

THE OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER IN AMERICA

# Dalhousie Gazette

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY COLLEGE PAPER IN THE MARITIMES

—Official Student Publication at Dalhousie University—

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## DAL TIGERS MAKE GOOD SHOWING ON CAPE BRETON TRIP

### TO DEBATE ON MARRIAGE

#### Able Speakers on Interesting Subject Wednesday

Is Marriage a Hindrance to a Career? This is the difficult problem that Jean MacKenzie, Ann Clark, Roy Laurence and Jack Atwood will attempt to settle once and for all on Wednesday evening Nov. 16 in the Murro Room.

This proposition involves many other serious and as yet unsettled problems. Is marriage necessary at all? What is a career anyway? What is the ultimate goal in life? Is it a Career? Is it marriage?—Can love—that great mysterious force, overcome the burning desire for a career? Love, ... Love, ... ah! don't forget to take love into consideration.

Of course George Bernard Shaw and Charles "L..." Bennet both believe that love and love making are the bunk. The other great men like Dr. Wilson and Prof. Walter Ross have not as yet been heard to voice an opinion!

The opinions of the four speakers will be awaited with great interest.

Jean MacKenzie, President of Delta Gamma, and Manager of the Ground Hockey Team has been active in all student circles. Her pleasing manner will attract many of the opposite sex to Sodales.

Ann Clark, is well known for a dry wit that goes well in debating circles. Her scholastic record makes us believe that she will delve deep into this profound problem.

Roy Laurence, is no new-comer to Sodales. First with his views and fearless he will bring many new theories and startling ones—to light, on next Wednesday night. He will no doubt voice many opinions rampant in the Commerce House, his domicile.

Jack Atwood, Latin interpreter for the Dalhousie Moot Court, possessor of a Literary D, and incumbent of innumerable offices during his sojourn at Dalhousie, is without doubt the Senior Student at this college. His views are always apt, in fact striking at times.

With a line-up like this Sodales will attract a huge audience on next Wednesday. This debate is a serious matter, involving the entire existing social structure. Why do not the professors show up? At the last debate there wasn't one professor present. Of course their absence can be understood and appreciated for their very livelihood was being threatened. It should have been announced that Sodales offers protection to all professors.

The opinions of such eminent men as the Logician Dr. Herbert L. Stewart; the Psychologist Prof. Symons and the Sociologist Dr. Prince will be very essential in the final settlement of this problem of "the Life-Force versus A Career."

### Last Year's Graduates In Southern States

W. Sydney Gilchrist, Edwin Cameron, E. L. "Quack" McQuade and Brian Archibald, members of last year's graduating class in Medicine, after taking post graduate work in epidemiology and tropical diseases are located on the Mississippi valley doing public health work under the direction of the Rockefeller Institute.

### GLEE CLUB CONTEST

#### Original Skits Are Asked For by Popular Society

To encourage originality and local writers for the Glee Club, we are offering prizes for the best plays or skits written by any member of the student body. Skits written by students have been played here before and have met with favor, e. g., "Registration Day" by Ronald Hayes and Kelly Morton. We are sure that more of this would be popular, so let's have your contributions.

The rules for this contest are very simple.

You may use any subject, period, or setting you like.

You may write on both sides of the paper or diagonally, for all we care.

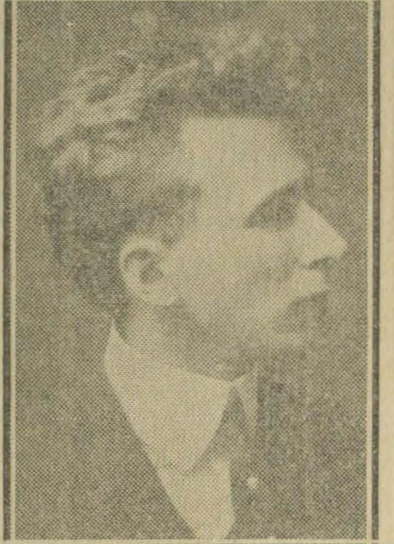
Your play or skit must not take longer in presentation than twenty-five minutes, but will have just as much chance of winning if it only takes five minutes, provided that the idea is good.

All contributions must be in by the end of November.

That is the complete list of rules. The best six contributions will be presented at Glee Club and the three winners picked from them. You may hand your contributions to any Glee Club officer. Let's see what you can do.

—W. Graham Allen., Pres.

### New Contributor



James Nelson Gowanloch, popular professor, who takes a keen interest in student activities and who has very kindly contributed an article to this week's Gazette.

### GLEE CLUB HOLDS FIRST SHOW

#### 'A Night At An Inn'—Best Number On Short Program

A record crowd turned out last Thursday night to witness the first showing of the Glee Club under Graham Allen and the 1927-1928 officers. The main event of the evening was the One Act Play entitled "A Night at an Inn" by Lord Dunsany. As Toffy, Forrest Musgrave gave an intensified interpretation of the crook, who "could force everything" caught in a situation where he could not force. The result—death in a manner, which judging by the groans Toffy and his confederates gave vent to on confronting the unknown, must have been soul-rending to the witnesses such as they were. As a first attempt for the current year the show was fair, the play was short, different from the usual Glee Club variety, and put over very well by those who took part in it. The whole show did not take up an hour and the dancing which followed was one of the most successful features of the evening's program.

Eddie Murray opened the show with a variety of "announcements" which were extremely funny; in most cases however the point of the jokes were points only to a few and the general audience laughed to keep them company. We wonder how many of those present, outside of those students who are still taking Maths., saw anything funny in the "writing on the wall" "announcement"? Honest it was really funny but Eddie didn't take into consideration the cosmopolitan character of his audience and as a result many of his brilliant witticisms were wasted "on the desert air".

After Eddie came the play, and judging by the silence that prevailed during the more exciting moments of the play, a goodly portion of the audience allowed the identity of the "unforseen" to get under their skin. At any rate the heart rending groans which, we are to presume, emitted from the respective throats of Kelly Morton, George Laurence, Charlie Allen, and Forrest Musgrave, threw a blanket of dread silence over the assemblage, and even the sharp ejaculation of a freshetee who exclaimed: "ISN'T HE TAL-L-L, as 'Toffy' arose to meet his fate, went unnoticed by the gaping crowd.

Associated with "Toffy" in his crime and unhappy end, were "Sniggers", Kelly Morton, "Bill", Charles Allen; and "Albert", Roy Laurence; the three bronze exhibits of lusty manhood, whose stealth, rippling muscles, and strict conformity to the 1920 style edict, nearly bowled over the co-eds, were Rand Mattheson, Ken Mattheson, and George Mahon. That hideous figure which snuffed its eye under the very nose of "Toffy", and, we are lead to suspect, had something to do with the plight of the dilapidated gentlemen and his friends after they had made their dramatic exit, was none other than "Fat" McKenzie, his title for the evening was Klesch.

Following the play John Brookfield sang his way into the hearts of his audience with a vigour which was surprising to say the least. John has a pleasing voice and his selections were well received.

The last stage event was an interpretation of the Tango by Miss Eileen Cameron, of athletic and poetic fame, and Miss Electa MacLennan, who acted as her partner.

Following which those who cared to, enjoyed an hour of informal dancing. The next Glee Club performance will probably take place Monday Nov. 21st.

### Edgehill Team Beats Dal

On a field which was mildly described as being "simply awful" Dal girls went down to a 2-0 defeat by Edgehill. At times there was a considerable amount of indecision as to whether the rules governing the games should be those of ground hockey or water polo. The play was rather slow as a consequence of the heavy field and for the first part of the game the work was almost entirely confined to the forward line. Dal forwards showed considerable improvement in form over that displayed in their game over H. S. C. and they were able to hold their opponents scoreless for the first half. The opening of the second, repeating same kind of play as the first, led the spectators to expect a drawn game. Isobel Wood did some good work which looked like a score for Dal but the Edgehill defence were too strong and the puck went back to the centre field. The play opened up and both goals were alternately in danger but Edgehill finally was able to score two points in fairly quick succession and though Dal tried to even the score they were still at the wrong end when the final whistle blew. Miss MacKean refereed.

After the game afternoon tea was served to the teams by Edgehill, to whom the team express their thanks for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

### SOCIOLOGY CLUB HEARS FALK

At the last meeting of the Sociology Club on Nov. 8th, an address was given by Prof. Howard F. Falk. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one as the members have been looking forward to Dr. Falk's address. He spoke on Sociology as a profession and of the challenge of social work to university students. It is, Dr. Falk asserted, one of the most difficult and yet one of the most satisfactory problems a student can attack. University graduates are needed in social work and at present there are not enough taking an active interest in this work to fill the need. Because of the interesting and definite manner in which Dr. Falk explained the relation of the college student to sociology greater enthusiasm than ever is being shown in the Sociology Club. A vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Zive and seconded by Miss Messenger. The officers of the Sociology Club are pleased with the interest shown by the student and are looking forward to the most successful year in the history of the Society.

It is to be hoped that the interest in the society will continue as the work done is of vital importance and its value in student education cannot be overestimated.

### Life In the Sea

By PROFESSOR JAMES NELSON GOWANLOCH  
Head of the Department of Zoology

Vast and changeable, the sea has brought to man an age-long procession of gifts. Dr. Archibald MacMechan's fine "Sagas of the Sea", Joseph Conrad's exquisitely evocative tales of eastern islands, well-broiled haddock, oysters on the half shell, and to show that the two last are by no means the two least let us proceed to immediately split an infinitive. Some of our Dalhousie men now here in our classrooms have fished on the Labrador coasts. They know all those sharp emotions that come to men out on broad waters, the press of blind fog, the shrill cry of wind, the comfortable sound of slating halyards heard below on a starry night. No one, however, I do believe, except those who have studied marine biology itself, can understand even dimly how marvellous is the life of the sea.

If we turn, for example, to life on land we see that of creatures apparent to our eyes there are goodly numbers, porcupines, Cape Bretoners, earthworms, zoologists, mice and cockroaches—all these and many more, walking, creeping or crawling upon the earth as God makes them to walk or creep or crawl. The atmosphere is relatively barren of life—birds, insects, aviators become swiftly scarcer as we rise above the ground into that ocean of chartless currents, the air, and for part at least of their lives all such aerial animals must descend to earth to secure food or to reproduce their kind.

But the sea, immense, deep, swift to destroy man and the works of man, is home, forrest and meadow for lives, plant and animal, that are born, mature, reproduce and die in these untilled wildernesses of restless water. We at the University, accustomed as we are to plucked beaver coats, Lord Nelson hotels and Rolls-Royce limousines, can comprehend but badly the utter shelterlessness of these creatures of the sea. When I fall into the North West Arm in November as long as I float (which I shouldn't) or swim (which I can't) the temperature of my body would remain roughly the same for although I should feel cold, nevertheless, by burning up more porridge, mince pie and mashed potatoes with pan gravy, I could maintain, as long as I survived, by an apparatus singularly delicate and complex, my roughly level temperature. Not so these sea-dwellers. They have no "heat-regulating apparatus" such as we possess. Apart from seals, walruses, whales and porpoises, all sea animals are "cold-blooded," which, being interpreted, means merely that they attain in their bodies the temperature of their surroundings. Freeze some of them and they are in a block of ice. Thaw them out, they become again evidently animate and resume their normal activities and philosophies. They have their limits, of course. Those accustomed to northern icy waters promptly die if transported to the Bahamas. It, in a way, is like suddenly asking a well-catechized continuing Presbyterian to worship in a Mahammedan mosque. There are limits to protoplasmic endurance. But apart from these extremes, sea animals do live and prosper and perish in their precarious world whose rush of tidal currents and seasonal sweep of heat and cold bring ever the imminent presence of that "fell sergeant, death" who waits at every hand for every citizen of land and sea alike.

Insurance underwriters would be appalled at "the chances of death"

of a herring, an oyster or a cod. Every year a pair of herring produce two million young, yet, on the average, of their simple family, 1,999,998 die before they come of age; die and are given burial in the stomachs of their sisters or brothers or alien, interested neighbors. The entire and substantial structure of insurance would crumble in the face of such facts.

Time, that fourth dimension of our physical world, is another of the hazards in the game they play. Consider the oyster in his youth—blind, helpless, thoughtless waif, his decisions all made for him by the Fates (and Atropos too often with instant shears). Two weeks old our oyster is when he must make a choice more fatal than that between History One and Physics Twenty, between Law and Medicine or even than that of matrimony itself. He must choose his earthly home. Within one hour this drifting bit of life (seventy-five of him end to end would make an inch) must sink to the sea-bottom and thereafter dwell precisely at that spot.

Is there famine? He starves. Are there enemies? He is devoured. Are there no enemies? He is devoured. Do not exhort the oyster. pity him. Remember Sancho Panza's wisdom, "We are all as God made us and some even worse."

There is a beginning and an end and they are the same. Minute plants, diatoms, glass-encased, jewel-like, float and multiply near the surface of the sea. From water, salts, simple gases and sunlight they build up food within themselves, starches, fats and proteins. Two thousand five hundred diatoms make one meal for a copepod. Copepods, ornate, feathery, shrimp-like animals swarm in the sea and are eaten by herring, sixty thousand copepods making one meal for one herring. Thus by simple mathematics one herring's single meal is ultimately made up of one hundred and fifty million diatoms. The herring is caught and eaten by man, herring a la Meniere. From the energy thus secured, man creates a dull university lecture, a violinello sonata or a vers libre masterpiece on the decadence of the age. Thus in a measure these one hundred and fifty million diatoms live on as a university lecture (very briefly), a music or a poem. Comes again a pause. Man dies—his altered mass of molecules is carried by brook and lake and river to the sea again. The diatom out of these molecules again creates its structures, delicate and transitory. The circle is complete. The alchemist, bending over his retorts and magic circles could dream no stranger dream than this truth.

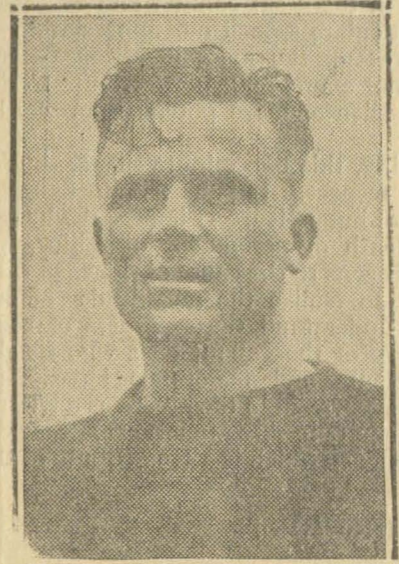
Vast and changeable, the sea conceals from all, save those who earnestly seek, this intricate pattern of life, strange in form and meaning and destiny. The drift of currents, the set of winds, the shining of the sun or the blanketing of fog—these are the Fates of the lives of sea-dwellers and for the inhabitants of that world there is no divine tripod and no revealing oracle—no pitying gods on some Olympus of the oceanic abyss. They live, grow, die, brief part of the constant stream of life, brief moment in immeasurable time.

(ED. NOTE—This article was written by Prof. Gowanloch at the earnest request of the Gazette staff who wish to thank him for his great interest in the paper.)

### DEFEAT CALEDONIA 3-0 TIE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

Held up by the floods that ravaged the country-side in Eastern Nova Scotia, the Dalhousie Rugby players faced the strong Caledonia fifteen on Tuesday instead of Monday as was originally scheduled. After their rather disappointing showing against the Xaverians the Dal team regained enough of their top form to shut out the Cape Bretoners 3-0 in a great game which was watched by a large crowd of spectators.

#### Captain



Aubrey Tupper, well known athlete, who as Captain of the football team is leading the Tigers to victory this fall.

Although the Caledonia men were at a disadvantage, being lighter, they presented a stiff opposition and the touring collegians were unable to score until the last ten minutes of play. The Dal scrum showed a decided improvement over recent games and had a big edge on their opponents in this phase of the game. George McLeod made a hit with the crowd with his work at full back and in as much as George hails from the Island it is not surprising that the Tiger's star received a glad hand from the crowd and the press on his playing.

When the team took the field, it was seen that the college team were much the heavier men, and the game was not long in progress before it was apparent that the light Caledonia forwards were no match for the heavy Dalhousie scrum as no sooner was the ball put into the scrum, than the Dalhousians surged the Caledonia scrum back and out of the 48 scrums that took place during the game the Caledonians only got the ball out fourteen times, thus the crack back-field of the Cape Breton champions did not have nearly as many chances as their opponents, who were fed the ball well from the scrum. Light as the Caledonia forwards were, they outshone the college men in speed, tackling and dribbling, and as far as territory went the home team had the most of it.

#### MCLEOD THE STAR

The work of McLeod the Dalhousie fullback was the outstanding feature of the game, as he on many occasions saved his team. He handled the ball beautifully and punted exceptionally well. The Boutillier brothers starred for Caledonia.

Mayor Morrison kicked off. There was no score in the first half and Dalhousie had to touch for safety three times to the once of Caledonia. During half time, Mayor Morrison presented the McAulay Bros., trophy to the Caledonia team, winners of the Cape Breton League.

Shortly after the second half got under way, McNeil was hurt and the game held up for a time. On the resumption of play Jones and Wickwire exchanged positions, and a little later the game was again held up when Stanley Scott was knocked out. With the exception of the start of the second half and the last few minutes of the half, the Caledonians had the best of the play and they were frequently on the Dal. five yard line. Near the end of the half Dal players worked the ball down and forced Caledonia to touch for safety. Following this there were several scrimmages near the Caledonia line and finally Wickwire got the ball out of the scrimmage and was over for the only score of the game.

#### MAKE GALLANT EFFORT

The Caledonians made a gallant effort to even the score and were playing the Dalhousians off their feet in the dying moments of the game.

Bernie Curry handled the game splendidly.

The teams lined up as follows: Caledonia.—Fullback, Leslie; Quarters, Driscoll, C. McLean, McMullin, Sheppard; Halves, Scott, J. W. Boutillier, G. McLean; Forwards, D. McLean, D. Boutillier, D. Nicholson, N. Nicholson, Daye, McNeil and Wadman.

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### S. C. A. ROYALLY ENTERTAINED

#### Were Guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. P. Webster last Wednesday

Truly the woods resounded with laughter on the evening of Wednesday Nov. 2, when the members of the S. C. A. flocked to the lovely residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. P. Webster at the North West Arm. And the woods continued to do so until the party broke up shortly after the witching hour of midnight.

During the intervening space of time a variety of recreations were enjoyed from the ancient and honourable pastime of treasure-hunting to the equally ancient and hardly less commendable diversion known as dancing. "Black Magic", "Hindu Magic" and "Red Hot Mama" kept both participants and spectators highly entertained, and many a novice was initiated into the intricacies of the Bright Idea.

There were eighty-nine 'S. C. Aers' at the party and every one appeared to be to have the time of his or her life. After the dancing and games had gone on for some time, particularly delicious refreshments were served and the party broke up with Dalhousie songs and three hearty cheers for our very hospitable host and hostess.

The last session of the Moot Court will take place on next Tuesday. The Moot Court this year can boast of record attendance at every session. It is anticipated that many students will take advantage of the fact that the last session will be open to the entire student body.

### MORRISON'S SENSATIONAL HOP FAILS 14 MILES FROM GOAL

On the morning of Nov. 5th at 11.21, all Halifax witnessed the start of Tom Morrison's long hop from Halifax to Point Tupper.

Dressed in a black slicker with goggles and gauntlets to match and with his Lessel straight six in perfect running order, Morrison took to the road in front of the Chronicle Building. At Waverly, 11.2 miles from Halifax the Lessel developed engine and tire trouble and repairs had to be made. At 1.15 he again took off. At 2.30 he passed through Truro, hitting only the high spots and things looked bright for a record trip. Unfortunately trouble again developed with the result that he was delayed one and three quarter hours. At 3.45 the Lessel left the outskirts of Truro and through rain and fog made New Glasgow in one hour and five minutes. From here the travelling was dangerous but with dogged perseverance Morrison continued through muck and mire as far as Antigonish. Only forty miles of the trip remained.

Disregarding the advice that he remain in Antigonish, Morrison set out at 7.45 on the last lap. Twenty-two miles outside of Antigonish he had to make a detour of twenty five miles due to several wash-outs along the road. With the true Lindburgh pluck he kept on, passing many of the would-be record breakers along the road. Within a mile of the main highway and fourteen miles from his destination, the trip ended suddenly. Morrison made his first and last mistake of the trip by taking for solid ground that which was water, and the machine landed into the ditch and crashed into a car ahead. Morrison escaped unhurt by leaping from his machine. The next morning after a great deal of effort the machine was extricated from its position and towed to a garage where it was put in running order. Morrison returned to Halifax at 5.30, Tuesday morning. Undaunted by his terrible experience he contemplates trying the same course tomorrow.

# The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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## "Lest We Forget"

Today we observe the ninth anniversary of the cessation of hostilities between two of the greatest hosts of war that were ever opposed to each other. At eleven o'clock today in many regions of the world the people cease their business and toils and a silence reigns for a period of two minutes. This silence is a tribute to those who gave their all for humanity in the great conflict and expresses well our inability to put into articulate speech our appreciation of their sacrifice. The greatest orators, the most illustrious poets, the most gifted of writers could not express adequate tribute to the deeds of the heroes, hence this silence, more potent than words, has been substituted.

It is a small insignificant thing, this two minute silence, but it is a mark of deep and poignant respect. It pays tribute to those who gave their lives in the cause of humanity. It honors the heroes who have suffered the living death of permanent disability. It honors the mothers who gave their sons to the cause of right.

We should on this day try to realize the magnitude of our indebtedness; we should try to understand the greatness of their sacrifice, and revive the memory of the gallant ones who fought in our behalf. Stately monuments and memorials have been raised in their memory. Flags have waved in the breeze as a tribute to them. Everyone cannot participate in these functions but everyone can observe the two-minute silence which is a true tribute of the living to the dead.

## To Vancouver

The football season is fast passing. The days are shortening and gridirons are developing their usual late fall coat of mud. In the ordinary course of events the members of the Dalhousie squad would soon be considering the advisability of hanging up their uniforms; but this year is different from those that have gone before. The much planned and mooted trip to British Columbia is within the reach of reason now and the squad is looking forward with anticipation and pleasure to the journey.

So far this season the Dal team has acquitted itself nobly in the different encounters with other teams. True there have been many faults found with the team and its exhibitions but we can truly say that it is a good representative of the football department of the university and as such will bring honors to Dalhousie when it meets the universities of Western Canada.

The benefit of such a trip as the football team will take during the Christmas vacation is not restricted to the personnel of the squad. Rather will it be reflected back to the university and consequently to each student in attendance. The advertising advantage, if we may call it such, cannot be exaggerated. Some may say that a debating team, if it were to tour the Canadian province would be a more fitting representative of a university. There is no doubt that a tour by such a team would bring effects of benefit to Dalhousie but, strange as it may seem, the publicity that would be obtained would be much less.

Some may say that the heavy expenses incurred during the trip are not warranted in the case of such a frivolous expedition—a case in which sport, a mere pastime is the main feature. However, if one considers the trip in all its aspects it will appear neither frivolous nor unjustly costly.

When Dalhousie sends to British Columbia the pick of her football squad, she will be exhibiting to the people of the western coast worthy specimens of her student body. She is not sending the brawn of the institution to do battle with squads from other colleges but rather she is sending specimens of her manhood. The tour will not be taken up wholly with football—that, of course, is the spectacular, the evident phase of the undertaking—but there are many subsidiary phases. During their stay of two weeks the team will play three games. These encounters will give the western football fans an idea of the type of football that is played in the east. They will give the people of British Columbia an opportunity to judge of the sportsmanship of those from the Atlantic seaboard and we feel sure that whether our team wins or loses the verdict will be favorable to us.

Off the field the Dalhousians will make many acquaintances and their conduct will be used as a basis upon which will be judged the make up of our university. Without a doubt college life as it is in the east and in the west will be one of the main topics. The different aspects of college will be discussed at length and ideas will be exchanged which will, no doubt, benefit both east and west. Dalhousie will be discussed not only from the standpoint of sport but also from the standpoint of its other activities. Its scholastic attainments will receive consideration. In other words the university will be brought before the eyes of a people relatively far away.

Consequently, considering the trip in all its phases, we can only see benefit coming to the college. Dalhousie shall be brought in contact with other universities at a distance and from this contact should develop many salutary results.

## Graduates Send In Subscription Money

**Friends of College Also Subscribe to the Gazette**

The Dalhousie Gazette is bigger and better this year than ever before in its history—this is the opinion expressed in many letters sent in to this office along with subscription money. We appreciate this expressed appreciation of our efforts but wish to point out to those who are not so prompt in sending in their check for the 1927-28 session that our expenses are \$500 greater than last year's and so we need every dollar we can get in subscription

money. In sending in your money kindly mention your present address so that we can get our mailing list in better shape.

The Business Manager makes the following acknowledgements of paid up subscriptions: George Nichols, McGill, Ronald Hayes, Liverpool England, Marion Wood, Newfoundland, "Bud" Smith St. John, Charles Roper, K. Vickery, Alice Sproull, Col. Prideaux, Ab. Smith, Warren Publicover, New York, A. Blenus Morton, Galt, Ontario, Elinor Barnstead, Ronald Fielding and Henry F. Munro.

## Innovations

The Utilitarians who have spent the past few years gleefully crowing over the absolute impracticality and conservatism of the university are beginning to look less gleeful. Their arguments seemed hole-proof. Didn't everybody know that college students had to take useless subjects to get a degree—witness compulsory Latin or Greek? "Compulsory Latin or Greek!" I seemed to be their war cry which they hurled at both general public and students, until the students never very kindly disposed towards such subjects became more and more resentful and felt more and more inclined to hurl their books—but now at something besides the classics. So these utilitarians must have received a rather rude shock when they discovered that at least some of the universities are keeping pace with civilization. Perhaps they consider it the due reward of their labors and that is but the inevitable which is happening. How it came to pass is doubtful but the New Student Service announces that the University of Southern California has introduced a four year course of training for the motion picture industry. The subjects include architecture, and fine arts, technique of cinematography and composition, literature and criticism. As outlined the study will deal with the technical phases of the motion picture industry. The Tower contains an extract from a proposed curriculum submitted by the New York World which is a proof of the interest of this New York publication in Southern California's venture. It is: "Cinema 3a. Understudying. How to substitute for Rin Tin Tin without running foul of the dog catcher. One hour a week. Prof. Lon Chaney.

Cinema 2b. Osculation. While some instruction is given in theory this is primarily a laboratory course. During the first semester the student will work under the direction of the instructor, during the second, he will be required to perform one original experiment, to be not less than 100 film feet in length.

## Clocks

The Arts Class of 1922 is deserving of the whole hearted gratitude of the present student body for the magnificent clock which they have caused to be placed in the library. It is an electric clock and no doubt, a highly expensive one. The design is well in keeping with the room and greatly adds to its furnishings, yet it has, to the present writer's mind, a serious fault—it is such a silent tick—the minutes pass away and no tick marks their demise; no chimes ring out the passing of the hours. Were it not for the noisy clang of the college bells, the student would often find himself musing away long after the appointed hour of class, for the electric clock works so silently that its presence is too often forgotten or disregarded.

The absolute silence of the clock stands out at times in marked contrast to its surroundings. Well may the students and more particularly the professor, benefit by its history. Quietly and without ostentation, it does its work well—it has never been known to be in error—keeping absolute pace with old friend Sol.

Such a clock might well have appealed to Charles V., whose hobby it was to have as many clocks as possible, all of which must keep perfect time. A strange hobby indeed.

As the clock in the Library has made the class of 1922 famous so has a clock made Strassbourg famous. This clock, probably the most wonderful in the world, is worthy of description. The Strassbourg Clock is in a corner of the South transept of the Cathedral. There is a picture of it in the Public School Geography. It is a big affair which records not only the legal time, but also the hour all over the earth, the phases of the moon, star time and the various letters of the ecclesiastical year. On one part of it is a kind of small roadway, across which figures in chariots move. For example, exactly at midnight on Monday Mars appears and all day drives slowly across the face of the clock. At midnight on Tuesday he has passed out of sight. A little higher up an angel strikes a bell for the hours and besides him another takes over the hour glass at the end of the hour. Up still higher stands Death. Before him pass four figures, a child, a youth, a man and an old dotard. The first strikes the bell for the quarter hour, the next for the half and so on. As they do so, they pass before Death and enter the other side of the clock. There are thus always two bells rung each quarter—one by the angel and one by these creatures. For the count of the hour, Death himself strikes a bell with a bone. At midday the twelve apostles file before Our Lord, who stands in a gallery high up. He blesses each one, as they bow before Him and then He blesses the world. Three times during this ceremony, a rooster, on another part of the affair, flaps his wings.

This clock is only about a hundred years old. It is said that the maker of the second one—this is the third of a series—was blinded in order that he might make another and that he removed some part of the clock so that it never worked. However this is thought to be "only a yarn" and not an historical fact.

## GROUND HOCKEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1  
The way in which they were received. The manager also wishes to thank Miss Lillian Barnstead, Miss Frances Hayes, Dr. Sexton and Mr. Ralph Morton for the use of their cars.  
Dal team lined up: Forwards: Annie Milne, Isobel Wood, Lillian Barnstead, Jean MacKenzie, Jackie Dumaresq; Halves: Mary Chirguin, Helen Robertson, E. Cavicchi; Fullbacks: Allene MacCurdy, Helen Sexton; Goal: K. Winfield. Sub. Effie Shaw.

8 hours a week to count as 4. Prof. Richard Barthelme." Other colleges, while they have not introduced a technical training course, are now using motion picture films as part of college equipment. This year the medical faculty of McGill has produced the use of a series of films produced under the direction and approved by some of the most eminent American surgeons. These were made especially for the use of hospitals and medical schools.

But perhaps the most interesting experiment was that which took place last year, at the Harvard School of Business Administration. Under the direction of Joseph P. Kennedy, Harvard '12, president of Film Booking Offices of America, a course in the history of motion pictures and motion picture problems was opened. The lectures dealt with pictures from financial and artistic viewpoints. As a result a film library was established by the decision of the Department of Fine Arts in association with the Fogg Art Museum and Widener Library. Great enthusiasm was shown not only by Harvard seniors but also by the business leaders of the film world, who hoped to be able to attract college graduates to their ranks. Because of the success at Harvard a similar course was opened at Columbia where it also attracted great attention.

Who knows but that next these universities will be giving a course in movie acting as subject for some degree or other and then we will see Rhodes Scholars, with Greek profiles, flitting across the silver sheet. But joking aside it seems that though the universities do not go to Hollywood, the magnates of film business do come to the universities which goes to prove that what Neal O'Hara said isn't so far wrong after all. "We may laugh at Hollywood but we can't laugh it off." This also goes to prove that though utilitarians are mostly right they can err slightly.

## Contributions In Odd Verse Competition

**Stanley Walker**

Stanley Walker  
Was a ripping good talker:  
Yet on a popularity basis  
One of many sad cases.  
—B. B.

**Herbert L. Stewart**

Herbert L. Stewart  
Has taught us a new art:  
He delights in telling Scotch jokes  
To the philosophy blokes.

**Dr. Archibald MacMechan**

Archibald MacKellar MacMechan:  
Do students love their neckin'?  
Pray do spread this knowledge—  
Insure the LIFE of a Little College.

**Dr. Howard Murray**

Howard Murray—  
The students greyed with worry—  
Thou art fastidious to the dot—  
And students stand a lot.

**Murray Macneill**

Murray Macneill  
Knows a good deal—  
The calendar's the book he wrote—  
And say—It gets your goat!

**Rene Gautheron**

Rene Gautheron  
De vous je parle donc  
French, I, II, V and IV  
Who can do more?

**Charles L. Bennet**

Charles L. Bennet  
Did he pass by the Senate?  
He looks as if he's seen better days  
After he dabbles in plays.

**Professor Robaire**

Professor Robaire  
Built several castles in air;  
When they came down in rain  
He rebuilt in Spain.

**Alfred the Great**

Alfred the Great  
Was prone to meditate.  
His translation of Boltinus  
Came from obsequious.

## Can You Beat It

(A dream)

There was a red hot argument going on. Prof. Bennet stated, maintained and argued that "Art" counted most in life. Prof. Gowanloch with equal overpowering force argued that "Science" counted most in life. Each of the men was surrounded by huge volumes of books—fountains of knowledge from which they drew their streams of information.

Subtle sarcasms were hurled back and forth. Dr. MacMechan was attracted to the side of Gowanloch. H. L. Stewart heaved forth logic (strange as it may seem) to support Bennet. By this time all the professors came forth from their lairs and were taking sides.

The noise was absolutely unbearable. So was the language. All the elements were invoked, but to no avail. What counts most in life... This counts... That counts... Counts in life—That's all that counts in life—

You could hear nothing else. There was a babel, a chaos, confusion worse confounded. Finally Mr. Harper our eminent business manager came forth with these words of wisdom. "My dear sirs, what counts most in life?—An adding machine." And then I woke up.

## Transition

He was neither tall nor dark nor handsome; he was neither short, blonde, nor ugly; but to himself he was a plain blunt boy, who went about for the most part unconsciously, in a world of his own; smiling now to this one; waving now to that one. Questioning now a Chinese laundryman; now a doctor or a laborer. He was often seen climbing hills; he was sometimes met roaming on seashores; he was often found dreaming under trees. He always had a far-away look. Always dreaming.

He could never explain to himself why he did, what he did, he did things by urges, by inspiration; he acted on impulse; he was moved to do things, only by over-powering desire. Thus, though born a Westerner, he was by nature Oriental, and unlike the westerner, who is shackled by cramping conventions, seeking psychological sanctions for all his actions.

Though only young he was a deep thinker, perhaps not an original thinker but a deep thinker. To him life presented a mystery. And he felt that although his mind could not solve it, he could ease that mind by constant communion with nature. He had read bits of philosophy from the Chinese, the Mohammedan, the Christian and the Hebrew. He was fond of music, of poetry. He was interested profoundly in the fine things in life. He spoke of the higher aims of humanity.

If asked, "Are you interested in this?" He would say "Yes." "In that?" He would answer "Yes." Although "this" and "that" may have been of extremely divergent natures. His true nature was therefore hard to discern. He was accused of being very light-minded; in reality he was open-minded. He thought about everything and thought deeply, but he never came to conclusions. He was accused of having no principles; in truth, to him nothing appeared absolute or permanent. He saw things in an ever changing relation. He came to be called a jellyfish, because he reacted to the least wind that blew.

But he had a smile—a smile. And some people having read Shakespeare without much thought, laboured under the misapprehension that all who smile are villains. And so this unconscious being was suddenly and cruelly made conscious of himself by being termed an evil-smiling, shallow, conceited young fool, with a copious capacity for the gab and the mind of a politician. Ignorance is bliss and so now having been made conscious of himself, he was unhappy.

There followed a long period of introspection, during which he spoke very little. He began to be called a sponge. He seemed to take in everything. If one would have him speak, one must needs press him continually, for his confidence in himself had been shattered. But a sympathetic soul entered his life. Confidence was restored. The sun began to shine anew. The disappointing experience had created within him the faculty for discerning distinct likes and dislikes.

He was no longer jellyfish nor sponge. He had weathered this transitional period. He had developed a critical sense. He was now introduced as a young man whose mind could digest most anything and give to it an individual stamp. Returning confidence brought back that smile... that smile... But even though that smile was sincere, there were those sour-hearted pessimistic ones, who could not comprehend a person smiling, nearly always smiling.

But the peculiar thing was this. The very smile that to some was so odious, won for him many friends, true friends. These friends would gather about him, for to them he was a fountain of knowledge; he loved nature, spoke in metaphors related by parable. To boys he was a hero, for he took a fraternal interest in them. He would speak to them of loyalty, patriotism, sacrifice. He could by means of his imaginative style lift the minds of his hearers away from the hum-drum routine of daily life.

He was loved or hated, one could not be indifferent to so distinct a personality... Suddenly he realized that he was being talked about. He was again made conscious of himself. People had begun to entertain for him. He was made the recipient of many gifts. He had been invited on visits for several months. These were personal triumphs. And now he fell. He became polluted by mercenary motives. He realized that he had but to smile, to tell a beautiful legend, to speak of nature—and he was a conqueror. He

## THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

The many friends of Johnny Thurrott, Med. '28, who was operated on for appendicitis recently, will be glad to hear that he is well on the road to recovery.

Prof. Bennet to Law Student: "I hear they teach you Crimes down here?"—We wonder whether C. L. was looking for information. At any rate it was a clever wise-crack.

Morris MacKinnon B. A., Bishop's and First Year Law at Dal., has served on jury duty. Since then every professor at law has taken pains to inform the class in general that it was a breach of "legal etiquette" to divulge what goes on in the jury chamber.

After perusing a notice posted concerning stolen garments it would appear that two Dalhousians were fighting the autumn blast on a 50-50 basis. Perhaps Sedgwick owns the spring part of the coat and... the fall part.

Ross Byrne, L. B., '26, is at present practising law in Liverpool, N. S.

Joseph McManus, L. B., '27, is following his profession in a local law office.

Leo Doyle, who finished his law course here last year was a recent visitor to the city.

Harry S. Morton, M. Sc., '27, is continuing his medical course at the University of London, England.

R. C. "Dud" Phillips, ex Med. '30, is engaged in pharmacy work in Truro.

Prof: You need not take my word for it. These are not my figures, they are compiled by a man who knew what he was talking about.

The first Shirreff Hall Dance was held on Wednesday. Mary Bell, Molly Fulton, Helen Williams, Elizabeth Frame and Jessie Gladwin formed the committee in charge. Comments on a Shirreff Hall Dance are unnecessary.

## KATTY KAMPUS KRACKS

Bulletin posted by the Engineer in charge of Buildings and Grounds—who is old enough to know better— "Lost, a light gray Spring and Fall overcoat, the property of Mr. H. C. Bohaker and Mr. T. C. Sedgwick... 50-50 basis?"

K-K-K

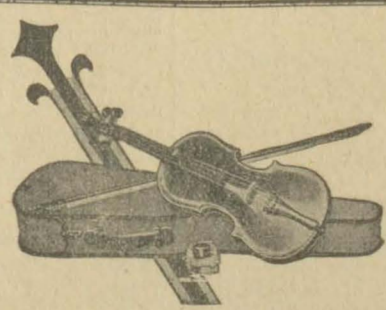
After being canvassed by two men on the way to College, eleven in the smoking room, three in the library, six in the Lab., then the Ko-Ed friend calls up and says: "Have you bought your ticket for the Dental Dance yet?" I am beginning to see some truth in the statement made by A. M. M. in his *Dalhousie of Today*, viz: "Henry Godsoe is without doubt the greatest nuisance on the campus."

was made to realize his power. But those very ones who had catered to him were ones to suffer. Paradoxical, but so are many things in life.

He now became the great "I am"—selfish, thoughtless for the feelings of others. The smile that once was sincere, now became in reality, the smile of a villain. He could now laugh, for he had an indefinable power over those who had learned to love him in the previous years. Now those who had hated him were justified in their previous accusations. He himself did not deny them. But peculiarly enough those who had hated him, now became more friendly. They claimed that he was no longer a hypocrite; that he had at last given up acting; that now he was showing his true face.

He was disgusted with himself. He was unhappy. He removed to another town. But it was a mistake to think that he could escape from himself. There was a recurrence of the same circumstances. His dazzling personality and distinctive mind, impressed people the first few weeks. He was banqueted; he was fondled. But they told him he was wonderful. Then like a thundercloud he became glowering and cynical. A complete change came over him. He wore a sneer on the face that once had been graced by a ravishing smile.... He was unhappy.....

—G.



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**CHAPTER 3**  
 Now not far off from the land of Dal was the land of Akad, and it was a place of great sloth in study and pep in shouting, yea of great pep and noise in shouting.  
 2. For lo, they did spend much time in crying out and singing the songs of their country, because they were forbidden to have orgies of dancing and feasting by the authorities of that country.  
 3. And the men of that country said unto each other, "Let us go forth to war, for the time passeth slowly."  
 4. And mighty chieftains from Akad conferred with the leaders of the hosts of Dal. And there was war.  
 5. And the army of Dal made a journey to the land of Akad, in their chariots, and many chariots bearing citizens of Dal accompanied them. And there was a great strife.  
 6. For lo the army of Dal was a mighty host, and their leader was Aub.  
 7. And there was Bun Kur, and Stroth, and Hewt, and Abb, and Khelli, son of Clane, and many others, all great warriors and mighty in battle.  
 8. Now when the battle started, a great shout arose from the throngs, and the noise was like the wrath of the heavens when there breaketh a storm.  
 9. And the battle raged with great fury.  
 10. But when the strife was over the host of Dal was victorious and there were many in the ranks of Akad, sore stricken. And the field was littered with the dead and dying.  
 11. For the host of Dal was a mighty host, and they had those who could kick, as it is called, many cubits.  
 12. And when the men of Akad saw that they were vanquished they were sore ashamed.  
 13. Now there was nearby a bazaar, and it was called the "Palms" and in the bazaar there was much merry-making, yea dancing and feasting and drinking. And the people of Dal were joyful. Yea even David, son of Clane and Joseph of the tribe of Dents.  
 14. And not long after that the citizens of Dal did set forth for their homeland and there was a great noise rattling as the chariots of Dal drove away.  
 15. And the sight was wonderful to behold.  
 16. For verily there were many strange and varied chariots.  
 17. There was the mighty chariot of John At, of the tribe of Lau, and the mighty chariot of a Bishop, and a strange small chariot from the Hill of Pines, that was of Raub, the son of Don. And it was covered with many strange inscriptions and caused great astonishment among the countries through which they passed. And there were three score of other chariots.  
 18. And so the day was won.

**SPORT**

It is just recently that the world of sport has acknowledged the presence of girls in its domain. The acknowledgement has been gained only by the changing of narrow concepts, and by the demonstration of the modern girl that she can really measure up to the standard. When we view the matter from an angle of time, we can see what radical changes have taken place in a few short years. How our grandmothers would have looked upon the mere idea of entering into competition, displaying their strength to the masculine eye, is something to conjure with. No doubt they held the idea that a girl's place was "beside the fire" and that she should conduct herself accordingly. It was this age-old conception of woman's place that has held, back a rightful heritage of womanhood—that of a strong, healthy body.  
 To trace the development of women's sport is to count a few dauntless spirits that cared not for the sneers of their kind, but who went ahead for the sheer joy of activity. With the acknowledgement of woman as man's equal has come a universal desire to use their strength in activities hitherto conceded to be man's alone.  
 It is only natural that the field of sport should attract the independent spirit and the mind that knows itself to be the equal of man. There is not only strength of body displayed here, but also strength of mind. Few can realize that it takes courage to run the gauntlet of public opinion and enter into sport. Once a girl has done this she has taken a stand which must be defended by herself.  
 If any girl believes she loses her femininity by entering into competitive sport she has a mistaken opinion. For ever, we hope, has gone the clinging vine; now a girl is a pal, and to be a real pal she must be of a strong mind and healthy body. Because one can display strength and endeavour to follow the standards of men cannot displace the fact that she is always a girl.  
 The tomboy has left us for ever, and in her place has come the girl who is acknowledged as an athlete with her own standards. Every girl should strive for this goal and leave behind forever the tripping steps and terrified shrieks of her ancestors who never knew what a real live body was.  
 —Eileen Cameron '29.

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**An Air Full From The Faculty**

"Good evening, everybody! This is Faculty Broadcasting Station, QUIZ, situated on the fifth floor, Science Building, Dalhousie University. 'When more students are plucked, we will pluck them.' J. H. L. J. announcing. To-night we have a treat in store for all our little Freshmen and Freshettes for Uncle Stan HIMSELF is going to tell you a bed time story. Dr. Stewart is now getting off a "new" Scotch joke in the next room, kindly stand by for a moment please. . . . (laughter) Station QUIZ. I shall now introduce to our large radio audience, Uncle Stan—" "Ladies and Gentlemen, and I thus address you appearances, notwithstanding, being to the contrary. Once upon a time there was a bright lad named George. George lived in the country and he loved to study his lessons. One day his papa said to him, "George, my lad, how would you like to go to college?" and George being a high-spirited lad leaped for joy. "Fine," he said and becoming Collegiate right away he slapped his old man on the back so hard that he coughed out his false teeth."  
 "George knew all about Kollege already for hadn't he attended every Kollegiate movie in his home town? He had practised how to shake hands, greet co-eds, initiate freshmen, drink College Spirit, and win a football game in the last minute of play. Arrayed in his Kneat Kampus Klad Kollegiate Kut Knickers he knocked at the door of Room B one sunny afternoon in September. "Well" enquired the Registrar in his usual cheery way "Come in."  
 "Hell-li-lu-ya!" greeted George. "Shoot the time-table for the year, kid—and how!"  
 "Latin 1, French 1, Chemistry 1, Mathematics 1, English 1."  
 "Wrap 'em up" said George "I'll take 'em," and three hours later (after he had filled out a few forms) he left the building. George didn't darken the door of the Library Building again 'till after the Christmas holidays—he was too busy playing football, Ben-Huring, attending dances, becoming initiated, joining fraternities, reading the new rules for decorating the gymnasium, and drinking in his full share of College Spirit, when one day he received a letter which read.  
 Mr. George Brown, Dalhousie University,  
 Dear Sir:—Owing to the results of the recent Christmas Examinations it will be necessary to interview the Registrar regarding your future course (if any) at the University.  
 (Signed)  
 Chairman, Committee of Studies and Attendance.  
 P. S.—Merry Christmas! George couldn't stand it any longer. "So this is Kollege!" he cried. The next morning he left for home. To-day he is one of the most successful aluminum salesmen on Cape Breton Island."  
 "Now boys and girls, we all can't be as brave and as handsome as George, but with a little perseverance and hard work some of you might succeed in getting through Geology 1 at Christmas. But remember twenty-three of my best plucking profs. are sworn to get you dead or alive. Be good boys and girls; take the words of your professors for nothing—verify your references, burst into paroxysms of laughter during Philosophy 1 lectures, and just a parting word to Freshettes—don't put much faith in those officers of the Students' Council. Good night little folk, go right to bed before the sandman comes, and pleasant, pleasant dreams."  
 "Faculty Broadcasting Station QUIZ, Dalhousie. 'When more students are plucked, we will pluck them.' You have just been listening to Uncle Stan's bed time story. This concludes our program for this evening. Our next broadcast will be one week from to-day, when Prof. Bennet, B. A. (Cantab) will give a 45 minute address on "Nothing At All" or "What is Drama?" Station QUIZ signing off at 9.15 Howard Murray Dismissal Time (half hour late). The Physics Department will now broadcast the correct time. When you hear the ringing of Dr. Bronson's clock, you will know that it is exactly a 20% error (plus or minus). Good night, everybody!"

**Tress**  
 I THINK that I shall never see  
 A poem lovely as a tree!  
 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
 Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;  
 A tree that looks at God all day  
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
 A tree that may in summer wear  
 A nest of robins in her hair;  
 Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
 Who intimately lives with rain.  
 Poems are made by fools like me,  
 But only God can make a tree!  
 JOYCE KILMER.

**Shes**  
 I THINK that I shall never see  
 A poem as lovely as a shee.  
 A shee whose wondrous form is drest  
 With all a French coturier's best;  
 A shee who looks at me all day  
 And holds her arms, inviting—SAY!  
 A shee who may in summer wear  
 A sort of "Let's-go-paddling" air;  
 Who looks so stately in a train,  
 A very fitting queen to reigne  
 Poems are made by fools like me—  
 But only Godsoe gets the shee.  
 DONT KILME.

**Verse**

**REMEMBRANCE**  
 Today I felt your hand upon my hair,  
 And turned and looked for you in quick surprise;  
 But only endless streets and shadows  
 With emptiness to mock my searching eyes;  
 "What, tears?" they ask, "No, no, just wind-blown spray  
 From off the wave," and "Did you think to see  
 Some friend or other pass along this way—  
 Or has the place recalled a memory?"  
 I laugh at them and scorn such foolish words,  
 Then talk about the things that make friends smile,  
 And clap my hands and point at singing birds.  
 So they forget and leave me for awhile,  
 To search the shadows tossed along the street—  
 And wonder what to say if we should meet.  
 —Eileen Cameron '29.

**Wishes**  
 If wishes were iron, I'd build me a ship,  
 And sail o'er the ocean blue.  
 My wishes would bear me o'er wavelet  
 and dip  
 To the heaven-like haven of You.  
 If wishes were silver, I'd cast me a form  
 Of beauty beyond compare.  
 My wishes would mirror your sweet  
 smile so warm  
 And the glint of the sun in your hair.  
 If wishes were golden I'd buy me a store  
 Of treasures both rich and rare.  
 These gifts would I humbly lay at your  
 door  
 For one smile from your countenance  
 fair.  
 If wishes were diamonds they could not  
 outshine  
 The light in your eyes so true.  
 The cold glint that gleams from the  
 jewel most fine  
 Is eclipsed by a sweet glance from you.  
 But wishes are wishes howe'er we con-  
 strue  
 And deeds are much stranger—true;  
 But while I am wishing to me there is  
 due—  
 One lone wish.—I am wishing for you.  
 —T. A. H.

**Warum**

I dreamed, last night, I kissed my love.  
 The longed-for bliss was bitter-sweet:  
 Alone, in all the mist above,  
 His face was bright, while at my feet.  
 Great hyacinths with purple heads  
 Wept softly. O'er us, far and near,  
 As green waves sigh o'er coral beds,  
 The cool air breathed a note of fear.  
 A song, from soft-throated bird,  
 Broke the stillness once, and died.  
 A haunting song, without a word,  
 It spoke of caves where dream-  
 thoughts hide.  
 The air was filled with myrrh's perfume  
 From lands, where cypress shadows lie  
 Across old tombs. The whole, a plume  
 Of fire, waxed fierce and waned.  
 But why?  
 "Somnia."

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# TIGERS MAKE GOOD SHOWING

(Continued from Page 1)

Dalhousie — Fullback, McLeod, Quarters, Hewat, A. Sutherland, Langstroth, H. Sutherland; Halves, Tupper, Jones, Wickwire; Forwards, Townsend, Scott, Campbell, Irving, Dunlop, A. Smith, S. Smith.

## ST. F. X. GAME

Playing on a strange field, a wet and muddy one at that, the Dal Rugby fifteen, minus the services of Bunker Murphy, battled to an scoreless draw with the St. F. X. team last Saturday on the Xaverian's campus. According to press reports the Xaverians had an edge on Dal in the first half and Dal held them to even territory in the second. Not having seen the Xaverians play we do not feel qualified to say that Dal should have won but we are at a loss as to what reason we should attribute their defeat, for a tie with St. F. X. in football is as bad, if not worse than, a defeat from the Wanderers. Press reports also seem to indicate that Dal had a piece of bad luck when a free kick, which would have won the game, struck the bar and bounded back into the field. Considering the absolute necessity of dribbling in such a game it is not surprising to learn that it was in that phase of the game that the Xaverians outplayed the Dalhousians. Never strong on that point Dal showed an improvement this year but are still weak, and judging by the weather conditions in the game so far, the team with the better chance for victory should this weather prevail.

Our line up: Full back: McLeod; Halves: A. Sutherland, H. Sutherland, Langstroth, Hewat; Quarters: Wickwire, Jones, Tupper; Forwards: Townsend, Scott, Campbell, Dunlop, Irving, Smith, Mitchell. Referee: Bernard Currie.

—J. W. W.

## SPORT COMMENT

### POPULAR PLAYER INJURED

Last Thursday "Bunker" Murphy broke his collar bone in practise and the Dal Senior team is now minus the services of its strongest three-quarter. Just what effect the loss of "Bunker" from the team will have is hard to say but he is going to be a mighty hard man to replace and the final game with the Wanderers will depend a lot on just how the gap created last Thursday can be filled. It is generally thought that "Bunker" will be able to make the trip, to Vancouver and that is about the only bright bit of news we have. To "Bunker" we express our sympathy and hopes for a speedy recovery, to the team the same.

### DAL POOR IN MEET

The showing of Dal's track men at the recent indoor sports held at Dartmouth wasn't chronicled in any of the local dailies for the simple reason that they failed to place. This is no disgrace to them for it was their first go at an indoor track and considering that their showing wasn't bad at all. Dowell, who is rapidly showing a marked ability to cover the 880 in good time, is still a bit too heavy and although he set the pace in his race at Dartmouth, his more experienced opponents beat him to the tape. Dunlop failed to place in the 440 more because his driving style is not suited for the indoor track than anything else. Leigh Miller did not enter the sprints and will not run any more this year.

As usual Miss Gertrude Phinney, X-Dal, came out on top in her events. Miss Phinney won the 50, 220 and high jump. Miss Cameron and Miss Fraser of Dalhousie also competed in the women's events.

—J. W. W.

### AB. SMITH TAKES SECOND PLACE

"Kelly" McLean Well In Lead In Popularity Contest

"Kelly" McLean received 2500 votes last week in the Majestic Theatre's Popular College Athlete Contest, giving him first position on the list. Ab. Smith who has up to now led the polls, takes second place with a total vote of 1450. Bunker Murphy with 700 votes is steadily climbing and has a good chance of winning. The standing to date:

Kelly McLean.....	3,650
Ab. Smith.....	1,450
Bunker Murphy.....	700
Gerald Godsoe.....	600
Joe Dunlop.....	450
Fred Jennings.....	400
Aub. Tupper.....	350
George Langstroth.....	300
Ed. Brown (Tech).....	300
Mickey McDonald.....	200
J. Norwood Fader.....	200
Hughie Martin.....	150
Lee Miller.....	100
Ort Hewat.....	100
Fat Irving.....	50
Jack Atwood.....	50
Rae McCunn.....	50

A coupon worth 50 votes will be found with the Majestic Theatre's advt. in this issue of the Gazette. Clip it and vote for your man.

## NOTICE!

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## Astounding

The observation of a two-minute silence on Armistice day seems a very trivial matter aside from what it represents. Two minutes pays from the day's work considered individually is practically negligible but considered collectively and mathematically the effect is astounding indeed.

If all the people in Canada observed the two-minute period there would be a total silence of 12500 years. If all the people in the British Empire observed it there would be a silence of 624,800 years. If every person in the United States observed it there would be a total silence of 147,000 years. If only one out of every hundred observed the silence in the British Empire and the United States the silence would total 7,720 years.

If every student at Dalhousie observed the two-minute period the total would amount to some twenty-six hours.

## MACCABEAN SOCIETY HOLD MEETING

The Maccabean Society is alive once again. At the first meeting several lively discussions tended to create an atmosphere that augurs well for the coming season.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Charles Gavsie, B. A., President. Sarah M. Volinsky, Vice-President. Samuel Jacobson, Treasurer. Josephine S. Dresner, B. A., Secretary. (in absentia)

The meeting was held at the home of Miss Alice Mushkat, Oxford Street and after the discussions were over refreshments were served and an interesting musical programme carried out with great interest.

On Monday evening the Maccabeans were hosts to their many friends at a very enjoyable dance, in the Synagogue Hall. What with Clyde Keyes' Orchestra, elaborate decorations and dainty refreshments the evening was greatly enjoyed.

It may be stated that the Maccabean Society is the official Jewish organ in practically all American Colleges. At Dalhousie the circle meets every two weeks. The programme is divided into 3 parts: cultural, musical and social. Prominent speakers address the circle. Papers are read and debates held. The Society has been particularly active during the last two years and is anticipated by the executive that this year will go beyond its pledge.

## CASINO NOTES

The London (England) Daily Chronicle in a review of the motion picture, "Seventh Heaven," which opens on Monday, November 14th at the Casino Theatre says:

"There is now in London a picture which, if it were presented at a West End Theatre, as it ought to be presented, would run for a year. It is called 'Seventh Heaven.' It is so emphatically the best emotion picture ever made that there is no other picture to be even remotely compared with it. It is a story of Paris, but it has no Cabaret. It is perfectly acted, but it does not present in its cast one instance of what the film world knows as a 'name.' It is the perfect picture."

And they go on at length which space will not permit to reprint here. The "stars" in this remarkable picture are Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, and from what can be gathered from advance reports these artists do some of the finest acting ever seen on the screen.

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## MOOT COURT HAS BUSY DAY

Before Chief Justice Farmer and Justice MacKenzie and Sperry, the Senior Counsel Teaver and Kelloway very ably argued their case. Both men took advantage of the opportunity offered for rebuttal and displayed a startling knowledge of the law.

Dustan was accused of publishing a disgusting article entitled "Mt. A. Well Represented," and mentioning therein, his own name "in the interest of veracity."

Keyes on cross-examination first admitted reading the article and then contradicted himself.

Godsoe: Play piano real good?  
Keyes: Yes.

Godsoe: Then you know your Keyes. Turnbull (interrupting): Since ivory covers that portion of piano, called Keyes, then assuredly you're Keyes.

Don Grant on the witness stand said prisoner was dangerous.

The prisoner was now asked his name.

Dustan: "Bits". Turnbull: Doesn't "Bits" mean "not all there"?

Dustan: (hesitatingly): Yes!

Turnbull: I ask the Court to take judicial notice that the prisoner admits he's not all there!

Outbit sadly stated that the prisoner was so strikingly guilty of a nefarious outrageous crime that his defence falls down on every point.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS

At a special meeting of the Students Volunteer Band of Dalhousie which was held in the Munro Room Sunday November 1, Dr. W. L. Armstrong, secretary of the Foreign Missions department of the United Church of Canada addressed the members present and gave some very interesting and helpful information with regard to the necessary qualifications for the modern missionary.

The Student Volunteer Board of Dalhousie is a unit of the Student Volunteer Movement of America, whose purpose is to study missionary questions and to challenge students to a life of missionary service abroad. The Dalhousie group, which includes both men and women students, meets each Sunday from 2.15 to 3.00 p.m. in the Munro Room, Forrest Building. The study for the next few weeks is on China. All students interested in this work will be very welcome at these meetings.

The group is also looking forward to a visit in the near future from Murray Brooks, general secretary of the S. C. M.

—Warren Duchemin.

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## POPULAR CLASS PRESIDENT SUSTAINED ON A WANT OF CONFIDENCE VOTE

J. R. McNeil, president of the third year Medical class was again brought into the limelight when the daily meeting of the class, he was sustained in a want of confidence motion. The motion was made by Dodo, on the grounds that the President was not performing his duties properly in that much of the work was left to other members of the class. He based his statements on the fact that when the class decided that all afternoons of the week from Nov. 1st to 8th be free from classes so that the members of the third year might attend the various shows, President MacNeil refused to interview the Processors in this matter and the work had to be done by Artie Sangster, with excellent results, to wit, the classes were held as usual.

The motion was seconded by J. R. MacLeave who told of the various duties of the President which he himself had to perform, e. g., the getting of Gazettes from the Forrest building for the class members. Much discussion then arose and epithets of a complimentary nature—and otherwise—were freely indulged in, resulting in a fistic encounter between Freddy Cheeseman and "Frenchie" MacDonald, during which the former struck the latter on the nose. Peace, was at last restored and a vote was taken in which the motion was defeated by a majority of one.

So John remains as president of the class.

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