

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXIV

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No. 8

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

by DON BLACK

Something drastic has happened to the Editors in the Far West. They have gone color-mad. The Sheaf from Saskatchewan turns up in the brightest of bright blue front pages. The Gateway, not to be outdone while celebrating some mysterious thing called "WaWa Weekend" prints its outside pages on bright yellow and the inside sheet on a very brilliant cerise shade.

In an explanation as to what Wa-Wa is all about we come upon the following enlightenment:

"Once upon a time there was a tiny gosling, but she was an ugly duckling, her daddy was really a drake, but if she'd been a gosling he would have been a gander; and so would the duckling who lived in the puddle in the middle of the road. Anyway it goes on like this for columns and in the end it just Sadies Hawkins with feathers.

Then there was the guy who met Suzette the oriental dancer and on introduction said "shake". But then she lost her job through stomach trouble because she lost control of it.

The old maids are here again: "Oh, Agatha, I'm going out with a used automobile salesman." "What's the difference as long as he's healthy."

On Suicide.

Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
When "Birdlegs" see this
He will be too.
For this poor lad
Is he really slipping
He went too far
With his "Campus Clippings"
(The Bronx Cheer)

And if you don't:
Epitaph for a Wit.
O you who read my epitaph,
Approve this final jest and laugh,
For if I stood where now stand you,
Believe me, Friend, I would laugh too.—McGill Daily.

A somber note: At Toronto, those who have not taken the military training program and are liable for military service are being called up. These are students from 25-26 who have heretofore only trained voluntarily.

Motorcycle Cop (after waving ear to the side of the road): Do you remember the last time I stopped you?

Co-ed: Yes. This time I think I'll take the ticket.—Argosy Weekly.

Bye-Election Tuesday

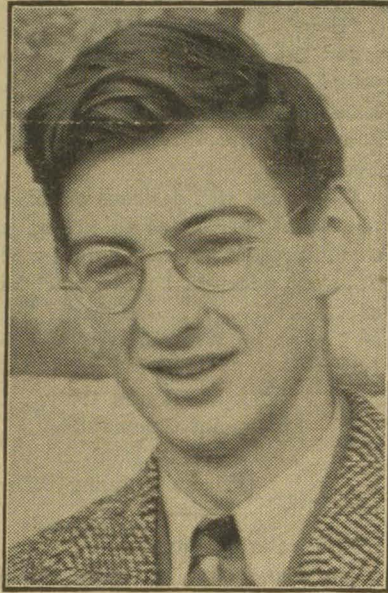
Because of a misunderstanding arising out of Council Constitution, the Bye-Elections scheduled for 1st Tuesday were postponed and will be held instead on next Tuesday. The polls are to be located in the D. A. A. C. room and, under a revision of plans, will be open from 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. Ballots may be cast at any time during that period. Remember! all those possessing a Student Council ticket and belonging to the Faculty of Arts and Science are permitted to vote.

A meeting of the Newfoundland Club will be held Sunday at 3 P.M. in the Men's Common Room in the Arts Building.

Stevens and Gordon Lead Off In Debating Opener For Dalhousie

It will be Howard Gordon and James Stevens for Sodales against St. Mary's in the debate on Friday, November 28th. Dal upholds the affirmative on "Resolved that Canada Should Conscript Wealth in the Present Crisis." The debate will be held in Room 3 of the Arts building. These two were chosen for the team out of the trials held last Thursday, when the topic of discussion was that of the St. Mary's debate. Other debaters chosen were Ed Morris, Walter Gaudet, Ralph Vaughan, Charlie O'Connell, Eileen Mader, Colin Smith and Kell Antoft. The last two named along with Howard Gordon were to be substitutes for the teams, but because O'Connell couldn't fit his debating in with other work, Gordon received the bid to participate in probably the most important debate of the year. He will be teamed with Stevens, Sophomore, who is one of Studley's ablest orators. For the first time in the recent history of debating at Dal, girls could turn out for the trials, and Miss Mader made a successful bid. She will probably line up with Walt Gaudet for the St. Thomas debate to be held on the campus soon after Christmas, and E. Morris and Ralph Vaughan will get the coveted trip out of town to Wolfville.

Debating . . .



JIM STEVENS

Leading the debate against Saint Mary's next Friday will be Jim Stevens, experienced Sophomore speaker, who, along with Charles Gordon, will uphold the affirmative on "Resolved That Canada Should Conscript Wealth in the Present Crisis."

An important meeting of the Class of '43 has been called for next Tuesday noon in Room 3 of the Arts Building. The matters under discussion will include the Junior Prom for which a committee must be appointed and plans made.

AMAZONS OUTROUGH OUTRAGED MALES

CATS CLAW TIGERS; RALSTON PLANS SHIRREFF HALL FOOTBALL TEAM

It was probably some unhappy philosopher-poet, picking grains of arsenic out of his morning porridge, who first observed that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male". In the light of the ground hockey game played at Studley on Wednesday afternoon he was guilty of grave understatement. Multiple scars, bumps and bruises on the masculine corporeal frame of Dalhousie bear witness to the frenzied zeal with which the females prosecuted their cause.

Manager "Red" Payne had organized a powerful squad of "muscle-men" to throw against the Wily Women. At least, in pre-game discussions it looked capable enough. With Payne himself in charge of organization, and Major Hogan (attired in plaid tam 'shanter, controlling the Tactics of the Field Department, the masculine squad seemed to have everything.

Mike Smith (who seemed to be more concerned with protecting himself, rather than the goal) was attired fittingly in the latest edition of the daily paper; Burnie Ralston was using a sly technique; his "slick" hair-do proved more than enough to distract the opposition.

"Chuck" Tasman was trying vainly to get the Shirruffian mind off the game by reading copious extracts from "The Mentor", but this seemed only to infuriate the co-eds all the more. (It must be tripe).

"Yank" Forsythe, D. A. A. C.'s Bob Blois, "Never give a Sucker a Break" Matthews, and the Mooseman pursued the more direct technique of tripping, slashing, hair-pulling, and rolling-in-the-mud, in contravention of all that Emily Post has to say about social conduct. "Blanche" Wiswell got away with murder, and boy, wasn't he the lucky one!

The girls came onto the field with coy demeanour and shrill giggles, attempting to create the impression that they were helpless, and therefore harmless. But when Phyllis Wray Barratt (who was acting as a not unprejudiced referee) blew the whistle, what a horrible transformation took place! "Doshie"

Stairs and Anita (Uneda) Reid (Weed) proceeded to slash at unprotected masculine limbs with gay abandon. The Morse menace (Bunny and Sue) combined with the uninhibited Jean Cameron to throw the masculine ranks into confusion. The cute Sirlol number took the game seriously for awhile, until Lynn Marcus showed her how effectively a man's skull could be bashed in with a hockey club. Irma McQuarrie, who was late getting into the game, spread ruin right and left when finally she came on the field.

In the midst of all this activity, with the boys scurrying for cover, in helpless and hopeless retreat, only the Major stood firm and resolute, like the thin Red British line. Realizing that the Vicious Vixens were in awe of the Major's sartorial excellence and austere bearing, the rest of the men rallied behind him, pushing him into the centre of the fray. At this point, however, Marg Morrison decided that strong measures were called for, so she took the Major out of play with an undignified, but well-directed tackle. The backbone of the masculine defence having been thus disposed of, the co-eds proceeded to run roughshod over what little opposition remained. Bill Hagen, who seemed to have come under an hypnotic spell, scored goal after goal against his own team, and when the final whistle blew, the girls marched off the field to the tune of their victorious squeaks of joy, while the tired (but happy) males creaked over to Roy's for a consoling root beer.

Pharos Drive Launched

Delta Gamma Promotes Dance Tomorrow Night

Delta Gamma is holding its annual Dance for the benefit of the Halifax Community Chest Fund at Shirreff Hall on Saturday of this week. If you are interested in Saturday night dancing it would be an excellent opportunity to indulge your taste, since there will be a good orchestra (three pieces), good food, and more important than either of those things, a good floor with room to enjoy dancing. If you have been supper dancing at either of the hotels lately you can appreciate how pleasant it will be to dance at least a dozen steps without being bumped practically off the floor.

Your favorite professors and their wives have been asked to chaperone the Community Chest Benefit Dance, namely, Prof. and Mrs. Bennet and Dr. and Mrs. Bell. Their presence is very nearly a guarantee that this will be the kind of dance that you will be glad to attend.

To make assurance doubly sure, we have arranged to provide the finest of home-cooking for the refreshments. Francis Webster is Social Convener for this affair, and she has been soliciting food from the City Girls. As many of you know, that means very tasty things to eat. Remember those wonderful sandwiches you had the other week at tea, Whosst?

The Committee for Advertising and Finance are Barbara Sieniewicz, "Doshie" Stairs, and Nancy Berringer.

I hear that not every one understands who invites who to this dance. In other years it has been the custom to sell tickets to the fair sex only, so only boys who were lucky enough to have girl friends to invite them were able to go to this fine party. This year we have decided to give the boys a break. If your best girl decides not to take you, then you can buy a ticket and take in the dance anyway (with who ever you choose to honor with an invitation). Man truly is the privileged class!

The Dance begins at Shirreff Hall at 8.30 Saturday night, the 22nd, or tomorrow. Dancing continues until midnight. We'll be seeing you there.

Inez's Boys Take Title From Meds

In a rough and tumble match played on Wednesday in a sea of mud, Inez Smith's boys took Medicine over the hurdles to capture the Inter-Faculty Football title. Climaxing an interesting series of elimination contests, the outcome of the game came as a distinct surprise. Although the Arts and Science team deserves much credit for staving off the powerful Med attack, much of Medicine's downfall may be attributed directly to the stellar backfield play of two of their cohorts, who were loaned to the enemy, Pinky Smith, whose kicking left little to be desired, and Murray Davis, former Senior player whose vicious tackling broke up numerous attacks by the opposing backfield. These players were loaned to the Arts and Science squad out of the goodness and mercy of the Meds when only thirteen men appeared on the field to fight for the honor of Ignatz Schmidt's Society.

It was in the early moments of the game that the one and only score came as the Green Hornet (a

Continued on page four

YEAR BOOK STAFF OPENS CAMPAIGN FOR SUPPORT

The Year Book is a record of your life at Dalhousie. In it are depicted for your personal record the high lights of a university career. In years to come, it will serve as an album or a diary for reference and for nostalgic dreams of a bye-gone day. It will only be such, however, if all graduates extend their full cooperation to the Year Book staff by having their pictures taken, and that as soon as possible. Notice has been given that all graduates' pictures must be taken before Christmas. At a meeting of the graduating class held last week it was decided that, in order to facilitate the taking and collecting of photographs for the Year Book, all pictures would be taken at Climo's.

National S. C. M. Secretary Visits Dal

On Wednesday, November 19, Miss Edna Durrant, former missionary in Honan, China, and now serving as associate missionary secretary of the Canadian S. C. M., arrived in Halifax to spend a week with Dalhousie students and graduates. Meetings have been planned by the local S. C. M. in which Miss Durrant is discussing with interested students the Christian challenge in the world today, with special reference to war-torn China, and the job that is ours in post-war reconstruction—problems which all students must face in our present day world.

Miss Durrant is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario and has spent one term in Honan, China, returning to Canada in 1940.

Will those interested please note the schedule of meetings for Miss Durrant's visit:

Nov. 20—12 noon: Girls' Study Group. Room 3 Arts Building.

Nov. 21—7 p. m.: Meeting at Pine Hill.

Nov. 23—2-3 p. m.: Girls' Study Group.

Nov. 24—8 p. m.: General Meeting. (See Bulletin Board). Topic, China: The Church and the Crisis.

Nov. 25—12 noon: Girls' Study Room 3, Arts Building.

Nov. 26—6-9 p. m.: General Supper Meeting.

Plan to attend the Millionaire's Ball on January 6, in the Dal Gym.

? DIPO ?

(Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion)

Will U. S. and Japan Go to War?

55.5% queried thought that war would arise out of the very critical situation that has been rapidly developing in the Pacific. 100% of the women were definitely pessimistic about the chances for peace between the Nipponese and the forces of Uncle Sam, while only 61% of the men believed that such a war was inevitable.

Have You Read Hitler's "My Struggle"? Any of Churchill's Works?

Nobody had gone through Hitler's Gospel completely. 50% had read each author, and the other half had heard about them. (Imagine!) Men were in the majority and accounted for the half and half percentage.

The Double-barrelled Nonentities of the Week! Do You Consider Yourself Beautiful? How Many Times Have You Been In Love?

We only could get answers when we promised them to mention no personalities (or nonentities). Only 20% of the men were optimistic about the first question. All the women were strangely modest. One said that she would let others answer it for her. Another wanted a chance to think it over. (Brother, it won't do any good.) 60% of the women, in answer to the second question, said, "That would be telling." One was honest enough to say once, another was non-committal, and a third (a blush be-painting her maidenly cheek, and some of this maidenly cheek in her answer) said as many as the stars above. Most of the men didn't have time to add it up, though one modest individual reached infinity on his fingers and toes before his energy gave out. One said "no times", and after we assured him there was such a creature as women, he promised to look around the campus for one. Averaged altogether, Dal boys have been in love 6.2 times, 16% assured us it was none of our business, and another in O.T.C. uniform said, "I don't know—I'm awful sick now."

Dalhousie Gazette

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WRITTEN ABOUT THE LIBRARY

Dalhousie students have as fine an Arts Library as any university in the Maritimes, but they are not getting as much value from it as they might. Many of them graduate from this institution with a B.A. without having read far beyond the reference books of the various courses they have taken, and some of them, sad to say, have not read all of those. To say this is to cast no reflection upon Dal's librarians, who have given faithful and untiring service. It is hoped, however, that this editorial will stir some students, as well as the Library Committee, to a realization of the important part a library ought to play in the education of a university student. To this end, we are making certain very definite suggestions.

Our first suggestion is that, in addition to the classifications of "Overnight" and "Two-week" books there should be a third group which might be taken out for three days at a time. There are a few books in such frequent demand that they cannot be given out for more than one night. They are mostly reference books of which the university's budget will permit the purchase of but a small number. In allowing them to go out overnight Dalhousie is more liberal than some other colleges which do not permit them to leave the library. Students can ask for no further concessions with regard to those books. There are many other books, however, which are required reading for certain classes and therefore cannot conveniently be put on the "Two-week" list, but which are not in such demand that they need to be returned every morning. There are very few books, in any case, which the average student can read in one night. Under the present system it is necessary for a student who wishes to finish such a book to read it on such nights as he is able to sign for. The creation of a "Three-day" class of books would, we believe, meet this difficulty. It might entail additional work for the library staff, but the library was made for the students. Other universities have applied the idea successfully.

Our second proposal is that students should be allowed to take a greater number of two-week books out of the library. At present undergraduates are allowed to have two books out at one time, while graduate students may have four in their possession. The former restriction is irksome, the latter may become a real hindrance to study for those who do most of their work at home. The specialized student does not merely read books—he has them to consult when the need arises, to compare with one another, and to criticize. There are enough books in the library that a more liberal policy is justified.

Some books, no doubt, are in fairly constant demand. These might be reduced to three-day status; but there are many others which have (judging from the names marked on the card), been taken out no more than once or twice in the century. There are books several years old which have neat cards as yet undefiled by the presence of a human signature. We would suggest that undergraduates be allowed to take out four or five books at a time, graduates to take such as they need within the limits of reason. Incidentally, books kept out by professors should be callable after two weeks.

Our third suggestion, which may appear very radical, is that the stack should be thrown open to a larger number of people. At Dalhousie entrance to the stack is regarded as a privilege to be granted only to graduate and Honours students. Many universities throw their stacks open to the entire student body, who accept this "privilege" as a natural right. Most of these universities have, of course, larger libraries than we have. It would be almost out of the question for Dalhousie to be quite that liberal. But it has been our experience, during a year or two with stack privileges, that the corridors have not re-echoed over often with the shuffle of academic feet. The occasional student has wandered through and perhaps studied a while, but there is accommodation for more. As an experiment, we would recommend the admission of the entire Senior class. If the result is bedlam, restrict the privilege to students recommended by professors; if the place is still lonesome, admit the Juniors. It is only the Freshmen who would really rush to accept the privilege.

Our fourth suggestion is that professors (harried and overburdened as they are) should consider it part of their duty to inform their classes towards the first of the year as to what books the library contains which have some bearing on their departments. In some universities lecturers spend the first week on bibliography, informing the students where they can find general reference works as well as books and publications of a more specialized interest. This is especially necessary where stack privileges are limited and the student must depend for his knowledge of the library upon the reference shelves and the card index. It should be a matter of concern to professors that students are being turned out whose knowledge of books written in English goes no farther than Hanford's "Selections from Milton" and a book by a certain Miss Sichel.

Our fifth, and perhaps most important suggestion, is that students should read more books. The reaction of most professors after reading the last paragraph is that students will not read half the references they are given, anyway. There is enough truth in that to sting us. Most of us spend our years at university doing everything but reading. It is our contention, however, that students would acquire better reading habits if they were given more freedom to use their library and if a more thorough attempt were made by those who can to acquaint them with the treasures which even a small university library contains.

* FICTION *

"Oh Valiant Hearts . . ."

It was noon of November 11th, 1941. Joe Walker lay back on the couch in the room of his boarding house. He was tired. His feet were aching. Joe had been on them since 9 a. m., and he was not used to marching. He was not in condition. He had come to college to develop his mind, to study and learn to appreciate our heritage of literature, art and music. He wanted to know a bit about modern advances in science, philosophy and all other phases of intellectual life.

This knowledge would aid him in shaping his philosophy of life, in fulfilling, as nearly as possible, his innermost ideals. It would help him to live in peace and harmony with his fellows. He had not counted on a war.

Joe recalled his experiences of the morning. He lived again the Memorial Service. He saw and heard the marching men, the bands, the music and hymns. He saw the still and silent faces, bowed in memory before the monument. He heard again those strains: "Oh, Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came, Through dust of conflict and through battle fame,

All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave, To save man-kind—yourselves you scorned to save."

Yes, they too had ambitions. They came to shape those ideals into a purpose, and philosophy of life. Now they are dead—and nothing but a memory. They died to save mankind.

He recalled how, two years ago, he had received news of the outbreak of this war. He remembered how he had cursed and declared that there was no God, when such fury should be let loose in the midst of mankind. He remembered how his mother had scolded him, and calmed him with the thought that perhaps men caused such calamities to come upon themselves by their mistakes, their pride and their greed. She pointed out to him that he must go to college and train himself so that someday he might take his share of the burden of reconstruction, of re-shaping the world.

Eventually Joe became reconciled to this fact. He came to college. He began his feeble search for those great eternal truths. He began to think that perhaps these political issues were only passing events. That, in the words of Emerson, "some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down."

He would prepare himself for a greater task, where he would help the underdog to a new recognition of himself. He would strive to impart into the mind of the poor and ignorant slum-dweller a meaning of the higher things of life. He pitied the dirty, illiterate youth of the slum areas, who would never attend college. Were they not born with the same varying, hereditary mental possibilities as himself and his friends? Yet, because of the influence of environment, which no doubt included illiterate parents, they were brought up with the same tendencies and desires as their parents, and so remained in ignorance, filth and poverty; perfect breeding ground for modern demagogues, preaching fascism, communism, crime, revolt and bloodshed. Surely people could feel the need for action, for social reconstruction!

Would it come after the war? Would there eventually be a recognition of this need by men of influence and wealth? Are they blind when they cannot see that unless this need for social and economic equality among all men be met soon, there will be a grave danger of impulsive action by the under-privileged working man, which might result in revolution, with its bloodshed and destruction. Is that not how communism arose in Russia?

Of course, Joe concluded, there must be practical Socialism, neither

the cold, hard, materialism of Russia, nor the idealistic philosophy of Shelley. We must seek the happy medium. All men, irrespective of creed or class, influence or ability, shall have the same chance at birth to carve out a decent life for themselves. Then, Joe concludes, my place must surely be here, to train myself to take part in the reconstruction, to help the poor and oppressed fellow men, in attaining that richer life.

His reverie is interrupted by the entrance of a chum.

"Here's a letter for you, Joe."

Joe takes and examines the envelope. The letters O. H. M. S. are stamped above his name. He opens it and reads:

Dear Sir:
 If you are still desirous of joining the Naval Service, as an officer, you should present yourself before a preliminary selection board, which sits at, Halifax, N. S. at 8 p. m. on Wednesday, November 12th.

Yours truly,
 Lieutenant-Commander
 R. C. N. V. R.
 Officers Training Officer.

"Oh valiant hearts . . ."

No, Joe muses, I shall remain. Why should I interrupt my college career and throw away—perhaps my life. The news-cast interrupts, "Fierce battle raging before Moscow." Yes, they too are trying to find a fuller life for all mankind. "Many stories came out of Russia today of the frenzied courage the men, women and children who are battling for liberty against the forces of tyranny."

Their's was an experiment; extremely radical perhaps. For twenty years it has been a Godless experiment; yet signs coming from Russia today seem to pretend a return to the Christian way of life. Then is there not some chance that time will increase this renewed Christian spirit, and temper their experiment and cause it to develop into a new way of life? One where a happy medium will be secured, where men will remain free and equal! In the meantime tyranny rules—they fight and die for us.

"In England today also men and women are dying for the cause of freedom and a Christian way of life."

Joe recalled a book he had read not long ago; it concerned the Russo-Finnish war of '39. A young Finn has just emerged from a spiritual morass. "Yes, mother, my God is the young vigorous Christ. He is the most beautiful thought of the young men about life and eternity. He opens the way and leads to victory. He punishes only with an understanding smile and He forgives everything. He does not force us to our knees, but lifts us up, and you can look on him as a comrade.

"Something like that, Mother, is my understanding of Christ and I know he will lead me to victory."

He will lead me to victory—
 The following night Joe was among the candidates for naval service. A few months from now Joe will be at sea—he will be fighting those forces of tyranny—

"Oh valiant hearts . . ."



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 "No, coming down for a Sweet Cap!"

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» THE FEATURE FOLIO «

THE MENTOR APPROACH AND USE OF THE LIBRARY

One of the Neglects of early School Training is the teaching of Sound Library Usage. Everyone who attends College should be trained in the use of this Highly Educational feature. Do not Recoil at this thought, the Library is not to be Disregarded. This is a Profound Truism. It is the Intellectual Social Centre of the University, and as such, should be your Refuge. Herewith are some Helpful Hints on the approach and use of this Useful Facility.

The direct approach is, obviously, the best. For beginners, however, we should like to suggest a more Unobtrusive way. It is customary to appear after 7.30 p.m., since before this time the Library is not open. Enter the Main Door Quietly, and look furtively around. If the way is clear, proceed to your front, and go quickly down the first stairs which present themselves. You are now in the Basement cum Dressing Room (Men's). If Female, veer sharply right, and proceed through the Curtailed Doorway into the mysteries beyond. You will now divest yourself of your garments. This is essential, due to the Humidity, Stupidity, Profundity, etc., of the upper regions. (Note: If all the lights seem to be out, you are probably Early).

You are now facing the Real Test. Proceed up the Stairs, and, without hesitating, thrust yourself through the Glass doors. At one time one of these was Permanently Fastened, while the other was Free. This was to impede the over-zealous. By testing the Doors with caution, however, you will have no difficulty in finding the open one. Thrust yourself through this, and enter into the main Library. If, in your excitement, you have not noticed the Glass doors, do not apologize; it will be taken off your Caution Deposit anyway. The important thing, at this point, is Not to Weaken.

You are now inside. Recover yourself, your Books, and anything else you happened to drop. This is the Crucial Moment. Do not quail, but proceed to the nearest Card Index File, and pull out the most convenient drawer. This is a Meaningless Gesture, but it will give you a chance to look around and recover yourself.

The best possible plan, at this point, is to find yourself a seat. Proceed to the nearest vacant one, and sit down. You will then be approached (reproached, etc.) by the Librarian. You are sitting on THE GIRLS' SIDE. This will lead to the discovery that the Sexes are Remorselessly Separated. This is undoubtedly Advantageous, but Distracting. Find yourself another seat, and take off your coat. Put it on again, quickly, as you catch the Librarian's eye on you.

To gain confidence, consult the Card Index again, this time in alphabetical order. Ascertain if certain works are present. Inevitably they will be. Go to the desk, having memorized the Hieroglyphics pertaining to the book you want, and then go back to the file, and write them down on a piece of paper. For your convenience, there are certain boards attached to the filing case to write on. Pull one of these out. Pick it up, replace it, and hurry back to the desk. Strengthen your resolve, while the Librarian fetches your book. (Note: Beginners are advised to Idly Spin the Revolving Card Index on the desk. This is disturbing to others.)

The correct procedure, after having received your book, is to have a Smoke. This is accomplished by going down stairs again, and chatting volubly to whoever else is present. This should take about 15 minutes. Gird yourself, and go back, and this time, use the Right Door.

Proceed to your seat, as before. After you are seated, you will discover you are over the Air Vent, and beside the only Radiator in the room which is functioning. By practice, however, you will gradually get inured to these things. Pick up your book. It isn't the one you wanted, but it might be interesting, anyway. Thumb through it, reading snatches here and there. This is Broadening. You will presently discover that the little Swinging Door on the Office will flick five times for a hard shove—four on the average. This is Disconcerting, but Diverting. It's almost time to have another Smoke.

When you pass what seems like a decent interval of time, you are at liberty to return the Book. This is quickly accomplished by simply depositing it on the desk. Go out the same way by which you entered. (Note: If you desire a walk to Shirreff Hall, spread rumors about the Man in the Woods.) You should sleep the sleep of the satisfied: you have just completed a Hard Night's Work at the Library, in the customary manner—and should have no future difficulty.

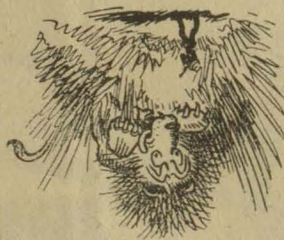
» Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

Episode Six
Entitled PROKOV for PRESIDENT.

"What this story needs," said Sammy Skunk as he hustled into Atwood Alley, "is tidying up," whereupon he ordered another Polar Pie and continued lecturing John Gaunt on the advantages of BOILING ESSENCE as opposed to the abstruse sort of thing issuing three times per week from Binnet's Brain Bleaching Borator, and the motely collection of Capitalistic advertisements and Uncapitalistic editorials appearing weakly in the Dalhousie Gazoot. John Gaunt, however, his jowls dripping hungrily as he watched Sammy downing the Polar Pies, one after the other, in a very ungenerous manner, had other plans.

Sidling up to Prissie Magnanimous and Prue reMorse who had just come shyly dancing out of the Tiger's dressing rooms, he hoarsely whispered a single word into their ears which sent the two of them screaming into King Karl's office into the arms of Miss Heavenly who tidied them up somewhat and neatly arranging the two little sweater-fulls of innocence in chairs, went to inform King Karl of their agitation. Opening the door she recoiled in horror, squealing like an Acadian rooting section, for there, seated

at King Karl's own oaken bread-board was his deadly enemy PROKOV.



As the news of King Karl's disappearance spread by word of mouth, the Gazoot, due to the effects of circulation manager McLeak, being mistakenly distributed to the bewildered natives in Ecum Secum, anxious groups of students stood around in the flower beds demanding that the status quo as at now, be maintained. Doug Quirk-pettingquick could be observed running up and down the flagpole with buckets of green mist which he emptied into the void while Wubber McTunnelled and his Slimy Solons, one short due to last weeks Inelection, lurked in the recesses of the Haunt of Ghouls plotting a Pep-Dally in an effort to organize a man-hunt for King Karl.

Will King Karl be found? Will anyone look for him? Or will John Gaunt smother PROKOV with Gazoots?

THE MARCH OF



There will be som broken hearts at the sad news that the season on "Moose" seems to be closed again, as he entertains a fair visitor from C. B. If was too good to last.

We want to know if Bob Dunsmore is still on the 'Eligible list'. His 'draft number' came up recently, regarding the Community Chest Dance. Better watch out Bob, they're laying for you.

If you have had any difficulty in getting in or out of the Gym at noon the last few weeks, it was probably due to the popularity of this place for a certain couple C'mon, O'Brien, shove out of the way.

What happened to Bob Graves. Is Sue proving that you can fool some of the people some of the time, or was the Law Ball just too much of an attraction.

Doug Miller is importing these days. He seemed to be enjoying himself at the Ball, and Acadia will probably benefit from the experience.

The Rage of the Ball, or, for that matter, any dance, was our Gardner. Will somebody break the news to him gently that there are others on

the dance floor too, who paid their money. Maybe he thinks he can dance. . . (?)

Tasman's frequent visits to the Hall these days must be prompted by something more than a desire for exercise. Is the attraction in the line of duty, or something else.

Why have the girls at the Hall taken Doug Robinson off their 'Eligible' list. His present attachment can't be the only reason, but there it is. Perhaps he could tell us why.

We should NOT like to apologize to anyone for this. Why does Don. "Birdlegs" Black take such a fervent interest in what is said about Dot. Rose in this column, even to the extent of taking out items, and inserting his own efforts. Is he practising up on his Sir Galahadery. Come now, "Birdlegs" if you feel that way, why spill things on her at dances.

May we quote Dave Smith who is honoring Halifax with a brief visit, "Cissy is a senior now and can come in any time she wants to." Especially Monday.

Grime Marches On.

T-SQUARE

We're wondering whether we still have any readers after last week. We hope that engineers are still held in their usual respect (?) around the campus. Of course everyone realizes that there's no malice in our minds, so lets get down to business. We give up to Johnny Rogers. His school pin is gone, but he says, "I ain't talking—see!" Come on John, let us in on it—or are you ashamed? It's terrible when fellows won't incriminate themselves.

While we're on the subject Hall and Schouler had better take care,

DEAR DIARY

Tuesday
Today was a holiday. Slept in all morning. Football in the afternoon. Good game, and a surprise tea dance—no surprise to me that I didn't go.

Wednesday
Horrors! That ghastly list in the library! And have you heard this one, "So sorry that I can't go out tonight because I have to study."

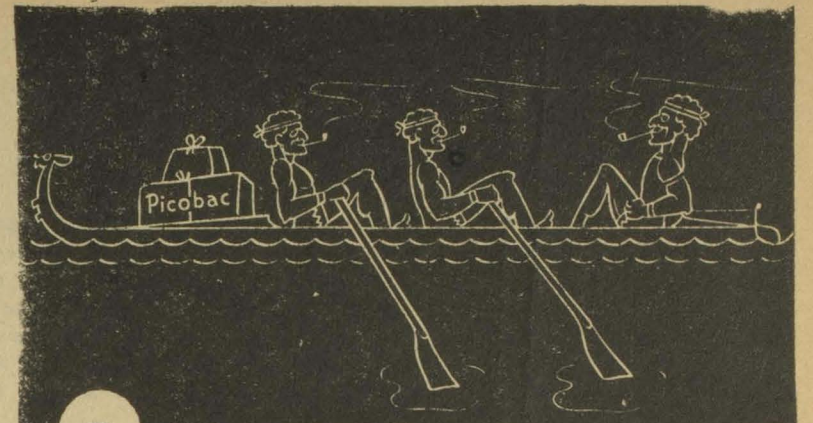
Thursday
(Very early in the morning, very early). "Wake me early I have a nine at Forrest." Bio. 1 quiz—groans and midnight oil.

Friday
I overheard this one at the Law Ball, FRAGILE hasn't got that delicate touch—he spilt ginger ale (?) on his fair partner's new dress."

Saturday
That lab instructress in Bio. 1 was "good goods". But House Committee spoils every Saturday. However this week, there were surprisingly few on the list, considering it was for two weeks. Are the girls getting better or are they just not getting asked out?

Sunday
There was a very small crowd of guests in for tea—rumours about the food must be getting around (?) I saw a real knight (Sir B. McG.) in the Hall tonight—the line formed on the right and skipped gayly back and forth scattering floral offerings.

Monday
Monday was a total loss. However as Henry Reardon might have said, "See you next week?"



Jason searched the world to find that herb of peace
Which we call "Picobac" but they called "Golden Fleece".

• What but Picobac could have sustained the Argonauts upon their tortuous voyaging? And what but Picobac can console the tedium of retracing their mythical wanderings? To secure a supply of Picobac—that mild, cool, sweet smoke—no journey would be too long. But you, fortunately, can procure it for a most modest outlay at the corner store.

HANDY SEAL-TIGHT POUCH - 15c
½-LB. "LOK-TOP" TIN - 65c
also packed in Pocket Tins

Picobac

"It DOES taste good in a pipe!"

You saw Dalhousie's sweater girl—now come and see the original sweater girl—Lana Turner in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the Capitol now.

OXFORD

Friday - Saturday
"She Knew All The Answers"
"Washington Melodrama"

Monday and Tuesday
"Moon Over Miama"
"Gay Vagabond"

Wednesday and Thursday
"Sinful Woman"
"Bad Men of Missouri"

The New CASINO

★
"Appointment
For Love"

Margaret Sullivan
Charles Boyer

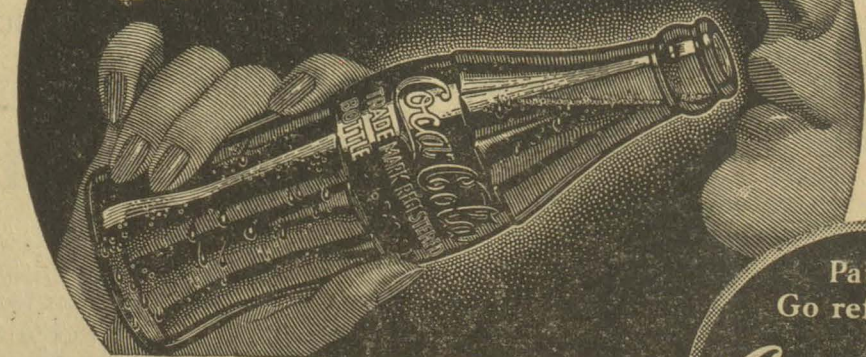
ORPHEUS

ALL WEEK
"TEXAS"
and

"2 LATINIS FROM
MANHATTAN"

Midnite Show - SUNDAY
"TEXAS"
"2 Latins From Manhattan"

The taste
that charms
and never cloy



Pause...
Go refreshed

Coca-Cola

You'll welcome ice-cold "Coca-Cola" just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality, the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" gives you the taste that charms and never cloy. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
HALIFAX

You trust its quality 271

SPORT Spice

by AL. MacLEOD

This past week has seen the lesser athletic lights on the campus take over the spotlight—or rather the sportlight—from the so-called experts. In a short two weeks the Interfaculty Rugby League has been run off, with the Arts and Science aggregation cleaning up. In the first game of the year, the Lawyers strove with might and main, but were undone by the Engineers. The Engineers, in their turn, were upset by the Arts and Science entry, who managed to withstand a Medicinal challenge and win the championship.

With respect to the Interfaculty final, a story was circulating in the University Store the other afternoon to this effect: "Who," asked the Reflective Freshman, "is playing in the interfaculty game this afternoon?" "Arts and Science and Engineers," came the reply. "Gosh," was the awed observation, "won't there be a wild time with three teams in the game!"

People who should know have told us that hockey practices will be gin this Saturday at twelve o'clock. In spite of a restricted budget, it seems that Dalhousie intends to operate a team in the College Service League, and probably with hopes of better success than attended the university's ice efforts last year, when not a game was won. (If anybody has heard of the Tiger hockey team winning a game in recent years, please communicate with this department. The team could use the publicity.)

Perhaps one hope for this year is that the Tigers will be a little stronger for the coming campaign, while Tech and St. Mary's might be weaker. Among those who will be turning out for practices (either voluntarily or by dint of much coaxing) are "Sandy" MacDonald, Web MacDonald, Russ Webber, Dooly McIntosh, Gordie Wilson, Marty McDonald, Dave Doig, Bob Blois, Blanch Wiswell, "Herky" Vaughan, Joe MacDougall, Joe Feindel and "Herbie" Grant. There are distinct possibilities in such a line-up. We might have an excellent year on the blades. Who knows?

Does anybody know the technique whereby the Students' Council is said to "milk" the D.A.A.C.? From what we've heard, the idea seems to be this: The Council gives the D.A.A.C. twenty-five hundred bucks for expenses. The D.A.A.C. spends this money to operate its teams and to buy equipment. But all revenues from games and resale of the equipment goes, not to the D.A.A.C., as we might expect, but to the Council, who forthwith salt the shekels away, and then set up a great howl about lack of funds, and the need for retrenchment. Can you whiff the pungent odor of rodent?

A. & S. STOP T-SQUARE SCOURGE WITH "ZAT'S" SOLO SCORING SPLURGE

In last week's Gazette we chronicled the unhappy adventures of the Legal Eagles when they encountered the Energetic Engineers. The T-Square Triflers had scarcely recovered from the shock of defeating the Judicial Jurists, when they were sorely beset by the Artistic and Scientific ilk. What carnage ensued! Hastily concealing their knives, clubs and axes, the A. and S. Brigands trotted blithely out upon the field, and fell to with a vengeance. While Cox, Roy and Woods of the A. and S. were administering a hotfoot to Hagen of the Binge-ineers, via the blowtorch routine, Kirkpatrick was the object of some deft mud-slinging on the part of Wiswell and Wickwire. However, not content with throwing the soft and gooey, the three M's (McKay, Moore and Musset) had seized the "Kirk" by his Gable-ears, and were manipulating the Kirkpatrick face in a foot and a half of the more-than-mildly mucky. "Trader" Horne, meanwhile, was offering to sell Engineer hides at bargain prices to unsuspecting bystanders. The stage was set for the stupendous scuffle.

When referee "Burnie" Ralston blew the opening whistle, the Engineers kicked the ball, and the Arts and Science kicked the Engineers. Heaving with might and main, and egged on from the sidelines by the sulphurous exhortations of engineer-linesman-coach "Lightning" McKenzie, the Engineers controlled the play for the greater part of the struggle. McHattie, hero of the Binge-ineer - Legal Eagle set - to, again led the Ruffian charge, and scored a try early in the contest to give the Engineers a 3-0 lead. However, the game was far from over. The old Artistic and Scientific meanings hadn't even begun to get dirty yet. They hadn't even torn anybody's ear off. They weren't having any fun. Gradually, however, they

warmed up to their work, and when Sgt. Swansburg led Corporals Oland and Bagnell on a mad dash through the T-Square lines, strewing broken Binge-ineers to the right and left, Gerald Prat could be seen surveying the wreckage, wringing his hands, and wailing in a high (c. o. t.) C: "Gosh oh golly, gosh oh gee, Where in heck is the L.A.D.?"

All this time the Binge-ineers had been setting-up bear-traps, and more especially "tank" traps, wherein to ensnare the A. and S. gentry. They had even gone so far as to sick a stray dog upon the fleet-footed Zatsman, but the latter out-thought and out-hoofed the mongrel, and scored a try to send the game into overtime. The game having gone into overtime, both teams pressed for the deciding try. The Binge-ineers were about to start a final push across the A. and S. line, when Wiswell's backfield passed the buckskin once too often, and the grasping Zatsman snared the oval, to dash seventy-five yards for the decisive try. His convert was successful. The score now being 8 to 3 in favor of the Arts and Science lucksters, and the game over, they immediately joined hands and began to prance a dance around the disconsolate Binge-ineers, chanting the while:

"Bumptious Bumpkins, there you lie—

But where were you when "Zats" went by?"

This chorus having been composed, delivered and directed by Bob Murphy, to the accompaniment of hot licks from John "Rufe" Fraser's trumpet, these gentlemen retired in high glee to the University Store, where they promptly ate themselves into insensibility. The entire affair almost ended on a tragic note when the crestfallen and despairing John McLean and Oscar Sandos of the defeated Binge-ineers were discovered attempting to "end it all" by

CO-EDS ONLY

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist, And still it neared and neared, Could this but mean those dread exams?"

From which till now we steered?" Could be, but why let a little thing like a few books take up all our time? Don't you think a game or two of badminton, plus a few practices of basket-ball would be the very best thing for you? We're quite sure it would.

And then there's that long delayed ping-pong net that has arrived, and hails some to start the game going, which means you when you're wondering what to do. Phyl Barratt has balls for only a nickel. Try them! And we may add that a game of doubles is just as good as singles, and more fun.

"Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole."

HM-M-M-M, it's got its points, but why let the gym floor be vacant so often during morning and afternoon free periods? Nine times out of ten you'll find there's plenty of room for a badminton game, and that LADDER that we mentioned so long ago hasn't shown any signs of change. Surely you aren't satisfied to remain where you are and leave Anne Goodeve unchallenged at the top! tsk! tsk! It doesn't take long to challenge someone, and play the best two out of three games. Come on Helen, Sue, Doreen, Anita, and all of you who have your names listed, and you who haven't, can add them.

What happened to Kay, Bunny and Mary after that first night of badminton? We'd like to see you out more often, ye co-eds, to help encourage some Tuesday evening games.

Ye who like the GENTLER SPORTS! Try ping-pong, (see above). We'd like to see some tournaments in this game, and even perhaps a challenge to the boys at some future date. Play and help your club by showing interest.

By the way, how about taking a few minutes off to check up on the sports, and choose one or two or even three that you'd like to take part in? Then encourage your club captain by letting her know that you want to put your dime's worth in. None of us are experts, and we all realize that NOW is the time to learn!

"But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing— What makes these sports so alien to us? What is the co-ed doing? —With apologies to Coleridge.

ordering coffee from Roy's Precarious Percolator . . .

(Will the A. and S. aggregation stand up under the onslaught of the Medico's? Run, (do not walk) for next week's Gazette, and learn the horrible details).

WALLACE SHOES --

Now is the time to buy Boots and Skates for Men and Women.

WALLACE BROS.

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415 BARRINGTON ST.

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WHAT GOOD IS A PUP?

A pup is cute and mischievous, but you cannot tell just by looking at him what services he will perform for his master when he grows up.

When the telephone first put in its appearance in 1876, like the pup, few could foresee how serviceable it would become.

Now the telephone brings folks together millions of times each day. Communities once far distant are now next door, and entire nations are united.

The "Pup" is a real "dog" now.

Maritime Telegraph and Telephone Co.

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Do You Ping-Pong?

The sound and fury, the tumult and the shouting heard last week, on the campus was nothing more serious than Colin Smith, Manager of Ping-Pong, who was peeved because the Gazette failed to give any prominence or publicity to his Fall Table-Tennis Tournament.

Notice is therefore hereby given to all those who have signified their intention of participating: the tournament is now under way, and you are requested to find your opponent and get your match out of the way immediately.

Last year's winner was Henry Reardon, who is not present this year to defend himself, or rather, to defend his title.

Ping-Pong is one of the better-known Dalhousie sports, and it behooves the student body to rally round old Colin and give him their utmost support.

MEDS LOSE

(Continued from page one)

Freshman whose real name we have vowed shall never grace these pages) plunged over the Med line with the touchdown which ended Medicine's lone reign of Inter-Faculty Football supremacy. The attempt to convert failed and from the next kick-off the Med attack rolled relentlessly down the field. But in Arts and Science territory the Med advance literally bogged down as General Mud came to the aid of Inez's hard pressed warriors. The remainder of the game was shrouded in merciful obscurity as water and mud slowly seeped over and covered from sight the embattled hordes. But tonight Ignatz and her boys reign supreme!

Grads Photo Schedule

Wednesday, Nov. 26—P.M.

- 2.00—B. F. Long
- 2.15—Dot Macdonald
- 2.30—A. MacIntosh
- 2.45—Isabell McKean
- 3.00—Dot MacKenzie
- 3.15—E. Morris
- 4.00—J. Morrison
- 4.15—M. Parkes
- 4.30—M. Pope
- 4.45—I. Publicover
- 5.00—L. Read

Friday, Nov. 28—P.M.

- 2.00—E. Rettie
- 2.15—H. R. Roby
- 2.30—W. G. Rowe
- 2.45—M. Barnes
- 3.00—R. Churchill
- 3.15—A. DeMone
- 3.30—A. Dunn
- 3.45—R. Finley
- 4.00—C. Fowler
- 4.15—F. Fraser
- 4.30—J. Fraser
- 4.45—J. French

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