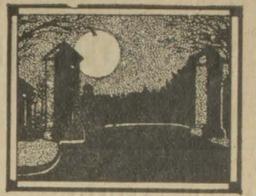




Dalhousie Gazette



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No. 3

Tigers Give Acadians A Bad Mauling

McRae, Woolner and Davidson Outstanding

Final Score 25-0

Some fifteen hundred fans stood through torrential cloud bursts, hunder and lightning to see Dalhousie defeat their ancient rivals from the Valley to the tune of 25-0 at Studley Saturday. It was clearly Dalhousie's day from the very outset. Dal opened the game with an attack that would not be repulsed, and kept at it through the entire game. Formerly the Tigers have been slow to take advantage of the breaks but not so in this game, they were on their toes all the time. Acadia could not get set to start a counter attack so quickly were the forwards on the ball, and the halves did their share nobly.



Woolner

Ryan Tied Up.

Howie Ryan, Acadia captain, the most feared man on their squad did not get a chance to show his wares. Every time he got the ball he was nailed in his tracks. Gint, Cain, playing flying quarter for the Red and Blue team, did some nice work getting the ball out to the half line by means of the long lateral pass as practiced in Upper Canada, once passing to Howie a distance of 25 yards but the blonde youth was caught before he did any damage.

Davidson Outstanding.

Harold Davidson played the game of his career, his kicking being equal to that of Timmie Hunter's in the first game of the season. Davy gathered ten points in this manner as well as starting nearly every play, once getting away for a forty yard run before he was brought down. Despite the slippery condition of the ball there was very little fumbling by either team, although most of the gains were made on long kicks. Cain doing the punting for Acadia, and Davy for the Gold and Black.

McRae and Woolner get tries.

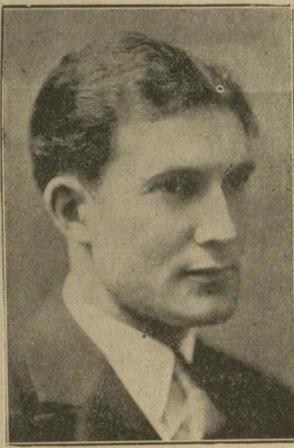
Don McRae was easily the pick of the forwards. One of the fastest men on the field, he had little difficulty in keeping on the ball with the result that he was responsible for three tries. Not to be outdone Tiny Woolner helped himself to two tries after Don tired, or rather stepped aside to let the others do their bit. The forwards were really responsible for a great deal of the ground gained due to their excellent dribbling which had the Acadians considerably worried.

Dal Kicks Off.

With the wind behind him, Woolner kicked deep into the center of the Acadia territory. His kick was returned and run back by a Dal man only to be tackled on the 40 yard line. Dal at once commenced her assault. By a series of scrums and kicks they advanced to the ten yard line where Acadia held. Howie Ryan relieved the situation with a short run. Acadia really gave her best in the opening minutes of play. Ten minutes had passed when Dal was awarded a free kick for off-side. Davidson kicked a beauty from placement on the corner of 25 yard line. Play was resumed with the Tigers continuing their drive and it was not long before McRae went over for the first try which Davy converted from a difficult angle. Acadia got the ball from the scrum and it was passed out the half line where Cain,

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Sings at Pep Rally



ERIC FOUND.

Cubs Win Intermediate Game

The Dal Cubs continued their string of unbroken victories when they defeated the Acadia Intermediates by the score of 6-0. Phil Magonet almost made it eight when he just failed by inches to convert the first try, which was made by George 'Redshirt' Thompson. Scott, scrappy block quarter, was responsible for the second try which was not converted either. The Cubs were somewhat heavier than their opponents and they outgeneraled them in every department of the game. McLeod being exceptionally fast and tackling hard. Magonet worked equally well despite a sore shoulder. Captain Ian Fraser and George Thompson were the pick of the back-field.

The Line-up.—Forwards,—McLeod, D. Grant, Baird, G. McDonald, Miller, H. Magonet, P. Magonet; Halves,—Scott, Eaton, Stoddard; Three Quarters,—I. Fraser, G. Thompson, Dickie, Oylter; Fullback,—T. Goudge.

Dent. Notes

The social season starts officially tonight when our first Smoker will be held in the Munro Room. Dr. Ritchie and Dr. Bagnall will be the speakers of the evening. The Dean will also have a message.

These Smokers were very popular last year and should go over big again. Debates and Council activities being the cause of most of the discussion.

Friday night the Seniors upheld their prowess when they defeated the Junior Class. Owing to the tardiness of three members of the latter team only one game could be played but this was decisive. No big scores were made but promise is given of a successful season in this line. Chaisson and Angus Sinclair were the high scorers.

Heard in the Pathology Lecture Room.—The late Mr. Parker. Ah, Good evening, Hardy.

The tooth pullers now take their own x rays. Due to a misunderstanding they did not, in the past few years, take them themselves. The restriction is now lifted and they are taking advantage of it to get in some very useful practice.

It was noticed with pleasure that one of the members of the faculty recently received the honor of the presidency of the Canadian Dental Association. Congratulations, Dr. Faulkner.



Baird

Changes In The Law Faculty

The Faculty of Law has this year undergone reorganization that has affected every member but Dean Smith. Professor Horace E. Read has been promoted from the rank of Associate Professor to that of Professor, and appointed Secretary of the Law Faculty in place of Professor Angus L. MacDonald who resigned at the end of last year to enter the practice of law. Professor Vincent C. MacDonald and Mr. John L. MacQuarrie have been appointed to the Faculty this year. Now, for the first time, the Dalhousie Law School has four full time lecturers.

Professor MacDonald, who is a native of Halifax, graduated in Law from Dalhousie in 1920, winning the University Medal. His career, has been brilliant and varied. He has been Law Clerk to the Nova Scotia House of Assembly; was at one time Assistant Secretary to the Duncan Commission on Maritime Claims; and was for a short time secretary to ex-Premier King. During the three years previous to his appointment here, Professor MacDonald has practised law in Toronto. Last year he was part time lecturer at Osgood Hall Law School in Bankruptcy and Sales. At present he is Editor-in-Chief of the "Dominion Law Reports"; in 1928 he directed the publication of "Dominion Law Annotations," a collection of commentaries on almost the entire field of Canadian Law. Before going to Toronto, Professor MacDonald was law partner to W. J. O'Hearn, K. C., at that time Attorney General for Nova Scotia and now judge of the County Court.

The new full time lectureship is filled by Mr. John L. MacQuarrie, a native of Westville, Pictou County, who graduated from Dalhousie in Commerce in 1927 and in Law in 1929. Mr. MacQuarrie won the Coswell prize in each year of his law course. For some time he was associated with the law firm of MacDonald and MacQuarrie, in Pictou, and during the year previous to his present appointment was a member of the legal department of the Royal Trust Company, Montreal.

The Dalhousie Law Faculty has always been noted for its contributions to public life and to the literature of the law. Dr. Angus L. MacDonald's election to the Liberal leadership in Nova Scotia is a well known illustration of the former fact; instances of the latter, although not so conspicuous, are equally meritorious of attention. Within the past month Dean Smith in collaboration with Dean Falconbridge of Osgood Hall has published a "Manual of Canadian Business Law" designed primarily for use in schools of Commerce. In Ontario the Department of Education has adopted this book for use in commercial high schools. Professor Read has in process of publication a case book on the "Law of Personal Chattels" which will be used as a text at Dalhousie and Osgood Hall Law Schools. Professor MacDonald, in collaboration with Professor Clute of Osgood Hall, has just completed a case book on the "Law of Torts" which will also be used at the two Schools. In addition to these, contributions by members of the Dalhousie Law Faculty to Canadian legal periodicals are numerous and regular. Such efforts reflect favourably upon the authors, and upon the School they represent.

Pine Hill Initiation Successful

On the night of Saturday, Oct. 11th, that despised and rejected class of mortals known as Freshman ceased to exist. In its place appeared a group, a singularly fine group, of new residents. But all this did not occur without ceremony. The celebration was the climax of a most instructive and entertaining programme, of some three weeks duration, provided by the high and mighty Seniors for the benefit of the verdant.

On the evening in question, immediately after the evening repast, all Freshmen assembled in the Common Room. Evening dress prevailed, and the originality and uniqueness displayed were sufficient to delight the heart of any fashion expert. After checking up on the guest register the party proceeded to the college building, where full scope was provided for the Freshmen to work off surplus energy. The opportunity, without the practice, seemed quite sufficient, enthusiasm on their part was noticeably lacking.

Then each Freshman received individual attention within the gym. Escorted one by one to the reception chamber, each was heartily received, and invited to take a comfortable seat and await his turn. Curiously enough none seemed to wish to delay proceedings, for no sooner did one seat himself than he bounded up with a spring that would make Ralph Miller look as if he had neuritis in both legs. It was simply shocking. Then for a time the Freshmen began to see red. We are sorry to admit, also, that practically all displayed a yellow streak in the region of the ear. Next our new comers were given cause to realize that though on the surface they are no longer freshmen, yet within they are green. Hereupon the fourth year men feared disastrous consequences, and took precautionary steps, using time tried remedies. Disgusting to see the verdants lack of appreciation. Figuratively the Seniors proceeded to heap coals of fire on their heads, but actually found a more suitable shampoo. Seniors next proceeded to display hitherto unsuspected artistic talent; in fact the products of their art looked almost like living men. In order to prevent any freshman from getting cold a protective covering was supplied, which in every case was a perfect fit. The Fresh then instituted a new vogue. We've heard of flag-pole sitters, but Pine Hill has a wonderful group of pole-climbers. They are not looking forward to further practice. Each Freshman then returned to the Residence, took a cool, refreshing shower and gazed in his mirror to view a new and better man—a Hiller.

The programme continued in the Common Room. Music and specialties entertained at first; Tom MacDonald made an eloquent and fitting speech of welcome, concluding in by a much appreciated ceremony in which those odious regulations known as "Freshman Rules" were forever removed from view. Refreshments were served, and during the serving each Freshman introduced himself. College, Faculty and Prep Schools yells were given, and finally the programme came to a close with the singing of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

Another group of "mere freshmen" have become Pine-Hillers.

Imperial Debaters Capture Judges Decision

Large Audience Enjoys Best Debate At Dalhousie In Years

Premier Harrington



ONE OF THE JUDGES OF DEBATE

Kappa Alpha Phi Entertains

Kappa Alpha Phi Fraternity began their social season with a highly successful dance held at their fraternity house 187 South Park Street last Saturday evening. The chaperones for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. James V. Russell and Dr. Ronald Hayes of the Department of Zoology.

The guest list included: The Misses Anne Bell, Ida Burchill, Frances Peat, Blanche MacLean, Helen Nelson, Marion Macintosh, Isabella Wood, Edythe Smith, Margaret Sadler, Molly Grant, Dorothy Rosier, Helen Olmstead, Betty Mahar, Laura Marshall, Lillian Sadler, Ruth Crease, Mary MacOubrey, Adelle Ritchie, Janet Macneill, and Meredith Watt.

A card party and smoker was held by Kappa Alpha Phi last Friday night at their fraternity house when some of the newcomers to the University were entertained. The first part of the evening was taken up with initiation proceedings when eight new members were taken into the fraternity. The new members are: Col. Stewart, Whit Cameron, Dr. Ronald Hayes, Stewart MacDonald, Victor Oland, J. D. Sadler, Donald Mahon and Charles Lorway.

Social Notes

The members of the Phi Kappa Pi Fraternity entertained a large number of their girl friends at a tea dance, held at the Fraternity House on Coburg Road, following the Dalhousie-Wanderers football game.

Music for the three hour dancing period was furnished by Harry Cochrane's music makers. Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Bell and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Jr., acted as chaperones.

The first of a series of monthly luncheons at the Lord Nelson Hotel was held on Wednesday of last week by the Alumni Society of the Phi Kappa Pi Fraternity. Several of the members of the active chapter attended and were welcomed by President Dean Sidney Smith of the graduates.

Tom Parker, Arts 1929, has decided to take up the ministry, and left Sept. 17th for Union College, New York. With him, went Grenfell Zwicker, also of Class 29, who just returned from Bermuda, after a successful year's work there. He will take theology at Union College.

Dictatorship is Upheld

In spite of the inclemency of the weather last Saturday night, a record audience turned out to hear the debate that President MacKenzie described the best he had ever heard at Dalhousie. All four speakers were excellent, both in the material and delivery of their speeches. Every address was ingenious and interesting and held the attention of the audience from beginning to end. President MacKenzie presided and introduced the visiting debaters in a short address of welcome. Mr. Fred Jennings outlined the purposes of the National Federation of Canadian University students under the auspices of which the debate was conducted. Mr. Trevor Lloyd opened the debate for the affirmative.

Mr. Lloyd, before broaching the subject of the debate, paid tribute to the Canadian debating team that toured England a few years ago, and to the members of the National Federation of University Students who had arranged the present tour of Canada. He paid tribute also to Prof. C. MacInnis, a graduate of Dalhousie, who has done much to bring into closer touch the students and staff of Mr. Lloyd's own University of Bristol.

We cannot regard the world of today, said Mr. Lloyd in the light of Victorian philosophy. During the Victorian age, a vast amount of faith was placed in existing institutions; democratic institutions in particular seemed invincibly substantial. But since that happy era, the world has watched its cherished monuments totter and fall. Within a space of two decades great empires were overthrown whose bulwarks had previously seemed invulnerable. Democracy began to experience difficulties.

When the world was young, and political institutions were in their infancy, type of government was not so important a national factor as it is today. Then the margin of error was wide, mistakes in government were absorbed in it, and no great harm resulted from them. With the advance of civilization, this margin has narrowed and mistakes that occasioned little harm long ago would today be perilous. Aristocracy was tried, and for a time deemed adequate. Then the daily increasing demands on government caused it to be abandoned for democracy. Today democracy is being tried and found wanting. Democracy is inefficient. It expends itself in talking at the expense of acting. The Dail is spoken about throughout Ireland as the "Dublin Gas House." The conditions under which Democracy in many instances flourished have ceased to exist. At the time of the Declaration of Independence, America, guided by spiritual and religious standards professed the doctrine that all men are born free and equal, and this doctrine forms the key note of Democracy. But standards have changed, and even though we would be blind to it, we must admit that rulers and dictators have sprung up in the realms of banking and of industry. The Democracy to today is a shadow government; the real actors we refuse to recognize. The age of Democracy has passed away; today we have the utmost difficulty in securing a representative who will represent anyone but himself. It is time to change. Men must face the facts, and, throwing off these shallow pretensions of equality, confide their destinies to single efficient and conscientious individuals. The solution of world's problems lies in relinquishing same degree of personal liberty to follow those who are most enlightened.

Mr. Ernest Howse opened the debate for the negative. He welcomed the visiting debaters and expressed the hope that they would return home with renewed confidence in the strength of British Democracy.

Continued on page 4.

Thirty Acadian Visitors Fail to Show Courtesy

A host owes a certain courtesy to one whom he entertains as his guest. Dalhousie, when acting in the capacity of host, endeavors to display all courtesy to her guests. She has a right to expect in return that those who are her visitors will conduct themselves as gentlemen when enjoying the University's hospitality. Consequently, when supporters from a neighboring college come to Halifax in order to cheer on one of their athletic teams in contest with Dalhousie and conduct themselves in a manner unbecoming University men and gentlemen it is a matter of grave regret.

Specifically we refer to the action of some thirty or more Acadia supporters in "crashing the gate" during the progress of the second team game last

Saturday without having had the honesty to pay their way into the grounds. Supporters of Dalhousie teams who have gone to Wolfville in the past have behaved as gentlemen, sometimes in the face of great provocation to conduct themselves otherwise. Visitors to Dalhousie are expected to conform to this standard. It is here suggested that the student body of Acadia, on behalf of those of its membership who descended to trickery and discourtesy last Saturday make retribution to Dalhousie by forwarding to the Student's Council the money withheld from the ticket-sellers, accompanied by some intimation that the serious breach of hospitality committed does not represent the usual actions of Acadians when supporting their teams in their outside games.

Tickets \$3.00

JOE MILLS and his Orchestra

THE MED. DANCE Mon., Oct. 27 - Lord Nelson Hotel AT 9 P. M.

Elaborate Supper Unexcelled Music Special Door Prize

Dalhousie Gazette

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THE UNIVERSITY STORE.

The much talked of University store has at last become a reality under the sponsorship of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. It has extended its original function of a book store only to include in its stock sundry supplies and articles offering refreshments to students, overcome by hunger or thirst. Primarily of course, the store is intended to serve as a means of saving money for Dalhousians by allowing them to purchase books necessary in class work at cheaper prices than they would be obtainable elsewhere. Its added functions already referred to increase its appeal and no doubt add to its revenue.

Although hampered by a situation which does not provide the greatest amount of accessibility it nevertheless is attracting a steady clientele who are appreciative of the benefits offered. In a venture of this sort the first year is undoubtedly the most difficult. The success already achieved by the store is a good augury for the future when we may expect to see more commodious quarters provided and even further inducements offered to the student to purchase his books and other supplies in the University store.

EXAGGERATION.

It is met with everywhere in life, this habit of over-emphasis, of painting in glowing colors some really mediocre performance or event, of unjustified extremes of optimism or, at rare intervals, of pessimism. It is a deplorable tendency to maximize the importance of events out of all proportion to their significance. In our modern world this tendency is growing. It is evidenced among other ways in screaming newspaper headlines, in sensationalism, and in exaggerated "talkies" of life as it never was or will be. A restraint of tone, a straight and truthful recital of facts, and a proper realization of the relative importance of happenings are far more valuable than highly colored and oftentimes even untruthful reports.

Universities, particularly on this side of the water, are sometime hotbeds where are bred exaggerations in speech, dress and other ways. How often in our own experience have we read of "the biggest and best" dance ever held? How many times have we been assured that "this is the finest team which the University has put forth in years"? Sometimes such reports are true, but in most cases are, like the news of Mark Twain's death, grossly exaggerated. In this connection did you ever hear of a student who had achieved perhaps some slight recognition in an academic way who was not immediately labelled "brilliant"? That is an over-worked word if ever there were one. Then there is the exaggeration of the deeds of stalwarts of other years. There never will be another class like that of 'umpy-eight. Those were men and heroes all. But sober reflection reminds us that college classes are much the same from year to year and from decade to decade. Only distance lends a certain distinction. Undoubtedly in the old days Dalhousians performed Herculean deeds but don't exaggerate those deeds out of all proportion to their real importance.

Why object to exaggeration, particularly in college life, one might say. This closing of eyes to defects stimulates interest and maintains college pride and spirit. High coloring, if skillfully applied, is attractive. To which we reply that exaggeration is after all a sacrifice of truth, and merely a course of deception in an attempt to prove to ourselves that we are something which in reality we are not. We believe that a false statement of values harms an institution. The way to excellence in achievement lies in a clear-eyed appraisal of our present status. Falsity and exaggeration should have no place where students are honest with themselves and with their University.

THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

The term, "a college professor," was always rather a fearsome one in the days before we had experienced University life. It called to mind a be-spectacled bookworm, terrible in his disgust or the stupid one, hard-hearted, eagerly seeking an opportunity to bring to an untimely end the college careers of the students who sat under his guidance. Invariably was he an absent-minded person, very fond of such tricks as throwing his wife out-of-doors and retiring with the cat. With abstracted air, he surveyed from lofty height the childish pursuits of all students who were not insatiable seekers after pure book knowledge even as he. The shattering of our pet ideas concerning the college professor was probably one of the greatest shocks we received after our entry into college life. We have found that as a class they are really not hard-hearted, and also there are very few that are absent-minded to such an extent as we had believed them to be. In fact, in this respect they resemble most people who can't remember where they have left this or that. They are deeply interested in things intellectual, but also stoop on many occasions to more frivolous employments than the perusal of ponderous tomes on abstruse subjects. In many cases we find that we can honor our professors for past achievement in sport and student life in general as well as for their achievements in the realm of the purely scholastic.

In short, college professors are in the main true gentlemen with a decided penchant for assisting those who appeal to them in many and devious ways. And we think it high time that someone paid tribute to the college professor as such, and to the fine individual specimens of the race here at Dalhousie. A long-suffering individual, he is subjected to the unrestrained criticism of classes of some-

Something to Argue About

(A column inviting comment and controversy).

Once in a while some inquisitive soul raises a question as to the practical efficacy of the lecture system now so common at universities. This system though undoubtedly possessing its limitations, is perhaps less to be censured than those who administer it. For the professor, the lecture is an admirable medium through which to display his effusive eloquence, his edifying erudition and his enviable eclecticism. He also gets an intellectual workout, and earns his salary with a minimum of exertion. For the student, on the other hand, the lecture system is a farcial failure as far as encouraging any real independent thinking. He sits (or sleeps) through the classes, sometimes listening, sometimes not, and a few weeks before the end of the term he undergoes the process of sponging up as many facts as possible in as little time. During examination week he squeezes his brain dry, is then given a degree, and finally is shoved out upon the hard, cold world—an "educated" man. We suggest that this ridiculous situation could be improved, if more discussion and less lecturing took place in the classroom. The ancient Greeks appreciated the value of intelligent discussion, and if the professors instead of lecturing at us, would condescend to talk with us, a great deal would be accomplished in the interests of true education. What do you think?

Some rather pertinent inquiries have lately been made regarding the value of fraternities in university life. And the results of this investigation are certainly not very favourable towards the Greek letter societies. Although the ideals of fraternities are most worthy and commendable, yet it seems unfortunately true that they are rarely lived up to with any degree of sincerity. Too often, a fraternity develops into an establishment where hard drinking, gambling, and other somewhat questionable amusements are indulged in with impunity, and the academic standing of the average "frat man" is considerably lower than that of the student who knows not the secret grip, or who is unable to flaunt "a pin" upon his manly bosom. Fraternities encourage a spirit of snobbery on the campus, and during the "rushing" season a feeling of enmity is sometimes felt when a well liked freshman is grabbed up by a fraternity of doubtful merit. This splits the students of the college into many petty groups, each striving to down the other. Dalhousie has now about nine fraternities in her midst. Are they proving, or will they prove of value to her in times to come?

The antics of our collegiate brothers in the Annapolis Valley often provide us with a good deal of amusement. Especially in the realm of athletics, do we note their customs with a facetious, yet wistful troubled mien. We read with avidity, that a wildly enthusiastic "pep" meeting was held in preparation for a forthcoming game; that the husky football squad staged a most enlightening "skull practice"; or that Coach Goofus delivered himself of a most inspiring "fight talk" for the edification of the gridiron warriors. "Pep meetings," "skull practices," "fight talks,"—*O Tempora! O Mores!* All this is indeed a far call from the noble traditions of British sportsmanship, which do so much to make athletics really worth while. The above weird and wonderful concomitants of present day sport, arise from a state of mind which has as its object not the playing of the game in a hard, clean manner, but the winning of the game at all costs. The result is that we are all developing more or less, into poor winners and worse losers. We may well take a lesson from the Englishman in this regard; for although the English produce few champions, they produce what are far more important—*sportsmen!*

We have a sneaking suspicion that the benign Senatus Academicus regards the student body rather as a band of carefree, high school lads and lassies than a group of men and women who presumably know what they are doing. At least one might easily gather that, from some of the juvenile regulations to which we are asked to conform. For instance, take the ruling which renders a man ineligible to play football for the university in the Fall, if he has failed to pass a certain percentage of his examinations in the preceding Spring. Where is the rhyme or reason in this? We unblushingly confess we are unable to see either. By prohibiting a man to play football, you do not increase his desire to study. In all probability, he will watch most of the practices from the sidelines, and will attend every game. Or else, the time formerly devoted to the healthy outdoor sport, will be spent in some other manner—not on his work. But more important than this, is the fact that by thus regulating and restricting the student, you implicitly deny that he knows what is best for himself, for that he is able to decide matters of importance. When a student is admitted to a university he should be permitted within reason, to act as he pleases. If he cannot be thus trusted, he should not be allowed to enroll in a university at all. Let us have a little less juvenile treatment, and let us enjoy a little more the confidence of the authorities.

times over one hundred students. He is accused of sundry crimes and misdemeanours, of plucking this or that student "on general principles" and so on. But we pay tribute to him (even if we are accused of working for a pass in his classes) for his forbearance under great provocation offered by many a criticism, for his willingness to assist any worthy student activity, and for the high ideals of achievement he often unconsciously sets before us.

Exchange Column

GOOD CHEER?

For several years past McGill suffered, or if you will, benefitted from a dearth of cheer-leaders. This present session is no exception to the general rule and with the advent of the football season of 1930 there is just as little enthusiasm for the exalted position of cheer-leader as there was away back in 1929. However, we do manage to find individuals capable and, with a little persuasion, willing to undertake the difficult task of getting some meaningless noise out of an apathetic, with a combined display of St. Vitus dance and sharp attack of acute indigestion.

The scarcity of cheer-leaders raises in our minds the question of whether crowds now-a-days are not a little more individualistic than they were in the good old times when a leader could really get action and noise out of the "gang" in the bleachers. There was a time when each and every student in the crowd could be depended upon to shout himself hoarse at the command of the leader, but now there is a subtle something creeping into organized cheering which makes for reticence. Indeed, a few of our acquaintances admit that they feel more than a little foolish when they go to games, sit in the "rooters" section and work up false and superficial enthusiasm over incidents which they could do greater justice to with a good full-throated roar than with what they consider silly jingling words chanted in unison.

That organized cheering helps to win, or that the lack of it helps to lose games, is greatly to be questioned. Usually, a player on the field is so engrossed in the game as to be impervious to the noises around him whether laudatory or censorious. Somehow a feeling has grown up that organized cheering is just another item on the program provided for the paying spectators.

Then there is the somewhat deplorable psychological attitude of mind which organized cheering has a tendency to bring about in a crowd. Oftentimes closely unified shouting diverts the attention of the spectators from a good game to less laudable focus on seeing a winning game.

In spite of all this, however, there are undoubtedly many who would prefer to stick to the good old method of roaring as one voice believing that the team does benefit to some extent from their efforts.—*McGill Daily.*

FOR A MESS OF PUBLICITY

The composer of "The Blue and White" definitely stated to "The Varsity" yesterday that it was up to the students to decide whether or not their song was to be entrusted to the tender mercies of the crooning Rudy.

Quite obviously the students don't want their song so entrusted, and it now remains up to the S. A. C.—which meets at noon to-day—to go on record in the matter. Mr. Vellee has our song book, but we still have the copyright. If the S. A. C., acting on behalf of the student body, decides that it is opposed to the use of the University song in dance halls and radio broadcasts arranged to advertise the merits of somebody's gum drops or arch supporters, there can be no doubt that the Board of Governors—to whom the control of the copyright has been so generously tendered by the composer—will uphold the action.

If "The Blue and White" is to continue to mean anything at all in the life and tradition of the University, its use should be so restricted that in the future it will only be heard at University functions. That the students are wholeheartedly in favour of such restrictions has been made obvious enough during the past two days. The S. A. C. will be doing well to give a definite token of its respect for this sentiment and to align the University of Toronto with Harvard and the handful of American universities which have held their traditions higher than a handful of paltry publicity.

We cannot help feeling that the University's Publicity Director has done little to enhance the reputation of his office by terming "justifiable publicity" the handing over of an intimate article of the University's property to be bleated on the same waves with bucolic blurges about somebody-or-other's tooth paste. At exactly what date in its history did it become necessary for the University of Toronto to sell itself to the Great Unpolluted in the same breath with liver salts and canned prunes? And to make matters worse, the Publicity Director claims he didn't know who the redoubtable Rudy was.—*Toronto Varsity.*

Farewell Dinner

Thursday evening the Kappa Alpha Phi Fraternity held a farewell dinner at their house on South Park Street for their departing brother, Jack Mahar. Jack left the city last Saturday morning for Montreal where he will enter McGill University to take up Architecture. Jack's loss will be felt keenly by his Fraternity of which he was an enthusiastic and untiring worker. It will be felt also by a large body of other students at Dalhousie among whom he was popular. We unite with the Kappa Alpha Phi's in wishing Jack Mahar all luck at McGill.

Beyond the Grave

The soul never dies. It lives forever. The body—the mere garment of the soul dies. Death is associated with the passing out of the physical form. What happens to the metaphysical form—that something which is called the soul. Some speak of it as the *anima*. Modern thinkers speak of it as a vital force. Either it must be completely annihilated or it must continue throughout an infinite period.

This vital force is a present day mystery. It is beyond the mind which can only conjure up physical forms. It is beyond the sphere of physical conceptions. Its origin has never been discovered. Its fate has never been explained. It, therefore, must exist in the form of a never-ending cycle.

What happens to the soul after death? Does it be imprisoned and await a judgment day when it will be assigned to a Heaven or Hell? Or is it immediately transported to a delightful Paradise and repose within a harem composed of beautiful *houris*? Or is it transmitted to physical bodies yet unborn? The last alternative seems to me to be the more reasonable one. For how could the conservation of soul power be otherwise maintained?

Now if souls are transmitted to physical bodies yet unborn, then their punishment will be the same, unless they are transmitted according to a descending position in the evolutionary series. This then seems to be the logical way. There is no definite judgment which ends in Heaven or Hell. One's punishment will be determined by one's acts in a past life. In a future life one is given a chance to atone for one's sins. Atone for one's sins would eventually mean a gradual rise in the evolutionary series.

Further bad deeds would place the individual at the lower rung of the ladder. Heaven and Hell would then be earthly affairs. And this is as things should be, where the individual is given a chance to right his wrongs in the past.

Now we can very well understand, that the individual at the lower end of the evolutionary series is not annihilated. But what is the fate of the individual who happens to be lucky enough to reach the top-most rung of the ladder?

When the individual reaches this stage, he fully deserves to be transported to the homes of the Gods. For to reach this height one must be the essence of all that is good. And it is exceedingly difficult to find a *perfect* individual.

If such be the nature of things, then a future life may be something pleasant to anticipate. For individuals would rather be judged by their own actions. They would prefer to have a chance to make good than to be judged in a definite manner and assigned to such hazy regions as Heaven and Hell. G. S. "31".

Through the Looking Glass

They say Kelly Morton makes a great fraternity man as far as rushing is concerned. Only he sometimes, as now, forgets which sex he is meant to rush.

NOTICE.

I am willing and eager to tutor any and all backward students in Latin. I feel that \$2.00 an hour is a low figure considering my experience and knowledge. The former is proved by the fact that I wrote Elementary Latin eight times. The latter is the fact that I have at last passed.

The little q's in the write up of the Dal Mt. A. game were merely attempts on the part of the staff to carry out Amos and Andys famous check and double check.

Extra! Extra! A prize of one bottle of Mr. Sterling's famous rubbing mixture (guaranteed to make you lame for a year) will be given to the student who supplies the correct names for the blanks left in the article "Law Society Honours Angus L. MacDonald." This contest is carried on by the proof-reader.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Taxi to hire (to and from Med Dance) call or see Fresh Air Taxi Co.—E. C. Hicks proprietor.

I might remark for the benefit of patrons that due to the removal of the top because of heavy wind—said taxi is good for sight seeing but rotten for—

A matter which has been forcibly called to the attention of every student and which reflects little credit on the committee in charge of the grounds, is the disgraceful appearance of the main entrance to the Arts Building. It is not a matter which could not be easily rectified but merely is proof of neglect of those in charge. Surely if no other means can be found of improving the situation, a gun might be brought into play. One shot would be all that would be necessary. They say first impressions are lasting. If that is so I hope no stranger goes near the front door of the Arts Building which looks, due to its present immediate surroundings, more like the entrance to a barn than a college building. Get busy those who are responsible!

So the Sages Say

If we conquer our passions it is rather through their weakness than our strength. *La Rochefoucauld.*

A man who has never had a vital relationship to any other human being doesn't really have a soul.

D. H. Lawrence *We Need Each Other.* Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Bacon Essays.*

It is noble and honorable to die for one's country. *Horace.*

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Dal. Boxing Club Starts Another Season

The Dal Boxing Club started its program for 1930 with an enthusiastic meeting on Friday the 10th. Thirty followers of the fistic art listened to an outline of the Club's program presented by Big Jim McLeod, President. All prospective competitors were urged to start at once their training for the Interfaculty meet which will take place about Feb. 1st. From the College champs will be picked a team to represent Dalhousie at the Intercollegiate meet which will this year be conducted by Dalhousie about the 1st of March.

Wrestling will also be promoted by the Club and if sufficient material is developed matches will be held in conjunction with the Boxing Meet.

An Instruction Period in boxing and wrestling will be held every Friday night under the capable supervision of Mr. Stirling. This is a general conditioning routine that is available to anyone interested whether or not they intend to enter the competition.

Dalhousie is fortunate in having several promising boxers and wrestlers among the Freshmen, and with three of last year's victorious Intercollegiate team on hand another win on the Birks Trophy may be hoped for.

Big Jim McLeod, Maritime heavy champ who made a good showing at the Canadian Championships this year will be willing to assist any novice and will be ably supported by some of last year's competitors.

Anyone interested in the manly sport are urged to attend the weekly workout and start light training at once. The Club will have new gloves and light and heavy bags on hand for training. All it needs is enthusiastic support and Dalhousie will again capture the Intercollegiate title.

Arts Defeat Freshmen

Arts defeated Freshmen in the opening game of the Dal Interfaculty Rugby League on Saturday noon at the Studley Campus by a score of 22 to 3. The game was pretty much one sided as the score indicates. Freshmen were greatly handicapped as they were short a number of men. Nevertheless they worked hard to keep the more experienced Artsmen from scoring all the time.

The game started out very well matched and during the first half of the opening period, each team secured one try. Anderson got the try for Arts and O'Brien tallied for Freshmen. Anderson's try was converted by McDonald. Freshmen's score was not converted. After this the Freshman team broke up almost entirely. McDonald scored another try; then Anderson got one again. The second period was pretty much a repetition of the first. Arts scored three times. Anderson, Roy McDonald, and Henry Cunningham each got one try. Only one attempt at convert was successful.

Charlie Anderson, Roy McDonald, Wen McDonald and Magonet played well for Arts. O'Brien and Conn Sutherland were the pick of the losers. Don McRae, interfaculty manager, refereed.

Line-up—Arts—Fullback, G. Fraser; Three-quarters—W. McDonald, J. McDonald, C. Anderson, K. Sullivan; Halves—R. McDonald, S. Webber; Forwards—Cunningham, Doyle, McCullough, McLeod, Teasdale, Magonet, Ferguson. Freshmen—Fullback, Dunsworth; Crowds, Carr, Sutherland, Ferguson, Goldberg, Stewart, O'Brien.

Paul Silver, Arts '32, had a pleasant job last summer as travelling representative for the Lord Nelson Hotel. They say he talked very fluently and enthusiastically about the beauties of the "social centre" of Halifax.

Letter From A Freshette

Tuesday

Dear Moms:—Here beginneth your little dater's first epistle to you. Gee Moms it is hard to write here tonight, cause the excitement is so great. The phone is ringing all the time and all the girls are making a grand rush for it, to see if it is a "bid" for the Med Dance. I am still patiently waiting for the phone to ring for "yours truly."

Last night we had a very enjoyable evening at a dance given by some Council or other. It was a free dance, Mom, and just everyone was there. I wore my pretty red dress with the purple sash, and I looked awfully swell. One boy said I had eyes like purple pansies, but that they weren't shown to best advantage with the red dress. Was that a nasty crack? Well to get to the point. One girl here had wet hair at the dance. Guess what she did? She fell head first into the bath tub, just fifteen minutes before the dance. Well the hurry and flurry of it all. Some of us got towels and started rubbing, and the rest of us got newspapers and fanned, and so got her almost dry. Wasn't that a funny coincidence to happen? Doesn't that word express one's feelings exactly, Moms?

Some little Freshman took me to the party last night, and mind you took five dances out of twenty. Isn't that dreadful? But the girls say they all take that many here, and sometimes even six. Darling Isaac never used to do that. How different these city folks are from the country guys?

We had the nicest and thrillingest invitation the other night, but I was some scared, when they took us up to the top story of this here place, and turned out the lights. Then they dressed us up as animals, and made us pretend we were in a circus, and what do you suppose? These perfectly exasperating, atrocious, and utterly depraved sophomores made me up as, oh, it was so embarrassing, and such a reflection on my figure, Ma, a "pig." Imagine your Lizzie Ann crawling along the floor and grunting like a "pig". My embarrassment was almost more than I could bear. Then we ate "Ben's" cakes, a rare treat, and something utterly new at Delta Gamma meetings.

Well, Ma, I saw a terrible game on Saturday. Oh, gee, if my darling Isaac ever plays it, I'll not die a natural death. They were just oodles of men on the field, and oh some of them were divine, but all they seemed to do was kick a silly ball, run a distance with it and then just as they got near the line the umpire would blow a whistle, and then some boys would grab each other by the necks, bend down and begin kicking and running all over again. Here this rough, uncouth game is called football. And, Ma, once, mind you a man grabbed one of our Dalhousie men, and bent him way back just as if they were acting a scene in one of Greta Garbo-John Gilbert pictures. I was really quite thrilled, but I was surprised at the dramatic ending for after he had bent him back sufficiently, he threw him on the ground, and grabbed that old football and began running, and then the umpire blew a whistle. To tell the truth that is about all he did, just blew, and made things start all over again. Honestly speak' ma, I don't think I'll go to another one of those things.

The King's Freshmen look so cute. Gee, the other morning they gave us a lovely concert up at Dal, on their mouth organs, which included the "Stein Song," and an indelicate one, "Love me." It lasted for about 10 minutes, and broke up just before the bell rang for class. Why didn't they keep it up, so that they could show the professors the future "Carusoes" in our midst.

I see some boys looking through some queer contraptions here on the campus almost every day out by Shireff Hall, near the Murray Homestead, n'every place. Ma, what can they be looking at? There are no stars in the day time. It is certainly queer, and some of them look very intelligent, too. They are called engineers here at this place. It doesn't seem much of a job to me.

I was on a "bakin bat" last Friday. I had a goot time. Be sure to keep all those bats in the attic at home, and don't let them escape, 'cause you and I can bake some bats when I get home next Xmas. They're delicious, Ma!

I heard a Scotch joke the other day. Tell it to Pa! By the way there is a man here who is always cracking jokes which I can't understand. He laughs at them all the time he is telling them. He teaches Philosophy 1, but I won't tell you his name, because it wouldn't be fair. Well here is the joke. There was once upon a time a Scotchman so mean that he carried his rubbers in his pocket, and put them on only as he reached a puddle in order to save the rubber soles. Isn't that funny. Give that and a kiss to Pa from me.

I saw a terrible thing on the street the other day. Oh, quite shocking, but I feel I should tell you so you will see what Lizzie is up against. I was down opposite the Public Gardens yesterday, and I saw a boy stop, and begin taking things out of his pocket. Then he put a white collar around his leg, and pulled a strip of white cotton up his leg and safety-pined it on to his waist. (I can't think of any other word but waist). Then he put on a white cap with an "F" on it. Wouldn't you think, Ma, these boys would do their dressing at home and not on the public highways?

Must stop now, Ma dear, and take a bath. Two a week is my motto, No more, no less.

Lots of love, "LIZZIE ANN."

P. S. Give my love to darling Isaac.

Pine Hill Notes

Once more the doors of Pine Hill have swung open and today the corridors and rooms reverberate with the exchange of greetings and the relating of summer experiences. Many and varied are the tales related. Some have spent their time passively at home, making themselves general nuisances. Others engaged in research in their favorite fields. Of all, our theological brethren are perhaps the most widely travelled. But let us have some details—

Many prospective expounders of the gospel have caused their mighty words to be wafted on western winds. Included among those are Warren Langille, Bob Braine, Lloyd Marshall. Others have given New Brunswick the benefit of their knowledge—Charlie Anderson, Jim Millar and Harold Marsten.

And yet others have given the breaks to Nova Scotia. Elias Andrews did his darndest to convert New Germany. Clarence Nicholson, realizing the need for spiritual guidance in his native country, occupied a mission field in Cape Breton.

All of these, with others, tell of experiences which one would never suspect existed on a mission field.

Among our doctors; Dick Crummy was interne at the General Hospital at Charlottetown. Watson Sodero was "cutting up" among the miners at Glace Bay General, and Micky MacDonald spent the summer recuperating from a very strenuous session of 1929-30.

During the past two weeks a most delightful programme has been carried on at Pine Hill for the benefit of newcomers. The date of the official reception has not been decided as yet definitely.

The boys note with great satisfaction the coming of no less than three violinists among the ranks of new students. We'll hear more later from Sweeney, Al and Gordon.

So marked was the improvement in Dick Squires after a single year at Dalhousie, that Sir Richard decided to send along another. Hence the appearance at Dal of Robert Squires, student in fisheries.

We hear that the town of Stellarton is seriously considering a move to grant Pine Hill a representative on the town council. When Tom MacDonald arrives back with two brothers, to be greeted by Hank MacIntosh, and Mike MacKay, and followed by the two Fraser brothers, we feel that the most and certainly the best of the town's population is within our walls.

The Kappa Sigs

Us Kappa girls have gone and done it again. We're positively thrilled to a peanut! A room, actually, a room all to our own. Gee! Wouldn't you have thought that the "Kamp" was pretty hot stuff, but we have lots of snappy little thoughtlets. What! you haven't heard about our camp! Dear, oh dear, after all, what I mean is, how couldn't you!

Well, we went camping—in a bungalow, you know, but in case you don't know, it was all due to the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Payzant, who placed at our use, their lovely summer place at Waverley. Hither we went one fine rainy day packed in Mary's car, somehow among the blankets, cushions, food, the portable, the odd hat-box, and even a crate of oranges. We stayed for nearly two weeks, and how we could entertain you with stories of our deeds (and misdeeds)—but we won't. We really must mention our party, oh yes indeed, we had a party, as all who were lucky enough to get a bid, can say. Big time was—etc.

We had lots of visitors too, who were welcomed with almost as much excitement as when our telephone rang. When it was a car in the driveway there was a scream of "Girls!" and then a wild stampede carwards. But a phone call was an S. O. S. for Anne—you all know our Anne Milne. (She's a genius without telephone).

The time, not to mention our provisions, went so quickly, and then we had to do the hardest thing—go home.

However we did not pass right out of the picture for a dance was held at the home of Mrs. (Col.) Simms, which was happily followed by another at the home of Mrs. F. Smith. Two more best yet!

And now we are going to start the new college year with plans for many great doings. At the summons of our President, Mary Barbara Currie, the Kappa Sigs assembled at the chapter room and by the sonorous tones of the cow-bell, sounded by Evelyn Oakes Holloway, Guard, the first meeting of the year was called to order. Many important matters were dealt with and duly recorded by our Scribe, Jane Smith Laura Marshall is our Vice (but really not half bad), and Marion G. Morton counts our pennies. The Alumnae Adviser is Jean Morrison.

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The Poets' Corner

An Answer to the Editor's Prayer for Poetry

Full fain would I a poet be,
Of old the poet sang in glee,—
But now:
"Cirrhosis!"

I wandered to the beach one day
To watch the wavelets leap and play;
Entranced I stared, and heard—one say
"Poor lad:
Psychosis!"

I sing about the moon and trees,
Of shafts of light on lambent seas;
"His bonnet's surely full of bees,"
Freud cries:
"Neurosis!"

I fall in love with maiden fair,
Write sonnets to her silken hair,
My face grows pale and gaunt and
spare:
Friends from:
"Hypnosis!"

A hundred years or more ago
I might have reached Olympic snow:
To-day I'm forced to undergo
Meta—
morphosis.

Slightly.

Lost

From early dawn till twilight fell,
I wandered far, o'er dale and steep,
When in a nook, a fairy dell,
I faltered down to rest, to sleep.

That air, so warm and limbly quiet,
And paining eyes and depths, it seemed,
Would drive me crazy; when, from a
branch,
A host of forming figures streamed.

A sprightly tread, a flashing eye,
A lovely princess all in white,
With straining-eyes, I saw her face;
A pearl, all amber set in purely light.

The next, was a maiden I'm sure,
Her form, her face so ghastly pale,
Trembling, I saw in waxengrey.
Those sparkling jets that told her tale.

A surging feeling o'er swept me
To which, I had to surrender.
Me thought, I saw a rainbow formed,
The while the deadly form grew limber.

Her face warmer; her eyes part lids.
In faith, her cheek against mine pressed
I was dying that murmuring sound,
At early dawn I woke refreshed.

Kurious Karl.

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ON THE GRIDIRON

The fans certainly gave support to their Tigers Saturday. But then who won't cheer a winning team? Keep up the good work and help the boys who battled through a blinding rain storm. It is hard enough to play in fine weather, but they came through nobly.

Some fan termed it the 'Expulsion of the Acadians!' Well named.

We want Twenty, We want Twenty-Three. Where were those words heard? Too bad it got dark and time was so short. It is hard to say where the greed of the fans would have ended.

Dal must win the next game (Wanderers) in order to stay in the running. The team is willing to do their bit. DO YOURS.

The Cubs have an enviable record. They have not lost a single game in three seasons to date. This team is constantly losing men to fill the gaps in the Senior team due to casualties.



McDonald

Red Archie McDonald was unfortunate last Wednesday in injuring his knee which put him out of the game on Saturday. It may cause him to drop out of the game for the balance of the season, but we are hoping that he will recover in time for the play-offs. Of course we will be in them.

Don Thompson, playing his first Senior game of the season handled everything well that came his way. Stick to it, Ghosty.

Adopting the principle used in American Football, the City League will in future games have timers, independent of the referee.

Dal. Trims Acadia

Continued from page 1.

doubling around, got away for a nice run, which looked good for a score but he was brought down by Maxwell. Cain now brought forth his bag of tricks and hurled a long pass to Howie who got away fast but was tackled hard by Buckley, who turned in a nice game against his former team-mates. Towards the end of the period Acadia was given a penalty kick which Cain kicked for a long gain. Drover attempting to catch it, ran into Connor without any damage resulting. Dal was also awarded a penalty and Davidson duplicated his first kick to send the ball over the bar for the final score of this stanza, which ended 11-0.

The second period opened with Acadia kicking off. The rain had fallen so hard during the dying minutes of the first period and in the interval between halves that the field resembled a bog. Each team was content to advance the ball by kicking or dribbling, very little work in this line being done by the half lines. To make matters worse, thunder and lightning made their appearance. The Dalhousie stands were soon emptied but the Acadians were drenched, standing in the bleachers and entreating their boys to score.

McRae continued his work and five minutes after the period started he went over for his second try. Davidson failed to convert this one. Don seemed to like the taste of blood and could not be denied so over he went again. Dribbling was the order of the day and the Tiger backfield tried some of it, bringing the ball up to the ten yard line, Art and Harvey Sutherland being mainly responsible for the gain. Woolner now took a hand in the matter and went over from a mix-up. The score now read 20-0. Still the fans clamored for more, and it was steadily getting dark but Tiny did as the loyal supporters asked and went over again with two Tigers on his tail and half the Acadia team hanging on to him. Davidson converted from in front of the bars for the final score of the game which made it 25-0. The game was surprisingly fast and clean. The tackling was hard and of the low variety. Dr. Murray Logan handled the game well, very few free kicks being awarded, and these for unintentional breaks.

The line-up—Dalhousie—Forwards, Cooper, Stewart, Baird, Woolner, Murray, McRae, Townsend; Halves, Maxwell, A. Sutherland, Davidson; Three Quarters, Drover, H. Sutherland, Buckley, D. Thompson; Fullback, H. Connor.

Engineers and Meds in Draw

In one of the finest interfaculty rugby games played on the Dal campus for a long time, Medicine and Engineers fought for fifty minutes of hard playing to a scoreless draw on the Studley campus Tuesday. Yale Brody's long run for a try was the nearest thing to a score, but this was not allowed when the touch judge ruled that the man passing to Brody had run outside the line before making the pass.

The territory division throughout the game was slightly in favour of Medicine, although Engineers often had the ball in dangerous ground for relatively long periods. Much of the excitement was due to the fast work of the back field and the timely punts on both sides, which accounted for long gains.

In the first half Engineers started out with fourteen men. They rushed the ball to the Meds end of the field and held it there for about five minutes, when after numerous scrums, Meds managed to get past their twenty-five yard line. They started a slow steady gain down the field and Engineers were hard pressed to hold them back. Meds were awarded a free kick but failed to score. For the remainder of the first period they were dangerous, with a score seeming inevitable. Brody's long run was made shortly before the end of the opening half.

Was Abut Even.

Play in the second period was about even. First one team had the advantage, then the other. When the final whistle blew Meds were on the Engineers' ten yard line.

It is understood that Medicine are protesting the game, on the grounds that Engineers used men that have played on the first team.

Ab Smith refereed to the satisfaction of both teams.

Line ups:—Medicine—Fullback—Gibbons; Three quarters—Fairstein, Gaum, Murray, Outhouse; Halves—Brody, Stewart, Eagels; Forwards—McCurdy, Woods, Wright, Docharty, Dunswoth, Andrews, Piercy.

Engineers—Fullback—Christie; Three quarters—Finche, Archibald, Harris, Menzies; Halves—Scott, Nickerson, Ferguson; Forwards—Matheson, Taylor, Sheppard, MacDonald Mackie, McLeod.

Dal. Loses Debate

Continued from page 1.

Mr. Lloyd, said Mr. Howse, had built up his dictatorship around one great man. If in a Democracy, many men misused their power, such misuse might be more surely anticipated in a Dictator. One fundamental argument for Dictatorship is efficiency. This efficiency has been exaggerated. Our own railway systems, hotels, and finances are in no point inferior to those of Italy. But, granted an immediate increase in efficiency under a Dictator; still, the cost is too dear. If an ideally perfect Dictator did exist, the price for efficiency would be the will power of the people. They would remain mentally impassive. According to James Stuart Mill, the chief benefit of a Democracy is that while people are amending their affairs they are also amending themselves. This benefit would not accrue to the subjects of a Dictator, they would lose the power to think.

Democracy has triumphed in spite of its defects, and, if these defects that exist in Democracy are lost sight of in a Dictatorship, it is for the same reason that a child forgets his toothache when a red hot iron is applied to his stomach. "He who rides a tiger cannot dismount." The Dictator is carried from violence to violence by the momentum of his own power. Bloodshed and oppression are the tenets of his philosophy. Freedom and individuality, and everything we have set our hearts upon, are, under a Dictatorship, lost. The inherent evils of this type of government are too sinister for a thinking people to consider it. The sanctions of a Democracy are the will of the people; the sanctions of a Dictatorship are the mailed fist. These evils are not peculiar to any one Dictatorship; they are not incidental evils; they are inherent in the principle itself.

Mr. John Mitchell continued the debate for the Affirmative.

In the world of today there are already many dictators. Several South American so called republics are really ruled by commercial dictators in the United States. Dictatorship is a modern tendency. Even Dalhousie has its Murray MacNeil. If we insist upon ignoring these new rulers, we are behaving like a man, who maintains that he is immune to bullets until a cannon-ball carries away his head.

Mr. Howse has argued from the particular to the general, and asks you to infer that all Dictators are evil. Such is not the case; for dictatorship offers those qualities of deviseness and of swift action that are lacking in our present forms of government. It is hard to maintain that Democracy is a rule of the people, when the man in the street does not even pretend to exert any influence in the governing of his country. Democracy is dead.

In examining the possibilities of Dictatorship, it is unfair, as the supporters of the negative have done, to presuppose that the Dictator will be a villain. What we would like you to consider is a good dictator. The ideas of cooperation and sympathy existing between the ruler and his subjects are essential to an open-minded discussion of the principle. It is necessary to lay aside blind adherence to democratic institutions and to regard Dictatorship without prejudice. A Dictator is not one, who having got control of a nation rules its people with a mail fist, but rather is he a person who, gathering to himself the spirit of his time, is the embodiment of that spirit. The light of Democracy has gone out, and, had we no other light to look to, it would be best, as Plato said, never to have been born, and next best to return quickly whence we came. Fortunately we may look to Dictatorship.

Mr. William Jost, for the negative pointed out the danger of carrying the discussion into the realm of philosophy, and the necessity for adhering to the terms of the resolution. Governments, said Mr. Jost are divisible into two classes; the one exemplified by Dictatorship and possessing no guarantee against abuse of power, the other exemplified by Democracy, and offering in political parties a check against that abuse. Dictatorship relies upon violence and because of that it cannot endure. Even if a good Dictator could be found, the burden of government is too heavy for the shoulders of one man. The genius that would be necessary in such a man would likely be accompanied by temperamental idiosyncrasies that would render him unfit for his responsibility. And if the Dictator were vicious and dishonest, the measures that would dispose a Prime minister would be inadequate. In either case, when a dictator died, it is improbable that a competent successor could be chosen, and the result would be chaos.

Democracy is a flexible institution that has weathered many storms. It is not a type of government that we have arbitrarily adopted, but one that has been developed during hundreds of years. Our fathers fought and died for it; we must not lightly cast it off for a type of government in which we have had no experience.

Mr. Howse, in rebuttal, pointed out that the affirmative were comparing a fact with a theory. He pointed out the danger of accepting remedies worse than the ills they were meant to cure, and submitted that when the circumstances of a good Democracy were absent it would be impossible to found a good Dictatorship if such circumstances were present, a Dictatorship would be unnecessary.

Mr. Lloyd, in closing the debate suggested that Democracies, too, had been guilty of bloodshed and violence. The Great War was brought on by the jealousies of democratic nations. The world, said Mr. Lloyd, has reached a crisis; Democracy has failed. Some other institution must be tried at once. When the last man stands upon the last battlefield, and looks upon the tragedy of humanity, it will be too late to realize the need of individual leadership.

Thanks to the efficient work of Don McRae the Interfaculty Football League is being run off very satisfactorily, and without interfering with the regular practices of the Senior and Intermediate squads.

Maccabean Club

The first meeting of the Maccabean Club was held on Thursday evening with I. Lubetski presiding. Among the business brought up was that of appointing a committee to select a number of books which the club proposes to donate to the University Library. Those chosen on the committee are; Miss Annie Linder and Messrs. Gafen and Rosenblum. The election of a secretary resulted in Mr. Phillip Magonet being chosen for the office. Plans were made to have a committee make arrangements for the annual dance.

Freshie-Soph Dance

The Freshie-Soph dance was held on Monday, October 13th in the Dalhousie gymnasium. About three hundred people attended. The music was supplied by Joe Mills' orchestra. The place was prettily decorated with red and white streamers draped from the centre of the building and extending to the sides of the building. The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. W. B. Maxwell, Prof. and Mrs. James MacDonald, Prof. and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. McNeil and Miss MacKeen.

Law Dance

The most brilliant function of the college season was held on Wednesday evening last, when the annual law dance took place at the Nova Scotian Hotel. Again people must admit, that the lawyers are certainly a great crowd, and do their dances up in the best way possible. About 300 people were present, and the dancing kept up till almost 3 p. m. The music was extraordinarily good, and the orchestra played about forty pieces in all. During supper the guests at the dance were entertained by a delightful organ recital. The chaperones for the evening were, Dean and Mrs. Smith, Prof. & Mrs. H. E. Read, Prof. and Mrs. J. C. MacDonald, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. MacDonald, and Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Burchell.

Kappa Beta Phi Sorority Entertain

The Kappa Beta Phi Sorority opened their social events of the college term with a tea-dance on Saturday last at the home of Miss Jean Morton. The affair was a huge success, and was enjoyed by all the guests due to the efficient social committee, consisting of Lillian Sadler, Jean Morton and Helen Olmstead. About 50 people were present. The music was provided by D. Sadler and Don O'Hearn. Mrs. Hugh Bell, honorary president of the Sorority was chaperone.

Dal Supreme Moot Court

That no criminals were on trial at the second meeting of the Moot Court is a source of gratification to all thinking men. Perhaps potential criminals were discouraged by the ruthless manner in which Mr. Justice Greene pounced upon the offenders at the previous meeting.

At any rate the only case on the docket was a civil damage action. It seems that Scholar, a student, was hurt on his way home from school by the fall of a rotten tree from the property of Jones. Crouse and Underhay argued the case pro and con, for two hours. As Chief Justice Graham remarked on congratulating counsel, "No Moot Court case has ever been as exhaustive prepared." The junior counsels, Kanigsberg and MacDougall, appreciated this most fully, as they had, upon conclusion of the case to carry the law books up stairs.

Enthusiasm at Pep Rally

Everybody seemed fairly well agreed that the "Pep" rally held last Thursday evening was an unqualified success. The meeting was divided into three parts, a few vocal and instrumental numbers presented by the Glee Club the introducing of the members of the football team, and the practicing of Dal songs and yells under the capable leadership of Messrs. Kelly Morton, Gordon Graham and Jim MacLeod. Prof. "Big Jim" MacDonald delivered a fiery talk to the six hundred students present, as did Prof. C. L. Bennett who has returned to us after a two years absence. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch throughout the whole meeting, and prospects for the forthcoming game with Acadia looked excellent. After the rally, a short period was devoted to dancing.

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