

## Solons Nominate Candidates For Pres. And Vice-Pres. Positions

This year the medical men come to the foreground as candidates for the two most outstanding positions on the campus, and on the Students' Council at Dalhousie. Three of the four men are would-be doctors and last, but not least in importance a lawyer is also represented from the Forrest campus.

The two candidates for position as President of the mighty fifteen are Henrik Tønning, 3rd year Medico, and Bernard Graham, also 3rd year.

Henrik Tønning hails from Norway where he took his public schooling and then came to Canada continuing his studies at Blacks' Harbour, N. B. In 1940 he received his Bachelor of Science degree at Dalhousie and then continued his medical course.

Henrik has been President of his class for the last three years and his work in this capacity alone merits his nomination for the Presidency. Besides this he is also President of Phi Chi fraternity this year and the medical representative on the Students' Council at the present time. Being business manager of The Medical Journal is just another one of his duties.

Bernard Graham is perhaps better known to the student body as a whole since he has been with us longer. A Halifax boy, he has earned both his Bachelor of Arts & Science degrees at Dalhousie University. One year Bernie went to Toronto Varsity on an Exchange Scholarship and during a summer, he studied at the University of Chicago. This year he is Vice-President of the Solons so he should know how the machinery goes round.

The Vice-President candidates are Tom Patterson, a first year medical man and Lorne (gym store) MacDougall, a second year law man.

These men along with the candidates for President of the Glee Club, Vice-President and Secretary, also candidates for D. A. A. C. president and vice-president will be introduced to the students at a Students Forum to be held in the Chemistry Theatre on February 26th at 12 o'clock noon.

Everyone should turn out to meet the candidates so you know who you are voting for. A list of voters are posted on both campuses. Anyone with a council ticket is entitled to vote. See that your name is on the list.

Remember the election day is the first week of March, the 3rd to be exact.

All other societies will choose their own candidates.

## Why Shirreff Hall Girls Prefer Service Men

The Editor,  
Dalhousie Gazette.  
Co-Ed Edition.

Dear Madam: Shirreff Hall girls prefer service men, because service men are gentlemen, and gentlemen behave as though you were a lady. When you walk into a room they rise, nor do they sit down until you have chosen the most comfortable chair in the room. When you are ready to leave, they help you on with your coat. If you drop your handkerchief, your purse, or your gloves, they rush to pick them up. They stand aside, holding open the door, so that you may go through first.

When you go out with a service man, you never have to waste an evening wondering what to do. The whole evening has been planned ahead of time for your enjoyment. You never have to sit through a disagreeable movie twice, because he hasn't seen it, but he will gladly ask to see a show a second time because you might enjoy it. He gives you the impression that he takes you out because he likes you, not merely because "he had to take someone out, and it might as well be you."

They won't demand payment for the boredom of taking you out at the door. They are usually a little older than university men and have learnt the futility of pseudo-sophistication. They may drink, but you won't have to worry about how you'll get home. They get plastered after they've taken you home, not before. They are always grateful to you for having made their evening pleasant; they don't behave as if it had been one of these occasions at which the presence of a girl was a necessity, and that they had struggled manfully through a wearisome evening. That is why we prefer service men.

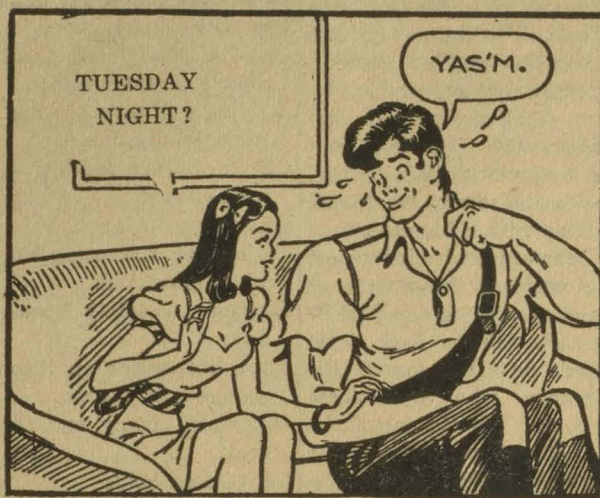
Yours sincerely,  
A NONNY MOUSE.

## Sadie's Night To Howl

\*\*\*\*\*

### SADIES HAWKIN'S DAY

#### February 24th



## Men And Romance

by  
"BROWN EYES"  
of The Manitoban

1. The "Lounge-Lizard," who always drops over uninvited, expecting to spend the evening playing Romeo and telling you how wonderful he is, but never, never asks you out on a real date. Drop him like a plugged nickel because he is selfish and conceited, take-all and give-nothing creature. Your life with him would be one long vacation with his doing the vacationing and your doing the paying for it.

2. The "Weak-Sister" type. He is sometimes found in the first classification also. By "weak-sister," we mean that he is unreliable, breaks dates without proper reasons, and has little money of his own, chiefly because he is too lazy to work for it. Sometimes this type has literary ability, and fancies himself as an intellectual. He usually has a low opinion of women in general and he expects the girl to make all the advances! He has almost always been thoroughly spoiled by one or both parents. Next we have...

3. The "Girl-Crazy" male. This species is almost extinct nowadays because few young men earn enough money to become this kind (although no doubt, some have secret yearnings) and, believe me brother, it takes plenty of mazzuma. Anyway, you can recognize this type of butterfly by the fact that he flits from girl to girl, etc. (etceteras are interesting things) and many a poor unsuspecting co-ed has listened to this animal (he always has charm) and had her heart badly battered. Life

with him would not be too unbearable, providing you don't mind his flirting with all your attractive friends as well as giving the maid a "friendly" kiss once in a short while, and having a yen for sugary young things when he's in the pipe, chair, and slippers stage. Most of these men have a complex with a nice long name and they never recover. Here we have...

4. The "Mystery Man." So many nice girls confide "I know the most charming man. He comes over to see me quite often, but seldom takes me out, and then not to any well-known public place. I never see him over the week end." The girl who utters these words is always pretty and personalityish, the kind of girl with whom any man would be proud to be seen. Therefore there's only ONE reason why this most charming creature does not take the girl out. And that's because there's another woman in his life, usually the demanding hatchet-faced and minded type, and often the poor sap is terrified of being seen with anyone else. Often this side of a man's life is one of which he is, quite naturally, ashamed, and the less said, the better. Now we come to...

5. The Conceited Male. Not all men are conceited. Usually a man who seems that way, is merely trying to cover up an inferiority complex, but there is a certain rodent who actually is egotistical (and how!) He always has a job, often a good one, as well as a fair education, and is presentable. And therein lies the trouble. So many men have not had jobs, and so many have been unrepresentable, that girls have, like fools, thrown themselves

## NOTICE TO STUDENTS

Clinics for Shick Tests and toxoids will be held Monday, Feb. 23, at Dalhousie Public Health Clinic, from 5-6 and 7.30-9.00.

—Student Health Service.

Remember your fellow students.  
Help the Mount Allison drive.

## Malcolm Honor Award To Be Announced Soon

The time is nearing when the committee of five i.e. Dr. Wilson, Dr. Bell, Mike Smith, Mary Boswell and Blanchard Wiswell will announce the winner of the coveted Malcolm Honour Award.

This committee chooses the person or persons whom they think would be the choice of the student body in making the award. One must have unselfishly devoted time, and



JIMMY MALCOLM

talent to the service of his fellow students. At the same time his scholastic standard must be good and he must in every way merit the respect of his professors as well as of his student friends.

The name of the Dalhousie student, who above all others, personified the ideal which forms the cornerstone of the Malcolm Honour Society is James (Jimmy) Malcolm. Jimmy was five years at Dal, graduating in Arts in 1903. In the following year he returned for Theology and lost his life in an effort to rescue his swimming companion. Every action of Jimmy Malcolm breathed the spirit with which he made his sacrifice. Loyalty to his college and forever cheerful and devoted to his friends his energy and talent were given to the cause he had in hand. Since the year 1927 Dalhousie has endeavoured to pay tribute to the student or students possessing some of the fine qualities of Jimmy Malcolm.

The names of the students who have been elected to the Malcolm Honour Society since its inauguration are:

- 1927—Avis H. Marshall
- Fred W. MacInnis
- 1928—Murray M. Rankin
- J. Gerald Godsoe
- Jack W. Merrit
- 1930—Arthur L. Murphy
- 1931—Fred C. Jennings
- Gertrude W. Hempill
- Thomas A. Goudge
- 1932—Robt. MacG. Brown
- 1933—Charles Anderson
- Walter C. MacKenzie
- George C. Thompson
- 1934—Wayne McKie
- Potter Oyler
- 1935—Berth Atherton
- Fred Wigmore
- 1936—Elizabeth Ballem
- Helen Belyea
- Ernie Richardson
- Harry Sutherland
- 1937—Gordon H. Thompson
- 1938—Edward Barnhill
- 1939—Irene Pentz
- 1940—Joan Blackwood
- 1941—Clayton Hutchins
- 1942—TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

Thirty days has September,  
April, June and NOWONDER,  
All the rest have Peanutbutter,  
Except Pasadena which has the  
Rosebowl.

## Scraps by "Smitty"

PARODY . . .

Seated one day at my wee desk  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered nervously  
Over my quivering knees.  
I knew not what I was doing—  
Nor what I was saying then,  
But he spoke one line from his lecture notes  
And I whispered my last amen.

It flooded the golden noon-tide  
Like the sound of a devil's chaunt,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
Like the touch of a gruesome haunt.  
It crashed like mad round my ears  
And drained my desire to play—  
My warm blood froze at the words  
he said:  
"We'll dissect the frog today."  
The Silhouette,  
McMaster University.

## EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE

If you are of average weight;  
Your heart beats, 103,000 times.  
You breathe, 23,040 times.  
You inhale, 438 cubic feet of air.  
You eat 3 1/4 pounds of food.  
You drink 2.9 pints of liquid.  
You lose in weight, 7.8 pounds of waste.  
You perspire 1.3 pints.  
You generate in energy, 450 foot-tons.  
You turn in your sleep, 25 to 35 times.  
Your nails grow, 0.00046 inch.  
Your hair grows, .01714 inch.  
You exercise 7,000,000 brain cells.  
—Journal American Medical Association, Nov. 30, 1940—N.T.A. Clip sheet.

Lady: "I want a box of powder, please."  
Fresh Clerk: "You mean the kind that goes off with a bang?"  
Lady: "No, clever one, the kind that goes on with a puff."

Visitor: I suppose you've been in the navy so long that you're used to sea legs.  
Sailor: Lady, I wasn't even looking.

The Silhouette.

## FRESHMAN'S TALE OF WOE

They prate to us of college years  
When all the world is young and gay;  
They never tell the hopes and fears  
Of an examination day;  
They never think of aching brows,  
Of tragedies, perhaps, that dwell  
In a forgotten formula  
Or inability to spell  
A simple word, a word, perchance  
We should have known quite well.  
I feel, sometimes, that I should like  
To settle down, forgetting quite  
That I am young; that songbirds  
sing;  
That after winter follows spring  
Or any other pleasant thing;  
Remembering only, chief of pests  
Those awful tests; those awful tests.

—Gateway.

Let's drink by heck  
To the girl that will neck  
Let's drink to the girl that won't,  
We all get a thrill  
From the girl that will  
And a slap  
From the girl that won't  
So let's drink to them all  
For making us fall  
And doing the things we shouldn't,  
Remembering still  
That the girls who will  
Were once the girls who wouldn't

## ? W O D O ?

(Women of Dalhousie Opinions)

### That Desert Island Question Again

Jack MacKenzie, better known as "Lightning" or one of the Filthy Fifteen, emerges by five votes as "the man I would love to be stranded on an island with." Webster Macdonald and Mike Smith tied for second place—"Oh, those manly men". 32% of the girls said, "Does it have to be a college man?"

For obvious reasons, some declined to answer, but our bet is their answers might have been John McInnis, Tasman, Yank, Johnny McLellan and Gordon Hennigar. Individual votes were given to Gordon Wilson, Rufus Rayne, not to be mistaken with Rufus Payne, Kel Antoft and "Dooley" MacIntosh.

### Who In Your Opinion Is The Most Outstanding Personality of the Year '41-'42 at Dalhousie

Louise Bishop takes the lead for the fairer sex and Moose MacLeod and Webster Macdonald run neck to neck for the male contenders. Many said it was hard to tell, and more than one insisted that "Red" outshone all other rivals. Major Hogan and Prokov were other names mentioned. Another member of the faculty mentioned regently was Prof. Grant (the latin teacher). One girl enthusiastically said "Professor Bennet and maybe I'd learn some English", then another said "yes, he know some good jokes, too!"

### Do You Prefer Service Men to College Men?

52% said yes they certainly did; 30% said they preferred college men in uniform, the rest decidedly cast votes for college men re. students. Some said that even though they liked college men better they should vote for service men after the cracks made in the last few issues of the Gazette.



# Dalhousie Gazette

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## EDITORIAL

(Contributed)

In these days of universal disaster and bloodshed, it should not, perhaps, come as a shock to the minds of any but the most optimistic, that the council of students in a Canadian university should so partake of the spirit of their times as to refuse aid to their less fortunate brethren upon whom the chaotic forces of an unsteady peace and a world war have fallen so heavily. It is the nature of a platitude to remark that what is best in Western culture is today in danger of being utterly destroyed; yet this is none the less true, and the significance of it ought to come home to university students with far more weight than to any other group of Canadians. The tragedy is, however, that the significance of it is not deeply perceived by many Canadian students, and, in particular, by the Students' Council of this university.

They are reasonably intelligent, these representatives of the student body of Dalhousie. They must know that the Nazi control of Europe has made exiles of many of the most promising students in central Europe; they know also what Franco's victory in Spain meant to thousands of young Spaniards who had to seek refuge in France. No one is ignorant of the fate of one million French soldiers, many of them young men, who are now prisoners in Germany. The story of the Chinese universities is well known. Surely no student at Dalhousie can plead ignorance of these things.

If nothing could be done to aid these, our contemporaries in the time of war and revolution, I should not criticize the stand taken last Thursday night by the members of the council and the chairman of the committee set up to send aid to Mount Allison. But something can and is being done; our duty to our fellow Maritimers at Sackville does not need to claim all our support; and the attitude of those who act as if it did is nothing short of hypocrisy. If the gentleman from Prince Edward Island, instead of setting himself up as an ultra-loyalist and saying that he wouldn't touch the "filthy" International Student Service with a ten-foot pole, had taken a few minutes to learn something about it, his pronouncement might conceivably have carried a little more weight. That official of the council also, with his oft-repeated statement that "charity begins at home" is apparently afraid to support any cause beyond his own backyard, especially if it is a cause of which the average man is ignorant. Surely he knows that although the man down-town is very little touched by the fate of those who wish to learn and cannot learn, yet any university man or woman should be expected to appreciate the situation, and to give aid where it is needed.

As for the fact that some of the I.S.S. money goes to German prisoners, I should only like to ask the gentlemen who take this line of argument, how any aid can be given to prisoners unless it is done on an international scale. If we in Canada wish to do anything to make the horror of prison-camp life more bearable for Walter Murphy or any other of the Canadians who are going into German prisons every day, the only way in which we can possibly do so is to contribute to such an organization as the International Student Service. The fact that the money contributed by Canadians may be used entirely within this country should not cause any confusion, if we understand the way in which the organization must be run, if it is to function at all.

It is surprising that by far the majority of the council let their minds be made up without trying to find out the facts about the I.S.S. Even more disillusioning, however, is the lack of sympathy shown toward those who are bearing so heavy a burden of suffering in these terrible times. This lack of concern comes, in great part, from a failure of the imagination to read between the lines of the daily newspaper, and so to understand what the "breaking of nations" means to individuals like ourselves. No amount of argument about the uses to which the money given to the I.S.S. will be put could ever persuade people whose vision of the world is so restricted that it includes only the circle in which they themselves move, and whose sympathies extend no further than the circle of those whom they know. To the hypocrites who say that, if it were not for the fire at Mount Allison, they would have given their support to the I.S.S., we can only reply that the I.S.S. cannot be losing much by their lack of support.

Big cheese  
Little cheese  
They're all cheese  
Of some sort  
From some little cheese  
Comes this report  
The dames of Dal are dollarwise  
They will not date you otherwise  
Than if you have the necessary jack  
And no guarantee of your money back  
If you don't have a good time  
All this you see  
Is, most undoubtedly  
The result of some poor drip having a hard  
Time to find a girl to go out with him.  
The thing for you to do my friend is to go out and find  
A nearsighted gal  
Which can't hear very well  
She'll probably think you're O.K.

# LITERARY

## Shake Hands With The Dragon

by CARL GLICK

When a lanky, home-grown Yankee becomes gymnasium instructor in New York's Chinatown, there are bound to be interesting consequences. Carl Glick, in recording his experiences as the green but well-meaning leader who tries to get to know "the boys", introduces China to America in "shake Hands With The Dragon."

The pathways of other races are a dependable source of amusement to the complacent Nordic. Taking us behind the gay front doors of Chinatown, Glick offers many entertaining examples of a culture foreign to ours. As their new gym instructor he finally got behind the famous Chinese reticence by presenting a football to the newly-born son of one of his pupils! Having become completely acceptable by this gesture, Glick proceeds to discover innumerable puzzling and fascinating features of Chinese life. Before cooking a duck, he found, they blow it up with a bicycle pump. They eat seaweed and bird's nest soup. At a wedding the parents of the bride and groom are feted while the newly-weds take a back seat! Customs such as these amuse the rational reader who pronounces them quaint, and "so typical of the Chinese." Yet, as one reads on, the impression grows that the young American who has undertaken to build up the physique of young China, has found something in Chinese life below the quaint covering that delights the bored tourist.

From here Glick sets to work recovering the ancient culture of which the queer pathways he observes in Chinatown are but bewildering symbols. The reader who has begun the book for amusement only, is not left behind. Nowhere does Glick depart from his casual, almost, flippantly conversational style. But here and there, as he records an adventure with his young Chinese friends, or an easy talk with the old merchants, he reveals their artistic sense in language, the Chinese sense of humor, or the philosophy of parental reverence to which they strongly advise. Intrigued by the harmonious life of Chinatown, the Yankee gym director inquires into the reasons for the very small number of criminal offenders among the Chinese, the total absence of unions, strikes and lockouts, the rarity of unhappy marriages, and other problems that continue to worry Americans. The customs and behaviour of Chinese Americans became quite sensible when the culture and philosophical basis behind them is unfolded. With Glick, the reader discovers that Chinatown may have a lesson to offer America.

Having given America a steer in the right direction, the enlightened gym instructor tackles, only pleasantly and suggestively, the great problem of race prejudice. (We have a sneaking suspicion that this is what he has been getting at all along, but this time we have become fast friends with the Chinese, we heartily approve of his effort.)

The whole answer to the race prejudice problem, as Glick has shown, is understanding. The "sister Chinese" becomes a truly charming individual when understood in his own background of Chinese culture. Glick gives us safe grounds to believe that with appreciation of cultural background and a reasonable tolerance, all feeling of racial superiority will be well abolished by making the acquaintance of the faithful and unobtrusive laundry-man around the corner — he may prove a fine friend. (But before you take this step, a word to the wise—read the book first!)

## MEN AND ROMANCE—

(Continued from page one)

at passable men in the hope of having a date or so, and a male scalp hanging from their wrists. The poor deluded man has thought that the gals gave him a rush because of his superior charm (hokey and usually has a hard time awakening when some guv with GRADE A sex-appeal strolls off with the one

## "Nocturne in Eb"

by Chopin. Opus 9 No. 2.

A pleasant birth 'mid firmly 'stablished notes,  
A sudden cascade into breathless—  
But back! Too daring! Follow on a little.  
Work your ends a slow and measured way.  
Keep harmony — be patient for the while . . . . .  
We try to live again our childhood years  
But find them strangely altered — strangely sad;  
A variation mayhap in our minds  
That makes us thrash about in wild regret.  
So strong and ending always firm and quiet.

The theme comes yet again,  
The notes speak scorn  
Of the staid chords which move slowly at their side;  
Striving still to 'scape and every moment wildly darting  
Off to higher reaches — tumbling madly back  
In ecstasy of fear  
To join the reassuring hands of their old companions  
Moving in stately harmony in the bass.  
Thus life moves on throughout it's prime, wild flights  
Of foolish fancy and the staid retreat.

Convention holds  
A sure and steady hand mid present doubt.  
Always the appeal to abide by laws and die of monotony  
And always the vigorous flight and panicky retreat  
To smiles—and bows—and masks.  
To  
Hate the morning. Dream the day.  
Curse the night.  
Until with beating hearts we gird ourselves  
And say: "Now!  
Now to break away  
To taste, O at last at last to taste an ungirt passion!  
To leave behind all madd'ning worldly bonds!  
To taste the harsher joy of ecstasy  
And with the music float above the clouds!"

Just like the lone—unaccompanied  
Notes of the cadence, high on the piano . . . . . Stop!  
Stop it all! The cadence—  
I can't breathe  
For all motion—all life is suspended;  
And here for thirteen bars a lifetime of suffering  
Merging into a final acceptance of destiny.  
Four fingers spurning keys, or a violin's E-string,  
All roads lead to the same God—  
The humble Chinese, blood-soaked and praying to his God.  
The proud Cossack, the defiant Australian,  
They mumble or shout, cringe or tower; it is all one  
And all here  
As the tiny notes send their message and gently descend,  
A thirst quenched . . . . . A lust satiated . . . . .  
A few moments of reminiscence amid tears of happiness.  
A quiet old age amid quiescent tonic harmony.  
A life lived not in vain.

— TOMMY S. H.



IF THE DISCUS THROWER COULD TALK—  
"I'm going to throw this thing away and have a Sweet Cap."

## SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



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or . . .

## After any Show

Think of . . .

## The GREEN LANTERN

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Degrees: B.A., B.Sc., B. Com., B. Mus., Phm. B.  
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in the B.Sc. course, about \$190 a year.

## Residence

Shirreff Hall, residence for women.  
Carefully supervised residential faculties for men.

girl our conceited male might have deigned to honor with his affections. Say "ta ta" to him, sweetie-pies, because he loves only himself and his own favorite person. Last and least we have . . .

6. The "Tied" Male. By "tied" we mean a man who has been going steadily for years 'n years with one gal. There are only two reasons for such devotion:

(1) He loves her. If this is so, no other girl has a chance, because a man thinks that a thing is wonderful if he likes it.

(2) He does not love her. And any male who would date a girl for whom he did not care deeply, for a long period of time, is either a fool, a coward, or a RAT, or all three. Therefore, his romanite value to you is NIL, so he's out.



# « CAMPUS CUTUPS »

## Dear Uncle Duggie:

Due to my fellow conspirator Aunt Effie, who has taken up so much space the last few weeks, I have been unable to run my helpful column of unbiased advice to stricken lovers. My dears I have received so many letters that I find it difficult to know where to begin. However, having received one extremely sad letter, and having seen the hangdog expression of this poor creature ever since Christmas, I feel that I should answer his letter as soon as possible in order to put him out of his misery.

The letter, which comes from Doug Robertson, reads as follows: "I have a crush on a certain freshette, who, because of her popularity does not deign to recognize me. I feel that I have a very pleasing personality and although many of the boys at R.C.S. called me "Fruit" I realize this was because they didn't (or did) recognize my true worth. In closing perhaps I had better add that I have taken out another blonde, but as this has not cured me I would like your advice on the matter."

My dear Doug, as you know I try to give advice that will benefit everyone, therefore I suggest that you keep your date in the early part of March, as you will undoubtedly find many interests in your new vocation.

\* \* \* \*

I have received a letter from Webster Macdonald this week, who states, "I am the most popular man on the campus, and while other boys are looking for dates I am literally mobbed. How should I react to a situation of this kind?"

My dear, my advice to you is to confine your efforts to one girl as you might then get a bid to the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

\* \* \* \*

Kissy Minimus and Bobe White write to ask if the proper procedure would be to apologize to the Drafting Professor for the hectic intrusion during Monday afternoon's lecture.

My dear girls, from the expression on Bill Hagen's face, he is obviously the one to whom you should apologize.

\* \* \* \*

The last letter which I will be able to answer this week comes from Doshie Stairs, "I am very much in love with a boy who has fallen in love with a girl at H.L.C. Lately, every afternoon at five o'clock I have been going over to the gym store, hoping that he will walk home with me, but these efforts are proving very fruitless. What shall I do now?"

My dear Doshie, if you do not wish to be branded a wolfs, I suggest that you stick to the redheads.

As always

Your pathetic

Uncle Duggie

## Shirreffites Outlook On Dalhousie Drips

For the past few weeks it has been obvious that the Dal boys are hurt by the attention that the services have been receiving from the Shirreff Hall girls. So that there won't be any more space wasted in the Gazette on this matter, we'd like to enlighten the boy's with a few modest suggestions. Since the boy's think that we class them according to their financial status, what about their classification of us according to our technique.

Class 1—She is very co-operative, necked all evening at Yacht Squadron—definitely the smooth type.

Class 2—Her specialty is the Hall alcove—rates my little black book.

Class 3—She merely kissed my good-night—evidently fresh out of boarding school.

Class 4—She held hands—needs Aunt Effie's advice.

Class 5—She shook hands with me at the door—what a drip!!!!

The motto of the boy's is definitely "Spend Less To Get More".

## Theme Songs

"Stinky" Miller—"Sammy Made the Pants too Long" (red drawers).

"Tas"—"Ooie Gooie Was a Worm".

"Sue and Bill"—"Lets Get Away From It All".

Doug Robertson—"Nobody Loves Me On Account of I'm a Skunk".

Johnny McGinnis—"Down Went McGinty".

Lynn and Gordon—"Why Don't We Do This More Often".

Ted Rettie—"I Guess I'll Have to Dream The Rest".

Bunny Morse—"Jim Always Sends Me Pretty Flowers".

"Lauchie" MacLellan—"If I Had My Way".

Ruth and "Bal"—"Tonight We Love".

Kissy Cameron—"Charlie Is My Darling".

"Spitfire" Wilson—"Little Brown Jug How I Love Thee".

Nancy Barringer—"All The Nice Girls Love a Sailor".

Fred Russell—"Friendship, Just A Perfect Friendship".

"Norie" Douglas—"I Said No".

Johnny Fraser—"Lets Change Partners".

The Hall Girls—"They're One "A" In The Army"

## Dirty Gert

Jean C and Vera C. seem to do alright on nick names. Who is "Joe Hips" and "Joe Blow", from "Windy City"? It couldn't have anything to do with skating Sunday afternoon could it?

What is the matter with the forth member at 9 Dalhousie street? After all Gerry, with three experienced Romeos to guide you, you should be doing alright.

Advice to Bob and Kirk: You cannot always tell a good looking girl by her legs.

Is Dave Doig manager of the boy's basketball team? If so, why doesn't he leave Helen MacKay home and attend to business.

Stinky Miller sure gets around. Haven't the college boy's presented enough variety or is the Army more sophisticated. Anyway Stinky was having a "Hull" of a good time at the Prom.

Charlie and his roommate slipped up on their tidying on the night of the Phi Chi party. Were the girls ever surprised to be met in the door way by a clothes line of socks. After all boys, don't you know that woolen socks will shrink if they are not put on stretchers.

There is quite a mix up on the campus this week. Is Ken Wilson going to Dal, and is Anita Reid taking Science? If not, how do they explain their pins.

The girls at the Hall wish that in the future Yvonne would be on time for her dates. Peter has caused many blushes by his visits to the alcoves at psychological moments.

Pinky is a pretty fast worker. His technique is certainly improving if he meets a girl one night and takes her to Phi Rho the next.

Siriol should never refuse an invitation until she finds out who it is from. Wally might have been left without a girl for the Prom.

We wonder if the happy expression on Anita Rosenblum's face is caused by her break up with Bunny Levitz.

## Fancy Pants From Southern France

Episode Fourteen.  
My Mama Done Told Me or Trees  
A Crowd

Rolling down the street Mac-ing Leod noises came that master of slime—he who shall be nameless in these pages. The slime was carefully spread over the glistening pavements for loud "hosannahs" heralded the approach of Bolen Cieniewicz, hemming busily on Glum Club costumes. There followed in her train many dim shining lights schooled by a past master of the art, Swiz sParkly, who was throwing mud and BOILING ESSENCE on the Sad Ones, Boob Donesless and Johnny Swizzlestick. Retribution followed as the cause of the Sad Ones was swiftly taken up. The forces of the B. M. O. C. marshalled themselves in disarray and lay down in the slime to think over plans for gorilla warfair.

A. K. Queer had new and aesthetic innuendos for a uniform—which Swizzlestick turned down in a stirring speech beginning: "Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here together" . . . He was rudely interrupted by the beautiful but distracted And Goodnight who was screaming inaudibly down the corridors that she was being pursued by Miss D. Kaying, who had various nefarious plots to cut her throat.

In the other front on the meantime, all was quiet as the grave. Slosy Dares and Tarrying Willnot were frantically hush-hush-ing the cohorts of Blanc de Wiz for the benefit of the Listener (surnamed Kobinson) who was clinging with all her toes to the side of the train, her ear directed to the ground. There was to be no reward for her in this world as D. Kaying had run a muck and was even now bearing down upon her armed with a wicked looking razor.

Passage of time . . .  
Her throat slit from ear to ear,

## Lost and Found

LOST—One Photo, dark and vivacious. Finder may keep it provided he answers to the name of "Willie".

FOUND—Last Sunday evening at Don Oland's party, one roll of wall paper. Our drummer was obviously "beating it out" again.

FOUND—One wedding ring at the Prom with the initials B. J. and M. B. engraved in it.

LOST—One letter, written in a very shaky hand. The romantic contents of which don't sound much like Les McLean, however Oland's parties sometimes affect people strangely.

LOST—Some of "Lightning's" flashes. They must have gone with his moustache, or was it the new hat.

FOUND—One Valentine, very affectionate and how!!! Anyone wishing to obtain same may find it under "Stinky's" pillow, this applies only to boy's at 66 Edward street.

LOST—One telephone number B-5956, finder please use any night between 7 and 12.

FOUND—Several messages to Harry at Acadia. Is that why Norrie is still waiting for the phore call from Wolfville?

Don't you think it is a little early in the season to go swimming, Anne and Flosie? Or did you want to create a sensation in order to get your name in Dirtie Gert.

Doug Woodworth would like to know if Hennigar has a Sunday night lease on the last alcove at the Hall.

We wish to acknowledge our thanks to Moose MacLeod for his offer of assistance with the co-ed edition, but we had to refuse as we feel Moose is not quite feminine enough.

Our own Eternal Freshman honored us with a short week-end visit. Probably to look over this year's crop.

the Listener crawled painfully to the feet of the Sad Ones and gave up the ghost, feebly murmuring: "It was a far far better thing I did than what I'm doing now." Donesless and Swizzlestick exchanged shocked glances, forgetting in their astonishment to thank one another for the exchange.

"All is not proceeding according to plan," spake Donesless in very legal language, "I shall have to meet you in the Dim Store with a pot of tea, several shawls tatted by myself, and two loaves of black bread—at some date in the near (as distinguished from the far which is entirely under the Nipponese sphere of influence) future."

"Hannibal," whispered Swizzlestick, "used elephants to cross the Alps."

Mourning aloud the sad loss of the Listener, Bolen Cieniewicz gave tongue: "It is not good, it is not good. As brave as a lion, as swift as a centipede, as red as a lobster—she wuz! The best of us has gone down under. What's to become of us? In the coming by and bye?" For those to whom gin was as Borden's best canned goods, there came a sudden calm.

Good old, Dear old, A. K. Queer had released the green mists from the library and they were inexorably spreading to the accompaniment of increasing (quantitatively and qualitatively) screaming . . . screaming . . .

How is the regular author of the column going to get out of this mess?

Well, here comes my keeper—so back to St. Helena. Hello!

## D. I. P. P. Y.

Disgusting Inspirations by  
Plastered Peoples Yearly

WHAT WAS YOUR LUCK ON FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH?

Jack MacKenzie, Engineering: "What, mine? I was trying out my technique in the Gym Store. So what do you think?"

John Windebank, Post-grad: "I'm always lucky dontcherknow."

Frances Webster, Arts: "Not very good. I was sort of lonely."

Ralph O'Brien, Science: "I lost two cokes to Red."

Johnny MacLellan, Pre-med: "The best yet. Boy, can I drive on ice!"

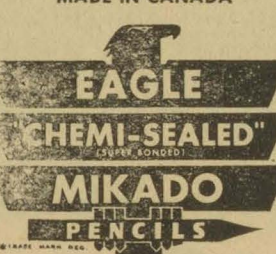
Muriel Barry, Arts: "Was I lucky, I'll say I was, too bad there was no preacher there Friday night."

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# Girls Uphold Dalhousie Tradition At Acadia

## Defeated At Acadia Score 35 - 13

Despite the fact that we were up all night, we arrived at the bus stop promptly at 7 a.m. To our dismay we found that the bus was almost full and could not accommodate 14 extra passengers, so another bus was chartered into which we weary girls crowded.

What fun we had on the way up! Between drowsy spells the girls could be heard singing such songs as Moose's "Mamie Reilly". Half-smothered from fumes we arrived in Wolfville, to be greeted with the cry of "On to Tully" from the girls who were there to welcome us. Into Tully we trooped and were immediately hustled to bed, depriving girls who were as tired as we, of their rest. However, a few hardy Dalhousians (despite Prom) scorned rest in favor of a tour of the campus—for it was Sadie Hawkins.

At 12 o'clock we were called for lunch and were escorted to the dining hall, where pea-soup and stew awaited us. Then the rush to the gym started and the Dalhousie girls were prepared for battle. Donned in the gold and black and determined to fight to the last, we marched on the floor. Half scared to death by the sea of faces which we beheld (a thing unheard of at Dal), we timidly took our positions. Our timidity soon passed, however, when our every effort was applauded and the excellent refereeing of Major Kelly fully restored our fighting spirit. Mary MacKeigan was top scorer with 7 points, Anita Reid second with 4, followed up by Vera Crummey with 2.

The Acadia stars were Misses Harlows and Ward. The long, hard

passes of the Acadia team proved most effective against the short but quicker ones of our girls, and the score would have been much higher but for the excellent work of our guards.

To cheer us after our defeat the Axettes invited us to "Pete's" for ice-cream and cokes, where a little later we boarded the bus for home.

Despite this defeat, or perhaps on account of it, we are more than ever determined to change Dalhousie's losing tradition and beat the Acadians in our own gym. This cannot be done without the support of everyone, but don't forget to applaud Acadia, too.

### Commerce Club Is Rejuvenated

On Tuesday evening, the Commerce Club once again enjoyed the kind hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Bates. Under the leadership of Professor Bates, this term the club is active after a liberation of several years. The meetings have been so far well-attended and great hopes are entertained for the success and continuance of what could so easily be a dominant factor at Dalhousie.

The address was by a Senior student, Bill Glassey, who chose as his subject "Bureaucracy and Trusteeship in Modern Industry." After which the club had an active discussion led by Professor Bates, Jack Matthews and Hymie Gordon on the extent to which control of modern business might and could be extended by the government under normal and war-time conditions.



Keep your eye on the target, boys. From now on Dalhousie girls are on the war-path. Don't let Phyl, Allison Gilliatt, Laurie Bissett, and Penny Patchell fool you. They, like the rest, are really serious. This new sport has awakened great interest among us, and the D. G. A. C. has decided it well worth the outlay. Next year the Amazons will search for their L'il Abners with bow and arrow—appropriate, don't you think? So beware!

### CO-EDS ONLY by MARJE PARKES

The student Badminton Tournament took place last Monday evening. In the past this affair has continued on until the week before the exams. This year we kept right at it and managed to clear up except for a few of the finals which will be played off very soon, so watch for the results. Whom do you think will win? Goodeve and MacKenzie are winners of the Women's Doubles. The Tournaments are for Dal students. We are pleased with the number that turned out this year, but we hope even more will so next year.

Professor Mercer, our coach, is responsible for our continued activity in badminton and helps us to glide smoothly over our difficulties by new and better methods. Although the World-at-War duties try to call us away more than is necessary (dancing, etc.) the new-to-Dal Round Robin system has aroused some of our "I wonder if I'll keep on" players these last few Monday evenings. This system keeps everyone playing for the greater part of the time, and the highest Dal scorers take on the highest opponents for the latter part of the evening in a tournament. We hope to see this continued.

Some weeks ago the Boys (or was it the Sports Editor?) challenged the Basketbelle to a wild and woolly game of cinch basketball, so they call it. It is easy to see that the Basketeers have not faced the whiling, dashing, tricky passing of Morrison, MacKeigan and Grummy to mention a few, nor do we believe they've—but let them find all out for themselves. We don't tell all our secrets of this can't-be-beat, except-by-Acadia-once team. By the way, that Acadia-Dal game was much better than certain eastern port papers have announced. What is a score? Merely the summing up, but if you'd been there you would know that the Dal team was good—their play was just — could it be better?

### FLASH—

Last night our boys won the first hockey game of the season. Congrats Boys, keep it up!

## Games, Gals and Goons

BY THE SKUNKS

Well, boys, what's wrong? The girls are ready, willing and able, so don your duds and let's go. Wrayettes versus Bengals—you set the date.

### Required Regalia for Goons:

1. Tunics must not be worn above the ankle.
2. A colored sash or girdle is necessary.
3. Sox must match girdles.
4. Clean sneakers are a "must".
5. Spotless waists are advised.
6. Identification bracelets will no doubt be advantageous.

### Not To Be Tolerated:

- a. Obnoxious perfume.
- b. Brilliant nail-polish and lip-rouge.
- c. Boxing-gloves or shin-pads.
- d. Turbans or bows (hair to be secured with bobby-pins).
- e. Red Payne.

### Rules for Conduct on Floor:

1. No scratching or kicking.
2. No holding longer than three minutes.
3. Only players holding ball to be chased.
4. No profane language. Boys are expected to act like gentlemen on the floor.

To prevent annihilation, the Skunk gives you this timely warning: The Anitas are fast little numbers. Can you outdo their passes to Mary MacKeigan? Don't be too sure of your baskets. Barndoor Douglas and "Beat-em-up" Bissett will have their eyes on you. Enormous Inez will push you over the line if you are too near. Vera is definitely not Crummey on the forward line. The Blond Bomber is hard to track down, and Xenia is slow but very sure. Dot MacKenzie and Kay Smith are out to get you and they've had lots of practice. Don't be fooled by gentle Chris—she's on the look-out. Helen and Lynn are upholding the reputation of third floor. They'll get their man. And remember, Manager Mackley changes her line often. P. S.—Dr. Ballem, please be present. Doshie's ankle is not up to par and the Battered Bengals will need expert attention.

The question of the hour: Where is Dal's college spirit? The only evidence of college spirit at Dalhousie is found at Shirreff Hall. Who attended the pep rallies last term? Who made each tea dance a success? Who are the only feminine supporters of our basketball teams? Who will appear at the Masquerade? None but the Shirruffians!

Last Saturday at Acadia, when our Wrayettes upheld the tradition of Dal girls, they encountered something foreign to their own Alma Mater. Millions of eyes were focused on the tiny rectangle which was the battleground of the day. Friendly smiles and cheers greeted the Dalhousie efforts. Spurred on by Acadian interest and encouragement, our girls played a peppy if not a successful game.

Shame on the bored Dalhousians  
Who linger down at Roy's,  
When our team would ride to victory  
With cheers. So come on, boys!

A week from Saturday the Acadia game is to be played in our gym. How about showing your college spirit. Do your part and we'll do ours.

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