't see that, and can only report on what I saw, which was very disappointing.

It would be pointless, and even spiteful, to review at length all the little things that contributed to the show's dismal failure. Besides, I can't forget all the hard work that went into it. But in fairness to the cast and orchestra, who tried desperately hard, it should be made perfectly clear that no amount of effort would have saved it. It was a bad play, and it was bound to flop. Which it did with an audible thud.

Responsibility

The responsibility obviously lies in the hands of Mr. Zappler, who exercised very poor judgment in lavishing so much time and money on such vapid material. The idea was weak through and through. Supposedly a musical-comedy, it was more like an extravagant fashion show in a funeral parlor. And the approach was just as solemn. In fact, I have never seen such pure froth taken so seriously before. The real comedy lay in the spectacle of such pretended grandness falling to such abysmal depths—and that, I'm sorry to say, was rather bitter humor.

Added to the choice (or the writing) of a very bad play, was the still greater crime of Mr. Zappler's direction and poor organization. The music—and I am referring to the orchestra and the band—was

Continued on page two

Controversy Over Glee Club Name, On Agenda Of Student's Forum

AN IMPORTANT student forum will be held in the Chemistry theatre next Tuesday at 12 noon. The subject of discussion will be the proposed changing of the name of the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society to Dalhousie Music and Dramatic Society.

This means that the constitution of the present society must be changed and this new name substituted.

Larry Sutherland, President of the Students' Council has stated that the chief objection to the proposed change is the loss of tradition which would ensue upon the changing of the name.

Makes Suggestions

Harry Zappler, President of the Glee Club, has put forth the following points:

(1) That the use of the Glee in the title was misleading. As defined by the dictionary it meant three or more voices, one to each part, etc.

(2) Strongly feels that the Glee Club does not properly convey the range of activities aimed for by this year's executive.

(3) That the new title D.M.D.S. is more eye-catching to the public and is more easily abbreviated than the old name.

(4) Now that the society has created a good reputation with circles outside the college, they feel it would be detrimental to have their name changed back to the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society.

Attention All Veterans

THERE WILL BE a general meeting of all veterans in the Chem. theatre, Tuesday, December 5th, at 1.45 p.m. It has been suggested by McGill, and most of the large universities in Canada, that a national veterans' society be organized, and that a conference be held in Montreal on Dec. 27, 28, 29.

It must be decided whether or not we wish to join this organization, and in order to do this, we must have a full representation at this meeting.

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Dalhousie's Reputation

"McGill and Toronto . . . can probably rightfully claim the honour of being the only Canadian universities which are well known beyond the nation's borders. The majority, such as Mt. Allison, McMaster, Alberta, and Queen's, are all first-rate institutions, too . . ."

—QUEEN'S JOURNAL

● A STRIKING FEATURE of this observation is that Dalhousie is not mentioned along with the other "first-rate institutions", although exceeding them in the quality and scope of its work in the field of education. The reputation of any university should rest upon the service it renders to the community; and on that basis, having "produced" some of Canada's most valuable citizens, we deserve far wider renown than is currently enjoyed. During the recent conflict, three members of the Alumni were in the war cabinet, and a substantial portion of the faculty were employed away on special federal jobs. For many years, now, we have been supplying the western provinces with their judicial benches, while the whole professional class in the Maritimes and Newfoundland owe their existence to our schools of medicine, law, and dentistry. (For this reason the University has been endeavouring for some time to secure subsidies from the governments of the Maritimes and Newfoundland—with little success,

as they continue to remain indifferent to or ignorant of their heavy debt.)

Nor can the Haligonians be blamed if they consider it little to their credit to have such an institution as ours within the city limits. For it is our duty and responsibility to provide moral, intellectual, and cultural leadership to the community before we can hope to command an influential position in the eyes of its citizens.

In many instances we seem to render the service without receiving public acknowledgement of the credit. We supply the men, but the men are afterwards never associated with us. Perhaps the root of the trouble may be traced back to the cosmopolitan atmosphere that still lingers about the corridors of the professional schools, causing undergraduates to remember the colleges they came from rather than the one they now attend.

In other instances, however, we neglect to render the service in the first place. We neglect to interest ourselves in the high schools that are the potential sources of our student body; and we neglect to administer to those about us sound guidance on issues of both national and local importance. How may they be expected to pay more attention to such an institution of learning when they are conscious of receiving so little of value from it?

LETTERS to the Editor

MR. LOVELACE REPLIES

● IT APPEARS that I have been subjected to venomous innuendo against which I wish to take my defence.

A literary editor, although ipso facto having the authority to edit correspondence, never puts words into the correspondent's mouth which were never uttered. It was suggested that Miss Ratee should have chosen a subject she knew something about. There was certainly no riding qualification that she must show letters of authority. For an assumption to be made that on the basis of my true statements I consider myself an authority, is surely an expression of overworked imagination and cannot be reasonably conceived even after seventeen readings — which in itself cannot be taken as the apparent evidence of clear thinking!

If you quite fail to see what the distinction may be between the Shinto faith, The Order of the Black Dragon, the moral assessments of war atrocities AND the Japanese - Canadian question Mr. Norman, then for you, but apparently not for me, I shall elucidate, as despite your vehement allegation I can still think and read quite clearly.

Miss Ratee stated that we have been wrongfully led to believe that the atrocities mirror the character of all Japanese (omitting the word "Canadians" completely).

She mentioned that we should not adopt a policy of a country which has oppressed and deported a minority group. This is certainly not consistent with that country mentioned by my Divinity Friend, for Germany to the contrary, deported no one (she rather murdered and tortured them) and only allowed as few as brutally possible to escape. This is surely not the scope of the present policy of our country!

So, having encompassed all Japanese in her first sweeping statement, who I ask, could have thought that she inferred Germany which could not be encompassed by that second statement?

Bearing this in mind, I tried to show where she was wrong with respect to Japan, and then pointed out that nearly all Japanese are associated by ties of race and blood to their mother country, especially those in Canada. I inferred that as many Japanese-Canadians as could possibly do so "journeyed to Japan to become Pilgrims of their ancestors", those not being afforded the opportunity, benefitting by the experience of those who came back. This inference is very ably affirmed by Mr. Colburn, very obligingly pointing out that of 23,000—correct figure — only 7,239 were Christians. Now surely even an

idiot can see wherein the interests of the Japanese-Canadians lie.

While on the subject of Loyalty I wish to quote a few eminent authorities—(sans permission of the authors but not, I hope without their blessing). You see I am not so racially or religiously intolerant that I refuse to be enlightened by the voices of authorities.

His Lordship, the Archbishop of Toronto:

"I am satisfied with the policy of the Government to disperse Japanese (-Canadians) throughout Canada, giving loyal ones full civil rights." He deprecates the movement to deport them, but does not suggest what we should do with the disloyal.

Keith Laird, Lawyer, Windsor, Ontario:

"The principle of deporting Canadian-Japanese simply because of racial origin is entirely wrong . . . B.C. people feel very keenly on this subject and an Ontario resident may not be in a proper position to exercise judgment. However, I feel no coercion of any kind should be applied to Canadian-Japanese who have proved themselves good citizens." He too favours the policy of dispersal, but does not suggest what we should do with those who have proven themselves other than good citizens.

Jack Marshall, Press Gallery, Ottawa:

"Japanese in Canada who have shewn themselves disloyal during the war, or who have signified their wish to return to Japan, should be deported, not on racial grounds, but because they have themselves proven they do not wish to become good Canadians". He favours a policy of dispersing the loyal and deporting the disloyal. And finally,

D. C. Crombie, Publisher, Vancouver Sun:

"What the Sun is demanding is that the Government's policy be put into practice; namely, to deport the disloyal and those who have volunteered to leave and to scatter the rest throughout the Dominion." (Quotations all from the Financial Post.)

Now surely on re-reading the quotes it will be seen that the Japanese - Canadians have been given the opportunity by the British Columbia Security Commission to state wherein their loyalty lay. Out of 23,000 the startling number of 9,000 definitely affirmed their allegiance to Japan! And that is precisely the point I made in my Para 5 and again in Para 7, to shew why the action of our Government was not void of democracy. And in refutation to Mr.

Colburne, all Japanese were not seized without evidence and the total of 23,000 were definitely not imprisoned, but 15,000 were moved from British Columbia as a security measure and not even the whole 9,000 were interned!! I have more figures and facts which will appear as they are in hand. Imagine then how ridiculous to foresee a totalitarian spectre loom on the horizon!

Now, Mr. Norman, how morally degrading is the action of the Government, when out of 10,000 which is the number to be repatriated, 9,000 have definitely indicated they would be our overlords if Japan had been successful—which by the grace and virtue of some men with moral guts and courageous convictions, they were not.

J. C. LOVELACE.

"OPEN LETTER" TO ALL

● AS PRESIDENT of the Glee Club and Dramatic Society I should appreciate it greatly if you would assist me in making the following known to your readers:

1. On behalf of our Society I should like to express my sincere regret to all students, members of the Faculty and special guests who attended last Friday night's unfortunate Public Full Dress Rehearsal which, due to circumstances beyond our control, was actually only our second Full Rehearsal.

2. On behalf of the entire cast of "A Dream of Love" I should like to express my sincerest indebtedness to Frank Padmore and his faithful assistants, who spent several days and nights re-writing the entire orchestral score for the show after the briefcase which contained the original orchestrations was stolen only one week before the performance.

3. Our sincerest thanks also go to Connie Archibald and Eileen Phinney, our hostesses, and Don Warner and his Happy Gang, who were responsible for the swell party following Saturday night's performance.

4. On behalf of Billy White, Frank Padmore, Don Warner, Clive Charles, Jack Quigley, Liz Reeves, and myself, as directors of the show, I should like to acknowledge our profound appreciation for the perseverance and co-operation shown by the cast, the stage crew and all the assistants (altogether over one hundred people) who have so faithfully fought with us against such great odds and without whose individual and active assistance the public performance would have never come off as it did.

5. As President of our Society I should like also to take this opportunity of expressing my deepest regret concerning the unfortunate difference in opinion which has arisen between some members of the Students' Council and the members of our club. I feel confident that this difference is merely a matter of misunderstanding and could be straightened out without

'Dream of Love'

(Continued from page 1)

extremely good. In fact, it was excellent. But it was squandered atrociously. Terry Monaghan, who has a beautiful voice, was wasted in the chorus. Art Hartling, who might have supplied the personality and weight so lacking in the male lead, made but one appearance. In short, it was simply a case of not using the available talent to advantage.

That talent is obviously good. The band itself is unquestionably one of the finest collegiate bands in the country; and the orchestra, in spite of its enormous difficulties in getting organized, is excellent. If there is anything to be proud of, it is the work of Don Warner and Frank Padmore. It is a crying shame that such energy and ability was wasted on such an extravagant fiasco.

Even if it had been necessary to innovate an entirely new plot at the last moment — preferably around the band—that effort should have been made. Mr. Zappler would not have had to struggle very hard to be more profound than our hero's hand-holding, costume-changing, sight-seeing trip around the world. Instead, a great deal of money was lavished (and intends to be lavished) on the sort of thing that Hollywood can do much better.

Suggests Approach

It is obvious that with the musical talent we have at Dalhousie, we should be capable of a much better production than "A Dream of Love". But it will require the organizational ability of such a man as Mr. Pigot. Without him it would be foolish to tackle anything more ambitious than what was produced a year ago on Munro Day. That wasn't very much, but it was well done, and it was fun doing; which, after all, is the true function of the Glee Club. It should not have to be such heartbreaking drudgery.

In short, if we are to have musical-comedies, the Glee Club should first recognize the limitations of talent and facilities at Dalhousie, and use that wisely; secondly, the fact that the Glee Club is for the entertainment of the student body, and not the public.

In passing, it would be considerate of Mr. Zappler not to reserve 232 of the best seats for "special guests" on student night. If there are any special guests, they are the students, who not only elected Mr. Zappler to his present position, but also make possible, with much time, and energy, and money, all his productions. They deserve the consideration of at least a good seat, even at a bad show.

Mr. Zappler has obviously set for the Glee Club (and for himself possibly) a very high standard, which apparently, judging from the brilliant success of "The Merchant of Venice", is possible only with Mr. Pigot directing things. Undoubtedly "The Merchant of Venice" touched the high water mark, but after last Friday night's performance of "A Dream of Love", we are simply back where we started from — if not further back.

REWARD OFFERED

● FOR THE RETURN of a gold ring. Green stone with red dots, commonly known as Bloodstone. Finder please contact Don Morrison at 2-3002 or leave ring at Gazette office. Ring was lost in vicinity of Gym and Arts Building early this week.

much difficulty once our Executive and Staff is given the opportunity of presenting personally their point of view on this subject. As the present situation is very detrimental to our work, we should appreciate it greatly if the Students' Council would arrange for such a free exchange of opinions at the earliest possible moment.

Wishing everyone good luck in the examinations and a very merry Christmas,

HARRY ZAPPLER.



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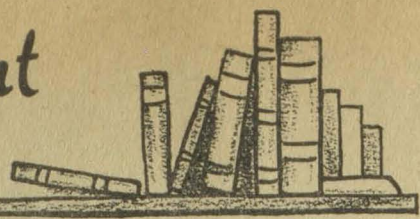
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Literary Supplement



Thoughts In Passing . . .

● SOMEONE who professed to know a great deal about Professor Bennet's methods, once let me in on a great secret which I shall pass on to all English 2 students who are "literary" enough to have turned to this page.

"Bennet likes quotations," my informant said, repeating the statement with much gravity. "If you wish to capture a first division in English 2, go to the examination with at least a hundred quotations you can use from memory."

I must confess my ignorance as to whether or not this system will work. In all the English examinations I have written at Dalhousie, I can remember having used only three quotations, two of which were misquoted, and the third was unsuitable. I learned that Professor Bennet will give a pass (and even a first division) on a paper sans quotations. Try the quotation method, however, and let me know how you make out.

IT IS not to be supposed that many students attempt the writing of English themes without relying heavily upon Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. A very valuable book it is, indeed. Theme readers tell me that it is frequently given in footnotes as the source of quotations. Even more valuable, however, would be a collection of misquotations. Had I been able in my examinations to refer to Barthold's Ready Misquotations as the source of the line from Milton or Shakespeare, Professor Bennet would surely have given me an extra mark or two. Such a volume of reference, in addition to forming a refuge for students with non-parrotlike memories, would often provide neat phrases for the summing up of matters for which no apt quotation exists.

The Cynic's Calendar has made a step in this direction. What could better describe the mood of some of the terpsichorean brawls in the Gymnasium than this misquotation from Byron:

"On with the dance! Let joy be unrefined"? Or what truer proverb could apply to some campus figures than this: "You can lead an ass to knowledge — or better, college — but you cannot make him think"? Any romantically inclined sophomore would

agree with The Cynic's Calendar that "the more waist the less speed." Nor does an opportunist require a college degree to know that "a lie in time saves nine." Goldsmith, living as he did before the advent of Kleenex, might as truly have written: "And fools who came to cough, remained to spray."

In these days of great armies, a line from "There'll Always be an England," might be truer, perhaps, if misquoted to read: "Wherever there's a turning, wheel a million marching feet." Everyone must admit that Nelson would have spoken much more truly had he misquoted himself, to say: "England expects every man to do her duty." Misquotations, you see, undoubtedly have value, and often come nearer the truth. May some Dalhousian make himself famous and acquire his M.A. degree by compiling a collection of them.

A MISQUOTATION employed ill-advisedly, however, can result in embarrassment. A member of the Pine Hill faculty tells of having taken part in a religious service at which the local minister was reduced to the position of hymn announcer. Wishing to have a greater share in the proceedings, the minister not only announced each hymn, but read it from beginning to end. All went well until, to show his familiarity with the words of "O God of Bethel", he attempted to quote the hymn from memory. Instead of reciting:

"O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace."

he unfortunately misquoted:

"O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wandering ceases,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in _____."

Well, just how would you finish it off?

In passing, the thought I would leave with you is to be careful when quoting misquotations or misquoting quotations."

The Skyscraper

REACHING up into the immeasurable blue,
Casting a shadow
And caring not,
But seemingly stretching its head
Into another world
Of beauty, that is nothingness,
Space without time
In greys and blues
And azure silence.

Within it the tumult of commerce,
The tapping of keys,
The swish of paper,
Feet moving around
In an eternal rut:
Enterprise for what?

Within it the suave counselor,
A lawyer offering advice,
The client silently impressed
By the seeming wisdom;

An engineer patiently
Drawing plans,
Erecting models;
Progress within steel girders and cement.
And yet it knows not,
Cares less,
Rearing its head into the unknown.

And at its feet
The busy passersby
Move aimlessly along
In a cluttered world
Of details,
That have no place
Of importance
In the lofty free
And windswept heights
Into which the skyscraper
Rears its slim
And graceful form.

DAVID L. VAUGHAN.

BOOK REVIEWS:

Gwethalyn Graham's First Novel: Sinclair Lewis' Nineteenth

Swiss Sonata

by Gwethalyn Graham (Jonathan Cape)

WHEN Earth and High Heaven appeared a year ago last October, few, if any American reviewers remembered Gwethalyn Graham's remarkable first novel, *Swiss Sonata*, which had been published six years previously in 1938. A few Canadian reviewers remembered that *Swiss Sonata* had been awarded the Governor-General's Medal for that year, but otherwise the general comment was that Miss Graham was a "new" writer who showed "remarkable strength and power". Reviewers who "remembered" *Swiss Sonata* seemed only to be quoting Miss Graham's publishers, as though that had been an interesting fact, but in itself not very important. In fact, there was no reference whatever to the book's very fine literary qualities, and absolutely no attempt made to compare the two novels. It is indeed rather a sad commentary on the modern publishing field that a novel such as *Swiss Sonata* could so easily be forgotten: that it should be necessary for an author to publish a book at least every two years, or sink into utter oblivion.

SWISS SONATA is an astonishingly brilliant first novel, but, like Jean Stafford's *Boston Adventure*, it is the sort of a book that is more often talked about than read. Apparently no one bothers to read "a brilliant first novel."

The story itself concerns three days in the lives of a small group of girls in a Swiss boarding school early in January, 1935. The time covered in the book lies immediately prior to the weekend plebiscite in the Saar Basin—the outcome of which "favored" that country's political affiliation with Germany. The girls come from all parts of Europe and America, and their conflicting points of view—their deep social, political, and religious differences—are sharpened and accentuated by the impending outcome of the elections, especially in the case of a young Jewish girl from Saarbrücken, whose father faced inevitable ruin at the hands of the Nazis. Her nerves are wrought to an intense emotional pitch by the continual persecution of a small clique of German girls, who are violently pro-Nazi. The ordinary tension throughout the school, aggravated by a score of petty jealousies and animosities, is wrought to a still greater emotional pitch by several minor incidents in the book—including the tragic death of a young Catholic girl. A character at the beginning of the novel makes the statement: ". . . what we face here the world faces; what we suffer thousands of others suffer in the same way . . . we are but a reflection of the chaos in the outer world . . . if we cannot bring order into our own lives, how can we possibly expect nations to succeed?"

LIKE Earth and High Heaven, *Swiss Sonata* is a thesis novel: but it is magnificently handled, with restraint, humour, intelligence, and a deep, sympathetic insight into the subtleties of human relationships.

Unfortunately, the book has faults of construction. There are far too many characters; and in spite of the fact that the author has gone to great length to supply the peculiar economic and social background of each girl, very few stand out as separate entities with personalities of their own. With the exception of the main character Vicky Morrison, and her friend Theodora Cohen (who are, by the way, splendidly drawn), and one or two others, it is often difficult to understand why each girl acts in the manner she does. One is forever trying to remember that so-and-so comes from England or Norway, and lived such-and-such a life before coming to Switzerland, and then trying to fit her into the general pattern. Obviously that was the author's intention, and she has succeeded magnificently in at least seven of the more important characters. But there are over thirty characters to be considered and remembered, and the result is rather confusing. In fact, the book demands a great deal of the reader—both in time and patience—but it is well worth the effort.

Miss Graham obviously writes very slowly and with great care. Her style is the reflection of an extremely high, cool intelligence, and an almost uncanny insight into the hidden depths of human character. She writes with precision and cool brilliance, but the result is never labored, and never purely intellectual.

Swiss Sonata was started when the author was 21, and was not finished until she was 26. But the result is a minor classic.

—L. M. N.

Cass Timberlane

by Sinclair Lewis (Random House)

EVER since the publication of *Main Street* twenty-five years ago, Sinclair Lewis has been writing continuously, and with but slight variation, on exactly the same theme—a theme that has, for some reason or other, been ostentatiously referred to as "The American Scene". Not very much in the American Scene has escaped Lewis' bitter satire, and in *Cass Timberlane* he has at last come round to the subject of marriage.

Cass Timberlane is called "A Novel of Husbands and Wives", and for once the book-jacket blurb does not exaggerate. It is such a novel. But it is more than that too. In *Main Street* Lewis attacked small-

town smugness; in *Babbitt*, the average American businessman; in *Arrowsmith*, the medical profession. *Cass Timberlane* attacks the American institution of marriage. What Lewis has to say is not very nice. It is, in fact, rather alarming. Interspersed throughout the story of Judge Timberlane and Jinny Marshland (which, by the way, seems rather irrelevant), are a series of sketches of the married lives of a score of prominent citizens of Grand Republic. They constitute in short what Lewis has to say of marriage. Some are funny and amusing, and some are rather poignant. But the general effect is shocking and repellent. Each character is pictured as living a life so completely miserable and rotten, that not to admit at least the partial truth of it is to ignore the fundamental fact that life for a great many people has become at best a tragic farce.

LEWIS throws down this challenge of marriage to Cass and Jinny. However, as if having to contend with a decadent institution were not quite enough, Lewis complicates matters still more. Jinny is pictured as young and bird-like, and rather impetuous—"a half-tamed hawk of a girl, twenty-three or four, not tall, smiling, and lively of eye." Cass, on the other hand, is her direct opposite—reserved, methodical, rather proud, and twenty years her senior. Separated by widely divergent tastes and interests, and having to face the psychological challenge of public skepticism, they are nevertheless determined to make their marriage a success. Miraculously, they do succeed, but one is left with the impression that had this not been fiction things might have been very different. Indeed, how Cass and Jinny finally succeed, Lewis does not explain. Except that Cass and Jinny are both very intelligent and reasonable, and willing to make infinite small compromises, one is left with the impression that they are just somehow different, and that the success of their marriage merely proves the rule that the institution of marriage is rapidly going to pot.

In fact, *Cass Timberlane* merely illustrates once again Lewis' irritating tendency to scratch surfaces, and to make a great deal of fuss about it, but to come up with nothing more spectacular than a fistful of mud. As usual, he has not fought down the temptation to fling a few dirty handfuls at what he has inferred to be the spiritual poverty of modern life. But he is particularly concerned with the stupidity and hypocrisy of modern marriages. He has made a few pointed barbs. He has come close to the truth in not a few instances. But as usual he has offered no solution whatever. He has not even tried to understand. He has been content, again, merely to caricature the surface.

IT IS strange that in spite of knowing as much as we do of Lewis' early life, and especially his non-conformist attitude in college, we should still accept so wholeheartedly and uncritically his intense and sarcastically bitter indictment of the American scene. Lewis has been called a great satirist, but with great exaggeration I think. Satirists, like all artists, are born, but they are unmade by spite. The well-spring of all satire is sincerity—a deep love of mankind and a profound hatred of injustice. The satirist may be, and very often is, bitter—but never spiteful. And if Lewis just misses being a great satirist, it is because he is so often spiteful.

HE IS undoubtedly a clever caricaturist, but his brilliance is nothing more than the glitter of facile writing—frequently crude, sometimes vulgar, but far too often merely smug. He lacks completely a sympathetic insight into the depths of human character and endurance, and a knowledge of the hidden subtleties of human relationships.

Cass Timberlane is not a great book by any means. It is possibly not even a good one. It is, in short, Lewis' nineteenth novel.

—L. M. N.

The Lilies

haunt the garden's edge
and stand like souls along the shore
of time and look forlorn
across the tide of consciousness.

the cycle of the passing year
that saw the green-hued spring,
prismatic summer and the saddened sere
leaves night for their decay
and death that they may sing.

—C.S.W.

In Acknowledgement

To all contributors whose splendid cooperation and support have made this special edition of the Gazette possible, a word of thanks and deep appreciation. Several articles which appeared at the last moment have been withheld due to lack of space, but they will be published at the earliest possible date in January.

A special word of thanks to the Dalhousie Senate for permission to publish Kathryn Bean's prize-winning poem "To An Absentee".



The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Halifax

The Mandarin's Pigtail

IN THE brave days of the Ming, there lived in Ping-hiang, in Kan-suh Province, a red coral-button mandarin, hi Sung-wei, who owned extensive lands and was loved by the people. In the summer, when the lotus blossoms ripened in the pool before the pagoda of Shang-ti, he journeyed to Peking. Passing along the Grand Canal he exulted in the greatness of the land and the dignity of the Emperor, and wished that they might continue so.

The Emperor held him in high esteem, and audiences were frequent, for his ancestors had been no less than he, strong and loyal, and no hi had ever caused the Throne to lose face. While paying his respects at the Great Within, pale men arrived from distant lands in the East, and asked for an audience; when they refused to kowtow and announced that they were not bearers of tribute, hi Sung-wei was troubled, and wondered whether there might not be lands as great as China, who in the future might be stronger.

When he returned to his province, the lotus blossoms had faded, and the willow trees bore no leaves, though the year was just ripe; and hi Sung-wei made a sacrifice to Shang-ti, and prayed lengthily for the Emperor and the people.

THE Ming fell, the Ch'ing rose, and, as the lotus in the autumn, withered and died. Sun Yat-sen came from the south, preaching a land of great promise; and many removed their pigtails, the sign of fealty to the throne, and swelled his ranks, until he broke into the Forbidden City, and caused the last of the Ch'ing to flee. In Kan-suh the pigtailed were uncut, for out of respect to their ancestors, the hi refused to revolt against the Emperor. hi-Ching-si kept his pigtail, and many followed him into the hills, where they rebuilt their houses.

The vision of hi Sung-wei was fulfilled, as the eighteen provinces groaned under the indignities and loss of face they suffered; and the little brown men from the islands descended from the north, crossed the Grand Canal and entered the Forbidden City and the Great Within. Thence they sent their armies south and east, and they burned and destroyed as they went, sparing none. They were repulsed at the mountains, for at Yang-tu the hi had stolen guns and used them well.

THE new China was weak, and groups strove against each other, and hi Ching-si longed for the return of the days of the Manchus. He sat one day by the lotus pool, reading the memorial of his ancestor Sung-wei, and noticed how, as Sung-wei said, the lotus comes in spring and dies in autumn; thus would the brown men die in the autumn, but not until the eighteen provinces were one united body. He sat there for a long while, and many of his retainers came and inquired concerning his silence, and he looked up and saw their pigtailed. It was now dark and he called for a lantern, and the eighth book of Kung Foo-tze, the Analects. He took the scroll they brought him and read by the lantern's light, while the moon rose high in the sky, and the shadow deepened beneath the temple of Shang-ti and crept over the still waters of the pool. There he sat, and his men waited, and the cool breeze blew from the hills and the water rippled to and fro. At last he arose, and watched the shadows dancing on the water, and the floating blossoms. Then, taking the scroll, he read aloud to those standing near: "And the master Kung answered: 'The people come first, the Emperor last,'" and he took the knife that hi Chi-ho had carried in the service of the Han and removed the pigtail from his head. A man ran into the courtyard and cried to him: "The brown men come, my lord."

"My name is hi," he answered, "let us go."

They went out, and the breeze died down, and the shadows lay still on the surface of the water. The tower loomed benignly through the dark, commending the action. The Manchu Pu-Yi might be for Japan, but China was for China. Soon the sun rose, and the first arrows of light fell upon the pagoda of Shang-ti, and the branches of the willow almost covered the discarded pigtail, which had fallen to the ground. SEPTIMUS.

A Fantasy

THE BIRTH OF A POEM

IDEAS in embryo, Jostling one another In a timeless, spaceless vacuum Of imagination, Unmeasured, scattered Hither and yon, Fighting abstractness. Taking shape, Forming phrases, Sentences emerging, Ideas that may kindle fires of revolution, Or turn a man's Or maiden's thoughts To sweetest love.

It takes very little To create, And yet so few comply, Agree to be urged from within, There are so many other pleasures, Attractions in a mad world That goeth where It knows not; And who is to say It should not?

DAVID L. VAUGHAN.



"Of course it's for a friend, you know."

Profane Letters . . .

"Oh, to be banned in Boston, Now that December is here,"

NOW, as the year turns to its close, and American publishing houses shed their "Fall and Winter Lists", one ponders on the semi-annual problems of morality in literature. The problem is fortunately only semi-annual: in these sad days, the average person has only one friend or relative, who, already owning a book, will be genuinely glad to be given another as a gift on a birthday or at Christmas.

The selection of a gift requires careful thought; if the gift be a book there is a concrete problem of criticism to be solved. For shall one give from the great host of works that languish on the shelves in sound respectability, or shall one give a book that has been banned in Boston?

The Athens of America, around which New England flowered with transcendental blossoms, has in her long winter developed a faculty whose end product is criticism. Now, the whole western world depends upon Boston for the final word in criticism, so that what Boston rejects is wrapt to the bosom of Anglo-American culture. In the immediate past, two examples stand pre-eminent: "Strange Fruit", by Lillian Smith, and the encyclopaedic "Forever Amber", by Kathleen Winsor—both now part of the cultural heritage of the West. No one can ignore the role that Boston played in raising these works to their enviable position.

THE sales of "Strange Fruit" (a singularly apt title, when one broods on various connotations) leapt to best-seller levels only after the Watch and Ward Society of Boston forbade the sale of the book, on the ground that it contained a dirty word. The charges were not baseless: the dirty word is there, in black and white, on the rather trashy paper that is used for novels today. One wonders, in passing, how the purity of Boston managed to produce an intellect sufficiently prurient to recognize this word as being obscene. But speculation on that matter is pointless, and the result of the ban is, after all, our main concern. For when the reading public of the continent discovered that Lillian Smith knew and used a dirty word, enthusiasm knew no bounds. Young men and maidens, old men in their chimney corners, sewing-circles and sanctuary guilds, all revelled in that word. One cannot imagine Miss Smith weeping tears of either chagrin or contrition.

"Forever Amber", in its turn, was flung into heady success by the same machinery. Its versatile heroine (who could deal cards and spades to Mr. Heinz with his amateurish fifty-seven different varieties) was flung from Boston to the Antipodes, to be re-banned, and thus to have her glory enhanced, in stern Australia. "Forever Amber" has become, by all indications, the bobby-sockers vade mecum, and members of learned societies draw semi-anatomical diagrams in answer to fascinated queries from readers in middle-class suburbs.

Confronted with these examples, the autumn shopper is on the horns of a dilemma. Shall one give a book that has already been banned in Boston, and is consequently a classic, even at the risk of the recipient's having read it? Or should one read the new novels with an eye to words that will assure their being banned in Boston, when the Dorcas Society gives the high sign to Watch and Ward? There are probably six words that are seeds of immortality in contemporary literature, and some exercise like proof-reading ought to make the average novel-scanner reasonably adept at pulling them out of a context.

Of these two methods, the second is no doubt the more exacting, and consequently the more appropriate, means of selecting the gift book. How much more gladly is a gift received, if the receiver knows that careful selection and long deliberation have gone into its choice. And for the giver—what better indication is there of his knowledge of four-letter words, and his appreciation of morality, than the despatch of a gift that will be recognized immediately as unfit for Boston?

THAT the Boston, or Watch and Ward, school of criticism is the arbiter of literary taste, and that the ban of Boston is the novelist's accolade, can be witnessed by the immense success of a number of important modern works. "Ulysses", as long and infinitely duller than "Forever Amber"; "The Well of Loneliness", a novel twice as big and three times as stupid as "Strange Fruit"; "Studs Lonigan" and a good number of other pieces are sold to eager-eyed enthusiasts all over the world on this basis of selection. How much the weight of this criticism has affected the structure of the modern novel is rather more difficult to appraise. How successful can a novel be, if it is not forbidden circulation among the Cabots and the Lowells? Certainly it will never make the under-counter shelf that cherishes what Boston consigns to outer darkness. Nor will little maids from school deny themselves coca-cola and hoard their small change to buy an unforbidden book. No country clergyman will bother to damn what Boston tolerates, and, in a dozen small ways that in the end mean the sale of thousands of copies, that book that escapes Boston's ban is doomed to mere also-running.

Do novelists, as they take their pens in their damp little fists, cudgel their brains for those frank monosyllables that mean success? Do they, if memory fails them, make hasty notations on those entertaining graffiti found in public lavatories? One is intrigued by a consideration of these labors; one sympathizes with the writer as he debates the position and effect of his chosen gem. But this speculation is vain. As one picks up the average modern novel, there lies, between the lines of print, and almost as clear as they, the author's evening prayer:

"Oh to be banned in Boston, Now that December is here."

—H. K. G.

To An Absentee

The following poem was awarded the \$200.00 first prize award in the Joseph Howe Poetry Contest of 1943. It is here published with the kind permission of the Dalhousie Senate.—Editor.

YOU loved the pale green froth of buds in Spring, The woody paths that sent you forth to roam In search of nests and many a strange wild thing To swell your store of oddities at home. I watched you tread beneath the open sky To pools and creeks where muddied waters flow, With vod and reel to while the sunburnt hours; Wistful, I watched you go And loved you for your careless swinging grace, Your jaunty whistle tuned to far off hills, And yet I loathed to lose you for one day To distant nooks and rills. Now grown, you have these many months been gone, And I am proud because you help retain The freedom found while walking paths in spring, The liberty I pray you'll know again. And though I'm sad, because you will not see The blossoming mists that veil our apple tree, The sloping roof heaped high with petaled snow; Somehow I know, as spring returns And buds break into foam, Your heart will trail familiar pathways home.

—KATHYRN BEAN.

Nocturne

A SHORT STORY

SHE came out of the crowded El train into the pink flush of early evening. The tremendous bulk of Manhattan soared into the evening sky in the distance. Through the glare of the setting sun the tall buildings looked like the monstrous black trunks of some primeval forest heaving above the hot, crowded city.

She walked down the iron stairway into the cool dark shadow of the street below. Her hand trembled slightly on the railing, and she moved cautiously, letting the crowd pass. Then she crossed the pavement, walked north for some distance, and climbed the cement steps of a narrow brick apartment house flanking the East River.

Inside, the hall was dark and warm. She heard a bottle crash somewhere in the rear of the building, and a door slam. The heat was like a tremendous, living weight. The perspiration stood out on her forehead in tiny beads of sweat, and her head ached violently. She climbed the stairs slowly, resting at the top to press her head against the cold wall. Then she took out her key and entered the tiny flat. She closed the door behind her softly, and then with the sound of a frightened, hurt animal, she sobbed quietly against the door-casing.

The pain in her head throbbed with sickening violence. She pressed her head fiercely against the sharp edge of the wood until the pain of the bruised flesh blotted out all sensation. The floor heaved beneath her, and the room suddenly went black. She breathed deeply, waiting for it to pass. Then she moved slowly back into the room, through the kitchen and into the bathroom. She opened the small medicine closet, and groped for a tiny bottle of morphine. She swallowed three tablets, and then bathed her eyes and forehead with cold water. In the kitchen she made a small ice-pack with a thin towel and carried it into her bedroom. She loosened her collar and skirt, and lay over the bed with the ice-pack on her forehead. It began to melt slowly, and the cold water ran down her temples and onto the pillow. She relaxed slowly, giving herself up to the heavy luxury of the drug. The room slipped away quietly. She counted the months again—July, August, September . . . March . . . March . . . March what? The first or the last? Possibly a year he had said. Next July then . . . a year at the most . . . no more . . .

She began to weep silently in the dark room.

SHE turned in her sleep restlessly. A few hours after midnight she awakened, and the clock in her living-room chimed three. Her clothes were soaked with perspiration. In the darkness she fought back tears of self-pity and discouragement. If only the pain would stop! She got up slowly and walked to the open window. The street was empty and quiet. A man passed below—a short, fat man carrying a parcel. He walked quickly, like a frightened thing. He turned the corner at the end of the street and disappeared. The trains passed less frequently now, and during the intervals it was quiet. The heat pressed down close and still. Far off she heard the rumble of thunder, and over the broken edges of the roof-tops she could see the distant flare of lightning.

A slight breeze entered the room, and she leaned over the window-sill to fill her lungs with the cool air. She was tired, more tired than she had ever been, and her heart longed for escape . . .

TOWARDS morning she stirred and shivered in the cool air of the room. Her head and back ached from the cramped position in which she had been sleeping. She buried her face in her hands, as if to push back the throbbing pain and crush it. In the street below a milk truck rolled up to the curb. The man jumped out with two or three bottles, and stood them in a basement doorway. She watched him until he disappeared in the darkness, and then got up herself and moved to the small kitchen. From the window overlooking the East River she could see the first flush of early dawn. The sky was livid, but a long, thin ribbon of burnt copper streaked the horizon.

She moved to the small gas burner in the corner of the room, and reached up for a match to light the flame. But she stopped in her action, and stared at the small star-like shape of the burner. She stared until her eyes lost focus—until it writhed with the hideousness of a tiny monster. Her heart began to pound. The pain in her head throbbed suddenly, sending a wave of violent nausea through her body. She moved back slowly into the front room. She closed the windows quietly, shoved the mat tightly against the door leading into the hall, and went back into the kitchen. The room was brilliant with the red glare of the sun. She moved towards the gas burner. With a trembling hand she opened the jet wide. Her heart was beating in a queer, excited way.

—MORTON NORMAN.

Who has seen Floating down the stream Rose petals?

Where waters meet, The seven veiled sisters weep Lethe's dream . . .

Cavernous dome Of night, eternal and alone . . . Wraithed sleep.

C. S. W.

DAL DAZE . . .

P. Grapevine Bilge Exhorts 'Altruism' at Council Meet

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

● ANGERED AT Fatuous Editor Lomah of the Dullhouseie "Advertiser" (formerly "Gazette") for sacrificing half of his eskimo expose to a "last-minute ad"—your chronicler, McGosh, was saved from suicide by inhalation of an Old Gold fag and perusal of the latest Stewdent Council minutes, the gist of which he proceeds to interpret herewith.

Zipper Lacks Funds

Mr. Froggy S. Swallow read a letter from Mr. Hairy Zipper, of Hollywood and Halifax, who requested a \$5000 grant to pay for umpteen palm trees shipped by air-express from Florida for his celebrated "Nightmare of Hate" production. Mr. Zipper also appealed to Council to vote a sizeable sum for hospitalization of pert Miss Frenzy Jobbean who dislocated her hip during the strenuous hula hula sequence. Mr. Zipper contended that should Miss Jobbean refuse this aid "out of loyalty to the society," the money would be put "to suitable use." (zee Russian chorus needs zee fur hats).

It was Mr. Swallow's considered opinion that these requests be turned down flatly and that Mr. Zipper be forced, by torture or otherwise, to adopt "Glum Club" as official moniker of his outfit.

Prexie Hinterland hinted that should Mr. Zipper not agree to the change, Council carefully debate the possibility of electing a special group to consider the advisability of submitting a brief to the "action committee" on the possible despatch of a "letter of gentle warning" to Mr. Zipper and his problematic Glumites.

Original Slogan

Mr. Jake Boudoir, reading a report from the "committee on coltch spirits", revealed their stirring slogan: "Everybody Out! Come on Gang!" was reaping dividends and that "everybody seemed to be joinin the gang and commin on out." He observed that Sodales membership had leaped from three to five members (executive included) over a short ten year period, proving that debating has at last come into its own.

Miss Cunning Itchybald reported a three cent deficit in the Stilta Gamma coffers and nominated her chum, Miss Lozenge Mousie, to chairmanship of the Stewdent Appreciation Group.

Unselfishness Key-note

Mr. Hinterland suggested that a member of Council executive, perferably an Arts graduate now in Medicine and of tall, lanky frame, be sent to an S.P.C.A. conference in Thailand. Mr. Hazey, however, felt the situation called rather for an Acadia alumnus with legal training and war service.

Mr. Artie Corking urged his colleagues to get away from the selfish, personal approach and sug-

gested the crisis might be overcome by considering a Third Year Commerce-man as the "ideal delegate."

At this point Mr. Distantram moved that Mr. Mungo represent Dullhouseie at the N.F.C.U.S. conference. Mr. Mungo moved nominations cease.

P. Grapevine Bilge deplored what he called "the attitude of gimme, gimme, gimme," resulting from Gold D awards. He agreed with Mr. Corking that man must act altruistically and love his neighbour as himself. Gold D controversy might even lead to a third world war, he stated, "which would be even more horrible than the one just passed."

Appeals For Altruism

Mr. Bilge maintained that if mankind would only replace the "gimme, gimme" with lots of "takee, takee," there would be no wars. He urged Council to forward Ottawa a proclamation to this effect.

In conclusion, Mr. Bilge stated he would consider resigning from the Council if not awarded an "Honorary D" in recognition of "my altruistic efforts for the other fellow."

Mr. Swallow asked him to disclose who "the other fellow" was.

After four hours of heated debate, Succertary M. R. Smelly awoke from a deep sleep to make the startling observation that as five Council members were absent from the meeting, a quorum was therefore lacking, the motions passed were therefore null and void and all matters would have to be reconsidered at another meeting.

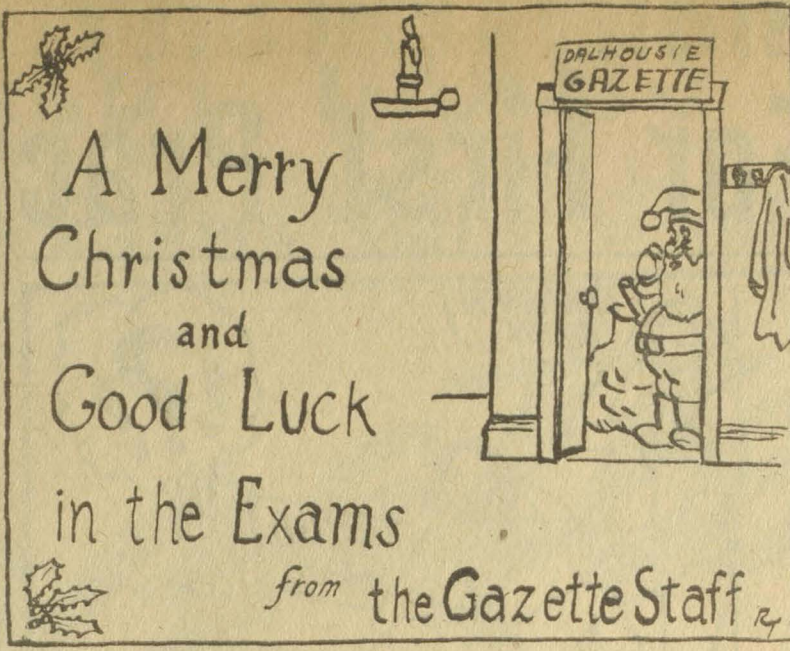
Large Crowd Attends Law Ball; Returned Men Dominate Scene

● THE LAW BALL of 1945 has proven to be one of the Dal social highlights of the year, and was an outstanding success. It was held in the Nova Scotian Hotel, under the distinguished patronage of Angus L. Macdonald, Premier of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Haley, President of the Nova Scotia Bar Society.

Part of the proceedings of the ball were broadcast from 10.30 to 11 p.m., while Don Lowe and his popular orchestra left little to be desired in the musical line.

The great majority in attendance were returned men, who have seen service in all parts of the world.

The Law Ball committee deserves a great deal of the credit for the success of the Ball and the society extends its warmest appreciation to the members of this committee: A. Sheffman, A. H. Hart, and M. M. Yeoman.



Forrest Flashes Med . . . Law . . .

● OUR TIME IS now at hand. Such seems to be the medical student consensus today, as the long awaited examination lists have been posted. "Tempus fugit" indeed, with two short weeks to go.

The gentlemen from the Forrest North Side marked a long-awaited revival of an annual custom last Friday at the Nova Scotian. The general enjoyment was shared by a representative handful of Meds; for them we say to Law, "Thanks for a good party."

Med. Ball and Banquet are to be held at the Nova Scotian on January 18th, 1946. Banquet begins at 6 o'clock sharp; Ball at nine. For further details see Chuck Wright, John Lauchie MacLellan or Kev Carton.

Of the Medical Society Meeting called for November 21st, we had best say little, lest we say too much. The interested dozen who were present decided: (1) To go ahead with the Med Ball and Banquet, despite the apathy so repeatedly and so completely demonstrated by the student body. (2) To publish again the Dalhousie Medical Journal. Much of the essential foundation work was done by Deak Grant; it is now proposed to print an issue this spring and two issues annually thereafter. Subscriptions to be sold to Faculty and Alumni throughout the Province and beyond, as well as to Dal students. The lineup is as follows: Editor, Dave Archibald; Business Manager, Chuck Wright; Assistant Editors: Pete Loder, Joe Metcalfe, Deak Grant; Circulation Manager, Stu. Madden; Photographer, Lloyd Hirtle.

Dent . . .

● AND SO, twilight has fallen on another term. The immediate concern for everyone these days, is of course, examinations. Very best of luck, boys, and an enjoyable holiday after the grind is over. Incidentally, we hear Gordie is planning a little trip up to St. John this Christmas. Don't blame you a bit, boy. Three months apart from Marg is just too long, especially after observing how happy and peaceful the Duke has been all Term.

And speaking of the holidays, the reverse holds true for our hero of last week, Jim Darcy; it seems someone is paying him a visit home this Christmas. She is making a long trip from Newfoundland, all for you, Jim.

The two Victoria Road twins, Burke and Hinch went to the Law Frawl last week. Some enjoyable event! Even Hinch's tooth seems to be better now. And say, Johnnie, your room-mate is still smacking his lips over that delicious chocolate cake you got hold of last week—naturally it was a parcel from home (?)

Like all true Broadway impresarios, Zappler lived up to the traditions of Ziegfield, Billy Rose, etc., and sent flowers to one of the leading ladies of his Musical Revue. Was it just for tradition's sake, Harry?

See you all next year.



● THE RED STACK is buzzing with comment about the Common Room murders, also known as the lost LIFE case. Where the magazines go between the time they arrive from the publishers and the time they show up on the magazine rack is a sleuthing problem of the first order. Some amateur Holmes see a relation between the facts that the delay interval has been increased by 33 per cent and that a new member has joined the engineering staff.

The Engineer (who will remain nameless) whose aim was so poor that he hit the wrong Chorus girl with the sneaker he belted from the rafters at the recent Glee Club presentation has had his membership to the E.C.M., Horizontal and Vertical Clubs, Weasellers' Union suspended until his aim improves.

The actions of Howard Norman have come under attention lately—it seems the young lad goes to his lady friend's house each Sunday night to play bridge, but it also seems that they have never yet been able to get a third or fourth. Just what kind of a game they do play, neither Norman nor his L. F. care to say.

Then there's the sad story of Mike, who doesn't drink, but chews—For more detail, see the old muncher himself.



● THE YEAR is drawing to a close and consequently campus activities will be dying down. However, Withrow's theme song "Why study at all?" is being carried out by many, and some male characters have been mumbling: "Alcoving away your cares and sorrow, Alcoving away your grief and pain, Leaving your troubles till tomorrow, Letting exam worries wait in vain."

Eric Tupper's dreams really seem to be coming true. (Hope it doesn't turn out to be a night mare!) But don't you think you're robbing the cradle, Terry? And then to keep him out until 3.30 A.M.! Does he need that much coaching?

Dal men could really go for a certain cute co-ed if they didn't have to go so far—but it's no trouble for you to go all the way, Mike.

Here and there: ruggedly (?) handsome (???) Zen at Bedford, Lois and Alex at S.C.M., Leah and Myrd everywhere

Margot has been heard around the Gym store bellowing "I only want to be a buddy," not a Juliet."

. . . And so ends all the lovely, luscious dirt of '45—to the Grinders of the Grime, Knowsey, the Griminal, thanks you—Farewell folks.

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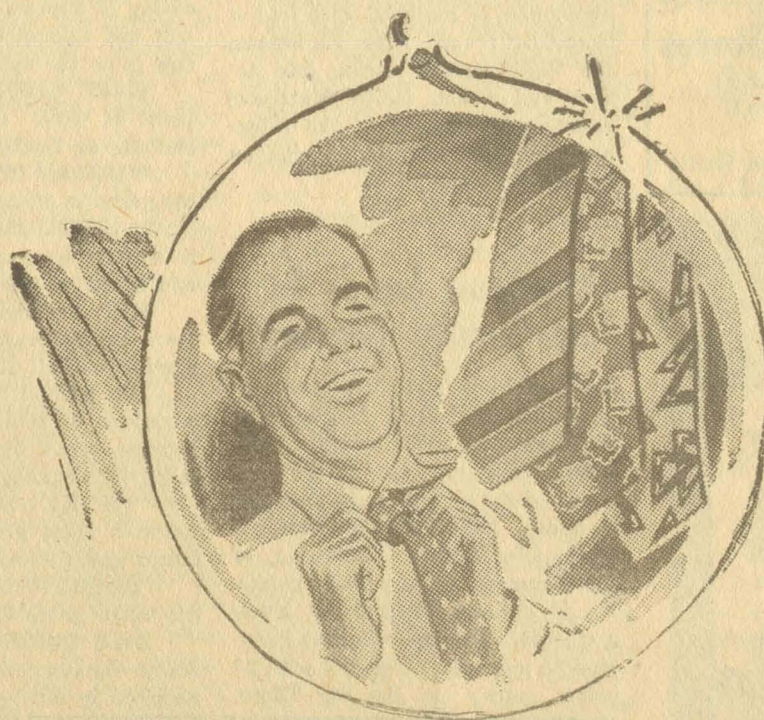
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Many Varsity Pucksters Out For First Practice of Season



on the Sidelines

by ALEC FARQUHAR

● TWO LOOMING items on the sports menu this week seem to be the campus-wide controversy of the relative merits of English Rugby and our hockey prospects of the coming season. First we might give a few words of commentary on the football question. From both the spectator and player viewpoint I remain an all-out supporter of the English game.

I am the first to admit that the older game can be improved and suggest that before we think of introducing an absolutely new variation, we innovate some changes in the English game. The number of players used could be cut down as was done in the season of 1944 in the City Senior League. Some of the laws of the game, such as the knock-on rule could be repealed and the sport speeded up considerably — even though according to present rules, the English type is much faster than Canadian Football.

Old-Fashioned?

Some people think that because Upper Canadians play Canadian rugby they are far ahead of us in this respect and we should change so as not to be old-fashioned. It might be old-fashioned but it is still the better game.

And don't think that we are the only people in the world that stick to the older game. Needless to say it is one of the most prominent and popular sports in England; it more than holds its own with Canadian rugby in British Columbia; and in California, producer of Rose Bowl teams in American football (closely akin to the Canadian game), English rugger is surprisingly popular. However, we may talk for hours and still not convince the cohorts of Canadian Football of the attributes of English Rugger. But then we can rest securely with the fact that they shall never convince us that Canadian Football is really the game.

Hockey Prospects

And to turn our thoughts from the gridiron to the ice-lands, we

notice that two score aspirants donned the blades last Monday to whirl around a few times. Several former Varsity luminaries were present in the persons of Bob Wade, Dick Currie, Ken Wilson, Zen Graves and others, while numerous stars from High School Ranks and other colleges demonstrated their abilities. From all reports, prospects are promising that Dalhousie will present a strong team in the Intercollegiate League. A coach has yet to be named but the D.A.A.C. are sparing no efforts to procure a competent one.

Basketballers Win

Last Wednesday evening the Intermediate basketball team wound up their pre-Christmas schedule with a surprise win over the South End Athletic Club. The South Enders boasted five of last year's senior Y.M.C.A. squad which defeated Dalhousie in the Nova Scotia finals and went on to Montreal to play off for the Eastern Canadian title. Judging from this showing, the Intermediates have an abundance of material with lots of basketball moxy. After Christmas, the Tiger Seniors swing into action and Coach Keith Matthews asserts that several of the Intermediate Cubs will find berths on the Senior squad.

Creighton Leads In Interfaculty Scoring

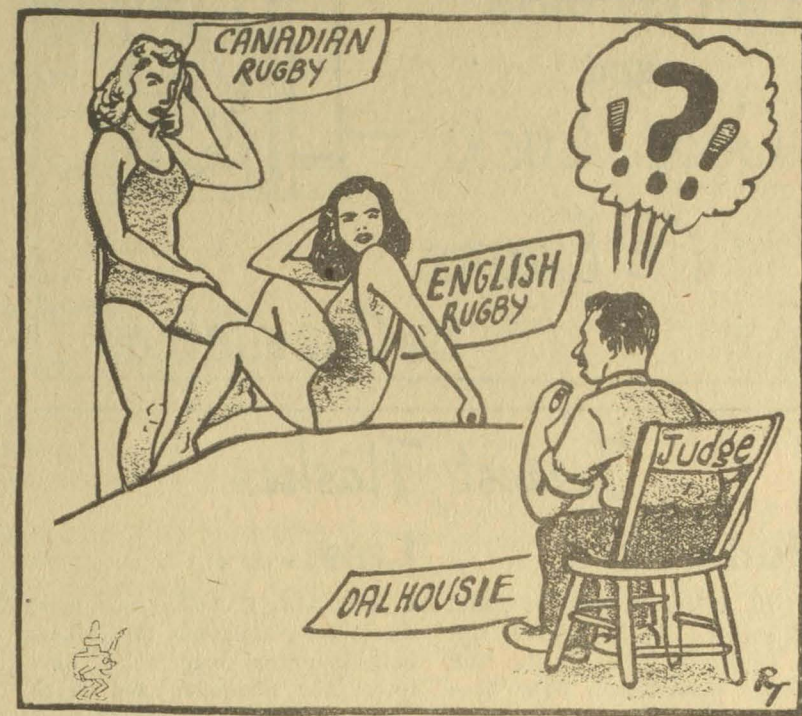
● SCORING FIGURES in the Interfaculty basketball league have been released and show the Lawyers, Engineers and Commerce men tied for first place in the team standing. High individual scorer is diminutive Berney Creighton of the Commerce team with 32 points. He is closely followed by teammate Blair Dunlop, who has garnered 30 markers. Lou Bell with 23 points rounds out the Big Three.

Cub Hoopers Whip South End 34-29

● COMING FROM behind four times, Dalhousie Cubs put on a masterly demonstration of basketball Wednesday evening to top the strong South End Athletic Club 34-29 in a closely contested game. The game was in doubt from start to finish, although the Tigers showed decided improvement over their last week's below-par performance.

South-End Start Fast

On the opening whistle South End rushed the ball into Tiger territory and were able to hold it there for the first five minutes, scoring eight successive points. However, Dal overcame this deficit on baskets by Blakeney, Knight, Farquhar and E. Rogers, to take the lead 9-8. Where the game had been quite fast, it now slowed down



Results of Gazette Rugby Poll Show Opinions Differ

● CARTOONIST Bob Tuck has pictured exactly the situation of Canadian and English Football in the eyes of Dalhousie students. Lately there has been much controversy on the relative merits of the two games and the possibility of its innovation to Dalhousie and even to the Maritime Intercollegiate League. To several students interviewed at random, members of the Gazette Sports staff have posed the question, "Do you approve of Canadian Football replacing English Football in Maritime Intercollegiate play?"

Here are some of the replies:

"BUGS" MACKENZIE: In favor of English rugby since the Canadian game takes "too much time", and costs too much.

VERN WALLACE: "I approve of the Canadian game since it is more spectacular and more scientific".

DON ROGERS: "Because of the protective pads in the Canadian game the number of injuries would decrease . . . much more fun playing Canadian".

ART HARTLING: "A better game to watch is Canadian football. The cost can be paid off in a few years and if other colleges can find time to practice so can Dal".

JIM McLAREN: "The English game is preferable, requiring speed and skill rather than weight and brute strength. It is more open, calls for more teamwork—thus more spectacular from every standpoint."

RALPH COOLEY: "I approve of the Canadian game because it is more thrilling and spectacular. There is continuity of play which is not found in the English game".

KEN McLENNAN: "I approve of Canadian taking over in time, but there are several reasons why we can not rush into it. (1) the initial outlay of approximately \$70 per man; (2) other colleges than Dalhousie will not change immediately and thus the Intercollegiate spirit which now is on the upgrade will decrease."

CARL GIFFIN: "Yes, I approve, but only from the grandstands point of view. In actual playing Canadian football is not as fast or exciting as English rugger."

MIKE WATERFIELD: "No, not enough time to practice or to learn the game"

HARVEY McKEOUGH: "Yes, since Canadian is more spectacular it attracts more spectators, although English Rugger requires more skill and speed on the part of the players".

HEC POTHIER: "Stick to English Rugby since it is better and more enjoyable from the players' angle. Each player has a chance to handle the ball and get in the actual play".

JIM BELL: "Personally I favour the English game. We can pride ourselves in being the only province or provinces that still play the English game, but until we can develop a brand of that football to a standard pleasing to the public we are fighting a losing battle."

"STINKY" MORRISON: "I favour Canadian Football because it features more players and from the spectators point of view it is a better game to watch."

"SHORTY" FAULKNER: "I favour English rugby because it is a far better game to watch. Canadian Football costs too much."

DICK CURRIE: "No, for three reasons, (1) Spectators don't understand Canadian football. (2) Inability to procure good coaches. (3) Expense in buying and keeping equipment in good shape."

Rogers scored field goals, followed shortly afterwards by Farquhar, who scored on a breakaway, to put the game on ice. As the final whistle blew, the Cubs were the victors, 34-29.

Many Fouls

Referee J. Eccles called 30 fouls in the struggle, sixteen to South End and 14 to Dal. The South End crew garnered nine free shots and the Bengals eight. Eddie Rogers, ex-Acadia star was a tower of strength for the Cubs, using his height and speed to advantage. Blakeney and Knight starred defensively. Farquhar was high scorer with seven points.

Lineup: Blakeney 5, Knight 2, Kenty, D. Rogers, E. Rogers 5, Farquhar 7, Pothier, Robinson 3, Creighton 3, Mitchell 3, Dunlop 6.

Former Varsity Stars Show Wares; Wealth Of New Material Unearthed

The hockey season at Dalhousie started with a bang last Tuesday, when the first practice session was held at the Arena. Instead of the usual turnout, there were enough to make up nearly three teams.

Former Varsity teams were well represented by: Dick Currie, Dave Churchill-Smith, Bob Wade, Zen Graves, Doug Clarke, Ed Crowell, Ken Wilson and Art Lightfoot.

Unlike football, there was a sizeable group of ex-servicemen trying for the team. On the ice we also noticed many former high school stars, such as George Hanrahan and Gerald O'Shaughnessy.

Other aspirants present included: Bill Snuggs, Art Hartling, Norm Ferguson, Paul Lee, J. Beck, Al Kenty, B. Creighton, J. Harris, J. Cregan, G. Naugle, D. Leverman, C. Morgan, W. Morris, Lamont, Steeves, Barrett, Bob Mumford, Don Isnor, S. Brown, Murray Green, Campbell, Jim Mont, Bob McQuinn, Kent, LeBlanc, Blakeney, B. Lyle, C. Rice, C. Piggott. No longer can Dal sport enthusiasts raise the old cry of "too little and too late."

The only position with too few competitors is that of goal. It would help considerably if some of those who have had experience in this position would come to the next practice.

Lineups: Arts & Science—Farquhar 12, Robinson 2, Pearson, Knight 4, Mosher 6, Blakeney 8, MacKay, Best.

Engineers: Duff 4, Faulkner, Chapman 6, Lamont 2, Bell 17, G. Smith 2, Eisenberg, D. Clarke, Bauld 3, MacWilliams.

Frosh: MacKenzie 4, Simpson 4, Hannington 6, Henderson 2, Morrow 8, Kent 2.

Commerce: Cooley 6, Rogers 8, Creighton 20, Kenty 2, James 2, Dunlop 16, Mont 4.

Engineers, Commerce Win To Tie For First Place With Lawyers

● COMMERCE AND Engineers worked into a first place tie with Law last Thursday evening when Engineers toppled Arts & Science 34-32, and Commerce swamped Frosh 58-30.

Engineers 34; Arts & Science 32 The initial contest featured speed and few openings for scoring. Lew Bell sparked the Draughtsmen by using his height to great advantage, to help the Engineers take quite a lead in the first period, which ended 17-8.

Arts & Science found the hoop in the second frame and soon tied the score with the Engineers. With one minute to go the score was evened at 32 all, when Lew Bell hooped another shot which proved to be the winning basket. Thus the game ended 34-32.

Bell and MacWilliams starred offensively and defensively for Engineers, Bell with 17 points. Farquhar and Blakeney sparked Arts and Science.

Commerce 58; Frosh 30

The second game was very one-sided, Commerce having a great advantage in the play. In the first half the Millionaires worked hard to build up a large margin between the two teams.

Creighton and Dunlop were the springs for the Commerce offensive garnering 20 and 16 points respectively, while Morrow and Hannington kept up the Frosh effort.

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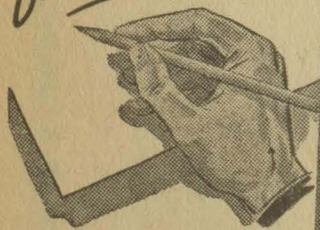


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