



# Dalhousie Gazette

THE OLDEST COLLEGE

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## DOUBLE WIN FOR DAL, KINGS DEBATERS

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Quartermaster Sgt. (to new recruit): "Well, the coat fits anyway. Try the pants on. Why they fit,—what the dickens, you must be deformed."

These Meds Have a Hard Time "There goes," sighed the doctor, "the only woman that I ever loved." "Why didn't you marry her?" "Couldn't afford to. She's my best patient."

Theme of the Butter Buyer "Don't get a pound much any more."

Teacher: "Tom, spell straight?" Tom (prospective engineer)—"S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t."

Teacher: "Correct, now what does it mean?" Tom: "Without soda."

U.B.C. Students Stage Riots Among 'Selves

Vancouver, B. C. (C.U.P.)—Student riots between the three faculties at the University of British Columbia broke out last week, touched off by Arts '46 elections. Fighting began between Arts and Science in the Arts common room and spread throughout the campus in a day. The disturbance was so widespread that lectures were closed and the two and two complaints were sent in from the faculty. Evidence points to an organized group of students on the campus who are attempting to stir up trouble. Fights have been carried out according to orders from some "authority."

Poorer Quality of Rubber Used, Is Fault

She: I simply adore that funny step of yours. Where did you pick it up?

He: Funny step, nothing; I'm losing my garter.

Exams. Exams. are just like women; This statement is quite right—They ask you foolish questions And keep you up all night.

N. B. to above. Voice over the phone: "Pop, guess who just got kicked out of college?"

She was a good little girl, as far as good little girls go; and as far as good little girls go, she went—

Merry Christmas and best of luck in the coming New Year!

### ALUMNI ASSOC. TO HOLD SMOKER JAN 21

The Alumni Association of Dalhousie University, wishing to get in closer touch with the present student body, is completing arrangements for a smoker to be held in the Gym January 21. The smoker will be open to all first year male students in every faculty, and to all graduating males this year. Individual invitations will be sent out after next term opens.

### First Monthly Meeting of Classics Club

Modern Greece was the subject and Dr. Roebuck, the speaker at the first monthly meeting of the Classics Club held Friday evening, Nov. 25th, at the home of Dr. A. K. Griffin, Studley Avenue.

The speaker spent some time in Greece before the war, engaged in archeological work, and presented an interesting description of village life and customs, based on first-hand observations.

A considerable gathering was on hand to hear Dr. Roebuck and contributed to a general question and discussion period on various topics which lasted well into the night.

The decision to choose club officers for the year resulted in the election of J. C. McLaren as President and Constance Brown as Secretary. Major Logan proposed, with the unanimous consent of the members, that Dr. Griffin be considered Honorary President of the Classics Club in as much as the society was first started and has been largely maintained through his interest and co-operation.

A light supper, perhaps the most enthusiastically received event of the evening brought the highly successful meeting to a close.

The Classics Club plans to meet monthly after the Christmas recess and urges all students taking senior classes in Classics at the University to attend.

### Reduced O. T. C. Hours for 2nd, 3rd Year Meds

According to information received from the Dal-Kings O.T.C. Orderly Room, medical students at the University, have had their O.T.C. hours reduced from six to three hours per week. This action followed the complaints of the first and second year Meds. a few weeks ago against their long hours of training.

Thus all medical students of military fitness in their first and second years of medicine will have the reduced training periods, regardless of the amount they have taken before.

Students in third, fourth and fifth year Medicine will not be affected, because under accelerated wartime courses in Medicine, they have entered the R.C.A.M.C. as privates.

Seven weeks of successful training have now been completed Major Faulkner stated and Saturday, Dec. 4th, will mark the last parade of the term. Some platoons of the contingent have completed their periods on the rifle range. After the new year, the T.O.E.T. tests will begin and also tests in elementary training will be given. T.O.E.T. tests will continue well into the second term, the Major said, and all men will have a chance to take a test over again in the event of failure.

### Consul Outlines U. S. S. R. System Of Education

"The high ideals of humanism are the ideals of Soviet education. We have no tolerance for mysticism; education must be scientific" said Vice-Consul Kutsenko of the U.S.S.R. in an address to the Haliburton Club of King's College last Saturday evening. The meeting, which was held at Pine Hill and presided over by the Club's president, Dr. Burns Martin, heard Mr. Kutsenko describe the great advances made by the Soviet Government in the field of public instruction. In 1914, the illiteracy rate in Russia ran as high as seventy percent. In 1943 it is now less than fifteen percent. After the Revolution, compulsory education was enforced not only for children, but for illiterate adults as well, and fines were imposed upon those who failed to attend "school."

Universities and schools in the Soviet Union have multiplied since October, 1917. If a boy or girl wishes to attend college, they may if they pass the entrance examinations. The Soviet student is free to choose any college or profession he wishes. Each of the Socialist Republics has its own school board. There is no Peoples' Commissar for Education in Moscow, although a general committee overseas and approves the courses laid down by the individual public instruction administrations.

The long strides the peoples of the Soviets have taken during the last twenty-five years in the realm of the mind have added immeasurably to the physical, technical and spiritual strength of the country in resisting the Nazi aggressor, concluded the Soviet Vice Consul at Halifax in his address to King's literary society.

### Arts and Science To Stage Post Xmas Hop

Here is the news that everybody has been waiting for—the Arts and Science Society is not dead... it's alive, and really coming out with some real action... yessir folks, we are going to have a big dance, a really big dance, the campus dance of the year. Listening in on conversations all over the campus in the past few years, the topic, immediately following an Arts and Science meeting, has been "What is the Arts and Science Society doing for us?" True, at times it was rather a hard thing to find out, without going to the executive and asking them. But, this year, the society is coming through with some real entertainment, both for its own members and for the rest of the campus as well.

Members of Dalhousie Alumni can vouch for the success of these affairs in past years, and it is up to us to make a success of the "Arts and Science Hop" of 1943-44.

The date has been set for the gala affair on Jan. 14th, with Jerry Naugler and his nine piece orchestra in attendance. The price of admission will be a measly buck-

### St. Thomas, St. Mary's Meet Defeat

#### Cercle Francais

The second meeting this year of Le Cercle Francais was held Friday afternoon, Nov. 25, at Shirreff Hall.

The reunion was marked by a large attendance of members who co-operated in presenting an entertaining program of comic readings and dialogues. A number of French songs and appropriate Christmas carols were sung as was well-intended but highly unsuccessful group rendition of LaMarsellaise.

Plans were discussed on the possible presentation by the French Club, of a short playlet next term, and after light but welcome refreshments, the festivities were brought to a close.

Members are asked to bring their "cotisations" for the year to the next meeting or deposit them with the Secretary-Treasurer.

#### Journey For Education

The odyssey of Marco Polo must seem like the trite excursions to a next-door neighbour to borrow a cup of sugar compared to the experiences of two students recently enrolled at Mount Allison University. Mary Joliffe and Bruce Dickinson, these two students, set out from China in June and after travelling tortured and circuitous routes, recently arrived in Sackville.

From Chentu, came Miss Joliffe. Leaving in June, she has travelled by all things mechanized except submarines. Driving by transport truck to Chungking, an eight hour plane trip by American plane took them to Calcutta. Wartime conditions made the use of oxygen sparing: "We went as high as 20,000 feet; they only gave you some if you were blue around the gills."

R.A.F. boys entertained the party she was with while in Calcutta; then she got temporarily knocked out for a week with tangi or yearly fever in its visit to India.

Her next trip was by the Kentucky mules of the world's sealanes, the Liberty ship. After dangerous passage through U-boat infested seas (in some cases the U-boats were imaginary, but sent everybody hopping, anyway), the ship arrived at Panama, and then to Baltimore. From then on it was an anti-climax to what had been high adventure.

Bruce Dickinson left Chentu, and his story parallels Miss Joliffe's. He is a science student at the university, and four of his family have also been at Mount A. before him.

twenty-five, and that's not very much for a dance of this type. So, what do you say gang, are we all rolling out for the big time, on Jan. 14 ? ? ? ? We get back to work on the fifth and that gives us over a week to get our dates all lined up for Hop... no trouble there, eh gang?



### SODALES DOWNS FIRST FOES IN M. I. D. L. COMPETITION

Dalhousie was victorious in the first intercollegiate debate of the year last Saturday night when representatives of Sodales Debating Society met and defeated St. Thomas College. The debate was held at St. Thomas and the subject for discussion was "Resolved that it would be to the interest of Canada to become a part of the United States." The Sodales debaters were Don Harris and Neil McKelvey, while St. Thomas was represented by Roy Creamer of St. Stephen, N. B., and William J. Mahurter of Jersey City, New Jersey. St. Thomas upheld the affirmative of the resolution while Dalhousie argued on the side of the negative.

Don Harris spoke first for Dalhousie and presented the economic aspect of the question supporting his arguments with government statistics and other authoritative facts. He traced the probable results of the proposal for union upon Canadian industry and foreign trade, emphasizing his remarks by pointing out that union would mean the exploitation of our resources rather than their utilization for Canadian citizens.

Neil McKelvey discussed the political and social factors involved, arguing that great differences exist between the political and judicial systems of the two countries and that, by and large, Canada's system is superior. He further stressed the danger of and influx of American gangsterism if such a political union were achieved. McKelvey also laid emphasis upon the nationalist aspect, pointing out that Canada had now reached an equal political footing with all the other independent nations in the world and this would be a great deal to give up even if some economic advantages were possible thereby.

The speakers from St. Thomas laid their main stress upon the economic aspect, discussing free trade benefits and allied arguments. They also stated that national sovereignty and interests would have to be subordinated if world peace is to be assured and that union with the United States is a step in this direction.

The St. Thomas members, however, were quite unable to destroy the arguments of the Dalhousie team while, in his rebuttal, Don Harris capably threw very severe doubts upon the validity of his opponents arguments. The decision was awarded to Dalhousie by a vote of two to one by the judges.

The judges at this debate were E. R. T. Heustis, editor of the Chatham newspaper; K. Loggie, a former student of Dalhousie, and Fl. Lt. T.

### King's Defends Private Radio Ownership

Monday night, the University of King's College, flinging its hat into the rhetorical ring after an absence of several years, emerged victorious from a violent verbal struggle with St. Mary's College to chalk up its first triumph in this year's M.I. D.L. Trophy debates, thus bringing the second victory to the Dal-King's campus within three days. The subject, "Resolved: Radio Control, Operation, and Ownership in Canada Should be Private," was stolidly defended by Kingsmen Fred Taylor, '44, and Doug. Rodgers, '46, while with flashing rhetoric the resolution was attacked by John Lynch and Ed. Chisholm, of the Saints.

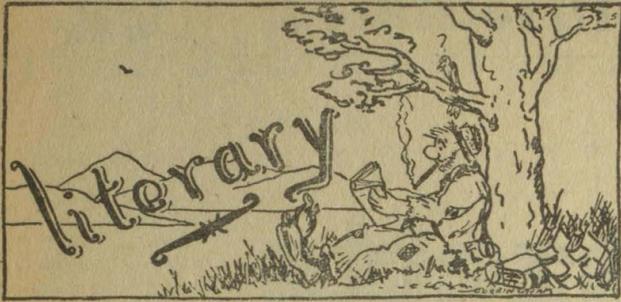
The debate, held at Pine Hill, was very well attended, signifying the new interest in the Quintillian Debating Society which has suddenly sprung up in U.K.C. Judges were Dean Willis, of Dal. Law School; Rev. Ian MacKinnon, Dean of Pine Hill Residence, and Mr. Justice M. E. Archibald. Professor R. Maxwell was chairman.

Duffey, instructor at the Chatham airport.

McKelvey and Harris returned to Dalhousie with glowing accounts of the royal reception they were given at St. Thomas College. Even though this is a small school in comparison to Dalhousie, their hospitality apparently experiences no bounds.

### IN SYMPATHY

To Dalhousie Med. student John MacKay, the Gazette extends its deepest sympathy on his recent sad bereavement. His father, George W. MacKay of New Glasgow, passed away Friday.



### A Breath of the Past

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit"—Milton

So said Mr. Milton. There are both good and bad books, and there are those that are in between. Facetiously we may say, that the matter of books may indicate conditions ranging from hypertension to anaemia. Books are usually indications, both of the pulse of their authors, and the pulse of the times in which they were written.

We are neither a bibliophile nor a bibliomaniac, yet have some of the qualities of each. We are ever on the lookout for books which may be added to a tiny but growing library. The story of the acquisition of these books has varied. Some have been purchased, some won, some begged, others scavenged.

Among those books which owe their acquisition to scavenging, are two volumes (Volumes II and III) of "The Lady's Poetical Magazine, or Beauties of British Poetry." Volume I is dated 1781, volume II, 1782. The place of origin of the magazine (really a series of books issued annually) was London and it was printed for Harrison & Co., No. 18 Paternoster Row.

Those persons who are familiar with books and book-making can "date" books fairly accurately by external features. The amateur looking at these two volumes, notes the leather binding, the plain covers, and the simple graceful design, stamped in gold on the backs. On the inside of the front cover of each volume there are affixed identical book-plates, indicating that these books were part of the library of some gentleman. The book-plate, spade-shaped in outline, is characteristic of the book-plates of the reign of George III, during which "The Lady's Poetical Magazine" was printed. Turning to the back of each volume we find a table of contents and a list of authors. We note here, for the first time, the long "s's" which we at first confuse with "f's," until we see that the bar on the "s" is on the left side of the letter only, while that of the "f" projects on both sides of the stem of the letter. If we had nothing else with which to "date" these two volumes, the list of contents would tell us the century with which they deal.

We note such titles as "The Passions," "The Ignorance of Man," "Ode To Melancholy," "The Man of Sorrow," "Ode To Liberty," "Invocation To A Nightingale," "Elegy On The Death of a Young Lady," "The Trials of Virtue," "Elegy," "Evening Address To A Nightingale," "Cruelty and Lust," "Invitation To The Feathered Race." Noting such titles, and relating them to our knowledge of English literature, we know almost instinctively, that these volumes contain a record of eighteenth century thought and living.

A small engraving at the front of Volume II gives us more than a hint of what we may expect to find between the covers of these books. In the engraving we see a pastoral scene framed by two snarled and stunted trees, which look like dwarf Japanese pines. In the left foreground are two young ladies dressed in the long voluminous gowns of the century, which add below what they lose at the top. Both wear shawls, hinting of a strong moral feeling. The young lady on the left is carrying a magazine, which recalls the "boudoir literature" of the period. Both girls exhibit the fantastic hair styles of the day—hair combed up from the forehead into a veritable tower, and then cascading down to the nape of the neck, and decorated with ribbons. In the background, asleep in the shade of another fantastic tree lies a shepherd, and such a shepherd! This particular shepherd wears a tricorne, short coat and knee-breeches, and below the breeches exhibits a gartered, well-hosed, shapely calf! Near their sleeping master feed a flock of very conventional sheep. From a most unconvincing mountain in the background is seen ascending, a winged horse! Engravings illustrating a number of the poems are placed throughout these books. They are of aid in helping one to catch something of the tone of the age, the neoclassicism, the artificiality, the incipient romanticism of the eighteenth century.

Opening Volume II we find that the first poem was written by the editor, who is nameless. It is entitled "Tbina and Lothario, or The Fatal Seduction—A Moral Tale." In this very moral tale, so characteristic of a part of the period, we find examples of poetical artifices—the heroic couplet, poetical diction, and outraged and exaggerated passion. The invocation smacks of sentimentality.

"Ye British Fair, whose gentle bosoms know  
To share luxurious in another's woe."

The editor apparently cannot permit himself to say "birds" but must draw on poetical diction and write ". . . . the warblers of the vocal grove." Thoughts of an immoral nature are expressed by leaving blanks in the lines, followed by such exclamations as "Horrid thought!"

The heroine of the poem, one Albina, has been wronged. Very obviously remorse-stricken, she throws herself into a river, and is rescued very conveniently by a nobleman, the father of the man who has wronged her. The editor describes very minutely Albina's actions as she returns to consciousness. He concludes his description:

"Now the keen anguish of Albina's pains,  
Wakes ev'ry nerve, and spreads thro' all her veins,  
She groans—she raves—she heaves her lab'ring breast—  
Gnashes her teeth—and madly grasps her vest—  
Then in a moment quite compos'd appears,  
And drowns each feature in a flood of tears."

The editor ends his moral tale by causing Albina and the man who wronged her to die and how they died! Before dying the villain "out Herod's Herod."

"He shriek'd—he rav'd—he smote the echoing floor—  
And from his hapless head the flowing ringlets tore!"

All of the poems are not quite as bad as this one. We find in these two volumes good poetry by Collins, Gray, Milton, Johnston, Shenstone, Goldsmith and others. Many of the authors whose works here appear, lived during the first half of the century, but some like Akenside, died as recently as ten years before the publication of the magazine.

We note other poetical conventions in the poetry in these two books. In an elegy by a Dr. Langthorne we find a good example of personification.

"Mirror of life! the glories thus depart  
Of all that Youth and Love and Fancy frame;  
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,  
Or Envy blasts the blooming flow'rs of Fame."

We note too the use of apostrophes—"shriek'd" is written "shriek'd," "flowers" become "flow'rs." The exigencies of rhyme cannot excuse this in most instances. As examples of conventional poetical diction we may note "vocal throng" for "birds"; the use of "rill" for "brook"; and "riv'let" for "a small stream."

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

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As this, the final issue of 1943, goes to press, the time seems ripe for a little mid-year stock-taking on Dalhousie activities and progress to date. With a grasp of the university's accomplishments during the first term, we will have a basis on which to establish more concrete plans, and hopes, for the second.

First place in any university naturally goes to intellectual accomplishments, to knowledge gained and used effectively, to the strides taken by students' minds after two months of study under some of the country's best professors. But the totalling of this sum hardly falls within the department of the Gazette; instead, a far more serious judgment will soon be meted out by far weightier judges as Examination Week dawns (and don't say we didn't warn you!)

What has Dalhousie done in other fields, those extra-classroom activities which may have greater influence in post-university life than anything culled from dusty tomes of outmoded opinions? For in learning to live in mutual cooperation with the rest of humanity, both sides of college life, the classroom and the campus, are very necessary.

The keynote of the University year was set in the President's opening address, in which he stressed the value of Liberal Education as the background of all knowledge, cultural and technical. We believe the spirit of his words has been faithfully carried by students and professors through this term.

In the Students' Council, the year opened with the crash of Tom Patterson's resignation as President, but the untired solons showed themselves well-deserving of the confidence their fellow students had expressed by electing them. With competence worthy of far more experienced governors, the constitutional difficulties were quickly bridged, and Ken McKinnon raised to the Presidential chair. The succeeding record of the Council has followed the standard set in their fine start. Showing themselves awake and cognizant of student needs and opinions, the student directors have given future Councils a stirring example.

Perhaps the greatest forward step taken by the Council, was the establishment of the Blood Donors Society. Already nearly 200 students have given life to some soldier on the world's battlefronts; after Christmas, plans are already laid for an even greater effort. Students and Council deserve congratulations for this truly worthwhile effort.

Student societies have shown more life that seemed possible after the slump of the last several years. The Glee Club presented a very successful Frosh Show, and has been carrying on an extremely valuable series of lectures on drama. Sodales came through with a sweeping victory over St. Thomas to take the first step towards the M.I.D.L. trophy, after having taken part in its first broadcast, a radio forum held over CJFX in October. The Arts and Science Society is still mouldering along, but has come out with plans for an Arts and Science Dance early next term which may revive a spark of interest in the society; other faculty organizations, Medicine, Engineering, Law, and Commerce are still functioning the former duo with particular success.

In the sports field, Tiger fans were disappointed when their favorite sons could not carry off the intercollegiate pennant; nevertheless, the quality of the games, particularly the two battles with the Axemen when the latter's League record was nearly thrown to the unconsoling winds, left Dalhousie with a pride in their team that even league leadership could hardly have increased. Girls sports, ping-pong, badminton, and ground hockey, have been more than notable in their successes. Prospects for hockey and basketball are bright, once again proving it takes more than a war to keep Dal sports down.

Altogether, the first term should, we feel, be pronounced a marked success. But we believe all these things are surface indications of something deeper, something that has been almost absent from the campus for a long time, that dormant intangible it was commonly believed only a residence and the post-war college could revive—we believe this first term of the 1943-44 college year may well be remembered as the term when Dalhousie spirit first stirred in its grey fluff cocoon and made ready to burst forth in its full power and beauty. In the next term, all students must help to make it so.

We find examples of the "Graveyard School." Dr. Ogilvie in his "Ode To Melancholy" puts it nicely when he writes:

"Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,  
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,  
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,  
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?"

But all is not convention and gloom. There are poems of rich content. There are apt phrasings. How apt was a Mr. Shepherd in his "Ode To The Atheist" when he writes:

"Some vain hypothesis admit,  
The specious cobweb—work of wit."

We find a light touch too. The description of the birching of a young lad in Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" cannot but occasion a sly smile. For those who smile a slyer smile "Phillis or The Progress of Love" by Dean Swift will fill the bill. A poem entitled "Simkin" by a Dr. Kenrick shows that even fairies could be handled well, even in pseudo-classical age.

Many of us have the idea that the eighteenth century was a rather dull age, with its neo-classicism, its artificial coating and its immorality. Yet if we study it closely we realize that in spite of its artificial trappings, there is inherent in it a purity and a firmness which at first we did not suspect. This impresses itself upon us more firmly, when we realize that the twentieth century was really born in and out of the eighteenth century.



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# THE BLIND DATE

(Dedicated to all Suckers)

"Ah yes my friend, I have just the thing  
Wait a sec and I'll give her a ring . . .  
She's all you'd ever ask or hope for  
No doubt she's dated for she's very popular . . .  
But you stay here and I'll use the 'phone  
And find right now if she'll be at home.

My mouth was open for quick protest  
(But surely I'm no better than all "those rest")  
So humming a tune I considered it lightly  
And thought that the future looked more brightly.

Down he came with a smile on his pan  
"Ah, my boy you're a lucky man  
She's busy that night but you've cause to elate  
For she says that for you she'll extinguish the date."

I felt like a leaf caught up in a breeze  
At last a girl that me would please  
Ah life is so swell and pals are so great,  
(But that was before I saw my fate.)

I chartered a car and sent her a posie  
At six pee em I was one hour ready . . .  
I felt like a lark and could hardly wait  
To get a look at my lucky date . . .

I gave the address and away we flew  
To the swank department on the avenue  
Up the driveway and around the bend  
I was sorry I hadn't a card to send . . .  
I rang the bell and straightened my tie  
And there stood the maid with the twinkling eye  
(and what a leg)

Scarce I recovered from the sight of the gam  
When her mother approached to "look over THIS man".  
She wasn't particular for she seemed delighter . . .  
I felt that in time I'd be lorded or knighted,  
Our talk was cut short when I looked up there  
And saw her floating down the stair . . .  
First glance said "Must be a mirage"  
OH NO . . .  
'twas a barrage balloon with my corsage . . .  
But I wasn't one to be lost in a game  
So I decided then to make use of a plan . . .

We arrived at the ball in record time  
And I held her tightly from the stags in line  
While dancing by with a grinning gal  
Was the guy I'd formerly called my pal.

Out on the floor she came with a glide  
Walked over my foot and down the side,  
I struggled and sweated, raged to the core  
And tried to show her not my foot but the floor . . .  
I pushed and I strained and I yanked her in place  
I led her but firmly out on the terrace  
We spent the eve in a lover's tryst  
She sat yards away with a clenched fist . . .  
I wasn't regretful, just prayed that the boys  
Would notice we'd stayed quite long out of doors . . .  
The ball was soon ending, my face was so smug,  
In front of my pal I gave Beulah a hug  
His surprise was a thing o'er which I elate  
And I knew on the morrow the quiz would be great . . .

Next day he said nothing, just looked very vague  
As I asked for the number of "that lovely young maid",  
But the girl I referred to was nary a ham  
But the downstairs maid with the beautiful gam . . .

# WHY OBSERVE CHRISTMAS, 1943

For most of us the original flavour of Christmas festivity has disappeared. But for the majority of us, the true and integral meaning of Christmas has grown consistently stronger, until we have derived from it a more enriching satisfaction than we ever knew in childhood. We realize now more than ever before, just how much the world needs that unfulfilled message of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men"! For it is still a message whose inner warmth, simplicity, and strength reaches out to all humanity.

Throughout the utter chaos and bleakness of this sorrowing world, there is still a light left burning, and it is up to all peoples struggling toward it, to show that they recognize it, and place infinite trust in its far-reaching rays.

That is why our fighting men in every part of this war-torn world, whether in fox-hole, hospital or brightly-lighted mess-hall, will continue to observe, as well as they can, the traditions of the past, and why we at home will join with them in this anniversary of Christ's birth.

For that light which shines invisible is the flame of our inward spirit, without which there can be only a void of despair.

Whatever the future may hold, one thing is certain—we shall need the inner spirit of Christmas as a symbol of our dearest and truest values. We shall need also the firm belief that wherever, even in the darkest corner of the universe, there gleams the faintest flicker of hope; where there is the slightest shred of faith or trace of love, there also will abide the Spirit of Christmas forever and forever.

—K.E.B.

# THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

The scene was a very lonely wood, in the middle of which stood a very shabby old shack. Inside this shack the faint glow from a small, meagre fire fell on two people, one a man, the other a woman. It was Christmas Eve. Tomorrow would be the festive day and they did so want to make their little one's Christmas happy. But they were too poor to bring her even a decent meal. Both gazed with longing at the little girl of nine who was so pretty for her age. Finally they went to bed.

The next morning dawned bright and clear. The snow on the ground and on the trees was so white and clear that it seemed as if no one in the world could be unhappy. Inside the cabin, however, all was lonely and bare and there was little happiness.

The day passed on. About four in the afternoon there came a knock on the door and the little girl answered. When she opened the door, no one was to be seen. Slowly turning to go in she noticed a parcel lying beside the step. She could hardly believe her eyes. What would a parcel be doing at their door? Surely there was some mistake! She bent down and there written clearly on the parcel was her name. Very excitedly she carried it into the cabin. At first she was too excited to do anything. When she finally opened it, there lay a beautiful doll with fair flaxen curls and blue eyes. Breathlessly she lifted it up and held it at arm's length.

Oh! could it be true? Was it really hers?

The little girl played often with that doll, for it was the only real plaything she had ever known. She was always very careful not to leave it lying about. One day, however, about three years later the doll was carelessly dropped. The little girl, when she saw what had happened, knelt down and through saddened tears carefully picked up the pieces.

As she was gathering the last few pieces she found an old parched piece of paper. She ran to her mother and showed it to her, who unfolded the paper and read it aloud. It was a will, the will of the little girl's grandfather!

Many years ago the old man had sworn he would never speak to his daughter again for marrying against his wishes. For revenge he said he would hide his will and it should go to whoever should find it.

How did the will come to be in the doll? The grandfather always kept the doll in memory of his daughter. He put his will in it and when he died, the doll was given away.

When Christmas came around the owner of the doll wished the little girl to have it, never dreaming it contained a will. In this way the will finally fell to its rightful owners.

The little girl and her parents never again suffered an unhappy Christmas, and they never forget to make other happy too.

—N.G.N.

# ARTS AND SCIENCE

Hear ye, hear ye and be it known, other faculties may think Arts and Science are asleep, but little escapes our eyelids drooping from lack of sleep and study—no remarks, please! Our eyes popped open wide when Kay W. received a dead light bulb from a certain pre-law student. Don't be so suggestive Les, even though you may prefer the dark.

Two Barry's dine at the hall these days—wonder which of them spends most of his time at Fader's (some drugstore cowboy)? And which one loves Knight-life?

Meanwhile the voice of Arts and Science, the most intelligent and respected voice of the campus—are ye 'listenin'?—advises those library-lovers,—subtle, aren't we,—to go straight home after closing hours. The time is drawing nigh.

Just one more dig before we go: has Mackie another "crush"? Does his psychology class help him any in his love life? "Vivez" Arts and Science.

# OXFORD

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday  
"CONSTANT NYMPH"  
Charles Boyer - Joan Fontaine  
Thursday - Friday - Saturday  
"DuBARRY WAS A LADY"  
RED SKELTON

Sincerely,  
Aunt Susie

Customer: "Have you a book entitled 'Man, the Master of the Home.'"  
Salesgirl: "The Friction department is on the other side, sir."

# DEAR AUNT SUSIE . . .

Dear Aunt Susie:

I have just finished reading a book on "To whom to give at Christmas and What." I read the book, thinking it would solve my problem, but it didn't, so will you? I have a girl,—at least I think she's my girl, and my question is, should I give her a Christmas present, and if so what? Please remember that there also is no surplus of that "green stuff" around either. Perhaps I should tell you, that I have known her only since September, and as far as our relationship goes, we went to a couple of dances, a football game, and two shows. She has had me into the Hall several evenings, and on the whole I think she likes me. I saw her knitting a nice pair of socks, and when I asked her who they were for, she shyly laughed and said her father, but personally I don't think he'd ever wear those bright colors. I have asked the other guys around the residence what they were doing about their girls this year but they seem as confused as I am. Please let me know what you would advise. I'd hate to have her give me a Christmas present, and me not have any for her.

A Sophomore Shopper.

P.S.—I thought of flowers, but she doesn't live in the city, and they give her hay-fever besides.

Dear Sophomore Shopper:

My Personal Shoppers' Service has had to be cancelled this year due to—C'est la guerre—, but I am always ready to give advice to anybody, whether they ask for it or not.

Now in my day the only gifts proper for a young gentleman to give a young lady were either candy or flowers,—or both. You say that

your friend does not care for flowers, and I understand from the best circles that candy is going to be scarce this year. Even so, it probably wouldn't be good for her figure. You could give her silk stockings, which I am sure she would appreciate, but they are very scarce too, and you probably don't know the correct size. Perfume is always very acceptable, and comes in all sizes and smells, but it is generally very expensive, and you mentioned that money was also a problem. Initialed handkerchiefs, they come in white and colored linens, make a choice gift, especially if nicely boxed, but since the war, Ireland has been sending us no linen, so consequently there are no Irish linen handkerchiefs. A real good fountain pen would make a lovely gift, but they're scarce too, and if she has reached college she surely must have one, if only for appearance sake. Speaking of socks, I think you are doing wrong in supposing they might be for you. Girls have a habit of leading men to believe the things they want them to believe, and you should see the socks my father wears. My advice to you is to go down town and pick out a very nice Christmas Card, if the government regulations on paper haven't made them scarce too! After all, you've only known her since September,—wait until next Christmas!

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"DESPERADOES"  
"SO THIS IS WASHINGTON"

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"SHERIFF OF SAGE VALLEY"  
★  
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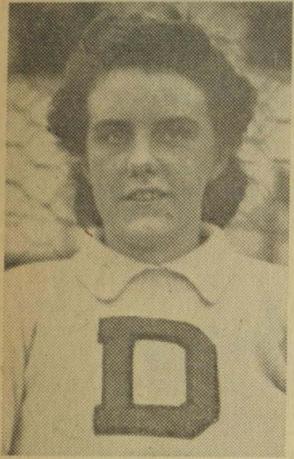
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# on the SIDELINES

by BILL POPE

The declaration—of that Indian born, English educated, journalistic master, and Nobel Prize winner, Rudyard Kipling—"the ship is more than the crew" has been a stirring thought to this writer. Too often today the crew forgets its obligations, and the ship sails into rocky seas perilously close to oblivion. Too often in times of distress the ship is abandoned and left to drift where it will, while the crew in their own selfish interests seek a brighter and gayer life in more congenial surroundings. But what ship are we talking about? And what crew?

## Presenting . . .



Every so often, Dalhousie is favoured by a student who comes from another country and brings to the campus a definite contribution. This week it is our pleasure to present Pat Hollis, who for the past few years has blended her English training and charms in our Canadian environment.

Pat's home is in Reigate, Surrey, and there she attended Roldean and Brighton schools. It was at Brighton that her athletic career started and she was active in tennis, gym., swimming, and dancing.

Lacrosse was enthusiastically played at Brighton and this young star was on the first school team. In the summer vacation the netted racket was changed for a cricket bat and in this typically English game Pat was team captain. At Brighton she won her "colors," similar to our "D," for gym., dancing and cricket.

Coming to Dal. in 1940 she took up her pre-medical studies and it was not long after her arrival that she was taking a part in badminton, ping-pong, and tennis.

In 1941 there was keen rivalry in the girls' ping-pong ladder tournament. In this competition Pat reigned supreme and consistently stayed at the top of the ladder. The next year she reached the finals in the Dal. badminton tournament as well as being runner-up in the city ping-pong championship.

1943 was Pat's most successful year in the world of sports. Having suffered two defeats in the final round the previous year she came back strong and with English tenacity and determination won the Dalhousie badminton tournament completely and decisively, for not only did she win the ladies' singles but also the ladies' doubles and mixed doubles. The same year she won from a large entry the Halifax City and district ping-pong championship. In this tournament she added the doubles as well as the singles to her list of victories.

For the past two years, Pat has been girls' manager for ping-pong and tennis and much of the interest in these games is due to her efforts. Her hardest and most exciting match was played last spring when she nosed out the up-and-coming ever dangerous Virginia Phillips, in a three set thriller for the Dal. badminton championship.

This fall Pat found time, amongst her many activities to play in the college tennis tournament in which event she was runner-up. Music and sailing are her hobbies and they provide relaxation from her heavy medical course. A distinction not always attributed to athletes is scholastic ability, but here Pat ranks with the best and last year was awarded the Kellogg scholarship.

Next year Pat plans to return to England and finish her course in either the University of Edinburgh or London. To a distinguished profession goes a distinguished student and we wish her the best of luck in her chosen career.

## When Winter Comes . . . BASKETBALL PRACTICES BEGIN, INTEREST IN SWIMMING TOURNAMENT

### THE TIME PROBLEM

Joe College has a "free" evening. He plans to use it for sundry purposes: to do class-work, to copy up back notes, read a book for the prof., write home, phone his girl, listen to speech on war events, clear up room, have a bull session with the gang, catch up on some sleep. Thinking over the situation Joe fooms around, phones his girl, and has the bull session with the gang till 2 a.m. Poor Joe, he's heading for a real tussle with Time.

#### Reflections

Looking at the problem honestly, we know that Joe used his time as he really wanted to most. That's something to swallow—we all do with our time what we want—assuming we have free choice, even when it isn't the most pleasurable use of time. Think it over honestly. It's true.

O.K.—So Joe has no sound reason for not having enough time. Still even if Joe spent his time in his "duty" work, he would have felt dissatisfied because he wanted to be having fun. But, on the other hand, if Joe does take his evening off for pleasure, he's uncomfortable because he has his work to do.

#### "There's Something Wrong Somewhere"

Joe knows he can work if he needs to, but there are other things he wants more with his time. And as long as the things he really wants to do aren't the ones which lead to a pass in the exams, or whatever else Joe thinks he wants, there there's a real Time problem.

#### "What Do You Want Joe?"

"Well, education, I guess but, not unless I can find time for reading something besides class work, and for fun, for talking with people, for exercise, and for loafing—after all, that's important too for building up a balanced personality." Sounds reasonable, doesn't it!

#### "Look Out, Joe!"

Unless you think this time problem doesn't really matter and that you can get along all right with it for the rest of your life, you'd better think over one or two things.

1. No man ever made what he wanted of himself, "balanced personality" if you like, by concentrating on himself. He looked for and found something to lose himself in, something he really felt enthusiastic about above everything else—like Chemistry, or Communism, or tennis, or Bach. The strange truth is that a "balanced personality" is acquired only indirectly and not by the adding machine method.

2. The only way of being sure of getting somewhere is to find a main route—that is decide what you really want most of all, and, believing in this aim, go after it instead of wandering off in all directions. When you have decided upon your direction and your aim, you'll have one big job for your time—to get you there.

#### "After all . . ."

Maybe Joe doesn't want to face the facts—maybe he hopes he'll get Time straightened out eventually without looking at it honestly and going to the trouble of finding a single purpose for its use.

All right, Joe, but remember if you have too little time, you've been wasting it on what you really want to do.

## Girls Sports Over Till New Year

Basketball game scheduled for Tuesday night between town girls and Hall girls was called off owing to the stormy weather. Female basketball enthusiasts will now hibernate until after the exams, since this was the last night to turn out before Christmas. Good luck, girls! Happy Christmas, and see you next year!

and think of the ship and our duties toward it more often, always seeing that it is kept running smoothly and efficiently, even at the expense of ourselves.

With the advent of those whistling winter winds and snowfalls comes the well known, though at Dalhousie seldom seen, sport of basketball. The first two turnouts were very promising, but then to everyone's shocked amazement it was announced that the team had been chosen, and only those who were on it need appear for further practices.

From a purely practical standpoint one would think it to be most difficult if not almost impossible to choose a team after only two practices, and also if Dal. expects to play both Senior and Intermediate, fourteen men are definitely not enough to allow for mishaps or even changes of players, during games. From the moral viewpoint this procedure is even more disgusting since the main object of all inter-collegiate sport is to allow as many students as possible to participate, and so gain both the admiration and appreciation of their fellows; to stop them would be unfair, to say the least.

We would hate to think that Dalhousie should again be in the same situation as many times last year when there were frantic efforts to even get a team on the floor. To be told to stay off the floor would have a devastating effect on one's college spirit which is bad enough at our Alma Mater, as it is.

Among the few who were allowed on the floor were several players worthy of note. Hart, Campbell and Green played senior last year, so about all they need is a little sprucing up on a few points. Barry will no doubt be on the senior team, being very tricky and fast. Sears and Pope, the latter on last year's Intermediates, are both good prospects when they get in condition. Besides Green, other guards showing ability are McKelvie, a very steady player, and Griffin, a poor shot but an excellent man for his position. Shaw and Clarke are from last year's Intermediates and both are fairly steady players. Several others from the local high school have spirit but need more experience, which will no doubt be gained this year. Dal's prospects in the league would be hard to say 'till we've seen the other teams, but with a few post-Christmas additions there might be a better chance.

There has been a mild flurry of interest around over the possibility of a swimming meet to be held at Acadia in the new year. Quite a number of names are down for a potential team, some being former stars in high school aquatics. However, we fear most of them are sadly out of condition or training, whereas our opponents would be just the opposite. At the present time, about all that can be said is: "Wait and see!"

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