

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXIII

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 7, 1941

No. 14

PLAYERS TO PRESENT "SPRING DANCE" TONIGHT

Dalhousie Entertainers



Courtesy Halifax Herald.

Enthusiastic Group of Service Men Witness Thursday's Performance

Before an audience whose small numbers are accounted for by the fact that the Navy were engaged in a playoff hockey struggle with the Air Force, the Glee Club presented their three-act comedy, "Spring Dance", last evening in the gymnasium exclusively for men of the Services.

The scene of the play might almost be Shirreff Hall, but as a matter of fact it is laid in a women residence at a New England college. The plot concerns a group of college girls, who set out to straighten out the love-life of one of their number, Alex Benson, who is excellently portrayed by Ruth MacQuarrie. The methods used by Alex's "mates" to get her man for her are enough to set any male to serious thinking about his chances of escaping matrimony if the girl really sets her mind to it—but who could object to a plot so amusingly carried out? The occasion that draws the men

from the surrounding colleges is the college's annual dance, which gives the play its title, "Spring Dance". Sam Thatcher, the love of Alex's life, and innocent victim of the girls' plotting, is well interpreted by Ross MacKimmie.

Ablly supporting the leading characters are Harry Smith, in the part of Prof. Walter Beckett, biology professor at the college, who disgraces his sex by taking part in the plottings of the girls against Sam; "Dooley" Macintosh as Hatton, who palpitates for the beautiful and endearing dumb Frances, who is well played by Adelaide Flemming. Kate MacKim, Sally Prescott, and Mady Platt, Alex's mates, are played by Marjorie MacLean, Kay Robinson, and Joan Blackwood respectively. Miss Ritchie, the housemother, is well played by Kay Hicks. "The Lippincott", Sam's protector, is done well by John Tasman, although he protects in vain. Others in the cast include Eileen Mader, Bert Perrot, and John Barrett.

The cast are very appreciative of the understanding direction of Mrs. Clarke, B.L.I., to whose untiring effort and ever-ready help the success of the play is directly attributable.

A large and enthusiastic crowd is expected tonight to hear the clever dialogue of the writer, Philip Barry. Last evening's presentation served as a final dress rehearsal for "Dalhousie's night", when students and their friends will be admitted upon showing a Council ticket. Outsiders, not accompanied by a Dal friend, will pay 25 cents each at the gate. Note the time! 8.15 o'clock, curtain.

Following the show, dance music will be provided by the Princess Louise Fusiliers orchestra until one o'clock.

COUNCIL TO LAUNCH CAMPAIGN

Support of Students Will Be Solicited

Dalhousie Council of the Students will shortly begin a campus-wide campaign to raise funds jointly for the Red Cross and the International Students' Service. All students on the campus will be canvassed for contributions which will be divided between the two organizations operating to diminish human distress in war areas. Council members were made responsible for conducting the drive among students of

their own constituencies. John Windbank was appointed to head up the campaign with assistance from the committee previously appointed to handle an I.S.S. appeal—Louise Bishop, Mary Doull and Bernard Graham.

Methods for canvassing have not yet been finally decided, but Council opinion at last Sunday's meeting favored an idea which has been successfully used at many Canadian universities, that of requesting students to sign over their caution deposits.

Reports were heard of I.S.S. activity in Europe, proceeding via the

Geneva office of the student organization to operate student centres and "internee universites" for refugee students in unoccupied countries and to reach student prisoners in Germany through the War Prisoners' Aid of the Y. M. C. A., by which small parcels of food, soap and non-political books can be dispensed by the American Secretary now in Germany—Mr. Tracy Strong, Jr., a recent graduate of Yale. Heard also was the opinion that Dalhousie to date had done less in the matter of raising funds for the Red Cross than most other Canadian colleges.

N. S. TO BE WORLD FASHION CENTRE

If Tuesday evening's discussion at the meeting of the Effective Speaking Club can be taken as representative of the opinion of a student body, then they officially go on record in favour of the possibility of Nova Scotia becoming a world fashion centre and also of Southern Ireland leasing coastal bases to the British Government.

Mr. Stevens, a freshman—or rather a member of the Class of '44, stressed the fact that, with a bit of nerve, the possibilities of our becoming world fashion plates are unlimited; as a "concrete" example he chose himself, stating that a person who has nerve enough to wear the loud shirts that he does is capable of wearing anything—and spreading the contagious desire among his friends. That would make Mr. Stevens a "concrete mixer" wouldn't you say? O.K. don't say it!

You force us to a more serious subject: the leasing of Irish bases to the British. The girls who discussed the subject on the floor (a rather unlady-like position to take, don't you think?) were very sincere and firm in their conviction that, although Ireland has been ill-treated in the past, it would be to her advantage now to help Churchill & Co. out of their awkward position.

Colin Smith likened the Irish to the problem which the British Government has with the Indians. Ed. Morris bounced to his feet and construed Smith's argument as being part of the time-worn question of whether or not this country should be given back to the Indians, and why did we take it from them?

Harmony was reached by peaceful negotiation which ended in the joint dancing of the "pow-wow" and the "Highland-fling". Bring your loose and double joints to the next meeting a fortnight hence, to be held in the same joint (the Arts Building).

Professors, Students Interned

A correspondent of the London Times states that by German decree the University of Leyden and the Technical High School at Delft have been closed owing to the "generally anti-German atti-

tude of the undergraduates, and sabotage of the anti-Jewish measures." All professors of the Faculty of Laws of the University of Utrecht have been sent to concentration camps in Germany, while several professors of the Catholic University at Nijmegen and of the Commercial High School at Rotterdam, have been arrested because of their loyalty to the House of Orange and openly admitted preference for a democratic system of government. A number of students at all these institutions have been arrested, fined or sent to concentration camps. —From "Science", Jan. 17, 1941.

Moot Court

Once again Moot Court is in action! At 2 p.m. Feb. 5, Art Peake Lord Justice George Piercey, Lord Chief Justice Carl Smith, L.J. and Jeff Gillis, L.J. were on the Bench.

Allen MacLeod and George Tamaki, K.C. were Appellant and Respondent respectively. The litigation arose on an action of a contract between a Mr. Tidd and a Bottles Company Case and Agency.

Piercey, L. J. found for the Appellant a dissenting judgment while Peake, Gillis and Smith found for the Respondent.

Art Peake congratulated them and gave MacLeod high praise for his courage in coming to grips with the brightest star in a star studded cast of Class '41" none other than George Tamakai.

DEBATERS IN NEW BRUNSWICK TODAY Meet U. N. B. in "Resolved That Times Make the Man"

Dalhousie will be represented at U. N. B. by Ted King and Delmar Amiro in a Maritime Intercollegiate Debate, "Resolved that Times Make the Man".

After various speakers had been heard, U.N.B. selected Arthur Mears and Kenneth Hinton. The latter is a veteran of intercollegiate debates. Last year as a freshman he debated both Mount Allison and St. Thomas, being successful in the first and narrowly defeated in the second. While Mears has never taken part in college debating, he is a very forceful and experienced speaker.

The U.N.B. Debating Society under George Bishop expects a large turnout to hear their first Maritime Intercollegiate Debate.

Financial Surplus Shown in Campus Budgets

The Council of the Students met on Sunday, Feb. 2, at 2.30 p.m.

The first business was the passing of a motion confirming the appointment of Rowena Benson and Jacqui Cahan as co-editors of the Gazette for the balance of the year.

Financial statements were then submitted by the various campus societies showing in most cases figures well under the budget limits. Delta Gamma anticipate breaking even after the expenditure of the surplus of \$24.00 which is now in their funds, following the cancellation of their debate with Acadia. The Council granted Louise Bishop permission to transfer that surplus to help defray expenses for a dancing and athletic display on Munro Day.

No report was submitted by the Gazette, due to the sudden illness of Inez Smith.

Motion was carried that the Council endorse a unified campaign for the International Student Service and the Red Cross. John Windbank is chairman of the student committee in charge of the campaign.

Plans are being made to hire the Arena Rink for a skating session on February 10th. In such an event dancing in the Lower Gym will follow.

The resignation of Charlie Roberts as business manager of the Glee Club, and application for the same post by Blanchard Wiswell were both accepted by the Council.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE

NEW OFFICERS

Where oh where is that old class spirit? With ten people to handle affairs of Class '43 a new slate of officers were elected, without a quorum. As matters stand the destiny of '43 rides along in the hands of Bill Hagen as President, Mary McKeigan, Vice-President and Dorothy Graham, Secty.-Treas. Now that ten people have taken it unto themselves to be an oligarchy, let's see a little more action from '43.

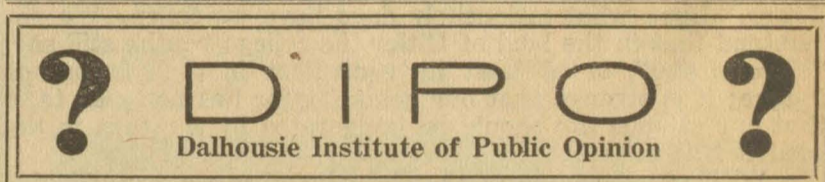
NOTICE

The Glee Club Show will start at 8.15 sharp tonight. Come early and get a seat. Dancing after the play, till 1 a.m.

PINE HILLERS ELECT

Pine Hill students once more called upon to fill a vacancy in their Students' Council, elected Alex "Dooley" MacIntosh as representative for the 2nd floor Annex. MacIntosh, who was chosen to replace Stan MacQueen, defeated Andy Dunn and George Kind in a close race.

Class '41 meeting on Thursday, Feb. 13, in Room 3, of the Arts Building at 12 noon. Convocation program to be decided upon and other business relating to graduation to be discussed. Everybody out!



DO WE NEED STUDENT FORUMS?

Campus opinion appears to be in favour of a revival of the ancient Dalhousie custom of Student Forums. The impression seems to be abroad that the days of John Fisher, with their cry of "What's wrong with Dalhousie?" ought to be revived. 69% of all those quizzed were of the opinion that forums would be a good thing, and 8% more from the Med school agreed that they would be beneficial, but explained that on account of time-tables it would be absolutely impossible for them to attend. Another paradox thought that student forums ought to be revived, but that they wouldn't do any good. Still another believed we should have them, but specified that a real controversial subject like the C.S.A. ought to be found (Dalhousie students have no interest in discussing religion or politics). 18% were definitely of the opinion that student forums are not needed, and if our past experience does not betray us, probably more would stay home if there were forums to go to.

YOUR FAVORITE RADIO COMMENTATOR?

Raymond Gram Swing, the smooth-tongued individual who keeps millions of people posted on the insides of the news, is out and above the favorite radio news commentator of Dalhousians. The nocturnal orator rates tops with 41% of those whose opinions were asked. The only competitor was Dalhousie's own Dr. H. L. Stewart, who was picked by 11%, mostly, for some reason or other, at Studley. Tagging along with 4% were such worthies as Walter Winchell, Gabriel Heatter, Kalterborn and Elmer Davis. In the 3% class Lowell Thomas, Mrs. Anna Dexter and Lord Haw-Haw demonstrate that students' tastes are, to say the least, Catholic. Votes also went to Dorothy Thompson, Charlie McCarthy, Loren Green, John Fisher, Wilson Woodside, Fletcher Coates, Major Eliot, and the announcers for the CBS and the BBC. 16% declined to choose any of them.

DO YOU LISTEN TO DR. STEWART?

The Sunday broadcasts of Dr. H. L. Stewart, head of the Dalhousie Philosophy department and internationally-known commentator, evidently attract a wide following among Dalhousie students. 36% professed that they listen to him regularly, with 21% more listen some of the time. The other 43% do not listen at all, or only when someone else has the radio on.

Dalhousie Gazette

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ON THE NECESSITY OF STREET RIOTS IN CANADA

(Contributed Editorial)

We have read much in the press of late concerning the alleged street riots in Italy. (Alleged means that the report was vehemently upheld by the Allies and vehemently denied by the Axis). To some wishful thinkers the riots presaged the break-up of the Fascist military machine, and the assertion of the free spirit of a great people—one's enemies are always great when they revolt. But to this writer, and to many other patriots the significance of the riots was the indication they gave of a mighty lack in the contemporary Canadian scene: to wit, street riots.

Again, we read with palpitating hearts of the riots of students in Prague, and we have applauded the heroism of our brothers in bonds. Nor does the story end in Prague, for it is well known that European universities are hot-beds of sedition and revolt.

But have you ever seen a riot in the streets of a certain East Canadian seaport? How many students were arrested for rioting? Or even with military training forced upon us by the powers of oppression, have we made our voices heard in angry protest? And, (may heaven forgive me the thought), have the offices and sanctum sanctorum of the Filthy Fifteen ever been raided for subversive literature? Even the late, great, C.S.A. could not produce one single riot for our edification; the most lenient connoisseur of street riots could hardly call the almost-vote-of-censure meeting a full-fledged riot.

But someone might ask, "Why should we have street riots?" The answer must be obvious: they show that the citizenry are awake to the perils confronting their liberties. To prove that some of the public is definitely in a state of intellectual hibernation one need only state a recent finding of that pestilential feature, DIPO: That there are actually people treading the campus of this august institution who have never heard of the Sirois Report. Yes, that person sitting opposite to you in class may be one of them. (It is possible, of course, that DIPO may have asked someone from Halifax). What chance is there for street riots in such a state of apathy?

Awake, awake, Dalhousie! A nice, clean, healthy riot should have taken place, and three prominent politicians burned in effigy, if the genuine article was unprocurable. But did we take such steps, gentle reader?

Here we beg your pardon while we take a dip into our Canadian history to prove to you that it was ever thus. A half century ago the political life of our beloved Dominion was at a particularly low level. The English newspapers said that Tammany Hall smelled like a rose compared to Canada, and her politicians. But we had no riots, no nothing.

And here a digression will not be out of place. How many of the men of Dalhousie have fought a duel? How many of our stalwarts have met their man? (I know most of the ceds have). This city was famed once for its duels; no man could hope to hold office unless he had crossed swords with an opponent, or fired a round at him in the shade of the Martello Tower. Upon what melancholy days have we fallen. We understand that in the land of Hitler the college youths still say, "Have at you", or at least its equivalent in their barbarous tongue; it is strange that our genial Major has not seen to it that our campus life should be invigorated by a return to the good old days.

With the exception of the United States, we are undoubtedly the most anti-street-riot country in the world. The cause and effect of this dubious distinction can be seen in our lethargic attitude to national affairs. Only the other night we heard of street riots in South Africa; and while it is no doubt frightfully bad taste to mention India at this time, it is true that our would-be equals in that far-away land are always able to have a street fight now and then, and cause the more respectable element of our population to sing with new fervour:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

The need is plain. What Canada needs is more and better riots. As the citizens of tomorrow our duty is plain. To you comes the clarion call. Go forth and answer.

POT-POURRI

That man is a rational animal is a lot of conventional bunk. A rational man should know what he is doing and why he is doing it. Now most of us know why we eat our dinner and why we telephone Shirreff Hall. Then, so far as those actions are concerned we are being rational. Yet there is something which all of us do every day, for which most of us would be hard pressed to give a reason. It is the act of living. What are we living for? The answer should come from a philosopher, but Canada is very barren of philosophy these days. International affairs have claimed our whole attention.

One of the most common answers to this question is that we live because we enjoy living. Supposing this to be sufficient reason, even then it does not follow that if people did not enjoy living they would kill themselves. Many people, in our own community, suffer the most fiendish conditions. Cold, hunger, ignorance, and disease are their daily companions. Why does a fisherman, lost in a small boat in mid-winter on the North Atlantic, struggle to preserve himself? The reason is probably hope, that feeling that "springs eternal in the human breast." If the fisherman knew for certain that he was going to die anyway, he would give up the struggle right at the start.

Continued on page four

« POETRY »

Eyelashes that flicker—mouths that talk—
Lips that curl at the edges.
These are the movements of people—
People with grasping hands and twitching limbs,
Or people with passionate hearts
And shouting lungs.
Do you know the movements of your person?
If you do you will know your inmost desire,
For none control the action of their wish.

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

Nova Scotia is a place I love.
From the broad waters of Bras d'Or
To the play of Yarmouth Light
There lies a land
That stirs me
As no other scene can stir me,
And fills my soul
With music, soft and sweet.

Best of all I love the Valley,
The green, enchanted Valley,
That lies like God's green garden
Between the understanding hills.

I love
The green sweep of the marshes
That caress the peaceful rivers—
The Habitant, Pereaux,
Cunard and Gaspereaux,
Meandering to the sea.

I love
The perfume of the orchards
Whose pink and scented blossoms
Festoon the fragrant air
Making all things fresh and fair
And a paradise on earth.

I love
The black brow of Blomidon
Standing like a sentinel
Over meadows, dikes and trees,
Over vessels, sands and seas,
In stern and watchful vigil.

Here are my dead.
Here I was born
And leave my roots.
Here, too, in God's own time
May my spirit rest
Pillowed on the green, green sod
Between these understanding hills.

Young Lostacar and Heda Man

The winter night was bright with stars,
The moon was young and horned,
When out at Fairy-land Bazaars
I found a maid forlorn, Ned.

The little lady said to me,
"My sweetheart brought me here,
sir,
His fiver on all three
When should have been all four, sir.

"He bought my ticket to the show,
And found some friends to take me,
And then he said, 'Well, Butch, you know
I must go park jallopy.

"The crowd is big but down the street
There should be room to leave it.
Go see the show, but save a seat,
I'll soon be back to need it."

"I went and did just what he said.
The show was late beginning,
But when 'twas done and all went home
I got a funny feeling

"Because my beau did not come back.
And when the show was over,
Our friends they said to me, 'Wait here!
But I can't wait much longer."

Well, Ned, the gal broke down and cried,
And me, I tried to soothe her,
But down the road a piece I spied
A lad walking toward her.

And sure enough it was her lad,
His hair all rough and gray, Ned.
For thirty years he'd searched the road
A-looking for his car, Ned.

It was her lad, with hair all gray,
And wrinkles in his face, Ned.
It took him twenty years, they say,
To find a parking space, Ned.

And now that he has left his car
And found his girl again, Ned,
They're much too old to walk as far
As where jallopy's parked, Ned.

REQUIEM

Leadon mauve of winter hyacinth,
Rigid dull-cold tulip lavender,
Purple budfrst stalk, sapless and stiff,
Synthetic laurel wreath and wilted crepe
Upon the door—
Mausoleum grandeur kills lament,
Strikes out the heart, and drives the passions mad.
There are no tears in me to wash it out.
I must escape; escape into the snow,
Into the world,
To view the delicate mauve of crocus cups,
The purple iris bloom of vibrant spring,
The hidden violet with sweet appeal,
And copper sunlight in her soft brown hair.

M. R.

Alfred Noyes

Admirers of Alfred Noyes who assembled Monday to hear his lecture on "Poetry and Reality" were treated to the spectacle of an older vigorously denouncing "this modern stuff" and a charming and completely harmless recital of some Noyes verse. Some of the sharp wit which appears in Mr. Noyes' poetry was brought into play against the modern or "pseudo-modern, pseudo-intellectual" forms of art, the "crazy books", the pictures that "look as if they were anticipating a bombing", and the "attack on first principles" that the present age is witnessing. But it was not the light, good-humored sort of wit which appears in the speaker's poetry, for Alfred Noyes of today sees something sinister underneath the modern tendency in literature and art.

Thirty years ago, he says, the arts took a wrong turn, and one not unconnected with the political confusion of the hour. Behind the smart young men met at the universities and the by now familiar "half-baked intellectuals" there apparently lurk some "shrewd practical men" with a political purpose. The sort of thing which began years ago in Russia by inverting every standard of human decency is now appearing in our modern artists who, dupes though they be, are preparing the way for an attack on the basic principles and traditions of our heritage.

The poor, unrewarded humans who have poured over the products of modernist poets and scanned surrealist paintings without being able to get the point will applaud Mr. Noyes' satires, even though he uses the rhetorical trick of comparing Shakespeare and Tennyson at his best with aggregations of words not even intended for poetry. But the serious student of literature who sits for two hours at the feet of the popular contemporary poet and hears neither philosophical wisdom nor artistic analysis, but only a forlorn cry against Free Verse and a whisper of bogey men can hardly be blamed for feeling some slight sense of disappointment.

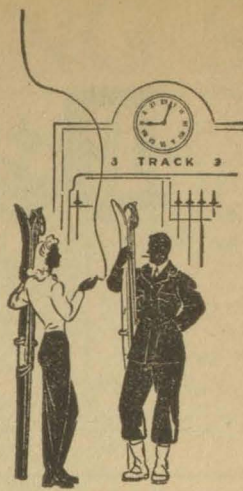
SIZE

The Ritz Brothers say that if you really want to make good in Hollywood, you have to have something big. For example, Glark Gable has big ears, Jimmy Durante has a big nose, and Joe E. Brown has a big mouth. Mae West is doing all right too—she takes size 9B shoes.
—Manitoban.

DEFINITION DEPT.

Bachelor: A man who can have a girl on his knees without having her on his hands.—McGill Daily.

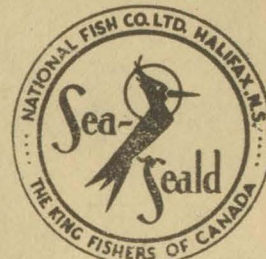
Are you troubled with improper thoughts or do you enjoy them?—Cornell Sun.



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NONSENSE 'N STUFF

LUNATIC LOBBY . . .

Notice: Visiting artists who use this column are requested to leave the characters in as good condition as they found them. Corpses are to be replaced, noses kept tidy, and Wilbur P. Fizzleque and Rufus Rayne from Rangoon must emphatically be placed in the receptacles provided for that purpose. Signed: Lester de Pester.

Episode Four, entitled: Gooseflesh at the Glum Club, or Sentimental Situations of Crutch McLimpy.

The Khaki-Klad Korpse which lay a-mouldering in the gym was exhibiting some sign of life, a fact which caused no little consternation to by-standing Sourgent Hateful Clutch-ins, who had detailed a squad to dispose of the remains. The afore-said suspicious smell of overripe seaweed was becoming more intense and a slight twitching of the abdomen, followed regularly by a nauseating hiccup from the emaciated lips caused Hateful to lose all sense of decency and prod the corpse with his bayonet in a most unBritish manner, whereupon the whole body of evidence crumbled before his eyes, and forth from the ghastly remains stepped Wilbur P. Fizzleque and Rufus Rayne, bowing low before the startled sourgent and, apologizing profanely to the assembled squad, explained that, disliking publicity, they had decided to return to Dullhousie incognito and had borrowed an old hulk found floating in the harbor in the vicinity of McNab's Island in which to conceal their identity, but Binnet had kicked the Korpse out of English Too and they had found no other atmosphere in which a Korpse would remain inconspicuous.

Malady in the G-String

At this juncture, crowds of incoming Glumclubbers became elated in happy anticipation of seeing Crutch (Footlights) McLimpy do a Spring Dance, while John Fastman and H. Rubbermug Smythe ran before them, attired only in G-strings and bracelets, spreading quantities of pansies and petunias before the garlanded dancer.

Scene two showed Addle-Head Flaming and Roué McGroggy in long white beards plodding the wastes of Siberia where Crutch McLimpy, having had over-much success as a lover was hiding from his woosers in anticipation of Dullhousie's Sady Hawkins' Day.

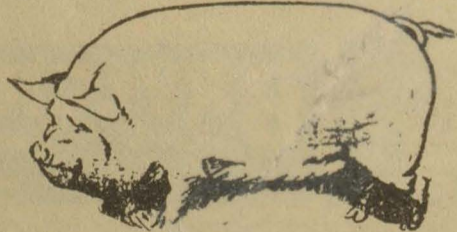
Muley Whackintosh, impersonating the Apricot, saved the show in the third act by announcing to all and sundry that Wilbur P. and his friend Rufus had returned and a green mist blotted out the vestiges of the cast which Muley, in an orgy of tragedian delight, had blasted out of their careers with Major Hokum's sawed-off shotgun.

Next week: Rufus Rayne and Col. Eggie Oatcake meet on even terms.

He—I thought that you had thrown Fred over.

She—Well, you know how girls throw.—McGill Daily.

The Pig Sty



"Us Engineers" just can't seem to keep quiet about our little affairs. It comes to our attention that the door John Rogers ran into last Saturday night wore a blue uniform and threw a mean left.

"Taxi" Woodbury makes headlines again. His concern over the current Glee Club production would seem centered over a certain blond, connected with that same production in a minor capacity.

Calm your fears, gentlemen, for the "little things" being knit up at the "Hall" with such enthusiasm by one and all are only war work. This falls into the same classification as "entertaining" the Navy of an evening. Cigarette war.

Say "99"

The biggest thrill of the week came to Ralph Smith when he finally discovered who was hiding behind that luxurious moustache. Won't you come out and play, Henry?

Don MacKeigan has found a new use for the Graham test. Does Physiology help any?

Amongst the prominent murmurs are rumours of Angus Shea's departure for Montreal. Honestly, folks, he bought a ticket the other day.

Not to be outdone by Shea, the elusive Norbett Grant blossomed forth last weekend with two luscious Islanders. He says that he's quite capable of handling the situation and anticipates no complications.

Richard (C.O.T.C) Murphy has asked us to state that he has no heart trouble—it appears that his recent woman trouble is merely an allergic manifestation.

Ian MacGregor, having finally lassoed the dietitian, is now directing his attention to a beautiful blonde nurse. He says, and here we quote MacQuarrie: "There's nothing to do now but wait and see what happens."

Then there's the story of a former medical student who loaned his tuxedo to a friend—he didn't realize that the friend, resplendent in the borrowed tuxedo, was going to take out his girl friend. How do you feel now, Ted?

Taking the blood pressure is turning out to be quite a difficult feat for the third year Meds, but Reade claims that his girl friend's pressure has now returned to normal. He shouldn't be getting letters from the South Shore.

Ryan and Morrison had some serious discussion last week, but both finally decided to postpone the marriage ceremonies for the time being.

Mike Smith has not yet recovered from the palpitation he felt last Friday on learning of his popularity. He still recommends "Mason's 49" for all heart conditions—you should hear him sing it. We are sure that the Glee Club is allowing one of Dalhousie's most outstanding soloists to go unnoticed.

Al Hopper of fourth year is reported to be studying up the Boy Scouts Weekly. He says that tracking is a most interesting study and he should know.

Jack Woodbury was reprimanded by Dr. Taylor a few days ago with

these words: "Save that for tonight." No explanation is necessary.

Tonight is the night of the big show and our stethoscope forecasts a big success. For Dooley's benefit we would merely say that Bernie is determined to hold up the honors of the medical students.

All brunettes are warned that a certain blonde third year student has lost his taste for blondes. Any girl desiring his name should apply to Prof. Smith.

Obiter Scripta

Voltaire once having been involved in a vigorous argument with a press correspondent wrote to her, in part, as follows—"Dear Madam—I heartily disapprove of what you have to say, but I shall defend to the death your right to say it." This remark has been referred to, time and again, as expressing the soul of tolerance. The Spirit behind it was for many years well nurtured in France, where political parties to the left, right and in the bourgeois centre argued freely and took a share in a government which changed seventy times in fifty years. In the last decade, however, influence exerted by economically powerful groups upon the government gradually undermined its foreign policy to a greater degree than ever before. This, along with other important causes produced a clear-cut result—France lost what freedom of political expression she had left.

The other causes mentioned involved physiological consideration—H. S. Wells, for example, has said that the fall of France was due to an excess of mother-love. Many equally striking explanations have been offered, the most cogent being that the people, who of necessity must be the ultimate censors of government activity, had developed a lack-a-daisical attitude toward questions of national importance. Thus, once the people had lost their will to speak who would arise to defend the mediums for public expression?

The picture in England has proved to be different, for there the voice of public opinion, to which the press always cocks a listening ear, was loud and clear, and as a consequence has controlled and is controlling in a large measure the actions of the government. Criticism of government officials is carried out wholesale and such results as the retiring of inefficient ministers into first-class obscurity are readily achieved. Every man-jack in England seems to take national problems to heart, and discuss and criticize remedies which have been taken for them without fear of any reprisal whatsoever.

In Canada, however, we seem to have no sense of national responsibility—the affairs of our city council often interest us more than a stupid blunder, or a smart move on the part of our Federal Government. Criticism, both favourable and unfavourable, of the Dominion war-effort is practically non-existent despite the fact that a good deal of it might be a propos. We Canadians as a whole are as complacent as a flock of sheep in a lush pasture, and upon listening to our ordinary conversations and to read our very ordinary press editorials one would think that dogmatism was our national watch word. Few and far between are those who ask—"Are we doing enough to justify our status as a nation at war with a formidable adversary"?—and still fewer are those who ask—"Is what we are doing being done properly?" In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that a Canadian who would volunteer to "defend to the death" one's right to say his piece would probably be laughed at for—who wants to say his piece anyway?

Eileen Mader has given up all hope for ever catching up with the "man in the woods". I'd still rather be an Oil-can.

The demon reporter, Don "Bird-legs" Black finds his coverage of the Badminton games the most profitable assignment. We have yet to discern which constitutes the greater attraction, Helen or the Doughnuts.

There was the young lady, who, when asked her choice of a husband, replied that she wished to marry a Phi Delt and a gentleman. Have we no laws against Bigamy in the land?

Dalhousie's "who's who"



This week we take great pleasure in introducing a very fair member of the fairer sex to the readers of this column—Barbara Schwartz by name, and a girl who was born in Halifax. Barbara, in true Haligonian form, started her academic career at the Halifax Ladies' College and graduated in 1937. That fall she entered Dalhousie as a freshette. Immediately she took an active interest in extra curricular activities. Barb was Freshman Representative on the Delta Gamma Executive.

Showing ability as a basketball player, she was chosen to be on the college team, and at the end of the year was awarded a felt "D". Ground hockey also interested her and Barbara wore Dal colors for the hockey team.

In '38 Miss Schwartz was manager as well as an active player for the ground hockey team. Unfortunately illness overtook her and she had to give college up for a rest.

Next year Barb. once again resumed her studies. She was Secretary-Treasurer for Delta Gamma and played guard for the basketball team. Drama claimed her for the play, "The Men Are Missing". In her fraternity, namely, Alpha Gamma Delta, Barb. was elected as Treasurer.

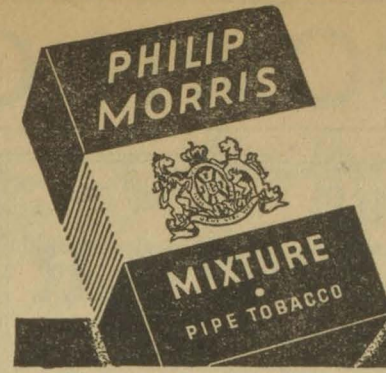
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This year Barb. is as active as ever. Not only does she lead her fraternity sisters as their President, but she also presides over all Dal co-eds as President of Delta Gamma. In the Pan Hellenic Society "Schwartzie" is the senior member of the "Alpha Gams". With two felt "D's" for basketball and one this year coming up, Barbara wins her gold "D" for sports. Studying Science at the present time, Barbara hopes to be a teacher after she becomes a Bachelor of Science. Knowing her, we feel sure she shall succeed, and a very charming and capable teacher shall enter a noble profession. Lucky indeed will the girls and boys be who study under her instruction!

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RUTH HUSSEY

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

Submarine Zone

PAT O'BRIEN
CONSTANCE BENNETT

OXFORD

Friday and Saturday
"ANDY HARDY MEET A DEBUTANTE"

"STRANGER ON 3RD FLOOR"

Monday and Tuesday
"A NIGHT AT ERROL CARROLL'S"

"THE WORLD IN FLAMES"

Wednesday and Thursday
"SUSAN AND GOD"

"SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS"

ORPHEUS

Friday and Saturday
"TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN"

Marjorie Rombeau - Allan Hale

"COWBOYS FROM TEXAS"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"ANGELS OVER BROADWAY"

Rita Hayworth
Douglas Fairbanks
and
WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE

CASINO

Saturday

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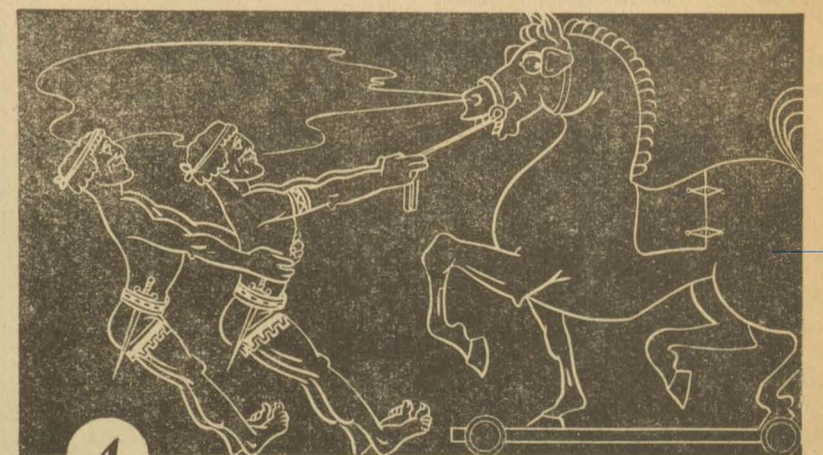
GARRICK

Friday and Saturday
"WYOMING"

and
"LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"THIRD FINGER LEFT HAND"

and
"SANDY GETS HER MAN"



Agamemnon, sitting in his wooden hoss',
Smoked Picobac to make the Trojans come across.

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TIGERS DOWN GRADS -- REGAIN WINNING STRIDE

IN THE TIGER'S CORNER

by MUNRO and MacLEOD

The Dalhousie hockey team will swing into action once again next Thursday evening when they take on the starry St. Mary's squad. Our boys have had a two weeks lay off while the Tech and the Saint Mary's lads took time out to write a few exams. According to their manager the Tigers have been showing great form in practice so that they should show a reversal of form in their game next week. The Dal boys admit that they haven't done as well as they might have but they also point out that they have had only one practice a week while their opponents have been having three and four a week. So, dear reader, perhaps you will feel less inclined to criticize the hockey team when you digest this news. The blame does not rest entirely with the Students' Council, for, although they have the power to grant monies for the hockey team's budget, the fact is that even if the boys had a few more practices per week they probably would not be able to attend due to conflict between classes, C.O.T.C. and the awkward hours for obtaining the rink.

If the swimming manager could find a little time from his studies? would he please call a meeting of the D.A.A.C. Executive for the purpose of organizing the swimmers of Dalhousie for a few meets with other prominent clubs in the city. There are a lot of good swimmers at Dalhousie who would welcome an opportunity to get some exercise at this sport and something should be done about it before the year is over. No offence, Mack.

The Interfaculty basketball League which has been so popular in years gone by, has come to a dead stop, at least for the time being due to the inability of the interfaculty manager to get the floor, not even for the old hours of 7-9 p.m. on Monday nights.

The league has not been accepted with the same spirit as former years, but nevertheless it has recently shown promise of becoming more popular when it was rudely interrupted by the terms of the agreement with King's which gave them the right to use the floor on Monday nights. It was decided at a meeting of the D.A.A.C. that King's be approached with the idea that they share the floor on Monday nights with the Interfaculty Basketball League. This request was a reasonable one since the gym is crowded to capacity this year and since King's have two other nights per week when they can use the floor without interruption. The upshot of the whole matter is that King's have refused to listen to this proposal which is hard to understand since Dal and Kings are so closely related. A certain article in the King's College Record entitled, "Sold Up the Hill" offers a clue to this unbecoming attitude of the King's boys.

This is a column of criticisms this week, but only because they are necessary. The next item is the interfaculty hockey game which was scheduled for Tuesday night between Medicine and Freshmen. The manager of interfaculty sport went to a good deal of trouble to ensure that this game would be a success even to the extent of getting some of the freshmen players off early from C.O.T.C. parades. Two freshmen showed up at the game. Medicine, the boys who have the most work to do, turned out with a full team, despite the stormy weather. It must have been disappointing to them that they had just wasted their time going up to the Arena. However, this is only half the story. The other half is that the price for hiring the rink is quite a large sum. It is your money which is expended by the D.A.A.C. in such a way that it will be returned to you when you make use of the facilities supplied for interfaculty sport, and if you do not wish the money used in these ways, you are perfectly at liberty to say so. It is to be hoped that you will not say so and that hereafter the interfaculty hockey games will be attended with the same enthusiastic spirit which characterized the league in other years, especially since the league is drawing to a close.

One of our loyal readers has suggested that we would be better fitted if we wrote "Lunatic Lobby" INSTEAD of sport, but we never read our stuff so we wouldn't know what it's like. Any other suggestions?

POT POURRI

Continued from page one

Perhaps these irrational purposes for living, this absence of values, will explain our senseless everyday conduct. It may explain the huge sales of etiquette books, which are so large that they stand second only to sales of Bibles. It is surprising to find in the 20th C., when we are so conscious of the relativity of the political and economic systems, that most people think of the social system as absolute. One would think that it mattered what knife one used to eat peas, or how long dresses were, or whether a girl says "Thank you", instead of "I've had a won-der-ful time". The present social relationships between men and women are neither immutable nor eternal. They have changed before and will change again.

The point is, that if we don't know what we are doing, if we are acting irrationally, we think things are important when they are not important at all. Important things—like helping other people—are left undone until it is too late to do anything about them. Then we all start to wonder how the world got into such a heck of a mess anyway, and is it an act of God? The moral of this editorial, is, my friends, to take Philosophy I.

Spectacular Set Shots by Martin, MacLeod and MacRitchie Boost Final Score to 46-25 for Tigers.

The Dalhousie Tigers overwhelmed the Grads 46-25 on Tuesday evening in a scheduled game of the City Senior Basketball League. Inaccurate shooting and poor passing in the first half kept the score down but in the second canto the Tigers finally hit their stride to put them ahead by a clear margin.

Play was very loose for the first few minutes and it was not until the four-minute mark that Allen MacLeod dropped the ball into the hoop for the first score of the game. The Dalhousie team continued to make several fast breakaways from their smaller opponents which ended up right under the basket but time after time failed to register. Ben Wilson managed to make it 3-0 for the Dal squad when he tallied on a penalty shot. A few minutes later George Blackadar missed the first opportunity for the Grads to score when he misjudged on a penalty shot. Snowden Johnson finally put the Grads in the scoring column when he let go with a lovely shot from a sharp angle to drop the ball neatly into the hoop.

Doug Cameron repeated Johnson's basket with another nice shot to put the Grads one point up. The Grads scoring spurt ended when Mackie Campbell made it 6-3 for the Grads. From this point to the end of the half the lead changed hands several times. The Grads took the lead again on shots by Blackadar and Campbell. Three minutes before the end of the half Mike Smith tied it up at 11-11 but Babe Stewart dropped another basket just before the whistle to give the Grads a two-point lead for the second half.

The second half opened with Bruce Bauld missing on a penalty shot. Johnson made up for it on another smart play to put the Grads up 15-11. The Dalhousie team now began to put on the pressure and things started to happen fast. Norm MacRitchie and Ben Wilson tallied on two quick ones to put the Tigers in the lead once more. That old veteran Johnny Martin now stepped into the limelight to garner a total of twelve points for his team in the next ten minutes by some spectacular shooting. Aided by MacRitchie and Wilson, Martin gave his team a comfortable margin. It was not until the eleven-minute mark that Babe Stewart managed to score one for the Grads. The fast fading Grads were now no match for the fast breaking Dal quintet. Norm MacRitchie chalked up the final basket for his team and when the whistle went to end the game the Grads found themselves on the short end of a 46-25 count.

Martin, who was high scorer of the game along with MacLeod and MacRitchie were the stars of the game while Blackadar, Campbell and Snowden Johnson got most of the baskets for the Grads.

Lineup:
Grads: B. Bauld, Atkins, M. Campbell 5, S. Johnson 5, G. Blackadar 7, Babe Stewart 7, Vair, Cameron 2.

Dalhousie: MacKenzie 2, Martin 12, Seaman 5, McLeod 8, Doig, Smith 2, McRitchie 8, Wilson 5, McKimmie 4.

Capt. Bob Goudey refereed the game.

The Dal Cubs did not play their scheduled game with the Air Force since the latter team did not appear due to the stormy weather.

The Third Estate

Do you think there should be a Date Bureau at Dal?

"Sonny" McLellan, 4th yr. Science:
Well, it might work and it might not. Personally, I think people should be able to get their own dates.

Ralph Ballem, 1st year Med:
Personally I don't give a da—, but I don't like my dates to be interfered with.

Rose Goodman, 4th year Arts:
It's a good idea, but it won't work at Dal. There is no co-operation.

Lennie Goldberg, 4th year Dent:
Yes, it's a good idea. There are a lot of lonesome students who would appreciate it.

Badminton Popular Sport of Students

This year has been most successful for badminton at Dalhousie. Two successful leagues are now in progress—a Senior league and an Intermediate League. Dalhousie is well represented in both these leagues. Our teams compete against teams representing the Air Force, the Young People's League, the Church League, and Y.M.C.A.

There was a time not so long ago when Dalhousians looked on badminton as being a "sissy" sport, but now that view has changed. It is a recognized fact that badminton is one of the most strenuous forms of athletics. There are now more players participating in this sport than in any other strenuous sport at Dalhousie. There are many who feel that badminton should receive a greater recognition; that is, that it should be classified as a Major sport. For some years a movement has been afoot to accomplish this end, but so far it has been unsuccessful.

At Dalhousie we are fortunate in some really good players mainly due to the efforts of coaches, Prof. Mercer and Clyde Sperry. The Maritime Intercollegiate champion Del Gibson can hold his own with the city's best. Del and Forbes Mountain are Maritime Intercollegiate Doubles Champs.

Our players have come up against some really opposition this winter. Last week our team came up against Jack Underhill, who is a former Canadian Singles and Doubles Champion who won his matches but not without extending himself.

Another outstanding player encountered by our team was Turcott, now with the R.C.N. who in the recent Dominion Championship tournament reached the quarter finals.

This Week In Girls' Sport

by M. MacKeigan

On Monday the "B" badminton team will play the Young Peoples' League and on Wednesday the boys of the "A" team will play the R.C.A.F. and the girls of the "A" team will play the Y.W.C.A. on Thursday.

Owing to illness, Mrs. Barrett won't be able to meet her gym classes this week, but she plans to be out again on Monday.

There was no basketball on Thursday or Friday this week, but let's have a big turnout for next week. Thursday 7.30-9.00 p.m., and Friday, 5.30-7.00 p.m.

NOTICE

All societies interested in playing Interfaculty Softball, please get in touch with Bob Blois, Interfaculty Manager, as soon as possible so that a schedule may be drawn up. So far Arts & Science and Commerce are the only two entries received. Let's hear from Dents, last year's champions, and the rest of the societies.

Law Sextet Win 4-1 Over Arts - Science

In the best game played to date a strong team of Lawyers turned back a keen but inexperienced team from Arts and Science.

The Studley boys showed plenty of fight but they couldn't get their shots near their opponents net. The Lawyers on the other hand made the most of their opportunities.

The hardest working man on the ice was MacLeod, who has been working out with the senior team all year. He skated through the Arts and Science team almost at will scoring three of his teams goals. Piercey played an aggressive game and combined nicely with MacLeod.

Harrison was the trickiest man on the ice and eluded the Law forwards on many nice rushes. Gardner and Riggs played good hockey but didn't get the proper support from the rest of the team.

Pint-sized Harry Dubinsky had the Law defence of Norm MacRitchie and Bus Philips worried with his crushing body checks.

Summary:

1. Law—MacLeod
2. Law—Piercey (MacLeod)
3. Law—MacLeod (Piercey)
4. Arts and Science—Harrison

Lineups:

Arts & Science: Ross, King, Barrett, Clark, Harrison, Smith, Dunbrack, Creighton, Riggs, Gardiner, Dubinsky.

Law: MacDonald, MacRitchie, Philips, Anderson, MacLeod, Piercey Forbes, Smith, Wismer.

NOTICE

The Interfaculty Hockey game between Engineers and Law, originally scheduled for Friday, Feb. 7, at 7 p.m. has been postponed. The Interfaculty Manager will notify both teams when another date is arranged.

ON RABBITS . . .
I had a rabbit,
His name was Jim,
Got sixteen now,
Her was no him.
—Queens Journal.

And then there was the freshman who studied poetry all night and still didn't know what amusement.—Boston U. News.



HERE ARE SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR NEW DANCE NUMBERS

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 - { Flaming Sword
 - { Chloe
 - { Across the Track Blues
 - Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra:
 - { Star Dust
 - { Swanee River
 - { Do You Know Why
 - { Isn't That Just Like Love
 - Artie Shaw's Orchestra:
 - { Star Dust
 - { Temptation
 - { Frenesi
 - { Adiss, Mariquita Linda
 - Leo Reisman's Orchestra:
 - { The Last Time I Saw Paris
 - { What Makes a Song
 - { Fresh as a Daisy
 - { Let's Be Buddies
 - Wayne King's Orchestra:
 - { You Walk By
 - { Goodnight Mother
 - { Serenade
 - { Evening Star
- Come in and Hear Them



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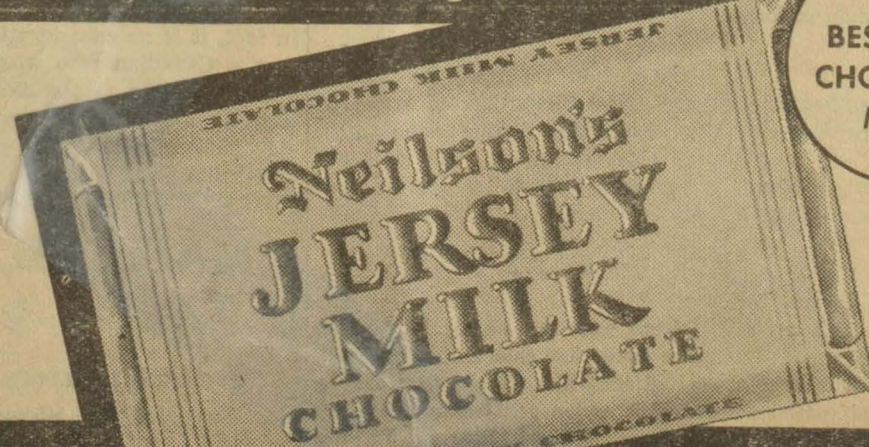


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