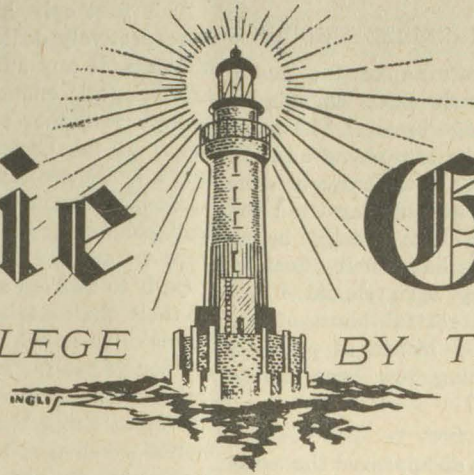


Dal In First Debate Monday

Special
Alumni
Edition
Today

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



Be On The
Train
To Acadia

687

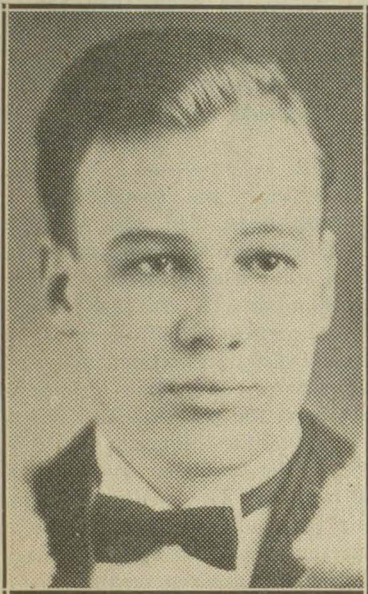
VOL. LXVI.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1935

No. 6

TEAM FIGHTS FOR LIFE

Tigers Must Win Tomorrow's Game



SMITH McIVOR

Duo Defends Dal's Debating Honor At Gymnasium

Dalhousie will have its first major debate of 1935-36 next Monday when Dalhousie will meet the N. F. C. U. S. team from Bishop's—Western, Gordon Smith and John Brossett. Against them will be Smith MacIvor, Leader, and Irving Selikoff.

During the past few years, teams of indifferent abilities have come

St. F. Xavier Are Beaten By Dal

Smarting from their inglorious defeat at the hands of the Caledonians a fighting Dalhousie team took the field against St. F. X. determined to win or else . . . Playing heads up football all the way the Dalhousians forced the play during the whole game and, with the exception of three or four dangerous three-quarter line runs engineered by Topshee,

AILEEN MEAGHER IS NAMED FOR AWARD

Aileen Meagher, Arts '33, well-known in athletic circles, has been chosen from the Maritime Provinces



AILEEN MEAGHER

Dal Girls Win And Lose Games In Ground Hockey

Another victory for Dalhousie was won on Saturday when the girls' ground-hockey team went to Windsor and defeated Edgell with a 4-0 score.

The girls put plenty of the good old fighting spirit into the game and certainly made it thrilling spectacle. The forward line, with its speedy centre, Joan Furlong, played a fast and well organized game. Only on two occasions was Edgell able to break through the Dal defence, and it didn't take Marg Woolaver long to send the bully far out of the danger zone. When Edgell did get a chance to shoot Marjorie Mader stopped them beautifully.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Says Empire Faces Disintegration

Danger of the British Empire disintegrating, if the League of Nations cannot successfully impose economic sanctions upon Italy was the theme of the address given by Prof. R. A. MacKay, Dalhousie political science professor, to a packed audience which gathered at the first of a series of open forums to be held at the Y. M. C. A. this season. Dr. H. L. Stewart, speaking at the same meeting, gave as his opinion, Mussolini—in his war upon Ethiopia, was seeking to restore lost glory to a dictatorship that was slipping.

Prof. MacKay raised the question

Be Sure To Read --

Something to Think About, page 2. Life is That Way, page 4. All the Alumni News, pages 3 & 5. English as she is Never Taught, page 6. Priscilla, page 4. Take Your Medicine, page 7.

as a nominee for the singular honor as the outstanding woman athlete in Canada for the past year. Dalhousie is proud to count among her Alumnae an athlete who has captured a place on an Olympic Track Team as well as several Canadian Championships.

Aileen, entering Dalhousie in '31, as a Freshie-Junior, had no previous record in the realm of sport. But by her native ability and by the careful guidance of Mr. W. E. Stirling in "leaps and strides" she reached the top of the ladder of athletic fame.

Now her ability is in line to be given recognition by all Canada, as it has been appreciated and realized by Dalhousie and Halifax in the past few years.

It's time to go to town! Dalhousians must knock out the jinx which has been following the team since last season, must overcome the injuries which have clogged the Gold-and-Black footballers, must shake off the cloying spirit which has manifested itself in the past four years, and make tomorrow a real Dalhousie day.

Magonet Stars As Meds Win Meet

Once again the Meds were the shining lights in athletics on the campus, as they left the other faculties far behind in the annual Interfaculty meet. Magonet of Medicine was high individual scorer, collecting in all 25 of medicine's 42 points.

Individual feature winners were the following:

- 60 Yard Dash—Epstein (M), Heisler (A), Dean (E). Time 6 3/5.
- 100 Yard Dash—Magonet (M), Ross (A), Epstein (M). Time 10.1.
- Javelin Throw—Magonet (M), Kinshen (D), Winters (A). Distance 126 ft. 2 inches.
- Discus Throw—Magonet (M), Dubilier (M), Parker (A). Distance 96 feet.
- Running Broad Jump — Ross (A), Epstein (M), Martell (K). Distance 19 ft. 3 3/4 in.
- 220 Yard Dash—Magonet (M), Dean (E), White (K). Time 22.9.
- 880 Yard Dash—DeWolfe (K), Reardon (A). Time 23 3/5.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Dal Tigers Get Bad Trimming

In a one-sided exhibition game played in Glace Bay on Thanksgiving Day the speedy and well-conditioned Caledonia fifteen took the measure of the Dalhousie Tigers to the tune of 28-0. Featured by fast line runs and superb ball-handling, the Cape Breton champions ran wild through the Tigers scoring 16 points in the first frame and adding 12 more in the second half.

The Tigers, disorganized by the absence of Buckley at five-eighths position were not "clicking" and seemingly could do nothing right, while their opponents on the other hand, could do nothing wrong.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Students Try For Train Saturday To Acadia Game

Will enough Dalhousians be on hand at Wolfville to cheer their Gold and Black steam-roller when it rolls down upon its traditional enemies, the Acadia Axemen, tomorrow, in what promises to be the finest game of the season? That is the question which is being asked all over the campus, as the eventful day draws near.

Do we have a train? Will the spirit that has been revived at Dal this year appear tomorrow or will the Tigers battle the Axemen unsupported by a horde of cheering Dalhousians. Already negotiations are being put through to have a special train for the Black-and-Gold collegians to take them to

(Continued on Page Eight)

Students' Council Meets Sunday

A meeting of the students' Council will be held on Sunday of this week, when the remainder of the budgets will be looked over. All those handling budgets are asked to co-operate and have them in early.

Skeleton Crowd At Med Ball

The Med Ball is over! One of the most enjoyable functions of its kind was held at the Nova Scotian on Wednesday night, and the enjoyability of the evening was only cramped by the small attendance, there being about 60 dancers present.

(Continued on Page Eight)

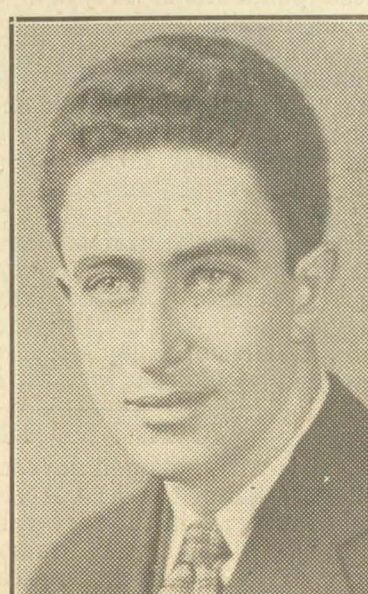
Boot Aids One Dalhousian

"Friends, Romans, countrymen . . ." This was as far as one ambitious young collegian got the other night when he jumped on the stage of the Theatre Arts Guild during a rehearsal of "As You Like It." Ushers ushered him right out again. It was a portion, 'tis said, of an initiation into a fraternity, but the assistance he received from a heavy boot was not in the cards at first.

Gazette Presents Both Sides

The Dalhousie Gazette, taking as usual its firm but impartial stand, today presents in another section of

(Continued on Page Eight)



IRVING SELIKOFF

Freshmen Show To Be Huge Success On Friday Night

On Friday night the Class of '39 will attempt to show that after a month of taking it on the chin they can also dish it out.

THE FRESHMAN SHOW.

They will offer a varied program that will be presented in a novel fashion. Pat McDonald, Glee Club favorite of two years ago, will be in the driver's seat. The manner in which this show is being handled offers Patrick ample opportunity to crack his whip.

The entertainment offers impersonations; male, female and double

(Continued on Page Eight)

Rumors of Big Show Prevalent

Rumor has it that Dalhousie's stage will be decorated some time this year with one of the most ambitious presentations ever seen on what is termed the best equipped stage in the Maritimes.

Just what this "new" departure will be seems to be a secret, but some announcement on the matter will be forthcoming shortly, the Gazette is informed.

Students' Council Meets Sunday

A meeting of the students' Council will be held on Sunday of this week, when the remainder of the budgets will be looked over. All those handling budgets are asked to co-operate and have them in early.

EX-SHIRREFF - HALLER WRITES THE GAZETTE

Editors of Dalhousie Gazette:

Dears Sirs:—In regard to one of the head lines of last week's Gazette may I say, as a graduate, that any clique condition developing at Shirreff Hall need not be regarded as disastrous.

Of late years several restrictions have been placed on the Seniors and older girls at the Hall so that their superiority must show in some way and the formation of cliques is a perfectly natural and normal way.

May I say to the Freshettes—"Form you own cliques. Remember that there is safety in numbers and

if you form a group of your own you will be much happier. She who seeks admittance to a group of older girls is shunned by all to a large extent. If they want you to join them they will seek you. The girls who are now snobbing you were snobbed themselves. Next year remember your previous discomforts and lend a helping hand to Class '40."

Thanking you for your space and congratulating you on your paper to date,
I am,
An ex-Shirreff Haller.

Dalhousie Gazette

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Alumni Section Edited by Graham Allan, Class '27.

GAZETTE MAKES HISTORY

This issue of the Dalhousie Gazette marks the passing of another milestone in the history of the "oldest college paper in America". The present paper is the culmination of a long and complicated set of arrangements between the official Alumni publication "The Alumni News" and the "Gazette". Both of these publications are now amalgamated under the present arrangement.

A new link has been forged in the chain which binds the Dalhousians of the past with those of the present and future. The "Gazette" will publish under the new system three special issues of the paper which will be specially devoted to the Alumni and student body as a group, during the term. It is hoped by this means to acquaint the student body with the Alumni, and the alumni with the Student body.

In the past, interest seems to have waned on the part of both sides, it is hoped and expected that this idea of establishing a live mode of contact between the Alumni and the Student body of the day at the University will revive a feeling of fellowship, a spirit of friendliness which will find fruit in the manifestation of a keener interest for the benefit of all concerned.

TO THE ALUMNAE AND ALUMNI

It is with no small degree of pleasure that we welcome this collaboration of the ALUMNI NEWS with the GAZETTE. We feel that a step in the forward direction had been made, for now not only will the past students get a glimpse of what their former friends and classmates are doing but it will also be possible to note the present trend of activity at Dalhousie. In the past few years the Alumni have taken too little interest in present affairs of their Alma Mater and we feel that this might be one method of bringing back that old spirit of cooperation that formerly existed between Alumnus and Student.

Dalhousie can truly be proud of the records of the men and women who have passed through her portals. The present student of Dalhousie looks with pride at the splendid careers former graduates have had. We look with pride at the distinguished names that many of the Alumni now have made for themselves. We are proud to point out improvements in our University buildings and equipment that have been made possible only through the kindness of former graduates. This latter is a type of cooperation that is to be lauded and encouraged.

We recall however, that everyone cannot become rich, well-known, or philanthropic. That is no reason why each and everyone of you cannot at some time or other think of your University days. Remember the number of good times that you spent dancing, at Glee Club, at Sodales, or even reading the DAL GAZETTE. Then figure out some way in which you can return to the place of the "good ol' days" and pay us a visit. If you live within the vicinity of the University join in and take part in our affairs. Come to hear our debates come to see our Glee Club shows; in short, make yourself a part of our institution. Your mere presence or kind word will go far to make Dalhousians proud of Dalhousie, and Dalhousie proud of you.

May we also at this time thank the Alumni who have taken an interest in the GAZETTE and who have allowed us to be the first to partake of the honour of the collaboration of the ALUMNI NEWS and The GAZETTE. We hope that our readers everywhere will be happy to receive the news of present Dalhousie along with present news of past Dalhousians. We invite your criticism and comment. Help us to forge another link in Dalhousie's endless chain.

THE YEAR BOOK AGAIN

The question of whether or not Dal is going to have a Year Book for 1936 is once again causing a great deal of attention around the campus. Ever since the last "Pharos" appeared in 1931 the graduates have had to leave Dalhousie without any really tangible record of their class. The Students' Council have seen fit to ban this publication, due to the fact that it has been too great a drain on the treasury, the last issue going many hundred dollars in the red.

Last year the Gazette was approached by a number of interested persons after the Christmas term, and it was then too late to do anything about it, for the staff of any Year Book has to begin working immediately after the new year begins. This year, however, the problem is gaining prominence somewhat earlier, and if anything is going to be done about it work must begin almost immediately. There is no doubt that the problem is purely one for the Council, and plans must be all submitted to them before a conclusion can be reached. It is the Council that will be called upon to look after any deficits, and we feel sure that if the plans presented them would be at all feasible they would consent to bear the brunt of a very small deficit.

In arguing the relative merits of whether or not we should have a Year Book much can of course be said on both sides, but if a plan can be formulated whereby such a feature can be made to almost pay for itself there is no doubt but what we should answer the question in the affirmative. If fifty per cent of the student body would co-operate and guarantee to buy copies, then there is no doubt but that a Year Book could pay its way. Once again a solution lies in the hands of the student body. Get behind the "Pharos" idea, promise your support, and we can assure you that 1936 will not pass without seeing a revival of the Year Book.

HUMOR

And jazz returns to the radio. Even such music hath charms to soothe my savage breast. The poignant note of the saxophone and the plaintive melody of the traps breathe comfort and peace into my tired and wornout soul. There is magic in the air. All things have their effect by contrast. Why then should I not rejoice in the restful blare of the trumpet after a month of pre-election campaigning has been forced upon my ears?

Whither has disappeared the sense of humour of Canadians? Surely the picture of hundreds and thousands of citizens stumping up and down and across this fair land, seeking with heart-rending sincerity and loud-voiced declamation to convince the populace that their own particular label will, if placed upon the bottle, make the medicine more effective, is a sight to make strong men weep. To a man, this mighty army was serious and grave, stern and prepared to face the realities of the situation. Was there, in some remote hamlet hidden among the groves of brilliant maple or of fragrant pine, a village orator who retained the old-time skill to sway his little audience with pleasant truth pleasantly set forth. I fear not. Gone are the days, if ever they were with us, when human mind with human mind joined in thoughtful yet in happy union to consider the problems of our country. Stand to one side, and gaze upon the scene, have a hearty laugh at how you also have taken yourself too seriously, and afterward go your way and be thus no more. Canadians, if their speech be a true indication, are a sombre, serious folk, whose only inclination is to prosper and to die.

Much may be and has been said in praise of the pioneer. In this country he built well and established firmly sound and noble institutions. For the many benefits which he has conferred upon us in our generation let us pay him due honor. Nevertheless, let us realize too that he had one great lack, in which regard we need not follow him: where was his sense of humour? Undoubtedly his circumstances and environment as he pursued the fierce primary struggle for existence were not conducive to the development of humour. The treading of the globe at twilight, the building of huge barns and storehouses, the gathering of the glittering hordes of fish from ocean's depths, the drawing of tall timber from the snow-filled woods, had poetry, romance, and drama in them, but not the vital spark whence comes true humour. In sights like these the pioneer saw nought but the working of divinity, sad-faced and stern, ready to yield the laborer the just reward for his toil. No more saw he than that, more is the pity. Tradition dies hard. That which the pioneer has set as the characteristic and sign of our profession we endeavor both consciously and unwittingly to maintain. We have no humour.

Wit? Yes, and a thousandfold too much, our only straw to which we cling like drowning men to save us from ourselves ere we are overwhelmed in the deep of our own ponderosity. By means of some surprising turn of words or ideas, in a well-intentioned effort to make our speech somewhat the lighter, in search of some new way in which to return with added impetus the opponent's battledore, wit triumphs among us. Why must audience after audience be bored to desperation and rebellion by speakers with an excess of wit, falsely considered "Humour"? Humour is almost entirely absent from our speech, especially from the speech of college students. When addressing an audience, students almost without exception rely on an appeal to the intellect, and no appeal is made to the sympathy of the audience. Which, candidly, will be the more effective? There is not let-up in the pounding tirade; in closed march moves the wordy column of facts marshalled in proud array for the great occasion, ready to do battle against all comers.

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:

The Mud-Slinger

This first episode of mud-slinging is respectively dedicated to whatever students, if any such there are, who are energetic enough and intelligent enough to bother reading the inside pages of the Gazette. We hope to find a sufficient number of things we don't like around this campus to fill this column for a few weeks; we hope we are not too optimistic. Our hope is to awaken a few students out of their characteristic lethargy, and to make them realize that, although Dalhousie has far surpassed all other universities on this hemisphere, it is far from being the acme of educational excellence, and that the millennium has not yet arrived.

One of our pet hates is the down-at-the-heel louse who gripes about every campus organization, telling just what in his nit-wit opinion is the proper way to run things, although, content to revel in his own slime, he has neither the ability nor the desire to do anything constructive himself. No matter what activity it is—Gazette, Council, D.A.A.C., Glee Club, etc.—he can't see anything good about it. To hear him speak one would think him a Hercules of energy and a Socrates of wisdom; in reality, he is nothing but a useless jackass impeding the efforts of the go-getters on the campus. No matter where you go you see them—gym, reading-rooms, Law and Medicine corridors, the Mud Slinger saw a group of the breed in the book-store the other day—it was a disgusting sight. A typical example is one student who had the privilege of attending an Upper Canadian university for a few years, and can see nothing good at Dalhousie—but he does nothing about it. If you are one of the species, or are tinged, however slightly with its earmarks, wake up and shake yourself out of it before it is too late; if you are not, see that these know-nothings keep their mouths shut and remain in the gutter where they belong.

Another group around the campus to which we don't offer sneers and virulence, but commiseration and pity is the weaker sex. How they can take it! Our tigresses seem to have no more feline instincts than the sleepest tabby. For some weeks they have been slammed and knocked in the columns of the Gazette, but they accept it all apparently with placid resignation. We had thought that Dal had improved somewhat in

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

And the six hundred were all evenly divided into paragraphs, each of which dinned on unwilling ears its "point".

"Students to right of them,
Students to left of them,
Students in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd."

How peaceful and soothing to an audience would be one kind comfortable word, one illustration drawn from everyday life and human nature, one apt observation upon life as it is outside the academic lore of schoolmasters! The leisurely ambling gait of quiet humour has more effect than all the high pressure salesmanship of salient wit. After the witticisms and intellectual sallies have disappeared, long there linger memories of moments spent in pleasant thought led through the labyrinth of argument by the hand of humour, gentle, quiet, mild.

Great men there have been in these very Maritime Provinces whose sense of humour led them on to ever greater heights. Their names I need not mention, for each stood out above the common mass of people as a beacon on a lonely hill, the light revealing all the depth of darkness round about. Until such time as we can proudly point to our tradition and say without fear of contradiction: "There is our fine trait of characteristic humour"; so long shall we be lacking in the fulfilment of that godly heritage which ought to be ours. Time was when opportunity lacked. No longer have we such a plea. The men surely are not lacking who will seek to break themselves of habit early-formed and still persistent, in order to fit themselves for the future when they in their turn shall stand upon the public platform to bore or to entrance. The task is no easy one, but nothing worthwhile is ever easy. On that

(Continued on Page Eight)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Next month the British elections will take place. With the present government backing the League of Nations, no better time could have been chosen by Baldwin. In the Peace Ballot recently held, eleven million potential voters declared themselves to be in favor of supporting the League. The Labor Party is the official Opposition; but the labor unions came out solidly in favor of sanctions. On this question the Labor Party split, since in theory it believes that war is caused by imperialistic and capitalistic forces, to the detriment of labor. With the opposition in two camps and the policies of the government in accord with public opinion, Baldwin seems likely to be returned.

The city press has seen fit to accuse the Gazette of inconsistency. If the allegation is true the Gazette is to be praised for emulating, in its own small way, the example set by its critics. How these latter preen themselves upon their summer camps where the offspring of the slums are given a chance to enjoy two weeks of air and sun. These papers, with a fine feeling unusual in them for their sensibilities of their readers, restrain the other side of the story; how urchins of five and six are sent by them to cry the glories of their miserable wares until nine and ten o'clock in the evening, making the night hideous with their importunities, and incidentally ruining their health and morals over which our press professes such concern.

The New York Association of Internes recently held a conference at which the internes aired their grievances.

The medical student, they said, must undergo a long and expensive course during which he receives no pay. To the argument that he is receiving valuable experience the

the last few years. A few years ago the letters of Egbert and the Aspiring President of the Anti-Feminist League aroused much more response. What protest the girls did make was made on the front page of the Mail, to be sent across Canada—and now they say that they thought the Mail reporter was one of the Gazette newshounds. Or is it supercilious scorn that they are handing us—if so, why don't they come out and try to improve the college rag a bit with their contributions? Oh, well, I suppose the girls haven't time, since they came to college only to have a good time.

What has happened to the Students' Directory? We had understood that it was to be united with the Freshman Handbook, but apparently

internes reply that this is not so; that the cases from which they would learn the most and gain the most practical experience are reserved to the resident student who is specializing. The New York Commissioner for Hospitals later recommended that the internes be paid \$3.46 a week. If the Dalhousie internes organized they might be able to do something to remedy the situation in the Maritimes.

The Community Chest has begun its annual drive for funds. It was formed to prevent the waste and inefficiency arising from the lack of co-operation between the various and unorganized charities which existed before its establishment. This was a prudent and business-like move, but has it been successful? Direct appeals from the various charities are still made. Every Saturday is a tag-day, when the pedestrian must purchase the right to walk the city streets unmolested. Far worse, however, than the annoyance and inconvenience caused to the individual by this situation is the doubt it throws on the efficiency and methods of the Community Chest.

Now that the tumult and the shouting have died and Mr. King has taken over the reins of government, what does an analysis of the situation show? On the facts the Liberals enjoyed their greatest victory since Confederation. Supposedly they received an overwhelming mandate from the people. But was this so? True the Liberals hold about 65% of the seats, but actually they received only 45% of the votes cast. This leaves 20% of the voters unrepresented or rather, misrepresented, for they are represented by men against whose policies they voted. So much for representative government and democracy.

we were mistaken. To date there has been no sign of it. Last year the publication of these valuable little booklets was taken over by the Council, presumably that our interests might be better served. Apparently however, the usual inefficiency reigns supreme; if there is any reasonable explanation, we haven't seen it. The Directory was, in the past, incomparably more useful than the Handbook, which is looked at once and then tossed in the scrap-basket. Why could not those pages of the Handbook which were used for some sort of a useless diary or calendar of blank pages have been used for a directory? Or were the editors too lazy? No man is perfect—not even the editors of the Handbook.

PARTY TIME IS HERE

Formal Evening Wear - - -

To be in the social swim one must have a dinner jacket or a suit of tails. We are featuring a smartly tailored Tuxedo Suit with Silk Vest at \$25.00, complete. Others at \$30.00 and \$35.00. Accessories to match at the same reasonable prices.

See the new black Hamburg's Hat for evening wear as featured by Esquire.

SHANE'S MEN'S SHOP

THIRTY SPRING GARDEN ROAD

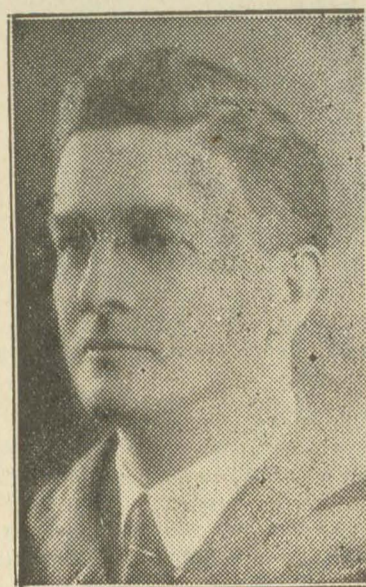
DISCOUNT OF 10% TO DALHOUSIE STUDENTS

MONSTER REUNION IS PLANNED FOR 1936

DALHOUSIE PROMINENT IN PUBLIC LIFE; FOUR IN MR. KING'S CABINET

A Word of Greeting

I congratulate the editors of the Gazette on their plan to issue special numbers of interest to graduates. It was considered unfortunate that the Alumni News was discontinued. It is conceivable, however, that special issues of the undergraduate publication, addressed to the Alumni, may be more interesting than was the old publication. The new plan in a way brings back the graduates to the campus and gives them some idea of the present life of the college as well as news about themselves. I have long thought that the Dalhousie Gazette is the best undergraduate weekly publication I know.



CARLETON STANLEY
President of Dalhousie University.

I take this opportunity of expressing to all our graduates my cordial greetings. Many of your graduate societies, in Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, New York, Sussex, St. John's, Newfoundland, Halifax, and many groups of graduates in other places in Canada and abroad have most hospitably entertained me, and in many ways

have shown their continued interest in the University. We are one family, with a common interest in a great cause.

CARLETON STANLEY,
President.

ALUMNI EXECUTIVE IS ALREADY ACTIVE WITH PLANS FOR GATHERING

Under the able leadership of President S. R. Balcom, the executive of the Dalhousie Alumni and Alumnae have been busy during recent weeks with plans for a monster Dalhousie reunion to be held in the latter part of August, 1936. Activity has been mainly confined to spade work, up to the present, but the sod has been well turned, alumni officers report, and many committees are already engaged in planning the details for the gathering.

FAVOR EARLY START.

At recent meetings it has been agreed, without dissension, that preparation should begin as early as possible so that nothing would be left undone to make the 1936 re-

union the greatest convention of Dalhousians old and new that "The Little College" has ever known.

Although the plan, it is emphasized, is still in its infancy, the response has been amazing and the alumni executive are enthused with the prospects for staging a reunion that will eclipse anything of the sort ever attempted in the past.

Class '27, as will be noticed in another column, is determined to answer the roll call with a large turnout of its members; other classes, it is understood, will be campaigning through the winter months to rally attendance of their members in an effort to exceed the record of the graduates of '27.

IN NEW YORK.

From New York comes word that Dalhousians in the metropolis are talking about the reunion and shaping their vacation plans for next summer to include this organized return to the campus at Studley and the Forrest Building.

Close-mouthed officials of the alumni executive refused to divulge details of the proposed reunion program in time for this issue, but have promised to relent before the next Alumni section of the Gazette appears. At that time, it is expected, some of the plans will be announced and graduates will have an opportunity to learn why the executive hope to make the reunion different from any ever held by Dalhousie and superior to all earlier efforts.

The executive of the Alumni Association, who will welcome your suggestions, is as follows:

EXECUTIVE OF DALHOUSIE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

President—S. R. Balcom, McLeod & Balcom, Ltd., Spring Garden Rd. and Robie St., Halifax, N. S.

1st Vice-President—J. W. Godfrey, Canadian Savings & Loan Bldg., Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

2nd Vice-President—Donald McInnes, c/o McInnes, Lovett & McDonald, 35 Bedford Row, Halifax, N. S.

Governors—

John S. Roper, Capitol Theatre Building, Halifax, N. S.

Major J. W. Logan, 70 Morris St., Halifax, N. S.

Dr. Kenneth A. MacKenzie, 89 Spring Garden Rd., Halifax, N. S.

Ronald M. Fielding, Russell & Fielding, 435 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Dr. E. K. MacLellan, 158 South Street, Halifax, N. S.

Osborne Crowell, Crowell Bros., Ltd., Halifax, N. S.

Executive—

Murray Rankin, 22 Coburg Road, Halifax, N. S.

R. E. Inglis, Court House, Halifax, H. S.

Dr. Gerald Burns, 81 South Park Street, Halifax, N. S.

Gordon Graham, 416 Roy Building, Halifax, N. S.

T. H. Coffin, c/o W. L. Payzant, Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

Gerald Redmond, Department of Education, Halifax, N. S.

Dr. George K. Macintosh, 81 Coburg Road, Halifax, N. S.

Secty.-Treas.—H. Gerald Stairs, c/o Nova Scotia Light & Power Co., Ltd., or 2 Waterloo St., Halifax, N. S.

Recent Gifts To Dalhousie

Recently the University received word that the late Margaret F. Trueman (nee Margaret F. Newcombe, B.A. '85), of Berwick, N. S., had bequeathed \$1,000 to Dalhousie. Mrs. Trueman was one of the first women to graduate from the University.

Dr. William Inglis Morse, the donor of the "Morse Collection" of books, maps, historical documents, etc., has recently given the University \$3,750 in cash for various specified purposes. Graduates visiting their Alma Mater should not fail to see the very notable "Morse Collection".

Imaginary Meeting of Class of '27

Greetings!

The meeting will now come to order while the President, "Mugs" Fraser, explains that this special meeting has been called to consider two items of particularly urgent business. Please follow carefully as the Secretary, Minna Troop Shearson, reads the first item on the agenda.

Secretary: Under the head of unfinished business, your executive calls to your attention a resolution passed in the spring of 1927, by which Class '27 committed itself to raising a fund of \$600.00 to be applied to a class gift to the University. This gift was to take the form of a memorial window to be presented jointly with Class '28. Subsequent expressions of opinion from class members have caused your executive to drop the original plan and to consider a gift of a more useful nature, from our class alone.

President: Perhaps we might hear from Art Jubien, Chairman of the Class Gift Fund, just what progress has been made with this fund.

Art Jubien: Mr. President, to date our fund shows contributions of \$329.00. Your committee feels that the balance of nearly three hundred dollars is but a small sum to ask from a class like '27.

"Bub McKinnon: May I ask what form of gift is now proposed?

Art Jubien: That matter is now under consideration by your executive and this committee. Suggestions are being collected from the University authorities and other individuals. The nature and value of the gift will naturally depend on the response from all of you members. We feel that it should be on befitting a class of our size and loyalty.

Henry Bell: I move that a letter be sent by the executive to each and every member of our class urging their loyal co-operation and support. This letter should show the amount already contributed by that member and request the immediate payment of any further subscriptions desired.

Tom Coffin: As Mr. Bell is now in Montreal with Mr. Jubien, I move that he be asked to assist in receiving contributions.

Harry Bell: I shall be glad to help. Just ask in your letter that

(Continued on Page Five)

Dalhousians played a prominent part in the recent Dominion elections and a list of the successful candidates indicates that the university will be represented in Canada's next Parliament. From coast to coast Dalhousians contested the elections as candidates and many other Dalhousians were active in executing the various details of the campaign.

The Prime Minister of the government which went to the country, the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, is himself a Dalhousian (LL.B. 1893, LL.D. 1919). Mr. Bennett has always maintained his keen interest in his alma mater and has spoken at university functions on several occasions. Although his government was defeated, he won a personal victory in his constituency, Calgary West.

Secretary of State in his Cabinet was another Dalhousian, the Hon. C. H. Cahan (B.A. 1886, LL.B. 1890, LL.D. 1919). Mr. Cahan was also re-elected. His constituency is Montreal-St. Lawrence-St. George.

Although the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Canada's new Prime Minister, is not a Dalhousian, the Minister of Labor in the new Liberal administration is Prof. Norman McLeod Rogers (Law, 1917-1918).

Professor Rogers is an intimate friend of the prime minister's. Thus, although not a Dalhousian, Mr. King has the counsel of a son of what alumni modestly term "Canada's greatest university."

Professor Rogers will be ably supported by three other Dalhousians in the cabinet. The Hon. J. L. Ilsley (LL.B. 1916), member for Digby-Annapolis-Kings, is minister of national revenue; the Hon. J. E. Michaud (LL.B. 1913), member for Restigouche-Madawaska, is minister of fisheries; and the Hon. C. D. Howe, member for Port Arthur, is minister of the merged portfolios of marine and railway and canals. The Hon. Mr. Howe was professor of engineering at Dalhousie from 1910 to 1914. He was associated with the construction of the Science Building.

Other Dalhousians who were elected include: D. A. Cameron, Cape Breton-North Victoria (LL.B. 1893), Dr. D. J. Hartigan, Cape Breton South (M.D.C.M. 1911); R. E. Finn, Halifax (LL.B. 1898); Donald MacLennan, Inverness-Richmond (LL.B. 1905); L. B. A. Robichaud, Kent (LL.B. 1915), and Dr. Alexander McGillivray Young, Saskatoon City (B.A. 1903).

(After writing the foregoing, we received in the mails, from an alumnus in New Glasgow, who follows closely all things Dalhousian, a general list of Dalhousie graduates who were candidates not only in the federal election but in the recent provincial elections in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Alberta. Omitting from his list the names already mentioned above, we publish his list of Dalhousians in political activity herewith.—Ed.)

(P.S.—His comment: Reading the list (below) can anyone doubt that the Weldon tradition at the law school is being maintained?)

Nova Scotia.

Hon. W. A. Ernst, LL.B. '19-'20.
Vincent J. Pothier, LL.B. '20.
Rene Wilfrid Landry, LL.B.B. '10
W. B. Armstrong, LL.B. '08.
Finlay MacDonald, LL.B. '99.
B. E. LeBlanc, M.D.C.M. '07.
Rev. Perley C. Lewis, B.A. '20.
R. D. C. Stewart, LL.B. '31.
D. M. Cochrane, M.D.C.M. '23.

NOT AN EDITORIAL

With this issue of the Dalhousie Gazette we present two pages devoted to alumni news which it is hoped will prove of interest, not only to members of the alumni, but to the undergraduates as well. The plan is to take a page or two in the Gazette at regular intervals instead of publishing the Alumni News as a separate periodical. Whether or not the experiment succeeds depends principally on you.

With the co-operation of interested Dalhousians, it will be possible to publish bright news pages of general appeal to all those who have pleasant memories of the University. Particularly do we want to hear from Dalhousians outside of Halifax. In many places these emigres have banded together in Dalhousie societies and their activities are of interest to all other Dalhousians. This is a general invitation to all such societies to contribute news notes. Let us know you are doing in your society. The notes in this issue from the New York association offer an example of what can be done.

Individual Dalhousians, too, are heartily invited to send in contributions. There are no annoying conditions. You may contribute prose, poetry, vers libre—anything you choose. All we ask is that it be of interest to Dalhousians.

DALHOUSIE PROFESSOR RECEIVES HIGH HONOR

Dr. E. W. H. Cruickshank, professor of Physiology since 1928, has been appointed Regius Professor of Physiology in Aberdeen University. Appointments to the regius chairs in British Universities are made by the crown and the honour's a mark of recognition to Dr. Cruickshank's world-wide reputation as a teacher and scientific investigator. Author of three books and scores of articles he is considered an authority in learned circles.

Dr. Cruickshank is a graduate with honors in medicine of Aberdeen. In post-graduate work he won a D.S.C. in London, Ph.D. in

Cambridge, the M.R.C.P. (London) in 1926, and the F.R.S. (Edinburgh) in 1929.

Upon graduation in 1912, he spent three years with Ernest H. Starling. During the war Dr. Cruickshank joined the 9th division and served five years in France with the Royal Army Medical Corps. Following the duties as Regimental Medical Officer he was asked by the Rockefeller Foundation to build up a physiology department in Peking. Upon Starling's recommendation he accepted, spending six months visiting the larger medical schools before taking up his duties. He returned four years later as Research Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation in Cambridge and Heidelberg. In 1926 he traveled to the seditious province of Patna, India, where, with the lavish sums provided by the government, he designed and equipped complete Biochemical and Physiological buildings.

At Aberdeen, Dr. Cruickshank succeeds Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod as regius professor of Physiology.

The students who were fortunate to sit under Dr. Cruickshank will remember him for the acuteness of intellect and the simplicity and excellence of his manners.

Dr. Cruickshank will probably leave on or about December 28th, to take up his new work on January 14th, 1936.

We extend sincere congratulations and good luck.

Prince Edward Island.

Hon. Thane Campbell, B.A. '15-M.A. '17.

New Brunswick.

Hon. L. P. D. Tulley, LL.B. '98.

Hon. A. A. Dysart, LL.B. '12.

Hon. R. B. Hanson, LL.B. '01.

Frances L. Fish, LL.B. '18.

W. W. Foster, LL.B. '33.

Hon. C. T. Richards, LL.B. '18.

John A. Creaghan, LL.B. '14.

D. V. White, LL.B. '19.

R. W. L. Erle, M.D.C.M. '03.

Quebec.

Leslie G. Bell, LL.B. '15.

Saskatchewan.

J. A. McMillan, LL.B. '15.

Alberta.

Joseph Patrick McIsaac, LL.B. '11

Hon. John W. Huggill, L. '09-'11.

British Columbia.

Gerald G. McGeer, LL.B. '12.



SHORT STORIES AND POETRY

LIFE IS THAT WAY

By The Gazette's Short Story Writer
(F. D.)

There was a dreariness in the atmosphere of the cold morning air that denoted a day to be set aside for reminiscences of the living past. So thought Manuel Barras as he trudged slowly onwards through the throngs of early job seekers and those belonging to a more fortunate clan, the laborers. This morning, particularly, the lines in Manuel's face seemed grooved more deeply, his head bowed in worried thought.

How fortunate were they, this mob of dull, lifeless souls, Manuel's thoughts were rising. Here was he, a full fledged engineer, graduated, cum laude from one of Spain's finest universities, a paltry ditch-digger.

His hands were now cracked and calloused from the tools of his livelihood, the heavy handles of the pickaxe and spade. And the humiliation of it all—to be working on an engineering project. How often, to keep up his courage, had he remarked to Margaret, with a smile, that he was certainly starting life in the right way—working from the bottom up.

Manuel's face was now lighting up, his features softening. Margaret always affected him that way. Ever since he had fallen in love with the little American girl whom he thought to have dropped from heaven when he first met her in his own native land, he had been able to think of nothing else. After they were bound in matrimony, he went back to her America because she was not happy in his small hacienda that overlooked the sea.

At first the people had been so strange to his little wife, for whom there was no sacrifice he would not make. She had borne him a male child, and his pride in his boy far excelled the disappointment upon learning that his baby was to be a cripple throughout life. They had been lifted into the realms of happiness for such a brief span of time, that, to Manuel, it remained only as a dream—a tiny spark which had ignited the fires of his ambitions and had then flickered out.

The small inheritance left to him by his father had lasted but a short time, as did his high hopes of securing a position on a government engineering staff. He began to understand the despair of a suffering humanity—the cry for work and bread. His knowledge, beyond engineering, had been limited and his skilful hands, designed for the building of dams and bridges, had to be content with digging ditches.

Fate, not satisfied with the destruction it had already wrought upon him, dealt Manuel his severest blow when he found himself under the employ of Grisholm—Grisholm, the cruel boss of the engineering project, the crooked politician whose leering smile denoted the way in which tremendous power had affected him.

Manuel's face was burning now and his heart quickening. Clenching his fists, he tried hard to control the wave of hatred that was surging throughout his entire body. Thoughts of how Grisholm had taunted him by referring time and again to the fact that with his high engineering degree, he was fit for nothing more than digging ditches—unbearable at times had been the taunts.

Meekly he had swallowed Grisholm's insults because his wife and child could not survive without food. Besides, jobs were scarce.

Manuel stopped short to discover that he was attracting the attention of the staring passers-by, for his thoughts had given way to actual loud mutterings. He hurried his footsteps and soon found himself with pickaxe and shovel, ready for work.

He had not worked long before he spied Grisholm coming towards him. Manuel stopped to suit in his direction, so great was his hatred for

this man who was not a man but a monster.

"Barras!" There was no mistaking the harsh voice of Grisholm. "Come here!"

Instinctively, Manuel scurried out of the ditch and stood face to face with that leering smile.

"Barras, you're no longer needed here." It was that cruel, cold voice speaking again. "You can leave now. Get your pay envelope at the office."

Manuel stood dazed. "But my wife—" he started to say. But Grisholm had already turned and was on his way towards the construction building.

"I'd like to kill you," Manuel heard himself yelling in a fit of frenzy.

Grisholm stopped in his tracks and turned around. "I'll be home tonight, at your disposal," he remarked, and smiled.

With a weary heart and burdened mind, Manuel started back towards his home. The thought of facing Margaret was too much for him, while Grisholm became a gruesome nightmare to him. All day he walked the streets, along the wharves, not daring to go home to Margaret. All the while he was fighting down the impulse to kill Grisholm.

It was dark when he turned his footsteps in the direction of the home of Grisholm. Upon reaching the house, he was surprised to find the front door wide open and a light in the hall. Through a window he could see Grisholm seated at a table in a corner of the room. Manuel had no gun, but in his hand he held an iron pipe which he had found in the street.

Stealthily he entered the house and stepped into the room, to find himself face to face with Grisholm and that smile of his. Strangely enough, the smile did not possess the leer so characteristic of the man before him.

Instinctively, Manuel rushed at the man and with a single blow sent him staggering to the floor. But Grisholm managed to mutter a "Thanks, old man," as he fell.

Manuel stood dazed, but only for an instant. Thoughts once more began rushing through his mind.

"My God," he muttered, "I can't let him die. He wanted me to kill him." Swiftly the significance of everything came to him—that nonchalant remark of Grisholm's when he threatened to kill him, the open door which gave him such easy access to his victim. Lastly, the smile on Grisholm's face and the words of thanks he uttered as he fell—as if Manuel Barras was doing him a favor by killing him.

So that was it, Manuel's mind racing. He wanted to die, but couldn't do it by his own hand, so he had aroused the enmity of a sharply-tempered, sensitive Spaniard—the coward! But there was no time to lose; he must do something immediately.

In a maddened frenzy he reached for the phone and rang police headquarters.

"I've injured a man," he yelled into the phone. "Hurry, he must not die."

Hanging up the receiver, he lifted the unconscious man and placed him on the sofa, making him as comfortable as possible. He had not given the police any address, for he knew they would trace the call. This bit of strategy, he thought, would give him time to vanish before the police and ambulance arrived.

Snatching up the iron pipe from the floor, he ran into the hall and from there walked out into the cold night air. With his first breath of air, he heaved a sigh of freedom and started in the direction of his home.

From then on Manuel was dazed beyond reality. Dimly, he could visualize a court trial with a grim judge making a long speech, un-

(Continued on Page Seven)

VARIOUS VERSE

REALTY

It seems but a day
Since I saw you.

Or was it you,
Standing there on the hillside
By the white birches, laughing;
The wind tossing your curls
Golden in the spring sunlight?
It was you.

I can see you now,
As plain as yesterday,
Or was it yesterday
That you laughed at life,
Stretching forth your young arms
High flung in the balmy breeze,
Gasping from sheer joy of being
there?

It was yesterday.

Ah yes, dear one,
I can still see you,
Or is but a fancy?
For I know that you are gone now.
Gone from the hill, the breeze, the
sunlight;
Gone are your golden curls and
laughter;
Gone to dust, but not from my
memory,
It is not a fancy.

The Midnight Watch

Dark grey, swift-moving masses hide
behind the stars,
And like a snivelling, petulant
child,

The wind, now beaten, yet not
reconciled,
Sobs through the rigging, moans
around the spars.

No fear of tearing ice or snow-hid
bars—

The man on watch is not to be
beguiled
By floating heaps; he knows the
masses piled
Beneath—

His face is wrinkled, bears the
scars

Of cutting Artic tempests when the
snow,
Screaming in fury, lashes o'er the
deck

And blinds the eye, and Death is
seen to now
And beckon for the man to come—

Below,
We sleep, untroubled by a thought
of wreck,
Our trust in him on watch, our
faith in God.

THE DREAM

I wandered in a forest tall
And came upon an old stone wall,
Broken, grey and moss o'ergrown,
That could have been the ancient
throne

Of an ancient sage with flowing hair
Who thought great thoughts, so
wise and rare.

Strange and sinister was that place
So that I tried to hide my face

Against the force which held me
there;
My hopes now laid so cold and bare.
I tried to flee, Oh brave young fool
To stumble upon a stagnant pool.

With shaking limbs and cold moist
brow,
I liked to think that even now
To free myself from moss-grown
thoughts,
To save my youth before it rots
And floats, then fades in stagnant
pools,
I might escape the fate of fools.

Then suddenly I felt so strong
My bursting heart broke into song.
The sun shone through, the moss
grew green,
The pool gave forth a golden sheen.
And as I crept from out the wood,
I awoke and thought... and thought
I understood.

Renascence

How lonely and how frightened I
should be

When Judgment's waking trumpets
rend the skies
If I should seek, with growing sick
surprise,

Among the stirring host surrounding
me

And find myself lost in Infinity
Without you and your smiling can-
did eyes!

Then would I say, "And Hell is
hers, the Wise,
While I, the Fool, receive Eternity!"

The thought of ever singing doleful
psalms

And living in a smug hypocrisy
Is quite enough to make my cold
gorge swell.

But, with you near me, I should
have no qualms

Of writhing in an endless agony
Among forgotten souls in black-
est Hell.

"LOVE"

A Dose of Humour—Shake Well
After Taking

If she can't talk, you, call her
Taciturn.

If she's a gossip, you call her
A brilliant conversationalist.

If she's skinny, you call her
Fashionably slender.

If she's too fat, you call
Pleasingly plump.

If she's tall and seedy, you call her
Willowy and graceful.

If she's a sawed-off runt, you call her
Petite.

That's love!

One's for the money, two's for the
show.

Three's to get ready, four, five.

Eenie-meenie-minie-mo, catch a co-
ed by the toe,

If she hollers, She can't take it.

A BEDTIME STORY

OR

SIMPLE SATIRE

A long, long time ago (I have to
begin this way because a story must
have a correct beginning and ending,
I suppose), but it was not so. It
was yesterday I was passing a gar-
den, a rough, rocky little place, with
paths unfinished here and there,
where someone only recently had
trimmed the birch trees, and the
boughs lay strewn about; an un-
finished job I surmised.

There was a little girl in the gar-
den, I saw her curls, strange though,
I thought at first they were yellow
flowers. You know, when looking
through trees how everything blends
into one—but it was a little girl with
curls, I heard her piping voice, "I
am tired of playing here; the scarlet
coats have fallen off my soldiers."

Half-apologetically she added, "I left
them out in the rain I guess." But
mother did not answer reprovingly,
in fact she did not answer at all.

The wee voice grew braver, "The old
soldiers won't fight now; they fall all
over the twigs, and they don't shout,
and they don't—Mummy, I wish
daddy was here. Our soldiers were
so brave and strong and the battles!
And the fights! And—What are you
crying for mummy? Perhaps they
will fight tomorrow when daddy—
but until he comes, know what I'll
do? I'll bury them; not very deep,
just so their red-painted coats will
show a little above the earth, then
I'll know where my useless men are
buried. That's right isn't it mummy?
They don't bury soldiers very
deep do they? Do they, mummy?
Do they?"

Oh, mummy don't cry. "I'm not
crying. I think it's funny".

And as I passed on the sweet
tinkle of childhood laughter blended
with another's broken sobs.

And they lived happily ever after.

PRISCILLA

A SHORT STORY

She was crimping her hair in the
harsh light of her room. "Tonight
is my last chance," she thought.
"If I don't get him tonight—" she
sighed and her lips shook. With
nervous fingers she pulled on her
dress, being careful of her hair. "I
mustn't lift my arms high tonight—
that mend isn't strong. What a pity!
That is my one fine gesture. Throw-
ing back my head and folding my
arms under it." For an instant, a
whimsical light shone in her eyes,
but then was gone. She had more
important things to do than to muse
upon the oddity of existence. Yet it
was strange that life or rather how
life shall be lived often depended
upon a caprice.

Her black crepe dress was plain
and ordinary. Its white collar, how-
ever, was spotless. "I must be clean"
she thought; and looked at the white
tips of her fingers with satisfaction.
"Ollie paints her fingers but forgets
to clean her nails. I'm sure men like
clean girls—at least Jim does. Isn't
he always talking about his mother's
shiny pots and pans? I must ask
him about his mother tonight."

Her features were homely; nose
too long and thin, eyes undistinctive,
mouth now unfortunately over-paint-
ed. Yet as she moved easily about
the small room, putting away her
clothes in a box under the bed, her
figure had a faint grace and deli-
cacy. The real beauty of her carriage
was marred by the ill-fitting
dress and the awkwardly-balanced
shoes. Her parents dying before she
was fifteen, Priscilla had worked as
a housemaid in various families, but
she rarely stayed with these families
more than six months. She had a
genius for giving a wrong impres-
sion. Everything she said or did was
misconstrued. It would be hard to
say why. Perhaps it was the half-
humorous light in her eyes that
dared you to believe or disbelieve;
perhaps it was because you sensed a
dignity in the girl that you could not
reconcile with her appearance.

She looked at her face in the glass.
It displeased her, but she did not
know why. "I look artificial; I know
I haven't the right shades of powder
and rouge, but what can a girl do?
I do wish my hair was red or some
other colour instead of this—" For
an instant, her face hung suspended;
she saw it as something apart from
herself—a cold representation of the
failure of her life. She saw herself
as she really was, a creature with-
out stability or ambition, a mere
hanger-on, one to whom life owed
nothing and from whom shortly was
to take everything. She had a dis-
taste for the plain face; for the
crimped hair; for the cautious care-
fulness in which her soul was en-
cased. She had never behaved impu-
sively in her life; her feelings were
restrained but some prudence
restrained their expression. Today
she had given her second last ten-
cent piece to the blind accordion
player, but she had given it in the
vague hope that Jim might be some-
where in the crowded street and wit-
ness her kindness. And she spent the
remainder of the afternoon scanning
the people to find him, a quizzical
look in her eyes at her own foolish-
ness.

She turned sharply from the mir-
ror, and hurriedly putting on her
coat and hat, left the room—her
thoughts in rebellion against the
world that forced her to be depen-
dent upon a man's fancy. But she
put out the light, smiling a little at
the inevitableness of character.

She ran down the stairs and out
the door. She heard the landlady
call out to her, but did not heed and
hastened on. "She wants my rent,
and I haven't got it. And if she
knew this was my last dime, she'd
make me stay home and buy some-
thing to eat instead of going to Joe's
Place. And I've got to go."

Her landlady opened the door and
called after the dim figure of the
girl, "Priscilla! Priscilla Brown! I
want to tell you—" she ceased as
Priscilla disappeared around a corn-

er. "Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Weir in
her habitual kindly but worried man-
ner, "I know she's going to that
Joe's Place and if she does anything
foolish—I only wanted to tell her
that Mrs. Wright, who let her go
last month, wants her back, because
she'd decided she likes a girl who
tells the truth. Oh dear," and
whispering softly to herself, she
went back to her kitchen.

Priscilla planned what would hap-
pen tonight. Her imagination spun
a thousand dreams—he would say to
her simply, "Let's dance", and they
would dance, bound together by that
feeling of intimacy, of complete
awareness of the other's presence.
They would not speak—then she re-
membered that Jim liked to talk
while he was dancing, but his con-
versation was limited to "How'm I
doin', baby?" and occasionally "How
ya doin', honey?" She had a mo-
ment's contempt for the hide-bound
mind of the man, for his illiteracy
and his complete misconception of
her. But she dismissed the thought,
as she always dismissed such
thought, with a downward quirk of
the mouth. Her anticipation of the
evening quickened as she neared
Joe's Place. Then he would say,
"Let's get out of here, baby, where
you and me can be alone", and his
blue eyes would look at her the way
they looked at Ollie Smith. Then
they would leave and she would do
anything he asked, be anything he
asked—her throat constricted at this
thought, for she had been brought
up in a sternly religious household.
But she knew she would have to; her
life depended upon it, and after all,
what good is morality when starva-
tion is the alternative. He would
marry her, for he often said he liked
to see a woman in a home, doing
woman's work.

She reached the cafe, and as she
climbed the long dark stairs, she
carefully arranged her expression to
the right degree of nonchalance.
"Men like girls to be at ease. You
are not to blush." She went into the
ladies' dressing-room and saw Ollie
Smith patting her dress before the
one large mirror in the room. It was
a new dress, Priscilla noticed—red
with white fur trimming; but al-
ready, the white had a dingy cast—
merely from being on the girl, said
Priscilla to herself.

"How are you, Priscilla?"
"Great." She managed a little
cordiality, but she wished Ollie had
not come tonight.

Like your hair that way. Looks
nice," said Ollie.
"Well, it's clean anyway," answer-
ed Priscilla.

"Well, I'll be seein' you," and Ollie
went out into the dance-hall.

Priscilla was left alone in the
dressing-room. She felt suddenly
sick; contact with Ollie's confidence
and physical appeal had unnerved
her. She could not go out. Jim
would be dancing with Ollie and
would not see her. "You'd think he
see what a slut she was by the dirt
of her neck and hands!" But Pris-
cilla's brief vindictiveness passed and
with it her descent into vulgarity.
Joe's place was long and narrow.
Small tables lined its sides, and the
orchestra played in the far end with
its back to the dancers. At the other
end was a bar presided over by Joe
himself. The light was dim, and as
Priscilla stood in the doorway, she
could barely distinguish the faces.
Her mind appreciated the incon-
gruity of the scene—some danced in
evening clothes with berets on their
heads, some had aprons on—but her
eyes searched anxiously for Jim. Ah,
there he was. At the bar, alone.
Perhaps he was through with Ollie.
Longing to run in her eagerness, yet
knowing enough not to, she sauntered
over to the bar, and swung her-
self up on the stool beside Jim. He
looked at her out of the corner of
his eye, "How are ya? baby?"

"Swell." Although it was only
nine-thirty, she saw that Jim was
drunk. Oh well, she'd change him.

(Continued on Page Seven)

PRESIDENT STANLEY'S OPENING ADDRESS

PERSONALS

John W. Hugill, Law '09-'10, has recently been appointed as Alberta's Social Credit Attorney General.

Raymond W. Breaux and Francis L. Breaux, former students in Arts and Pharmacy, are now established in a partnership, Breaux's Pharmacy, in Edmunston, N. B.

A number of recent graduates of the University has sailed for England and the Continent to study for the coming year. Among these are Madeline Page, B.A. 1929, M.A. 1930, who will take a course in journalism in London; Harold A. Weir, B.A. 1931, M.A. 1933, winner of a Carnegie Fellowship which will enable him to study at the London Institute of Education; Helen Mackie, B.A. 1932, who will study at the Sorbonne in Paris; Freeman K. Stewart, B.A. 1934, who has been awarded an I.O.D.E. Scholarship, and who will study philosophy, and economics at Oxford; and Wendall Hewson, M.A. 1933, also winner of a scholarship to the University of London.

Catherine G. Fogo, B.A. 1935, has gone to McGill for further study.

Don Ross, LL.B. 1935, recently arrived from Toronto, and is associated with the firm of Burchell, Smith, Parker and Fogo.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilcox (Alice M. Archibald, Arts 26-29) spent the summer in various parts of Nova Scotia, sketching. The last two covers of "Mayfair" are the work of Mr. Wilcox, who is a former King's student, and whose home was in Windsor.

Marjorie Dunsworth, B.A. 1929, LL.B. 1935, was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia on October 18th, and has been articled to R. Douglas Graham, K.C., of Halifax.

Another member of the same class, Samule Margolian, B.A. 1935, LL.B. 1935, has also been admitted to the Bar and will practise in Truro.

J. Hugh MacLennan, B.A. 1928, Ph.D. (Princeton) has gone to Lower Canada College, as Classics Master.

Marion Dauphinee, B.A., 1929, (King's) has returned to England after a summer at her home in Bridgewater, to resume her class in the P.N.E.U. School, Nottingham.

Among visitors to Halifax this summer, after an absence of more than twenty years, were "Lou" Mylius, Eng. '07-'10, a successful engineer with interests in oil in Wichita, Kansas, and Douglas M. Collingwood, also Eng. '07-'10, who is with the Sun Oil Co., Dallas, Texas.

Other Nova Scotians visiting their old homes were J. B. Kenney, LL.B. 1893, who now lives in the south of France, and who spent some weeks in Canada this summer; Mrs. Ernest Forbes, of Weston, Ont. (Anna May Gordon, B.A. 1902); Mrs. Edward Corsi, of New York, with her small son (Emma Gillies, Arts '10-'14); Gerald Conrod, B.Sc. '31, with his wife, from Toronto; Rev. George Murray, B.A. '20, of Trinidad; Dr. C. St. C. Guild, M.D.C.M. '25, of the American Public Health Association, New York; Dr. M. H. Dawson, B.A. '16, of the Presbyterian Hospital, New York; Dr. Luther MacKenzie, B.A. '01, M.D.C.M. '02, of New York; Dr. D. S. MacIntosh, B.A. '12, of Montreal.

Guests registered at Crosby Hall, the residential headquarters of the International Federation of University Women's Clubs, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, this summer, were: Miss Jessie MacDougall, B.A. '14; Mrs. John F. Cahan (Beatrice Daviss, B.Mus. '09; Mrs. W. L. Maclean (Allie Umlah, B.A. '10); and Mrs. C. Wilson Smith, interim Professor of Education at Dalhousie last session.

Word received lately from Mary Elliott Crocker, Arts '27-'30, tells that she is teaching in St. John's Indian School, Chapeau, Ont. Also, that Henri P. Binet, Law '19-'20, formerly of Etang du Nord, Magdalen

Manhattan Dalhousian Sends News

(The following items are contributed by the Publicity Committee of the Dalhousie Alumni Club of New York City, a live organization of Dalhousie graduates. Dalhousians in other cities are urged to send similar material about activities of their organizations as well as chatty personals about their members. We should like to make these columns a common meeting ground for alumni all over the world.—Ed.)

Dalhousians in New York are already making plans for the reunion of 1936. President Dunlop is calling a meeting at which arrangements will be discussed for a suitable representation from the local Dalhousie Club. We feel sure that a large percentage will be present.

Dr. Luther MacKenzie, our esteemed honorary president, may well be called the mainstay of the Dalhousie Club of New York, which could ill afford to dispense with his graceful speeches and old world courtesy.

John Dunlop, our president, who spent his vacation touring through Nova Scotia, has returned full of enthusiasm over the reunion. He snuffed off to Buffalo recently, and expects shortly to fly to California on business in connection with the law firm of Elihu Root, with which he is connected.

Ross MacLeod, leading spirit of all Dalhousie dinners, returned recently from a vacation spent with his parents in Cape Breton. He has been secretary of the Club for the past two years, and is consulting lawyer with the New York Life Insurance Company.

Our efficient new treasurer is Winston Proctor, who is another enthusiastic sponsor of the 1936 reunion. Mr. Proctor is an insurance broker in Wall street.

Rev. Harvey Whelpley, still remembered as the taxi-driving parson, has earned a place for himself in the life of the community. He is one of New York's most popular young preachers.

Dr. Gordon Melvin is a leading light in the progressive education movement. His ideas have been very ably set forth in his new book.

Dr. Charlotte Munn is a valued member of Rockland State Hospital.

John Rathburn is at present vacationizing in Nova Scotia. He has closed his country home in Long Island and will spend the winter in

Islands, is working with the International Labour Bureau, Geneva, Switzerland.

Miss Elizabeth Frame, B.A. '29, M.A. '29, formerly on the staff of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., has sailed from England to do post graduate work at the University of London.

Graduates of the Dalhousie Medical School who have established successful practices in the vicinity of London, Eng., include: Dr. Robert Kenney, M.D.C.M. '24, of Deptford; Dr. Robert F. MacLachy, M.D.C. '26, of Norwood Hill; Dr. Reginald S. MacLachy, Med. '18-'20, of Lee, who practices as an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist; Dr. G. C. Shaffner, M.D.C.M. 1925, B.A. 1922, of Ewell, Surrey, and also Dr. Barry M. Shaffner of the Dental School, D.D.S. '24, who practices at Palmer's Green, in North London.

Dr. John Denoon, M.D.C.M. 1931, of Highgate, London, has gone for some months on a trip to Africa.

A MESSAGE

To Fellow Members of the Dalhousie Alumni Association:

We are to have another opportunity of greeting our old Dalhousie friends and meeting those of more recent years in a grand re-union to be held for three days during the latter part of August, 1936.

You in distant parts have longed, we know, to return to wander through the corridors of the old Forrest Hall—to live in the past with old friends and dear remembrances. Then you are anxious to see the new Dalhousie with her magnificent buildings and fine grounds, her facilities for research and some of the splendid results obtained, and to learn the plans made for the Dalhousie of the future.

We have three thousand eight hundred members spread all over the world and, for the most part, taking the lead in their own fields of endeavour. We expect at least eight hundred of you to return to Nova Scotia for the Reunion. Halifax and the province generally

are eager to welcome you. Please do not disappoint us—plan now to spend your 1936 holiday at the Dalhousie Reunion.

the city. John is a member of the staff of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

Frances Power, who spent her vacation with her parents in Halifax, has returned to the city, where she is employed as head of the personal department of Bamburger's Department Store.

Evelyn MacKenzie, assistant counsel for the Third Avenue Railway Company, is another enthusiastic roofer for the 1936 reunion. She spent the summer in Scotland.

We are proud to add to our list of members Rev. Sidney Bonnell, who has recently been called to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Piers Brookfield on the birth of a daughter. Piers is one of our prominent New York architects, and for two years was treasurer of the Dalhousie Club of New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Lyons are also being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, their third child. Dr. Lyons is a very successful neurologist in New York City, and for two years was president of the Dalhousie Club.

Miss Lois MacKinlay spent the summer in Charlottetown, and has returned to St. Agnes' School, Albany, where she is head of the Classics Department.

Dr. Ross E. Faulkner, one of our most eminent Dalhousians, spent last summer in Chester, where he has a charming summer home.

Mrs. Anna Creighton Laing is practicing her profession in New York. She is attached to the medical staff at St. Mary's, and at St. Vincent's Hospital.

One of the most enthusiastic rooters for the Dalhousie dinners is Norman de Carteret, who now resides in Pelham. He is on the executive staff of the Fox Film Corporation.

Two helpful members are Mrs. Charles Fentenberg and Mrs. George Watt, who have thrown their homes open on several occasions to Dalhousians.

Dr. S. J. Turel was married in June to a prominent woman attorney who practices law in New York City. The Club extends congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Turel.

Larry MacKenzie, Professor of International Law at the University of Toronto, was a recent guest at John Dunlop's delightful apartment, and was entertained by various members of the Club. He brought to us added enthusiasm for the reunion of 1936.



S. R. BALCOM

Pres. Dalhousie Alumni Association.

are eager to welcome you. Please do not disappoint us—plan now to spend your 1936 holiday at the Dalhousie Reunion.

S. R. BALCOM, Pres., Dalhousie Alumni Association.

PERSONALS

Dr. John Fabian Bates, M.D.C.M. 1926, was married to Miss Katie Cudhea of Glace Bay, N. S. on September 20th. They will live in New Aberdeen where Dr. Bates has a large practice.

Aubrey Farnham Price, B.Sc. 1926, was married to Miss Margaret E. Henry of Regina, Saskatchewan recently. They will live at Shawinigan Falls, P. Q., where Mr. Price is employed.

Rev. Clarence M. Nicholson, B.A. 1931 and Miss Ethel Mary McLellan of Sydney, N. S., were married there on October 2nd. Mr. Nicholson is the incumbent of the United Church at Imperoyal, N. S.

J. H. T. Nicholson, LL.B. 1915, of Sydney Mines was recently married to Miss Dorothy Whidden. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. M. Nicholson, B.A. 1931, of Imperoyal.

Some Dalhousie marriages of the summer were:—

Winnifred Killam, B.A. '33, formerly of the Macdonald Library staff, and Ian Forsyth, B.A. '22, M.A. '24, of Dartmouth, N. S.

Kathleen Eleanor Killam, B.A. '30, and Dr. Laverne E. Cogswell, B.Sc. '31, M.D.C.M. '32, of Berwick, N. S. Helen Williams, B.A. '31, and Murray M. Rankin, B.A. '27; B. Com. '29, principal of Alexandra School, Halifax, N. S.

Ann H. Allison, B.A. '33 (King's), and John A. Hebb, B.A. '32, headmaster of the lower school at King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S.

Ralph Andrews, B.A. '30, to Miss Muriel Chapman, of Amherst, N. S. Robert Dougald C. Stewart, LL.B. '33, of Annapolis Royal, N. S., to Miss Kathleen Emma Richardson.

Raeburn F. McCun, LL.B. '31, of Oxford, N. S., to Miss Wilma Beryl Baxter.

Douglas M. Scott, B.Sc. '30, of Shawinigan Falls, to Miss Dorothy Cummings.

Dr. Harold L. Mellish, B.Sc. '29, M.D.C.M. '33, of Hunter River, P. E. I., to Miss Ethel A. Cameron.

Rev. John R. Davies, B.A. '31 (King's), of Toronto, to Miss Frances Hanfield Whitman, of Halifax.

Gwynn A. Currie, B.A. '33, of Halifax, to Captain Geoffrey Walsh.

Helen Hewat, Arts '24-'25, to Wiloughby Scott Brent.

Wendell Hewson, M.A. '33, of Amherst, to Miss Julia O'Brien. Mr. Hewson has been awarded the Beit Fellowship at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, and will spend the next two years in study there.

Dr. Alfred Roscoe Andrews, one of oldest graduates of the Halifax Medical School, died at his home at Auburn, N. S., on September 21st. Graduating from the Medical College

(Continued on Page Six)

President Addresses Students On Opening Of New College Term

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I look on this reassembly of the University family at the beginning of term as a happy occasion. To me it gives a lively pleasure: it is a pleasure to look into the new faces—we have very many of them this year—and to see the familiar faces refreshed, perhaps I might say in the case of the professors rejuvenated, by the holidays. Holidays are a joy to the spirit; but not the least pleasant thing is returning, refreshed by them, to the task.

This morning, without preamble or qualification, I wish to invite all the students to consider with me the welfare of Dalhousie University. There is no exaggeration whatever in saying that upon you chiefly that welfare depends. It is true, of course, that if the University had no business executive it might come to an end for lack of funds. It is true that if there were no teachers in the University students would probably not come here at all. (I say probably, not certainly, for in some historic cases students have banded themselves together with no teachers whatever). But far the most important thing about a university is the quality and conduct of its students. What are they like? What are their aims? What are their interests? How do they spend their time? And by their time I mean their time, the time that is their own, when they are neither in class nor examination hall. As some men know, the quickest, easiest, most comprehensive way to discover what a given university is like, is to settle quietly in the town where it is situated and get acquainted with cross-sections of its undergraduates.

Well, what discoveries about Dalhousie would that method yield? What are you like? How do you spend your time? How do you spend your long vacations? I am not asking whether you earn money in your vacations. I know that many of you laboriously do that. But what do you think about when work is over? What books do you keep beside you? What are your interests? The answer to these questions is—much more closely than any of you realise—an accurate description of Dalhousie. The answer to the same questions fifty years ago was a description of Dalhousie fifty years ago. And, again, the answer to these questions by various groups of students indicates just as accurately that there are different types of students.

Please do not, for one moment, imagine that I am asking whether many of you perform the tasks set by your professors, or whether your interest is great in those precise matters dealt with in your class rooms. In the first place I take that much for granted, but again satisfying these requirements is relatively a small thing. I will give you evidence for that statement: In four years, I have not met one single stupid person among Dalhousie undergraduates, and to the best of my belief any person who was not stupid could comply with the minimum class room requirements and examination requirements of the B.A. or B.Sc. course with extreme ease. In fact I am surprised to discover with what ease many students, who are not accounted brilliant, secure what is called "Distinction" in those courses. Perhaps some of you would not agree with my analysis. But few who have had any great commerce with life, as well as experience in education, would deny the statement that bare success in the ordinary Dalhousie courses is no great matter; that it gives no certain clue as to the mental and moral powers of a student, that it is no guarantee that a person has been well or even adequately prepared for Life. Life is a vast, complicated affair, of endless difficulty. "Collecting Credits" in Class X1 and Y1, and P1 and Q1 is a simple matter, and gives one little equipment for the puzzle and game we call Life. Furthermore, as it is very largely done for you, in

text-books and lecture-notes, it is to that extent dull, and gives you no glimmering of the fascination there is in Life, which is a game that each man has to play for himself.

Let me illustrate it in another way: We have had some discussion here in the last two years, and some of you have participated in it, whether we should allow you to carry on with games yourselves; or whether in the interests of your health you should be compelled, if you do not play games, to undergo regular physical training, according to a time-table. Now, leaving out those dutifully-minded and unimaginative people who enjoy compulsory physical training according to time-table, what is the difference between this thing—"doing jerks", as it is sometimes called—and playing tennis or some other delightful game? Surely it is the difference between a robot or a free agent, the difference between being a dead machine or a live animal.

If you follow this thought you will see what my enquiry as to your way of life means. The enquiry is about your Freedom, about your Leisure, about your own Life. Relative to that, I am sure you will admit, nothing else matters. As compared with that, you will agree, your attendance at Professor A's lectures and your securing 40% or 41% at Professor B's examination, is very trivial and inconsequential. "No", you will say, "the thing of vital consequence is that I myself, do for myself, in these four years at Dalhousie". Will you let me add, in case you are too modest to add it, that what you do, thus independently, in these spacious, golden years, is of vital consequence, not only for you, but for the future of this country, and for the future of learning, and science, and society in the whole world?

You have heard, you cannot have failed to hear, the common saying that what matters chiefly about college experience is not classes and curriculum, but the life led while in college. I warn you, the antithesis is a little too neat—the important things can never be so neatly labelled (Continued on Page Six)

Acknowledgments

Acknowledgments of dues received to date:

- 1935.
- D. McIntosh, Hector McInnes, K. C., Donald McInnes, H. B. Stairs, Ira Cameron, Ronald H. Fielding, Henry F. Munro, Ian Macdonald, Mr. Justice Graham, F. V. Woodbury, Prof. D. C. Harvey, Dr. Judson Graham, Dr. H. G. Grant, Dr. A. J. MacKeigan, Dr. Gerald Burns, J. H. Mathewson, George D. Grant, Dr. F. R. Davis, Reginald M. Piercey, H. W. Kirkpatrick, Warren Publicover, O. R. Crowell, S. A. Morton, H. F. Creighton, H. S. Ross, G. K. MacKintosh, John E. White, W. H. Fulton, D. A. Cameron, McNutt, H. E. Mahon, George Burbridge, Dr. H. S. Crowe, C. W. Parker, I. C. Mackie, Hon. John Doull, W. H. Ross, J. W. Godfrey, Allistair Fraser, R. T. MacIlreith, Sam C. Brookfield, J. C. Doyle, Judge Geo. H. Patterson, W. J. Leahy, W. O. Thompson, H. G. Stairs, J. W. Weldon Dr. J. F. Klizak, A. H. McNeil, Warren Publicover, Dr. F. G. MacKay, Hon. R. B. Hanson, Hon. J. T. Ralston, E. H. Davis, R. L. Ritchie, Alton Dingal, G. R. Marshall, Dr. Hugh P. Bell, J. D. MacLean, Horace Renner, W. P. Copp, J. R. Corston, T. R. Robertson, Mathers & Doull, Tina Singer, Everett B. Muir, Dr. Townsend, Everett Fraser, Charles, S. Herald, Rudolf A. Clemen, D. W. House, K. T. E. Wedster, Rev. J. A. Scrimgeaver, Dr. T. M. Creighton, Fred Yorston, Miss J. L. Palmer, J. E. Rutledge, R. M. Hattie, Dr. Bruce Almon, Carl P. Bethune, W. H. Noonan, R. E. Inglis, John Roper, G. F. Pearson, F. H. M. Jones, Dr. Macaulay, Dr. W. G. Dawson, Thos. P. Slaven, H. R. Wyman.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS NEVER TAUGHT

AMONG OUR PROFESSORS
or
Lectures as they are Never Given
ENGLISH 9

Well, I must say that you seem to be the worst class that I've ever had! When I remember—but we won't go into that just now. If somebody will pull down that blind at the back of the room so I can see what I'm saying, we'll try to make the best of the circumstances.

I don't know why half of you are taking this class. Someone must have told you that it was a cinch and that I never pluck anybody. Well, it isn't and I do, if you want to leave, just get up and go now. What! no one? All right, you've asked for it, so take what you get.

Now for text-books and references. First of all, read Harrison and after that read any book ever published which deals with any aspect of drama, dramatic art, history, method and tendencies or dramatists. There are about 100 books on the subject in the Dal Library and 50 in Kings. Read them all—you'll be responsible for them. What do other classes matter? This is English 9. Read half-a-dozen books and four Greek plays for next day. Maybe we'll have a quiz then. Would you like that? All right then, we'll have it.

I could tell you what to study, but I won't. That's for you to guess. I'm different from all my colleagues. They give you the answers and you guess the questions; I give the questions and you guess the answers. I'll pluck anyone who guesses wrong. Now here are seventy typical questions which I might ask unless I change my mind at the last minute.—Got them all? Then forget them. I'll give you some more next day, if you remind me to do so.

I didn't come prepared to give a lecture today—I never do. I don't have to prepare for this class or any other. You wouldn't know whether or not I was lecturing anyway.

This class deals with acting as well as with drama. Acting is a modified form of showing off. I'm acting now. Why the laughter? I'm serious! Drama is to poetry what a buffalo is to a gopher; it is larger, woolier and more ferocious; you can't kill it with a club and it's easier to keep track of and is more noticeable. See the point? Now forget it.

Theories, definitions and abstract terms are dangerous, so I'll give you lots of them. Here's a dozen for next day.

Is this a good scene for a play? Two negroes fighting in a stage-coach going rapidly over rough country in a terrific storm at midnight. Why not? Give three reasons. Wrong!

There is a limit to acting. This is in the language. An actor may look like a carrot, but he can't make a noise like one with any degree of success. Were you laughing at me again?

Now I'm going to ask a definite question pertaining to drama. Here it is: If an egg and a half cost a cent and a half, how long would it take a lobster to kick a sand-flea's ear full of sand OR is drama a representation or a re-representation of an action? You have five minutes to decide. In the meantime I'll think up a lecture for next day.

Ho hum! Any results? How many are asleep? What! None? Leave it till next day. Now I'm going to give you a lecture on horticulture. I have some roses at home—you've seen traces of them in my lapel and on my shoes. Drama is like roses. The Greek drama was too fragile to live. The English drama was too crude to be enjoyed, but it was hardy. A wild rose can't be killed; lovely (horrid word!) roses are easily destroyed. What do we do? Graft them—not in the political sense. Graft the delicate blossom to the hardy root and there you are. That's what our modern drama grew from—the beautifully simple Greek plays

Is Latin Dead, Or What- - -

"Latin is a language,
It killed the ancient Romans
As dead as dead can be
And now it's killing me."

These oft repeated lines bring back memories of high school days. The fact that we have to keep on repeating them during our first two years at Dalhousie seems to reduce the college to high school status in this respect. Why should all candidates for a bachelor or arts be forced to waste the valuable time and money that they spend on Latin 1 and 2?

Some ardent lover of classics will suggest that a knowledge of Latin is helpful in studying English. The average student is not interested in this possibility and is quite satisfied to merely pass the exams. Besides, if this is the object, why waste time on all irrelevances in Latin? It would be far better to take a course in English, avoiding the tiresome, roundabout method.

Another vague but inevitable argument presented in favor of Latin is that it trains the mind in conciseness, and develops reasoning power. Modern psychologists contend that this statement is false. Even if it were true, would it not be far better to memorize and reason about something interesting or practical? The mental training would be equally good and the student would have acquired some useful information, or would at least have enjoyed the work. Advanced courses in Latin literature may possess an irresistible charm, but unless a student wishes to seek these distant pastures he should not be forced to struggle through Latin 1 and 2.

Why then does Dalhousie cling to this ridiculous custom, when there are no reasonable arguments in its favor and we hear so many complaints against it?

Keep on complaining, all ye suffering students of Dalhousie! Perhaps if you wait long and badly enough some one will wake up and rectify this horrible wrong.

Imaginary Meeting

(Continued from Page Three)

all contributions be addressed to me at 244 St. James St. W., or to Art at Room 708, 215 St. James St. W., Montreal.

Bookie Murphy: How shall we discover the whereabouts of the members?

President: Our Treasurer, Murray Rankin, and Tom Coffin are working in conjunction with the Alumni Office to prepare a full and accurate directory of Class '27. You may expect the letters to be sent out within a few weeks.

Bub McKinnon (again): For once, I have no fault to find. The idea is a sound one. I feel that we have all been very remiss in allowing a '27 gift to slip for nearly nine years. I take great pleasure in seconding Harry Bell's motion.

President: All in favour say "aye".
All: Aye!

President: The vote is unanimous.

President: The next item deals with the 1936 Reunion. Our records show that Class '27 had the largest representation of any class at the 1929 Reunion. Your executive appeals to all members to plan to be in Halifax for the 1936 Reunion, which will be held during the latter part of August, and maintain their record.

Avis Marshall McCurdy: What a splendid time to present our Class Gift to the University!

A long shout of "Hear! Hear!"

Bub McKinnon (still again): And what a time for that keg of beer!

Meeting adjourns.

grafted to the hardy English at next day, but I've given it today.

In everything we do, we tend to do what we did this time last year, and this time last year I went home and had my dinner, so if you'll excuse me I'll indulge in a little acting of my own. See you next day. That's all.

PRESIDENT STANLEY'S Opening Address

(Continued from Page 5)

and disposed of—and the saying is capable of a wrong emphasis. But I pass on and admit the saying, however it is construed. For, as I have already made clear, my sole concern this morning is with this "life led at college", your own life, which you absolutely control. It cannot be affected in the least, unless you choose that it shall be, by any increase of scholarship on the teaching staff, or any improvement in our equipment. This indeed is exactly why I ask your assistance about it. I know that many of you are thinking of it; last year a large number of you asked me to attend your own debates about one or two aspects of the question. But I think that few of you yet believe, as I do, that this is the most important thing connected with the University. At least you do not believe it in the same way as I do.

Many of you believe, I know, that the self-imposed life of students—what you sometimes call "students' activities"—is the important thing about college. But if this is so, does it not obviously follow that the character and quality of your so-called activities is more than ever significant? Take the habit of reading as a test. It has become a commonplace all over this continent that college graduates read pretty much the same stuff as the man on the street. Booksellers and librarians, being in a position to judge, are very emphatic on this subject. It is a matter of common observation that, while college graduates have multiplied in numbers during the last generation, book-shops in the European sense of that word, and in the former American and Canadian sense of that word, have almost passed out of existence. One is driven to the conclusion that the hundreds of thousands of undergraduates in Canadian and American universities are forming no habit of good reading. Presumably they read the books prescribed for study, but habits are not formed merely by external prescription.

Well, let us ask ourselves about it. How many of us are reading literature, history, politics, philosophy? With all due allowances for the man of genius who has original and valuable ideas, unaided by the thoughts of other men, and for the sheer scientist whose mental life is built up round his observations of nature (there are both types), it must still be true that at least ninety-five out of every hundred who are ever going to do anything, or contribute anything, or who are even going to justify the pains spent on their education, not only must do occasional reading, they must immerse themselves, steep themselves in the great books, in the thinkers and creators, and in the critics of human life. Only so does the scene before them become intelligible: the shape of politics, the clash of interests, the modes and manners, and everything that has an historic root. Any neighborhood, any profession, any business will sooner or later confront you with abstractions and principles, legal, theological, political, scientific, which will baffle you unless you can carry them across frontiers, or into the past, or into a social frame.

And so, granted fully that your free life at college, your intercourse with your friends here, or your own solitary hours, are more important than your formal studies,—granting that, for argument's sake,—does not the real question still lie ahead? If into your free life, whether solitary or social, there enter none of the great things that have been said and discovered and done in the world, neither Plato nor Shakespeare, nor Newton, nor Michelangelo, nor Mozart, nay not even the European novelists, then of what, pray, does your life consist? What is its value? For what sort of existence is it preparing you? What stock of ideas will you have at the end of it? Are you going to be just another target for the chatter of the newspapers and the maudlin outpourings of the radio? That, and nothing else, to the end of your days? For that you could have been prepared in a thousand easy ways: you need not have come to college at all.

I am not suggesting, of course, that you sit in the library during all your spare hours. I am not suggesting one lark less, nor any lessened exhibition of the high spirits of youth. I am not suggesting any diminution of your leisure. The word school means leisure, as I have already said to some of you. But many of you need for your gay untrammelled youth a variety which is lacking to it: and many of you need in your leisure greater and more satisfying things to feed on. It is you, however, who must attend to these things. If we who are older tried to map out your gaieties for you that would at once reduce you to a kindergarten. And, if we intruded upon it, your leisure simply would not be leisure.

And now, one word more. I hear many of my coevals saying with alarm and dismay that youth today is revolutionary. I am not alarmed nor dismayed on that score. I should be if I thought that young men and young women were not revolutionary. My young friends, you should be. There is no other hope for the world. There are many things always to revolt and rebel against. Somewhere or other stupidity is always enthroned. Somewhere or other there are always wrongs to right. Sooner or later there is going to be a wholesale revolt on the part of the youth in North America against what is offered them, by selfish, commercial interests, in the name of amusement and entertainment. Suppose you began a revolt here and now against the so-called music that I have been listening to for the last four years in Dalhousie, and against what I have for four years heard called by the name of dancing. Ladies and gentlemen, music is an Art, dancing is an Art, but they bear not the remotest resemblance to what you, and young people elsewhere, have been calling music and dancing. Twenty-four hundred years ago it was gravely stated that nothing so degraded the taste, and debased the intelligence as vulgarity and cheapness in these Arts. In the interval there has been plenty of historical evidence of the truth of that grave statement. Men and women who will accept the false for the true in music, will listen to those who advise that slavery be accepted in order that freedom may follow; they will listen to promises of twenty-five dollars a month for nothing except a vote. And so, I say, revolt and rebel. Refuse to accept shoddy for wool. Retain your scepticism and humour. Don't be afraid of being called revolutionary.

But don't confuse your dreams with business, nor imagine that Life and the World will yield up their riches, and their age-old wonder, for so many pennies in the slot. Now, my friends, this may seem a serious, if not a stern word, to deliver to you this glad autumn morning. I make no apology. The fact that I utter it to you argues my confidence in your intelligence, on the whole, and in your reserves of moral strength.

I wish you, at the beginning of this term, every good wish: every good wish for your physical health; for a serenity of spirit in this dizzy, not to say, troubled world; and for advancement on the paths of wisdom.
October 3, 1935.

Personals - -

(Continued from Page Five)

in 1879, he practised first at Aylesford, N. S., and then for some years on account of his health, in Turk's Island, B.W.I. He took then a post graduate course in New York hospitals, and for the next thirty years, practised as a successful specialist in eye, ear, nose and throat diseases in Malden, Mass. About three years ago he retired, and spent the remainder of his life at Auburn, among old friends and his family.

Dr. Daniel MacNeil, M.D.C.M. 1913 died at Glace Bay, N. S., on September 10th., after some months of illness. Well known from his early youth as an outstanding athlete, and interested in every form of sport, Dr.

"The Famous Country Doctor - - -"

One morning last June I was motoring along Highway No. 81, lost in meditation because the scenery was not sufficiently striking to attract my attention. Suddenly I was aware of a sign which read "Williamsburg, very slow please," and I took my foot off the accelerator. Before I knew it I was lost in a mess of tied up traffic and moving along at a snail's pace to avoid running down pedestrians and the more unfortunate people whose means of propulsion was a wheel chair or a stretcher.

How strange it seemed! And how unlike the ordinary farm-centre with its single store, its barber-shop, church and school. There were rows of cosy little cottages, modernistic restaurants, and such an unusually large crowd of people whose automobile licenses revealed that they were not part of the local population. My interest was aroused and the novelty of the place was so intriguing that I turned out of my way to investigate. To my further amazement I discovered attractive hotels, beauty-parlors, and endless tourist lodges.

Then I came upon the reason why a little cross-roads was essentially a city. Here was the clinic of Doctor Locke—which I have since learned to call "the circle." I immediately recognized the famous doctor whose picture I had so often seen in newspapers and on the screen. So fascinated was I that I decided to become better acquainted with this much-talked-of place.

As I walked about, gaping at everything in a fashion peculiar to sight-seers, I observed that the trend of all traffic was either to or from Dr. Locke's swivel chair. How closely it resembled a living organism! There, in the centre of the circle, was the soul, the heart, the life-giving power responsible for all the hustle and bustle. Converging at this point were the principle veins and arteries. The long lines of patients slowly moving in were the veins carrying the spent blood back to the heart for purification. The out-going crowds were the revived life-blood finding its way through the arteries back to the tiny capillaries. For these I found a suitable parallel in the little lanes and by-streets which led, by way of the main channels, back to the heart of the organism. The restaurant, of course, represented the digestive tract supplying the blood with the required nourishment. Just as a human being depends upon the entire world for the commodities which satisfy his needs, so this creature drew its supplies from far-away sources, for among the throng were people from all parts of America.

I derived a certain satisfaction from this comparison and as I went on my way again I carried with me a vivid picture of this lone man, working steadily with the regularity of a heart-throb, that life might go on and health be restored. Just as the pumping of the heart sends the blood cells back to their work with a renewed supply of oxygen, so this famous doctor was continually pouring people back into the many walks of life with restored health and hope. He was working faithfully towards a noble purpose—Life, a happier and more abundant life for suffering humanity.

MacNeil spent twenty-three years of practice among the mining towns of Cape Breton.

Older Dalhousians will learn with regret of the death on September 20th, of Florence Margaret Truman, —Margaret Newcomb—the first woman to graduate from the University in 1885 with a most distinguished record. For some years Mrs. Truman was the principal of the Halifax Ladies' College; on her retirement she made her home in Berwick, N.S., where she died aged seventy eight years. A warm adherent of the University, she showed her never failing interest in its fortunes, and by her will has left a generous gift to her old college.

GAZETTE BOOK REVIEW

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
AND THE ISLES

(By Stefan Zweig)

"Ruin Edinburgh . . . Holyrood . . . Leith . . . exterminating men, women and children wheresoever resistance is shown." These were the instructions given by Henry VIII in an attempt to win the hand of Mary for his son. Mary was then six years old.

Zweig freely admits he dramatizes the life of this woman. He carries the story with sparkling description, from the heights, the ascension of the French throne with Frances I, to its terrible depths, where Mary's uncontrollable passion causes her to lose husband, crown, and later, her head.

Here is a book filled with vibrant personalities: Elizabeth, her favorite, Lord Cecil, Earl of Bothwell, and John Knox, are paraded. The characterization of Knox is stinging:

" . . . The blindness that he wore made him one of those cruel and narrow-minded persons for whom only their own truth is truthful, only their own virtue virtuous, only their own Christianity Christian."

Again, with the Earl of Bothwell, Mary's third husband, the portrait is extremely vivid. Libertine, adventurer, proud but ruthless, this man kills the King of Scotland for Mary's love. He promptly tires of her in a few months. Once, taking advantage of a lull before an impending battle, this bold fellow offers to fight any man, his peer, to settle the combat. "Brutal evilly," the author terms him, but one cannot fail to admire the dashing personality.

After the early death of her French husband, Mary retires to Scotland, where she marries again. Bothwell's men despatch this second husband and Mary marries for the third time. The nobles, seeing a chance to better their position with the Queen's half-brother as regent for her baby son, drive her from the country.

Mary's behaviour had now lost her the support of the Catholic courts. She turned to England, not through choice, but because she had nowhere else to go. Eight years before she had coupled the arms of England with those of Scotland and France, claiming to be the legitimate ruler of Britain.

Now comes the question of Mary's execution. At this point one is reminded of Zweig's "Mary Antoinette" where the author delves into the mind of the condemned queen. Here he ferrets into the brain of Elizabeth. The chapter is well named, "Elizabeth Against Elizabeth". Here is a keen psychological treatment of a troubled woman. We are reminded of Elizabeth's tears of despair and jealousy at the news of Mary giving birth to a son. Her fear of a woman who has pretended to be queen, and the Catholic support still to be obtained in England. Against that is a keen pricking of conscience for wrong contemplated to one coming voluntarily to her protection.

Paradoxically enough it is in death that Mary becomes the controlling figure; for years she had been Elizabeth's prisoner. This is her finale; very well, Mary Stuart will be the dominant, the courageous, above all, the poised master of the situation.

Declining to beg Elizabeth's clemency, she dons a black velvet, gold-stamped dress, with long regal train. Every article of clothing is carefully chosen, taking two hours with the help of attendants to attire herself. Zweig truly says:

"Never had a woman condemned to death made herself ready with more artistry and dignity."

Only once in the whole dismal procedure does Mary lose her poise. Surrounded by her enemies, on the very platform where the block awaits, a reformed minister persists in delivering the funeral oration. Mary begs him to stop. Determined to hold the spotlight, he continues. Mary drops to her knees, uttering her prayers aloud in Latin, drowns out her tormentor. The rest is soon over.

Priscilla

(Continued from Page Four)

She placed her elbows close to his on the bar and as she leaned towards him, he caught the clean fragrance of the girl. He said, "Let's dance."

And as they danced, Priscilla thought, "Well, the evening's begun the way I hoped, maybe it will end all right. But I do wish he wasn't drunk."

Jim pressed her hand and said, "How'm I doin', baby?" She smiled up into his eyes and replied, "Fine." She saw Ollie Smith looking at them, and deliberately turned and placed her cheek against his.

The dance ended, they sat down at one of the tables, Jim keeping Priscilla's hand in his. She wondered if she really loved him; certainly she spent all her days looking for him and all her nights at Joe's Place hoping he would dance with her. Was it only the allure of the unattainable? She looked at him as he slapped the table and cried, "How about it, Joe? Gimme a drink. You don't drink, do you, little Priscilla?"

Ollie came over to them, as Priscilla had known she would. "Like my new dress, Jim?" passing her hands down her hips.

"Men like the obvious," thought Priscilla as Jim said, "Swell. Looks swell on ya, honey."

"Are you goin' to dance with me, Jim Dare?"

"Sure, sure. But go 'way now. Me and Priscilla's having a great time, aren't we, honey?"

"Sure we are." And she put her other hand on his. But her repugnance for the whole episode almost showed in her eyes. The fastidiousness that kept her body clean also made her dilike any smallness of action. But she had to do it, tonight.

The room became warmer; the laughter and the shouts more frequent; the orchestra more frenzied. Priscilla and Jim hardly danced at all; they simply swayed to the music. Jim held her closely, too closely. She felt sick, and determined to take him to one of the tables. He didn't want to go, but she finally

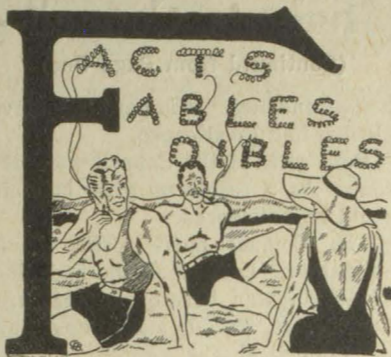
persuaded him. She attempted to bring back normality to their relations by conversation. She said, "And your mother, Jim? You have not told me about her lately. Is she still in the country. And are her pots and pans still shiny?"

She did not notice that the man glanced at her with a frightened expression; that his face gradually became ashamed. She continued, "And the flowers and the vegetables. How I would like to see them. You must take me to the country some day, Jim." The hot room fell away and she was in the green cool country. She was walking among the trees and their shade was good to her tired face. She picked a flower languidly and its smell was sweet. She was startled from her reverie by Jim leaving the table. She followed him but he pushed her away and went over to Ollie who was sitting, slightly drunk, at the bar.

"I'll dance with ya now, baby. Only mind ya don't talk about my mother, see" and he shook her.

"Course not, Jim. That's not a proper subject for any lady," and laughing fatuously, they left Priscilla standing there.

She went into the dressing-room and looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair was tousled and her collar askew. There was a flush on her cheeks and her mouth felt dry. She was ashamed; all the ugly events of the evening passed before her eyes—his breath, the hot clasp of his hands, the expression on the dancers' faces—all rose in a rapid crescendo in her mind until the room whirled around her and she cried aloud. The sense of her own degradation in taking part in such a scene was unbearable; she wanted to cleanse herself from every memory of the evening. How long she stood before the mirror, she did not know, but the voice of Jim saying to Ollie, "Let's go some where, baby, where you and me can be alone," roused her, and clutching her hat and coat, Priscilla left Joe's Place.



According to the HALIFAX MAIL the law boys have made history in the appointment of Miss Purtil to manage the football team. We admit that it is different but then the lawyers-to-be are different. We wonder if the reason for the lawyers' defeat at the hands, or should we say feet, of the meds was because the manager of the team broke training rules and went on a party the night before the game. Or was it due to the fact that the manager and her assistant were not on speaking terms at that time!

And talking about the law lads (and lasses, too) we understand that a certain member of the third year goes down to the law office (where he is articulated) very frequently. We hesitate to suggest that the reason for these visits is purely legal; we suspect that there are other attractions than books—possibly it is looks. At any rate, we would like to go down too, but then three is a crowd, even at 8.40 A.M.

The value of a classical education became apparent during the recent speechmaking by several Dalhousians. We understood that one W. F. Armstrong (alias Baldy) made great use of his knowledge of Latin. In speaking before the voters of Ketch Harbour, Mr. Armstrong greatly impressed his listeners when he uttered such expressions as NEMO DAT QUOD NON HABET and other expressions thrown out at random by Profs. Crouse, Willis and Cleveland.

In that interesting novel "Holy Deadlock" we find this definition of alcohol: 'A sociological anaesthetic for an intolerable environment.'

The girls at the Hall are not being fair to their public. When their press agent gave those interviews to the HALIFAX MAIL, the said agent might have given the MAIL the latest photographs of the girls in question. It would have made the story more complete; a picture is worth ten thousand words, somebody has said. Maybe the girls would rather have the words!

Bernard Shaw declares that a war between Italy and Ethiopia is inevitable, simply because capitalism stands to profit thereby. "Interest obtained on capital will double; industries will make big profits; banks will flourish. The heaps of dead in Ethiopia will not inconvenience the owners of heaps of money now on deposit at one per cent and hungering for five."

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

"Believe it or not"—for your discretion and gullibility.

It is said with assurance that Gillis does not get a "thrill" out of his heart clinics—much to the irritation of Dr. Holland, but John Webster certainly puts feeling in those puckered lips when he serenades on his guitar. Muffat Roy wants to form a duo, but the only drumstick he ever held prior to joining the Dal band, belonged to a turkey. T.Y.M. recommends Dr. McLean as an excellent piano player.

Enid's back in town. She regards capering about the nite clubs in Montreal a foolish practice if you don't take a drink. McGill is only one-tenth as good as Dal, though—but it's heavenly to be among friends again—huh, Nick!

T. Y. M. challenges the football supporters among you to display the enthusiasm our dear faculty was wont to give vent to. A leader of men, Dean Grant, threatened the Dal team to victory.

Trust your own convictions, but when Dr. Gosse is weary and dispirited and inclined to watchfulness it does his heart good if he can ponder on the moods and wash them away with a favorite potion, until a deep sleep gradually steals upon him.

Dr. Atlee, in lieu of a gynecology clinic, confided to the class as follows: "I believe in socialized medicine; I do not believe in the equality of man; women with thick lips have featured dispositions; matrimony at 21 years of age, with or without love"; and for the benefit of the Shirreff Hall sophisticates: "There ain't no such thing as an intellectual evening; it may start intellectually, but it terminates inter-neckingly." These sagacious remarks do not excuse the "Great Benji" for not restraining himself at the game Thanksgiving Day, when he actually grabbed Dr. Bean's hat and booted it into the air.

While bordering on the subject of women, T. Y. M. congratulates Bill Embrey for yielding to Mickey's entreaties and not attending the Med dance. Sam Rosenberg is a bit more stern: when his girl-friend refused to vacate his lap, he knocked her off.

Apart from learning anatomy, anything is liable to happen in the Anatomy Lab. Barnstead is fairly proficient in the gentlemanly practice of thumbing his cadaver's nose; Clary Gosse delights in wrestling with his stiff, and Roy Stevenson is adapting himself to the art of "Bull-Session"; which brings us to the inferior two-thirds of this column, where Dr. Mainland startles us with the admission that Jamieson is wrong for the first time.

For the slovenly Med who neglected to shave before going to a clinic, Mother Larken, of the Public Health Clinic, will provide you with blade and soap—and even listen to your tales of woe with the deepest sympathy. Contrary to this womanly trust, Dr. Burns says, "Believe in nothing, particularly elections and the imagination of student clinicians." Dr. Carney believes it would be a splendid idea if some of the boys showed up for ward-walks.

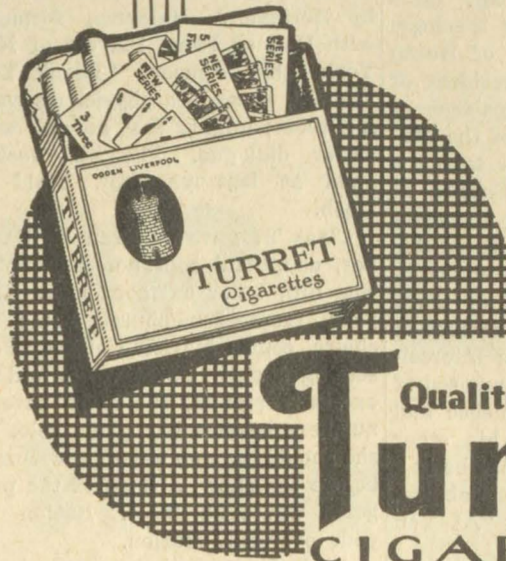
It's fair weather when Dugan and Dr. Dwyer enter together at the Liquor Commission.

The accusing finger singles out Harrowitz and Lehy as the perpetrators of the Biochemistry exam. Dr. Young's comment is that one good question deserves two more.

How do you like these qualifications for the promising young surgeon. He must not be afraid of evil smells; he must cut or destroy boldly like an executioner. He must know how to lie in a courteous manner; he must know how to extract the gift of money from his patients; and he must feel undoubtedly superior to the physician.

Believe it or not, but T. Y. M. respects the wandering thoughts that

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Life Is That Way

(Continued from Page Four)

telligible except for the last few words: "...to be hanged by the neck until dead." Then he could feel the cold stone of what seemed to be a musty old cell with cobwebs on the ceiling and in the corners; a period of undeterminable mental agony which seemed like a troublesome dream—and then the tug of something coarse that imparted a painful sensation of the tearing of flesh.

It was a busy day in police headquarters, so none minded the rain outside.

"Blake, the Cap wants to see you right now." It was young Sandy, the new rookie, who spoke.

"Well, well, no more pounding the beats for you," remarked a white-haired officer who was perusing a daily newspaper. "Detective Blake

—how does that sound?" "Or maybe just plain Mr. Blake," shot back a heavy moustached protector of the law.

Blake stood up and with a shrug of his shoulders entered the captain's office.

"Any more news on the body we found dangling from Pier 21 last night?" was the question shot at Officer Blake.

"Purely a case of suicide, sir," Blake promptly replied. "The body was identified this morning by a man called Bris—no, Grisholm. Name, Manuel Barras. Occupation, former employee on a government engineering project."

Outside it was raining. Somewhere a woman was waiting outside with a tiny, undernourished cripple in her arms, her sorrows being drowned in a downpour of tears.

communicate with the future and reveal that better better facilities for medical service, the great achievements in research, the numerous aides available to the physician and the need for fewer doctors to do a greater amount of satisfactory work for a larger number of people.

Just so there won't be any hard feelings, we'll mention that Hy Magomet will probably have won the interfaculty track meet with the Med team, and Toby Beeber deserves a round of cheers for putting out a champion football team. (Eh, what! Miss Purtil!?)

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Duo Defends--

(Continued from Page One)

here under the N.F.C.U.S., some that stood out, others that were under color. But this year, the visiting team is probably the most outstanding team ever to come to Dalhousie. Both have had wide experience, each has followed different courses and possess special advantages for this Tour. Smith is a graduate of Toronto Varsity, a football star, and has debated for the different universities he has attended on nine occasions. Graduating from Toronto in 1932, he has travelled extensively since then, and has been active in public speaking and lecturing. He is now at Western studying theology.

Brossett is a graduate of Huron College, where he was president of the Debating Society, president of the Athletic Society, and of the Students' Council. He is now taking a post-graduate course in English at Bishop's. And during his six years at college, he has represented his respective schools on seven occasions, and has the record of never losing a debate, and is a member of the present winners of the Intercollegiate Debating Union, composed of all the Universities of Quebec and Ontario. And added to his other achievements is the fact that he is a Shakespearean actor of some ability, having taken the lead in "As You Like It" last winter.

Representing Dalhousie are MacIvor and Selikoff. Both are experienced debaters, MacIvor having led Acadia and took part in two other debates for Acadia. Selikoff is a B.Sc. of Columbia, and has represented Columbia against Bates and Harvard. Both are letter men from their respective Universities.

This will be the outstanding debate of the year, and it will be the only outside team to debate here until March. To this debate, the students are asked to give their whole hearted support, not only to back up our own team, and to compensate them for the work that they have put on it, but also to create with the Ontario team a true picture of the University.

Gazette Presents--

(Continued from Page One)

this paper the first reply to the charges of "high-hatting" at Shirreff Hall. The letter writer, an ex-co-ed, has kindly made her letter short. The editors would be glad if all contributions are made thusly short, but snappy and full of pep. Thank you.

Humor--

(Continued from Page Two)

day when I shall be sorry to find that the election campaign with its speeches is over, and I feel discontented because I no longer may enjoy the flow of humour intermixed with the play of wit in the discussion of our political problems, my heart shall leap within me and be glad.

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NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the Council of Students on Sunday, Nov. 3rd, at 2.30 p.m. in the Forrest Building. All budgets not yet discussed or passed on must be handed in to the Secretary-Treasurer not later than Friday, November 1st. Those interested are asked to attend the meeting.

Freshmen Show--

(Continued from Page One) quartettes; ballroom and ballet dancing, vocal solos, and a piano solo.

Rounding out this program a short one act play will be offered. Directed by Herman J. Halperin, formerly with Hall of Fame Players of New York, this comedy, "Thank You, Doctor", is set in a physician's waiting room; mighty fast moving with clever dialogue. The play looked good at last rehearsal. Hold it, frosh.

Class '37 gave us Fran M. Gardner, delightful soprano. '38 offered Big Bill, tenor extraordinary. This year from Lunenburg, home of choirs, comes Marion Geldert. Possessing a clear, sweet voice, and an excellent pianist, she is in several numbers besides her piano solo. If she should develop measles or mumps before the show, a third of the program would be upset. Button up your overcoat, Marion.

Anybody who has acted in a freshman show appreciates its general feeling of uncertainty and nervousness. Liberal applause on such occasions is like getting an "A" after four hours work on a theme. The show is good. The presentation is different. Give it support.

MAGONET STARS--

(Continued from Page One)
High Jump—Martell (K), Weldon (F), Bird (L). Distance 5 ft. 1 in.
Walking Race, 1 Mile—Stewart (A), DeWolfe (K). Time 11 m. 13 1/2 s.
440 Yard Relay—Won by Medicine (Magonet, Mitchell, Stoddard, Epstein).
440 Yard Dash—Deax (E), Stewart (A), Begg (K). Time 52 sec.
60 Yard Dash (Girls) — Jemmott. Time 7 1/5 seconds.

Dal Tigers--

(Continued from Page One)
The standout for Dalhousie was Stoddart, who playing the full-back position on several occasions ended the snappy passing attacks of the Caledonians by his hard tackles. Thompson and Ross on the Tigers' three-quarter line also put in some good tackling.

The Tigers were also disorganized by the loss of Smith who was forced to retire from the game five minutes after the opening whistle with a broken ankle, the result of a kick. "Ab" Hanway, Intermediate stand-out replaced Smith for the rest of the game.

Dalhousie line-up:
Full-back, Stoddart; Wing three-quarters, Mitchell, Ross; Centre three-quarters, Thompson, Winchey; five-eights, Corston; Standoff half, Smith (Hanway); Scrum half, McSween (capt.); Forwards, Lawrence Mercer, Ball, Sheppard, Cook, Ganter, DeWolfe.

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Says Empire

(Continued from Page One)

whether the British commonwealth of nations would be willing to pay the price in blood and money, which would be required of them should they remain parts of the British Empire, if the League peace machinery broke down, and the world returned to its pre-war state of armed alliances. The speaker questioned whether the Dominion would decently keep out of the struggle if Britain became involved with other European nations in any ensuing international embroglio.

Mussolini's attitude was paradoxical, when he proclaimed his country overpopulated, although he would not allow emigration out of Italy, was Dr. Stewart's opinion. Italy was wanting in resources, yet experts had shown the resources of Ethiopia to be of doubtful value, he stated.

The speaker stressed the tremendous power of economic sanctions, when applied by 52 countries of the League. A greater depression than has ever been known would result in Italy, he said.

Meds Hold--

(Continued from Page One)

Jerry Naugler and his orchestra in their first big 1935-36 appearance dispensed music that the patrons liked immensely. Mrs. K. A. McKenzie, Mrs. R. J. Bean and Mrs. W. G. Colwell were chaperons. Those in charge were Harold Devereaux, Gordon MacDonald and George Murphy.

St. F. Xavier--

(Continued from Page One)

a St. F. X. performer, which took the play deep into the Tigers territory, they had the advantage in territory during the whole game.

The first Dal score came early in the first canto when referee McDonald awarded a penalty kick to Dalhousie 25 yards out in front of the St. F. X. goal posts, Sheppard annexing the three points. The Xaverians evened the score shortly afterwards with an unconverted try by Mulholland.

Early in the second half, Dal scored on a penalty kick, but the score was disallowed because the kick was not taken through the mark. Dalhousie's last score came on a try just before the game ended when Ganter, Lal forward, picked up the ball a few yards from the line and plunged over for the three points.

Manager Bob McLellan reports that the trip was a success financially, with receipts totalling \$377.00, (made up of a \$250 guarantee and \$72 split on the gate from Caledonia and a \$50 guarantee from St. Francis Xavier) and expenses running to \$370. (made up as follows: Transportation, \$195; meals and accommodation, \$160; incidentals, \$15.00).

Class '33--

(Continued from Page Three)

which in wet weather became a muddy bog—incidentally providing a subject for much barbed criticism in the Gazette—so that no more useful benefaction could have been chosen. The knowledge that generations, walking dryshod, will arise to call them blessed, must provide members of Class '33 with an agreeable emotion gratifying in itself, apart from the fact that they, in these hard times, and so soon after graduation, have sufficient regard for their University to collect and expend some four hundred dollars on such a gift, an improvement to the campus and a boon to its users.

It is interesting to note that the University has in its turn extended the paving to the walk, parallel to Class '33's gift, in front of the Science Building, to reach to the steps leading to the lower levels adjacent to the Morris Street gate.

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Students Council--

(Continued from Page One)

non-attendance. It is hard to believe all five had good cause.

Both girls of the Council were absent. As a result no girls budgets could be considered.

The Council must realize their obligation. Last week the spending of \$3000. was before the meeting. Consider it, \$3,000; and almost half the Council absent.

The seriousness of such a situation cannot be over-emphasized. With this thought in mind the writer suggests the following:

1. The member being ill.
2. The member being out of town.

If a member is absent twice from a meeting, without previously notifying the Secretary of the above reason, that person be considered to have automatically terminated their office.

The Council members must realize the students will not allow such haphazard disregard of their interests to continue.

Students Try--

(Continued from Page One)

the domain of the Axemen, but its success depends upon the reception the plan receives from loyal and enthusiastic undergraduates.

A great number of graduates have already signified their intentions to turn out and help their team. It is up to the men and women on the campus, whether tomorrow's showing is a flop, or whether Dal will make the much vaunted spirit of the past look like a wet blanket, in comparison.

We want a train.

Girls Win and Lose

(Continued from Page One)

Joan Furlong started off the game with a mad rush—right through the defence, and—she scored! Joyce Sircom lost no time in keeping up the good work. So the first half ended with a score of 2 - 0 for the Dal girls.

In the second half the girls were just as fast and even more enthusiastic. This time it was Vivian Douglas and Edith Blair who scored. The bleachers were resounding with support for the Edgell girls; K.C.S. yelled lustily for both teams.

The coach, John Willis, had every reason to be proud of his Dalhousians.

Dalhousie line-up:
Forwards—Joan Furlong, Betty Pearson, Joyce Sircom, Vivian Douglas, Edith Blair; Half-backs—Mardy Schwartz, Isabel MacKay, Margaret Woolaver; Full-backs—Mary Miles, Ruth Woolaver. Coach—John Willis.

Monday afternoon saw the defeat of Saturday's proud victors. H.L.C. played a vastly superior game and won with a score of 1 - 0. The Dal girls will have to get into better form before they play the boys' team on Thursday.

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