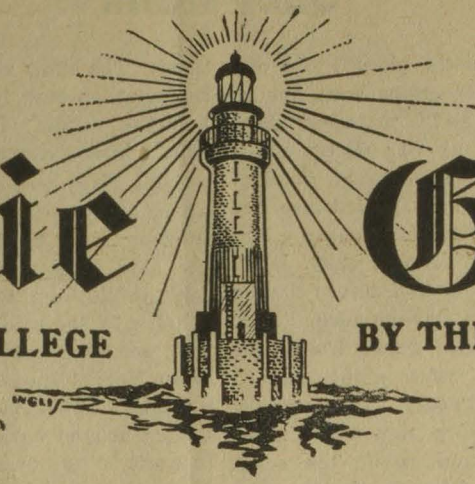


## Dalhousie Gazette

“THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA”



VOL. LXXIV HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 6, 1942 No. 15

# BASKETBALL TIGERS CONTINUE WINNING STREAK Malcolm Honour Award Committee Chosen

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS BY DON BLACK

Again U. B. C. pops up with a novelty—a baby-minders organization among the men of the campus. The boys will mind your baby, (1 month to 22 years) if you want to go out of a night. Fees moderate and the best of care and all that sort of thing.

Another contribution of U.B.C. to the college press are reprints of short poems of D. H. Lawrence. Having apparently exhausted the possibilities in Dorothy Parker's works Lawrence's work is being mercilessly pilfered all across the country and attributed to some genius named Ubsesey.

Sadie Hawkins is cavorting all over the country. McGill barely survived a visit, Saskatchewan is expecting a call at any time, Mount A. is also preparing for the Dog Patch vixen.

In a striking editorial calling for "candor, straight thinking and honest judgment" on the conscription question, Nathan Cohn, editor of Mount A's Argosy, asks that people, before making up their minds on the conscription issue as a whole, or Mr. King's plebiscite, consider what conscription means, its advantages and disadvantages. He deprecates those who take a stand on these issues purely as a matter of party prejudice. "These are vital questions and must be considered." "There is only one way — by analyzing the facts logically and without prejudice." One question Mr. Cohn—Where can one secure "the facts", without prejudiced opinion on what, exactly, is the stand on the issue of conscription for overseas service taken by the majority of the French Canadian population when one has not the time or money to spend a fortnight travelling in rural Quebec?

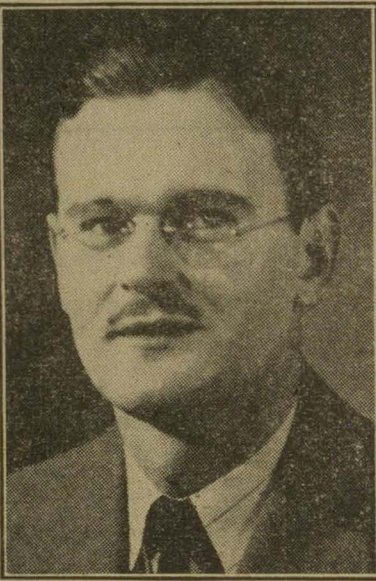
Advice to the love-lorn:  
Some men break your heart in two,  
Some men fawn and flatter,  
Some men never look at you,  
And that cleans up the matter.

By the time you swear you're his  
Shivering and sighing,  
And he vows his passion is  
Infinite, undying—  
Lay, make a note of this:  
One of you is lying.

Both by courtesy of Dorothy Parker and the Ubsesey.

U.N.B. and Acadia are both raising two hundred dollars for the students of Mount Allison to aid in replacing books lost in their disastrous December fire. This column mentioned aid in a humorous way some time ago but this time we're not joking. It would be a fine thing to do and the numerous-exMounties on this campus would form an admirable core for an organization to handle a drive for funds.

### THE GENTLEMAN



G. M. (Mike) SMITH

### C. O. T. C. SNAPS

Lt. J. C. Douglas, B.A., M.A., a graduate of Dalhousie, has been assigned to the Dalhousie-King's Contingent as assistant to Major Hogan.

C.Q.M.S. Lockhart is recuperating at home after his recent operation in which he gave birth to his 9 lb. baby appendix. We expect to have him back with us soon.

The exam given last Sunday is just a taste of what is in store for Syllabus "A" in the near future. Bigger and better exams is the forecast.

That land, sea and air maneuver mentioned some time ago, is reported to be taking place today unless we are once again blitzed by snow.

## ? DIPO ?

Your Favorite Magazine?

Reader's Digest leads the field with 31% of the votes; Life Magazine and and Cosmopolitan tied for second place with 12% each. Other magazines having votes were American, Ladies' Home Journal, Atlantic Monthly, Astonishing Stories, Time, and one person, eyes glistening like a dope-field, said, "any Movie magazines I can get read."

### Have You Skated at the Arena Yet, Using Your Council Ticket?

Results are very good. 44% have attended the Arena, using their Council ticket to get in, while the rest, 56%, have not done so. However, a few out of the latter reported they would later on.

### Your Opinion On the Gazette Columns?

Most of the given opinions were on the Feature Page, the only other one saying that the Editorial page was good. Neither the two columns on the front page nor on the back page came in for particular mention, either by invective or bouquet. The Feature page got the comments (and how), but we will tone them down to a reading level. 50% quizzed gave definite opinions for or against, 56% saying they were good, and the rest saying, "STINK", and uncomplimentary terms. A few, pained with the sudden blitz that Aunt Effie has caused, stood with hurt faces, and swallowed tears while answering, "Don't know where they get the information".

Other comments, chosen at random: "Most are pretty punk, especially Rufus Rayne." (This was the only kick against Rufus). "Aunt Effie's the best," "Aunt Effie stinks," (one who got blitzed); "I'd rather not say," "Pretty brainy," "Cut them out—especially the March of Grime," "All have their place—some people might want to read them," and "everybody reads the third page, the best in the Gazette."

### THE SPORTSMAN



BLANCHARD WISWELL

Once again the Council of Students has appropriately selected a scholar, a gentleman and a sportsman, to make up the Malcolm Honour Award Committee. In conjunction with two faculty members—Dr. Wilson and Dr. Bell—these students, May Boswell, Mike Smith (Chairman) and Blanchard Wiswell, shall decide which potential graduate is most worthy of receiving the coveted Malcolm Award.

This award is given in honor of the late Jimmy Malcolm, who was a scholar, a sportsman and a gentleman. It is the highest honor which can be bestowed upon a student at Dalhousie University by his classmates.

### Lest You Forget And Live To Regret

Remember, the campaign for selling Year Books closes on Feb. 15th. Only those books sold by that date shall be ordered. Two dollars will do the trick—buy your's now!

### THE SCHOLAR



MARY BOSWELL

### Life Officers Elected By Senior Class

A large number attended an important meeting of the graduating class on Tuesday at noon to elect life officers and make plans for Convocation week. The entire slate of officers for the past year was returned intact to form the life executive of the Class of '42.

A. S. Forsyth was chosen President; Kay Hicks, Vice-President; Frances Webster, Secretary, and John Tasman, Treasurer. All positions were, however, contested. With the Life President in the chair, the meeting proceeded with plans concerning Convocation week. It was decided to hold a class banquet in place of the trip to Hubbards, and also to attempt to have a class picnic.

A committee of four was elected to take care of the Convocation Ball. Those chosen were: Ed Morris, John Fraser, Louise Bishop and Penny Patchell. Besides this, a general committee was chosen to head the Convocation functions. Ted Rettie was elected as chairman of the Banquet Committee; Kissy Cameron to promote the Shirreff Hall formal; Bunny Morse to take charge of the Tea Dance; Bob Wilcox for the informal gym dance, and Andy Dunn as general committeeman.

Ted Rettie was elected Class Valedictorian, with Kay Hicks, Class Prophet, and John Tasman, Class Historian. The Historian and Prophet are to prepare articles for the Year Book, while the Valedictory Address is to be delivered at the Class Banquet.

A few moments were taken for discussion of a suitable class gift, although no definite action was decided upon. Among the gifts suggested was that of a memorial to Prof. Nickerson and that of a gift desk lamps to the Studley Library. It was decided, however, to leave this matter open for future discussion.

### Cuff Notes From Canadian Capitol

By ALAN HARVEY

OTTAWA, Feb. 4—(CUP)—This was "Wheat Week" on Parliament Hill. Into Ottawa's Union Station at the week-end rolled two special trains bringing more than 400 representatives of Western farmers armed with a "Petition of Rights" for Western agriculture. Their main plank was a request for an increase in the price of wheat from 70 cents to \$1 a bushel, basis No. 1 Northern at Fort William, Ont., and Vancouver.

Schooling Is Big Worry. One of their major concerns is education. Farm income on the prairies, they contend, is not high enough to enable the Western Provinces to provide adequate schooling, especially in the lower grades.

Besides the problem of financing the schools, the prairie farmer has difficulty raising enough money to send his sons and daughters to university.

"How do you suppose," one delegate asked, "we can afford to send our children to college when farm conditions are at the present level?"

J. G. Diefenbaker, Conservative member of the House of Commons for Lake Centre, told the Commons the delegates were coming to protest against conditions of "economic slavery".

### BIG BUSINESS

Launched April 7, 1940, to administer what has become "Canada's "Biggest Big Business", the Munitions and Supply Department, ruled over by Munitions Minister Howe, now employs more than 2,000, compared with its original staff of 300. The only faster-growing branch of the government service is the War-time Prices and Trade Board. Even its publicity men won't estimate how many are drawing salaries from the Board now, so fast has it expanded. The Munitions Department handles more than 500 cables and telegrams every day, sends out and receives more than 5,000 letters. Number of new files, exclusive of secret and confidential dockets, increased by nearly 25,000 between July and September last year.

### OTTAWA ODDITIES

The Deputy Minister of Fisheries in the Federal Cabinet—no, fooling—is Dr. D. B. Finn.

They're rationing sugar in Canada and yet the best authorities say there "hasn't been a ripple on the surface" as far as hoarding is concerned. The picture is a lot different in the United States.

Ottawa correspondents get some strange requests. The British Library of Information, for instance, wanted to know what size hat Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill usually wears. The Press Gallery had the answer: It's a 7 1/2. Now all the correspondents, warmed by the P.M.'s charm, claim the same hat size.

### Two Popular Dances Scheduled For This Month

#### JUNIOR PROM

Friday the 13th—unlucky you say? Not at all, friends, for that day will prove to be the happiest, luckiest, most eventful day of your life—IF you take in the Junior Prom. But woe betide you if you miss it. In that dire eventuality you will do well to avoid black cats, stray ladders and all other dreadful portents of evil.

Forget all this: join the crowd that will be converging upon the Lord Nelson Hotel next Friday night. Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and even the lovely Frosh are planning to dance away Friday, Feb. 13th, and usher in St. Valentine's day. Join the mob gang, get hep to the jive, bounce me daddy to the solid four. Naugler will get you on the downbeat—and how!

All this boils down to the fact that the Juniors are planning the biggest and best Junior Prom of all years for next Friday night. A competent committee has been set up and has been working tirelessly to guarantee that you will have the best time of your life. And Seniors, remember that you lucky fellows get in gratis. Chaperones for the occasion will be Professor and Mrs. Bennett and Professor and Mrs. Bell.

### SHE'S COMIN'!

### Not Around The Mountain Either

NO SIREE!!

Straight to Dal Housie!

Men, beware—Sadie is on the war path or may be 'tis Daisy Mae or Mammy Yokum! What difference does it make as long as you get a bit to the shindig in the gymnasium, scheduled for the night of February the twenty-fourth.

'Tis rumored that the gals are saving every penny to take their favorite "Li'l Abner" out this night of all nights. Remember, the gals do all the honors: they buy the ticket (\$1.25 incidentally), send the vegetable corsage, hire the taxi—do the calling for and yes, siree, kiss the man (?) good night. Hot dog! Sure is goin' to be fun! We can hardly wait . . .

### POTENT PARAGRAPH

The rubber shortage was never more sharply underscored than this: "How long the motorists of Canada will be able to stay on the road will depend entirely on themselves and on tire dealers and service stations." So says Supplies Controller Alan H. Williamson of the Munitions Department.



# Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869—"The Oldest College Paper in America"  
The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

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## SADIE, GET YOUR GAZETTE

Pharos of last year in an article on the *Gazette* drew attention to the large number of girls on the staff of the paper and predicted that in future a still greater share of the work would be taken by the coeds. Admittedly it did look last year as if the fair sex was destined to run the undergraduate publication of the College by the Sea. Two girls acted as joint Editors, another handled the News and the Features, another the Literary Column. In addition to this array, the Business Manager and Assistant Business Manager were both of the female sex. Males were reduced to such unimportant jobs as Assistant Editor and Sports Editor.

The trend of the times may indeed be towards female management of such things as campus newspapers, but trends work sometimes very slowly and this year any Thursday afternoon you can find a group of lonely-looking males making up the *Gazette*. Such columns as Coeds Only, and, of course, Aunt Effie (?) are within the province of the females, but only one member of the actual staff this year is from the ranks of femininity (granted that there are plenty of old women on the staff).

What we are trying to get at (in case you are wondering by this time) is that it is almost time the coeds were turning out an issue of the *Gazette*, and we are throwing the field open for anyone who would like to offer to do something about it. Last year the Coed Issue seemed in a way almost superfluous, a male issue being perhaps more to the point, but this year we believe the girls really would like a chance to show their stuff, and the male members of the staff have been persuaded to yield up the privilege of authorship for one week.

Time, or as the old Romans would have said in their unique language, tempus, flies (fugit). If you wish to show your ability before the literate public of Dalhousie, get in touch with the Editor at once.

## TOWARDS A WORLD'S OUTLOOK

Nova Scotia is far enough away from the great centres of the world to acquire a flavour of provincialism, not isolated enough to realize its isolation. In this general attitude Dalhousians share. We realize our proximity to the world conflict, but we do not yet realize the proximity of the world conflict to ourselves. We are conscious that the war may yet come to Nova Scotia. What we do not realize is that it is already here, that battles in Europe and the Far East have not merely a potential effect in that a great defeat abroad would expose us to danger, but actually affect us now by determining what sort of world we are to live in.

What is true of our attitude to everything is especially true of our attitude towards other universities and other students. We have a very natural sense of kinship with other Maritime universities. Our interest in other Canadian universities is much smaller except in the case of a few students who may intend to go on to medical or engineering courses at McGill or Toronto. Just how negligible this interest is can be seen when a national conference is convened. Interest in foreign universities and foreign students is practically non-existent—a sense of responsibility almost entirely so. It would be unfair to the average student to say that he was not interested in the well-being of, say, the Chinese student, but it would not be unfair to say that he doesn't consider it part of his duty to give any help. Relief to Chinese students has been regarded by most as a favor done to China, not as a common act of humanity.

It is not our intention to try to rouse any sense of obligation for something which is not already regarded as such. What we would like to point out is that aid for foreign students is a matter of sheer common sense. Today we do not complain about the moral drawbacks of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. We do feel very keenly, however, that this policy resulted in many needless surrenders to the Axis which left us in a vastly weakened position. An appeasement policy on the part of university students will have exactly the same effect. Students throughout the world are engaged in a monstrous war against ignorance and prejudice. That is close enough to being a losing struggle that we cannot afford to allow the universities to be weakened more than they are now. The war against education is being conducted quite consciously by the dictatorships. Free thought was suppressed in German colleges in the early years of the Nazi regime. More recent years have seen the closing of all universities in Poland and Czechoslovakia and the virtual suspension of academic life in Belgium. Japanese bombers have attempted unsuccessfully to destroy university life in China, although they have destroyed most of the buildings. The almost miraculous survival of the Chinese universities has indeed, played a great part in the revival in the national life of that country.

At this time the most effective way in which we can support the cause of enlightenment is by helping students to study, in no matter what part of the world they may be. Many of these students may not be in complete agreement with us politically, but no really educated man is likely to be an enemy of civilization. Such help as we can give needy students through such organizations as The International Students' Service may prove to be not merely an act of charity, but also a measure of defence against Fascist ideas.

# LITERARY

## Snowstorm

A shrill whistle pierced the air. "Hi there Rover—come here. Where did that dog go?" muttered Jane as she picked up her skates preparatory to leading the pond. Suddenly a black collie catapulted into her from nowhere, almost knocking her off her feet. "Take it easy, boy", she gasped as she slid across the ice trying to keep her balance. "Shut up! everyone can guess from your barking that we're going home", she said resignedly. Jane waded through knee-deep snow and climbed the railroad bank while the collie bounded around her in circles. She clambered laboriously over the wire fence on the other side of the railroad bank while Rover squeezed under it through a space that looked large enough for a rabbit.

"Of course Uncle Jim and Tobias despise him for a coward", she thought. "Even if he does run away from that old Jones dog, and if he hides whenever a gun goes off, he does adore me so—anyway I don't blame him for being afraid! But he does bark so much—and Aunt Mary gets mad when he wakes me up in the morning and puts his muddy paws on the pillow case."

While Jane was drying the dishes after dinner and Rover was lying underfoot contentedly she said to Aunt Mary, "I think I'll go over to see Mrs. Grant this afternoon. It might be fun to snowshoe over." "That's a lovely idea, dear," said Aunt Mary brightly. Jane was her sister's child from the city. After a long illness the doctor had recommended a convalescence in the country. It was not her fault that the only family in the district with young people Jane's age had moved away, but the child was having a rather lonely time of it.

Later, after an exhilarating trip on snowshoes enlivened by several tumbles, Jane arrived at Mrs. Grant's. There she sipped hot tea and shared a doughnut with Rover while they discussed Mrs. Grant's children and the village news. The most exciting topic was about the man from back country who had disappeared during the last blizzard, and for whom his neighbors were still searching. "Oh my! It's beginning to snow. I guess I had better leave now." After Mrs. Grant's farewells accompanied by frenzied barking from Rover she set off.

The snow was falling thickly in large flakes. A freakish wind whirled the snow in concentric circles. Jane decided to take a short cut to escape the driving wind. Before her the river flowed like moving granite between banks outlined in rough blocks of ice, seemingly coming from misty blue hills obscured by leaden sky. The slim white birch with its delicate tracery etched against the greyish black water made Jane ache with the desire to paint it. On her right stretched the reddish purple of birch bushes merging at length with green of spruce and hemlock. She turned abruptly into the woods. Here the wind stirred the tops of the trees to sweet music, and an occasional snowflake drifted down easily. Rover chased rabbit trails dashing ecstatically back to Jane every few minutes.

Jane was beginning to feel tired, but she consoled herself with the thought that she would soon be home. She emerged from the woods into the hill pasture. Then her left foot caught on a stump and she fell headlong into the snow.

When she regained consciousness Rover was licking her face. Feeling rather sick and cold she tried to get up, but excruciating pain brought tears to her eyes. Her left foot was twisted awkwardly in her snowshoe. It was impossible to stand. Aunt Mary would not know where she was. Home was so close. Why had she taken the short cut? But perhaps if Rover came home without her! "Home, Rover, Home! Go home Rover! Home!" Rover ran around in wild circles—then sniffed her, yelped, and at last ran down the lane towards the farmhouse stopping now and then to see if she were coming and barking encourage-

ment. The snow swirled down more heavily than ever, blotting out Rover and the fence. It was so quiet. Jane's lashes dropped over her eyes.

Aunt Mary was flying around the warm kitchen getting supper. "It's snowing awful hard, isn't it, Tobias" she said to the hired man. "You don't think Jane will start home do you Jim?" she said worriedly. There was scraping at the back door. When Tobias opened the door a very wet black collie bounded in. Rover rushed around barking. He seemed to want to go out again. He seized Jim's sleeve in his teeth. "What's the matter with the dog?" It's queer he came home without Jane—he never leaves her. You don't suppose anything has happened, Jim?" "Of course not, Mary. You just run over to Mrs. Jones, and phone Mrs. Grant. Tell her to keep Jane there till I call for her after milking. I'm going over to the barn for a minute."

Rover barking loudly ran towards the lane behind the barn coming back to see if Jim followed him. "Wonder what he wants? Maybe I'd better follow him." The full force of the storm soon had Jim gasping. He struggled through drifts waist deep where he had traversed a well worn path two hours ago. The snow blotted out the fences on each side, and the barking dog before him. Beyond the lane he stopped. He threw the beam from his flashlight around him in a vain attempt to see. Rover had disappeared. "What a fool I am, letting that dratted dog bring me on a wild goose chase," he muttered. Then he heard a faint call and a sharp bark. A minute later he was bending over another drift of snow which was Jane, who was emerging from the snow under Rover's frantic digging. Jim lifted her. He was staggering under the weight, and wondering if he could ever get home when more barking from Rover heralded the approach of Tobias with a lantern. Mary had sent him after she learned from Mrs. Grant Jane had started home.

Several hours later, after the doctor had set her ankle, Jane was resting comfortably in bed. A cold nose prodding her back roused her. "Oh Rover, you darling!" she exclaimed patting the rough wet head. This time Aunt Mary had let him in. P. R. B.

## PEACE WITHIN HIMSELF

He walked along the lone and sombre shore  
And gazed far o'er the murmuring waters cold,  
His fear was gripping him in silent hold.  
Unconsciously his mind was groping for  
An outlet, that would to his heart restore  
A peace and courage that he might uphold.  
Could he renounce his fear and then be bold  
If he could close his ears and stop the roar  
That made him tremble in the pale moonlight?  
And then it seemed as if he heard a bell—  
It held a message for his frightened heart,  
He turned with shoulders straight and head upright,  
Who cares about the tales the world will tell!  
Within himself was peace ne'er to depart.

M. H.

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# « THE FEATURE FOLIO »

## The MENTOR

One of the most Inevitable Courses which the University expects every student to take is Mathematics 1. It may be said without hesitation that this is possibly one of the most Invaluable and Futile of any of the Inevitable courses offered. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mathematics 1, for it is one of the few Utilitarian Courses offered by the University, and, if approached with the proper spirit, should wield a Great Influence in later endeavours. All students should become aware of this, for it seems deplorable that so many go into the world, failing to appreciate the full significance of such startling Mathematical Conceptions as the Binomial Theorem, The Slope of a Line, and Spherical Trigonometry, which makes it easy to get from place to place, star to star, and to find out what time it is in *Ecum Secum* at High Noon.

The first Startling Conception found in Mathematics 1. is that there is an easy way of doing things you were taught to do the hard way in your Preliminary Education. This easy way is called Logarithms, which make all mathematics a comparatively simple matter of adding, subtracting, multiplying, etc., and all Students should learn to apply this to everyday problems as soon as possible.

Logarithms were invented by a man by the name of Descartes; who thought, therefore he was. It all came about in the following manner. He was tottering on the brink of Infinity one morning, when suddenly he saw a Geometric Progression, which, in his mathematical mind, he immediately multiplied by 10. To his surprise, they all cancelled out, leaving him with nothing, from which he immediately derived the now-famous Logarithms, to be found in the back of all good Chemistry Books.

The use of Logarithms is quite simple, if you know anything about using them, and can also perform the simple Mathematical operations of adding and subtracting, without getting your signs mixed up. To multiply two numbers like 2 and 3, then, it is a mere matter of looking up the Log of 2, and putting the Log. of 3 below it, making sure you have your Mantilla in the right place, and that your Orderly conforms to regulations. By adding these two Logs together, it is possible, by looking the result up in a table of Anti-logs to find the answer immediately. Where formerly you were content to use the tables on the back of any good five-cent scribbler, Mathematics 1. enables you to perform the operation Scientifically and with great accuracy.  $2 \times 3$ , then, by logs, equals 5.9999, much to your surprise.

Dear to the heart of every Mathematician are Progressions, which are a series of numbers, generally beginning with 0 and ending with infinity, with a great deal in between, which stream on and on, unrelentingly. From these Progressions a great many things have been Derived, Integrated, Transmigrated, Ossified, Ostracised and operated on in other Mathematical ways, and bring us to the Inevitable Conclusion, that Mathematics can't be gotten away from. These Progressions are responsible for a number of things, amongst which are the Binomial Theorem. This was invented in a moment of sheer inspiration by an Early Greek, whose name has since been forgotten, but is memorable as proof that the Greeks were wonderful people, since nobody knew any Mathematics then, and it all had to be invented out of a clear sky.

In this way, also were the early Greeks responsible for the invention of Geometry, which proves that a right-angled triangle is one in which there is an angle of 90 degrees. Subsequent work, by Einstein and others, leaves this somewhat open to doubt, but Mathematics 1 doesn't concern itself with such matters, accepting the Greek belief on sheer faith. The triangle has been given a great deal of Mathematical scrutiny, with the result that it is now possible to tell how high things are, by leaning a ladder against them, and measuring the angle the shadow makes. All this is exposed by Mathematics 1, for the consolation of those who wish to measure the height of things.

No one, then, who wishes to be designated as a Complete College Man can afford to content himself with merely passing through Mathematics 1, without assuring himself of the many benefits to be derived from this Inevitable and Instructive course, and assimilating a few of these. It is a real essential, in its way.

### » Rufus Rayne From Rangoon «

Episode 13  
A Conversation with the Editor, or  
A Conversation with Wilbur P.  
Editor: Your name please, Wilbur.  
Wilbur P. Fizzleque: I prefer to remain anonymous.

Editor: Good. Having all the other attributes of a b--- you may as well be nameless also.

W.P.F.: My parental antecedents are no concern of yours.

Editor: But your presence here is. The telephone was invented for the purpose of doing business with just such unsavoury persons as you. Why must you pollute my office? Isn't it enough for you to pollute my beloved Gazoot?

W.P.F.: For two years I've been the only worthwhile feature of your nasty little dirt sheet and now you use me only for filler. Allow me to warn you that you and your pinko friends will have a paper read only by yourselves unless you pay more attention to the higher things of life.

Editor: I see what you mean. Nothing could be higher than you.

W.P.F.: Furthermore, now that Major Hokum is on the Board of Governors...

Editor: That reminds me, what villain, have you done with Sheriff's Haul?

W.P.F.: Aha! ... Ah! ... aha ... ah ...

Editor: If this is another of your publicity stunts, like that unidenti-

fied body floating about in the harbor last week, which Derrick Cleaverhand mistook for the Dartmouth ferry and sailed clear out to Chebucto Head on last week before recognizing his error...

W.P.F.: If he recognized it how could it be unidentified.

Editor: Silence! Where is Sheriff's Haul?

W.P.F.: This is the first time you've shown any interest in the place, which just shows how you never miss the kettle until the pot is black. I'll not restore a stone of the building until I can assure its inmates...

At this point the discussion was interrupted by Tank Farsight, who arrived breathlessly to announce that Sheriff's Haul had been seen careening around the belt line trolley, with female heads screaming from its windows and seventeen paunchy, bedest law students running behind while Vincent Deano McDunald bicycled alongside explaining the doctrine of hot pursuit. With a scream of rage Editor Gaunt turned to cover Fizzleque with suitable epithets, but Fizzleque had disappeared, leaving only the familiar green mist and dank aroma while a delirious cackling sounded above the thud of the passing O Pee Chee as they chanted "You made me, Happy. I didn' wanna do it, I didn' wanna do it..."

## Dear Auntie Effie:

In glancing over one of my companion columns, my dears, I noticed that the suggestion was advanced that a Mr. Don Kirkpatrick should consult me regarding some problem oppressing him. On consulting Mr. K. I was awarded by only blushes and a professed ignorance of the reference. I feel sorry for this poor boy, and would suggest that my fellow writer check on his sources of information in future, as it would appear that someone was trying to embarrass an innocent soul in a very underhand manner, which should not be permitted, even in a Grime column. I do not want my name connected with such an obviously mean trick.

I have stated on numerous occasions my desire and willingness to help all you poor people with all your Heart Afflictions, but I must be fair, and thus I cannot help the same people every week. Therefore, I must ask Miss Jean Cam. not to pester me every week with these questions. I shall answer but one inquiry this week, my dear—that of getting money to play the Juke-box at Roy's. Here is an infallible system, my dear. Propose to sing, and you will receive any amount to keep you quiet.

We have another letter from from a poor little thing in New Glasgow, who complains of neglect, even as Miss Cam. did last week. This letter comes from a Miss Ina H., who describes herself as a luscious blonde. She says she hasn't heard from 2nd Lt. R. in two days. Dear girl, have patience, as he is heeding a call to arms of another sort here at college. When his war effort is through I'm sure he will write.

We have a letter here, dated just after Christmas, which somehow has only just come to light. It is from one Miss Bob W. and reads:

"Dear Aunt Effie: Last term I hooked a sucker and this term I found another. But now I am in a play, and saw 'Dooley' M., who doesn't seem interested. What will I do?"

My dear child, for a girl who doesn't want to go steady, you amazed us last term. Try being a female Cananova this term, and see how far you get. If Mr. Mc. isn't impressed, there are plenty more around with pants on, as you will probably discover.

And so, dear chicks, I shall have to leave you for another week, with the hope that I've helped you in your hour of stress. I welcome communications on any matter, and can guarantee immediate results of some sort or another, without exception. Threatening letters will be disregarded, however.

As Always,  
Your sympathetic

Aunt Effie

## THE MARCH OF GRIME

Who was the lonely boy at S-2908? Why were you wasting the nickels Bobby, didn't you have enough phone calls that night?

The Phi Delt party on Monday or Tuesday night certainly kept the phone busy at the Hall. Who was trying to say "sweetness" and why?

We were beginning to think that Bill Hagen was one of the cast of "Big Hearted Herbert", but it is just his interest in some of the members that keeps him around.

Why the sudden rage for growing moustaches. Could Gordon and Jack both be disappointed in love?

Anita Reed's belligerent nature seems to get her places. The last snowfight ended with an invitation to the Junior prom. What about it, Ken.

Why has the sudden interest in Jack Ross cooled off, Dot. Could it be the army, or was the ice too cold.



For Throat Easy Mildness — Smoke

**Buckingham Cigarettes**



(The absence of this column in the past few weeks has been due to its late appearance at the Gazette Office. Feature writers are reminded that copy must be in Tuesday Noon, or is cannot be given Priority.—Ed.)

The Boilermakers-Med. Formal has now passed into cold storage and all that remains are the memories of how hard Fred Russell tried to convince the engineers he wasn't taking Jean; of Scouler's decline and fall; of Mussett—we've seen him plastered before, but never papered; of one who almost froze his girl friend trying to get her picture when the flash refused to work; of Wilcox and Wilson, who didn't look as bad as the rest of the soaks; and Wiswell and the 'game' leg. It was some party.

You've heard the one about the absent-minded professor, but Bill Hagen will top that—ask him about THE telephone number!

We heard that Johnny MacLean is running competition to Bill Harris on Kay—Whynott boys, why not? Don't be discouraged Sparky, Elaine is just as nice.

You can't blame Johnny Rogers for taking Doris home, but why not show up earlier, or don't you skate so well?

Here's more good neighbor policy, Bennett and Fowler sharing Ruth—What happened Charlie, did Miss Gordon walk out?

Don Burris has come to life—first a dance and now he has persuaded "Silent" MacHattie to appear socially.

Why does "Lightening" Mac like THAT record in the juke box—who could he be thinking of ???

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# TIGERS SCUTTLE NAVY, 39-26



With oDn Black announcing and with Lieut. Bevil Piers as referee, a better than average crowd was well entertained.

Continuing their meteoric rise to prominence, Dalhousie's Senior Basketball Team achieved their third straight win. With clock-like precision they advanced to a 24 to 8 lead in the first half. Although the Navy rallied brilliantly in the second period, Al. MacLeod, "Yank" Forsythe, and Mike Smith were the merciless tigers that seemed to call the tune.

Killam, Seeley and Radcliffe were the sparkers for the Navy. "Russ" Webber the "Red Horner" of the league and chief worry of Coach Ralston added a little flourish to the game by securing his coveted fourth foul with only one minute to go.

Burnie's men have been adhering to strict training rules, and have taken their basketball very serious this year. We wonder whether the sight of those hoops during C.O.T.C. drills has done anything to promote their interest? We were very glad to see Dave Doig, Red, and Sol. Greene turn to this game. We only hope that they shall bring more supporters to the Tiger's next game.

The league standing to date:

	W	L	PPC
DAL	3	0	.1000
Navy	1	2	.333
Air Force	1	2	.3333
Acadia	1	2	.333

At this opportune moment we take great pleasure in presenting your popular and most versatile sports editor—Allen, J. MacLeod, better known as "Moose".

Although his home-town is Sydney, C. B., he has travelled far, gaining as he went an Arts degree at our sister college, Mt. A. There he was prominent in many sports activities. He climaxed these by leading their senior team to many a victory in his last year there. These talents he kindly offered us. By doing so he has been largely responsible for the many victories Dalhousie has obtained in the field of basketball.

"Moose" has always been a strong supporter of interfaculty sport—(hockey, football). He played senior basketball for us in '41 and '42.

There could be no reason for us to praise his ability as an editor, for we are certain that his very vocal following on both campuses soon makes one well aware of his popularity in that field.

Mr. MacLeod has exhibited his prowess as an orator, too. This field of achievement was climaxed by his successful participation in the famed "Smith Shield Debates", where none but the most able are permitted to speak.

Like many other serious-minded graduates of his day, he plans to join the army and carry the fight to that "Nazi-gang".

No matter what responsibilities shall be his, whether at home or abroad, we feel justly proud and confident that he shall honour the name of his country and his college.

## GOLDS CLIMAX CLUB LEAGUE

Tuesday evening displayed remarkable skill, when "Golds" and "Blacks" clashed for top place in the first Club League of the season, in Basketball.

Each quarter brought forth renewed vigor and greater determination, the "Blacks" fighting tooth and nail to uphold their previous victories, the "Golds" barging through to new and greater honor, until the very end. It was a losing battle for the "Blacks", the "Golds" always there to intercept the pass, and whirl the ball to their forward line for Dot MacKenzie or Xenia Reid to slip it skillfully into the basket. Marg Morrison, taking place as guard and again as forward, showed great team work for the "Golds".

Never a dull moment entered the scene. Basket after basket bolstered the spirits of the "Golds" and urged the "Blacks" on to even greater co-operation and determination with Doshie Stairs exhibiting exceptional work of guarding the inevitable "Gold" forwards, but Dot MacKenzie's 15 odd points backed by Xenia Reid's long unerring shots to the basket, mounted the victory for the "Golds" 29-8.

Since Christmas, games have been played between the three Activities Clubs, the "Blacks" holding the lead, the "Golds" following closely behind. Tuesday night's exceptional game shot the "Golds" ahead, but only by a very lean margin, in total number of goals. Both the "Golds" and the "Blacks" have won an equal number of games.

The basketball standing of the three clubs:

	Blacks	Golds	Reds
Games Played	4	4	4
Games Won	3	3	0
Points Gained	10	10	4
Total Goals Scored	99	100	59

## SPORT Shots

By COLIN SMITH

"Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere Destroyer and Preserver, hear O hear!"

Let us consider the place of athletics in wartime. There is no doubt that a "Closed for the Duration" sign was placed on the cricket fields of Eton, during a former victorious conflict of ours. That such a sign is non-existent in our gymnasium today is, however, no accident.

Our leaders, both academic and military, have been able to meet this national emergency with apparent calm. The coolness that follows careful deliberation and judicious co-operation. It is difficult to imagine a Wellington consulting certain masters at Oxford, before his invasion of the Continent. Yet today we feel proud to admit such collaboration exists between our leaders. For the first time in centuries it marks a sudden rise in man's intelligence. (And most assuredly this war will be won by the most intelligent combatant). For the first time we now feel confident that victory based on such principles most deservedly shall be ours. Forever the Nietzschean Superman idea will be obliterated by Democracy's Scholar-Warriors.

The spirit which is manifest today in our games shall be strengthened and encouraged in actual warfare. I am certain that our athletics imbue all participants with a spirit akin to that of Jimmy Malcolm's. It is because of this that I heartily recommend sports in wartime. They above all other activities teach us to "Play up, play up and play the game."

We would be wise if we re-read Mr. Webster MacDonald's letter which was submitted to this page a fortnight ago.

For the first time a clear, and concise picture, showing the relationships between the Students' Council and the D.A.A.C. was given. Any would-be-manager or assistant manager would do well to guard this letter with his very life!

An interesting, but poorly attended, meeting of the D.A.A.C. management Committee was held at the home of Mr. Murray Rankin, last Sunday afternoon. President Bob Blois presented the financial standing of the Club in a very capable manner. Free meals for the basketballers; and the excessive price of Ping Pong balls (when compared to Badminton Birds) presented the only two obvious difficulties. As usual, "Red" Payne was there with his Turkish cigarettes and his hearty laugh. Don Kirkpatrick, still groaning over the C.O.T.C. exam paper, dropped in to tell us that he had a date with the Drama Club. (10 to 1 he never got there!)

Do the effects of the A.T.C. hurt the timid Freshman Class or is it Sherriff Hall? For the first time in years they are going to pass up the chance to floor an Interfaculty Basketball Team?

Len Mitchel informs us that interfaculty hockey is an impossibility due to wartime conditions in "an Eastern Canadian Port". However, we hope that all students will support the active sports, and, if necessary, will revive the Bowling League of former days.

### Ping Pong

We are all very sorry to hear that the promised lighting-system will not be installed. While the few but mighty basketballers are literally eating up our little heeded D.A.A.C. funds, the manager of this sport is told emphatically that he can have no more than a paltry thirty dollars with which to finance: lights, awards and other incidentals. What will they tell him when he demands "Free Meals" for the fifty odd players when they march to the tables

at one or two p.m.? (Based on the argument "the greatest good to the greatest number" perhaps these day dreams do not sound so ridiculous!) Dalhousie has been the guest of the Waegwoltic Tennis Club on more than one occasion this term. Their warm welcome, together with the very kind attention of Prof. Mercer, has indeed stimulated college spirit. A ladder tournament is well underway. We are informed that it shall decide who is to be seeded in the Spring Tournament which will be held early in March.

## Hockey At Dalhousie

The history and the activity of this sport has been identical for the past ten years. Every student is aware that there is such a team, but 99.9% never saw their team in action. Their knowledge of hockey was (and is) confined to information gained from the Sport Page of the "Gazette".

The Dalhousie team of 1942 is, strange as it seems, the strongest one which has been assembled in the past decade. Once our boys hit their stride they should be able to hold their own with an squad in the city, exclusive of the Navy Seniors. The other teams in the Service League: St. Mary's and the Navy Stokers have not slipped since last year, and we are certain that a real battle will take place between these three teams.

Let's look at the personnel on our team: In goal we have Ken MacKinnon who has played the last two seasons with the Maritime College Champs (St. F.X.) He is rivalled by Hennigar, who played for Acadia last year. Our defense trio formed of: Webber, MacIntosh and Webbie MacDonald, is as strong as any in the league.

The forward lines are made up of: Marty MacDonald, Gordie Wilson, and Bill Fraser, probably the fastest line in the league. Once they start to click rival goalies will have their troubles. Arky Vaughan, Gerald Lantz and Jim MacKelvie form a very strong second line. Doig, Blois, and Wiswell have been forced to act as reserves so you can well imagine the power this team has.

Coach Ralston takes his team to the Arena every week for workouts. It is expected that winning results will be obtained.

FLASH: Dal Hockey Team suffers first defeat to St. Mary's, 5-2.

FLASH: Badminton Tournament for the girls is urged to start soon! This is to avoid conflicting with exams as has previously been the case. We cannot draw up the games until more have signed the posted lists.

FLASH: We wish to refer you to the suggested challenge from the boys for a basketball game. Get in a huddle girls, and talk it over. Show them that their false modesty as displayed in that article last week isn't as false as they hope it is. How about some Saturday from 12 to 1?

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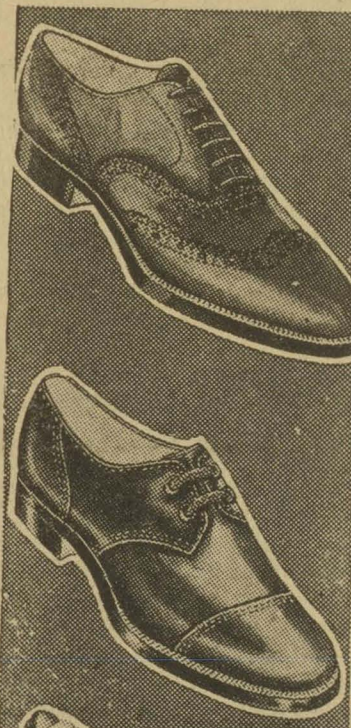
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