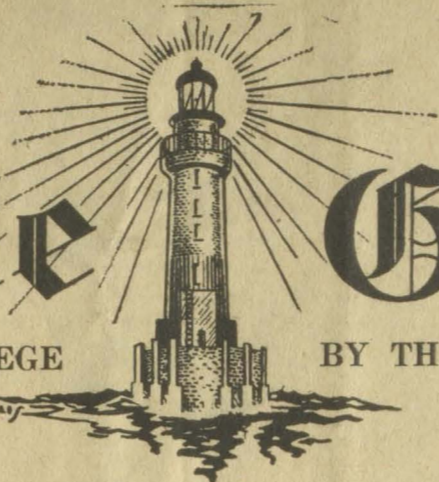


# Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXV

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 9, 1942

No. 2

## Arts, Science Council Candidates Named

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS.

By EUGENE MURY

Thought of the week: You can tell a Freshette because she says "Stop". You can tell a Freshman because he stops.

V V V

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Orchids are \$5.50  
So nuts to you.

—The Brunswickan

V V V

According to the legend, a fire was raging in a de luxe apartment building. With a cry of despair a frantic mother broke through a ring of on-lookers.

"Oh fireman," she implored, "Save my precious daughter."

"Lady," replied the smoke-eater, "I'm a fireman, not an evangelist."

—Gateway.

V V V

Another thought of the week—you can lead an engineer to water but you can't make him drink (water).

V V V

The Brunswickan (proofreaderless et al), extends greetings to the R.C.A.F. boys taking radio technology courses on the campus. Students are proud to share educational facilities, but kick against Airforce butting into initiation ceremonies. Tut, tut, Mr. Wings.

V V V

As our exchanges go, the first campus paper off the presses this year was The Manitoban, which has also suffered the first casualty in its features. An editorial page joke column which appeared in the first issue has been banned, or killed, and jokes are apparently subversive utterances there. Anyway the second issue reached our office with a mortuary notice done in fancy black where the first appeared, and an explanation "The wages of sin is death". Incidentally Campus Clippings last week featured this joke column's best or worst joke. Dependence on outside funds killed the column; apparently Manitobans have not the broad minds needed for college humor.

V V V

Customer: This coat isn't a very good fit.

Abie the Tailor: Vell, vat do you expect for five dollars, an attack of epilepsy?

—The Argosy.

V V V

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,  
Who, too early in the month of May,  
Took off his winter flannels.

—The Aquinian.

V V V

He who writes and runs away  
Lives to write another day.

—tidley pip.

### FROSH ELECTIONS

Ian Campbell was elected President of the Freshman class in recent elections. Janet McDonald will be Vice-President and Don Brownhill Secretary-Treasurer.

### Sodales On Thursday

Sodales Debating Society will hold its initial meeting of the year Thursday noon in Room 3 of the Arts Building. The meeting has been called for the purpose of election of vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the society, the latter position having been previously held by "Jim" Stevens, now of the R.C.A.F.

Sodales is the organized debating organization on the campus and an affiliated member of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League. Under its auspices Sodales regularly participates in these intercollegiate debates each year with other Maritime universities. A credit of five points is extended to each participating debater towards the coveted gold "D" for which a minimum of three intercollegiate debates is required. Trials for the selection of debaters will be held in the near future, both men and women competing on equal basis.

Bennett Shield interfaculty debates, held during the post-Christmas term, are also conducted by Sodales. Undergraduate classes compete in an elimination debating round and the ultimate winner becomes the holder of the Shield for a period of one year.

The debating season for the coming year promises to be a good one, President Ed Morris says. Mounting interest in debating should be forthcoming particularly from the influx of new students who are cordially invited to turn out for the first Sodales meeting.

Remember the date—Thursday noon, Room 3 in the Arts Building.

### Prof. Grant in Army As Personnel Officer

John R. Grant, Professor in last year's Faculty of Arts and Science, of Latin and Greek, will not return to the University this year, it was revealed recently. He has been taken into the Army as a personnel officer. Professor Grant was on his way to Dalhousie when notified of his appointment. He had previously applied for entrance into the Army as a fighting officer, and had accompanied last year's C.O.T.C. to camp.

The result has been several last minute changes in the Classics Department. Mr. Doull is taking over several of Professor Grant's classes, and Prof. A. S. Mowat, Elementary Latin.

Dalhousie students wish their popular professor the best of fortune in his new position, and express regret at losing him.

### One Moment Please

All members of the O. T. C. who have not yet been medically examined (this does not include last year's personnel) will parade Wednesday night for the inspection.

There will be no University classes on Monday, it being the Thanksgiving Day holiday.

The S.C.M. will hold its first meeting of a study group at 10 Studley Avenue, Sunday night at 8.30.



NOMINATED TO CONTEST COUNCIL SEAT Above are shown the two contestants for the Arts and Science Senior seat on the Student Council. Miss Helen MacKay (left), is a popular student from Pictou, and badminton enthusiast, and Miss Mary Boswell (right), Halifax, President of Delta Gamma, an active member of girls' activities. The election will be held next Friday.

### Supreme Moot Court Opens Fall Sittings; Three Cases Decided

The Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie Law School opened its Fall Sittings on Friday, Oct. 2, before their Lordships LeMoine and MacDonald and Lord Chief Justice Forbes.

Lord Chief Justice Forbes in his opening remarks from the Bench stressed the fact that the dignity, integrity, decorum, and solemnity of the Court must be upheld as in the past, and that infractions of the Judicature Act of the Supreme Moot Court would be severely dealt with. Attendance of all first year men is compulsory and must be punctual.

At the opening roll call it was disclosed that Proudfoot, Reddin, and Clancy were absent. Miss Clancy who was also Junior Counsel for the Respondent subsequently showed up. She was severely reprimanded by the Court for her tardiness, and was given to understand that the old maxim, "It is a woman's privilege to be late," is not given cognizance in this Court. Mr. King was convicted of being in a recumbent position and substantially fined: Four bottles of milk were confiscated from the Counsels' table.

The case on Appeal was that of C.N.R. vs. Green, an appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada. Mr. Reuben Cohen, K.C. with Barry were counsel for the Appellant, and Mr. Ralph Vaughan, K.C. and Clancy were counsel for the Respondent. At first there was some discussion as to whether Mr. Barry had attained the required standards of literacy for admission to the Bar. Despite Mr. Vaughan's able conduct of his client's case, Mr. Cohen, by his brilliant and forceful delivery and by his sound knowledge of the law convinced their Lordships that the Judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada was wrong and that the appeal must be allowed; Lord Justice MacDonald dissented.

The second session of the Fall Sittings of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie opened on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 6th, before Their

Lordships Turner, MacInnis, and MacDougall.

The first cases on the docket were the criminal cases of Rex v. Reddin and Rex v. Proudfoot. Both defendants were charged with an offence under the Judicature Act of the Supreme Moot Court, viz. "with being absent from a sittings of the Court without lawful excuse." Both were found guilty and substantially fined. Webster MacDonald, K.C. acted for the Crown with John Wintermeyer, K.C. for the defence. All first year students answered the roll call, but subsequently the capricious Miss Clancy left the court room and did not reappear within a reasonable length of time. In a Summary trial she pleaded illness caused by the aroma of cigar smoke and was let off with a warning.

The case on appeal for the afternoon was that of Wasseal v. Shifty Funds Bank. Counsels for the Appellant were W. Kapak, K.C. and

Continued on page Four

### SCM Fall Camp To Be Held Oct. 17-18

The Student Christian Movement will hold its annual fall camp on October 17-18 at Palmer's Lodge, Waverley. The subject will be "The War As a Revolution", and the speaker will be J. M. Freeman of Toronto.

Mr. Freeman is a leader well suited to this kind of subject. He is a graduate of Union Seminary in New York, and for the past few years has been secretary of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. In that capacity he has travelled widely, and has spoken to many student groups.

Besides offering stimulating speeches and discussions, fall camp will be fun for all concerned, with singing, dancing, and a hike planned. There will also be students to meet from Mt. A. and Acadia.

The conference is open to all students, and registration must be made by Tuesday, Oct. 13, with Glynn Firth, Pine Hill Residence, or any member of the S.C.M. Executive. Accommodation at the Lodge will be \$4 per person.

### MacKAY, BOSWELL CHOSEN POLLS OPEN FRIDAY

Helen MacKay and Mary Boswell will contest the Arts and Science Senior girls' Students' Council seat, as the result of nominations at an Arts and Science (?) meeting last Saturday noon, adulterated by the presence of other Faculties, it is reported. Elections will be held a week from today, and voting lists have already been published. Miss Boswell is President of Delta Gamma; Miss MacKay is a popular student coming to Dalhousie from Pictou Academy.

### Dr. Stanley on CBC

Dr. Carleton Stanley has been invited by the CBC to speak over the national network Tuesday evening on the subject, "Are the Universities able to work for Freedom?" The address will be heard at 8.45 p.m., A.D.T.

### Popular Couple Recently Married

It is with pleasure that Dal learns of yet another marriage, that of Miss Dorothy Irene MacKenzie, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. MacKenzie of Halifax, to Lieutenant Alfred S. Forsyth, son of J. S. Forsyth and the late Mrs. Forsyth of Long Island, N. Y.

The wedding took place in King's Collegiate Chapel, Windsor, at 4.30 o'clock Saturday, Oct. 3rd. Officiating clergyman was Dr. Gerald White; the organist, Miss Weller, head of the music department at which school the bride was a former pupil.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a wool crepe dress in redwood shade with brown accessories, and a corsage of Talisman roses. The couple were unattended.

Lieut. and Mrs. Forsyth left on a trip to New York, the latter wearing a tan tweed suit with brown and chartreuse green accessories.

Lieut. Forsyth, better known as "Yank" to Dalhousians and Kingsmen, graduated this Spring, and was prominent in athletic circles, particularly in rugby and basketball. He was News Editor of the Gazette last year, and previously was Editor of the Kings' Record. Mrs. Forsyth was a '42 graduate in Arts, outstanding in girls' activities, and President of the Alpha Gamma Delta fraternity.

The best wishes of a host of campus friends follow them into their new life.

At the meeting Miss MacKay was elected President of Arts and Science Society, replacing Jim Stevens, who has enlisted in the Air Force.

Eminent campus philosophers are seeing in the results of the Arts and Science elections (the executive is entirely feminine) another indication of the degeneration of the times, that the traditional weaker sex can monopolize a society election. As the enfranchised members wended their way home from the election, the dominating males might well have murmured, "Oh tempore, oh mores".

### Dr. Stanley Makes Speech Of Welcome

President Carleton Stanley spoke before the assembled faculty and student body of Dalhousie on Tuesday. It was a great pleasure, he said, to welcome the Class of '46, and he expressed the hope they would do their part in upholding the tradition which has long been Dalhousie's.

The President also welcomed to the University several new professors, who have taken up positions vacated by the resignations and enlistments of a number of last year's faculty.

The President then proceeded into the main theme of his discussion: books, and their importance in the university life. He expressed surprise that in spite of the low cost of books, in popular editions, students bought only those required for their courses, and then expressly for examination purposes.

He pointed to the value and enjoyment which could be had by all in the reading of the works of Adams, Leacock, and Burke, laying

Continued on page Four

## DIPPO Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

### DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE RUSSIANS WILL BE ABLE TO HOLD STALINGRAD?

Dal students are apparently very optimistic over the fate of Stalingrad. In answer to this question the great majority, 78%, said they believed the Russians would hold the city. Only 11% of those questioned thought the Germans would capture Stalingrad, while another 11% remained undecided.

### DO YOU FAVOR THE FORMATION OF A STUDLEY SOCIETY?

The purpose of this question was to determine whether the students would support a society consisting of all students on Studley campus, and overlapping, though not displacing the existing societies. The majority, 70%, favored the formation of such a society; 15% opposed its formation, while another 15% remain undecided.

### WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE DANCE BAND?

Glen Miller's orchestra ranks as Dal's favorite dance band, receiving 29% of all votes. Mart Kenny "and his Western Gentlemen" came second with 20%, Jimmy Dorsey third, with 14% and Harry James fourth with 10%. Others mentioned were Benny Goodman, Eddy Duchin, Tommy Dorsey, Paul Whiteman and Gene Krupa. One rugged individualist chose the Philadelphia Philharmonic.

# Dalhousie Gazette

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## REFUGEES OR PATRIOTS?

Peacetime universities harbour their Arts and Sciences in harmony, with perhaps an occasional boiling over of the inner ferment of college life into newspaper print. Signs of "pinkism" on any Canadian University campus were sure to throw local newspapers into uproar. But relatively speaking, the peacetime University is devoid of serious troubles such as could be encountered in war. WAR makes the difference, for then the sunny serene of campus life is tempered with the responsibility of the student with his compatriots towards the task at hand-victory. And the student has a serious responsibility towards this victory. His is the leadership that is needed, and the training for a variety of wartime industries.

For this privileged position of responsibility, the student is left free from the direct pursuits of war while he finishes his course. It is necessary for the war effort in the long run that he do so. Doing so, he is liable to the criticism he is either a slacker or a dodger of duty. The former is obviously untrue and not worthy of comment. The other is a serious matter.

The editor-in-chief of The Halifax Mail wrote an editorial last Friday worthy of examination. There is a direct challenge to the student in it, to get at his job; lamentably the same editorial expresses gloomy pessimism that colleges may be harbouring students who are evading their citizenry duties, and even makes the suggestion that the increase in registration in many colleges is due to this. He also condemns what he considers non-essential studies. The head on the editorial is written thus:

### NO "HAVENS OF REFUGE?"

The question mark perhaps indicates the state of Mr. Editor's feelings on the subject.

The rest of the editorial is written in the same vein. It ends with the sentence 'there still remains the disquieting feeling that the Universities WILL be used as "a haven of refuge for those who are neglecting their solemn obligation of duty"—if they are permitted to get away with it.'

This writer has an unfortunate attitude towards University life, particularly in wartime. He can see the present war, but evidently not what comes after it—reconstruction. However, we would like to devote a goodly portion of this column to the writing a young Political Science student has done pertinent to this same Mail editorial. He offers a definite refutation:

The responsibility of a student in wartime is a heavy one. He is taking up the time of instructors, and is also accepting exemption from immediate wartime service. Under such circumstances, his attitude towards his studies must justify the special privileges he is having bestowed on him by the community. Attendance at college as a mere pastime is no longer the order of the day, and anyone coming to college with that idea must promptly be made to realize his error.

That does not mean, however, that every university student should immediately be dashed into a training camp. Not only is it highly necessary to turn out trained engineers, doctors, chemists and other science graduates, but it is necessary to keep training them. It would be ridiculous to argue, as The Mail does, that freshmen should not enrol because the war will be over before they graduate. First of all, no one can see when the war will be over, and secondly, even if the war comes to a speedy end, our need for technicians and scientists will not automatically stop.

As for students in Arts courses, the same is equally true. The future will certainly need young men and women who have a grasp of the problems facing the post-war world, and as foundation for such training, the Universities are highly necessary. We must be careful that the things that we value and fight for do not perish in the cauldron of world upheaval, and in carrying on the thread of civilization the university plays a vital part.

We university students must remember that our privilege is not a right but a duty to the world, and if any of us slacken in our duty, we must expect an outcry from those we have failed.

There is an able answer to the editor's arguments. In fairness to him, it may be said he has no definite idea of the mechanisms of our University, and does not properly appreciate the type of student to which increased registration is due. Too, if he had been in the Library the past week, and that the opening week of college he might have sensed the more serious attitude to studies students are taking, particularly that class whom he would apparently label 'refugees'—the freshman class. The members of this class are to a large degree Science and Engineering students, and many of these students would not be at college were it not for the government appeal for scientists and engineers. Does Mr. Editor reflect why registration should increase this year coincidental with a government appeal combined with student assistance, and not in three other war years.

There may be unfortunate results to this kind of editorial. Many people throughout the country may be opinated by such writings, and be given harmful food for mental digestion. God knows they have enough taxes and sacrifices in this war effort without having the additional fear of a slack or refugee element in our midst.

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# LITERARY

## UNLOVELY DESPOTS

—ANONYMOUS

Why are despots funny looking? As far as I know, there is nothing in international law to prevent a handsome man being a dictator. Perhaps it is just a convention, but if that is so, the time has certainly come for the world to rise and throw off its chains, and find a despot who could pass a screen test. Alexander the Great was apparently the first and last comely tyrant and to modern eyes even he might lack all the qualifications of beauty.

It is not so much the unpleasantness as the oddness of their appearance that one notices. Julius Caesar was horribly thin; Nero was too fat. Henry VIII had a face like a bristly bladder of lard, and Catherine the Great looked like a good tempered sow. Napoleon had a head too big for his body, and a body too big for his legs. George IV had a body so big that he supported the overhang on his knees. Hitler's moustache and Kaiser Wilhelm's moustache look like before and after pictures for mange medicine advertisements. Mussolini's jaw looks as if his mother had kept him too long at breast, while his figure seems to indicate that his wife keeps him too long at table.

This is all very distressing. It makes the retrogravure section of newspapers so inartistic and commemorative sculpture painful to the aesthetic sense.

But if you think on the matter you will see that it was ever, and will always be, thus. Good-looking people can't be despots, and we must reconcile ourselves to a tyranny of unloveliness. The reason is this: when these nasties were little boys, they weren't cute. Nobody loved them, and they spent their time thinking of ways to be mean. When they grew up, no female wiles were exerted to take them from their studies. When they were rising men, no infatuated maids tossed temptations in their paths. They pursued a continent course to the top, and when once they had arrived, it was too late. Can you imagine Poppaea or Anne Boleyn seducing their lords from council with any enthusiasm? Or do you think that Josephine or Augusta Victoria languished and pined for the absent conqueror? No. And so perhaps the only difference between a handsome private and an honorary field marshal is un peu d'amour.

## A BOOK REVIEW

*I, James Blunt.* By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead and Company, Toronto. Price 25 cents.

The author of "I, James Blunt," is H. V. Morton, the well-known writer of travel books. Mr. Morton has written this book in an effort to stir all the peoples of the United Nations from their complacency and do-nothing attitude, and to make them realize that no sacrifice is too great to escape the domination of Nazi Germany.

James Blunt's Diary is dedicated to

All complacent optimists

And wishful thinkers

Who believe that Britain is still an island

That Russia can do all that is necessary

That we have only to mark time until the United States gets busy

That Germany is ready to crack from the inside

That the poor German people are longing to throw over their tyrants; that Japan could be wiped out in a week of undivided attention.

It is also dedicated to those

Who have not read the blue books which describe

The progress of the new order in the conquered countries of Europe; to those who cannot imagine what life would be like if we lost

the war; to those who obstruct production, who make muddles, go slow, tolerate inefficiency, worship red tape

And to those who do not yet understand

That the Scientific Extermination of British Nationality would be the First Act of a Victorious Germany.

"I, James Blunt," is designed to reveal how we would live if we lost the war. There is nothing in the diary that we have not read in a newspaper, and magazines or heard over the radio as applied to the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Norway and France—and we have heard the details of far worse things that have happened to these people. Somehow our imaginations and reasons fail to make us believe that this could happen to us—but here we see how the scheme of Nazi domination could be applied to England. Mr. Morton presents no atrocities so that your mind recoils in horror and instinctively refuses to believe this would be possible. He presents the everyday things that James Blunt, a retired tradesman of Surrey, would record in his diary. Blunt has kept his diary from September 11th, 1944, to March 12th, 1945, because, his wife being dead, he had to express his feelings some-way, and he could confide in no one because Nazi spies and Gestapo agents were everywhere to punish by concentration camp or death the slightest complaint or exercise of "free speech."

James Blunt was a free man until the Nazis conquered England—until the Capitulation as he puts it in his diary. Now he and his fellows, when they talk at all, talk in whispers. They can still go to the "pub" but the old huntingscenes have disappeared to be replaced by the art of the New Order—pictures of Hitler! When James Blunt goes to London to see his sister, in the train he must stand in the presence of a German official. He must move off the sidewalk when Germans approach; he must "Heil Hitler". Buckingham Palace, with the huge Nazi flag over it—"the largest in Britain"—is no longer the heart and centre of English affection: Hitler and von Ribben-

trop use it as a headquarters when they are in London. The "bobbies" are merely traffic directors, they cannot arrest or protect people. The churches are all closed—all churches were closed by public order after the Capitulation. Thousands of English people have been taken by the press gangs to rebuild the industries of the Ruhr—and Blunt refers to it in a matter of fact way! All other English from the ages of twenty to forty-five are being registered for overseas employment—the women being forced to choose Germany or New Zealand, the men German Africa or Russia. The English nationality will be ended in a generation, for the young children are being brought up as Nazis. Blunt's granddaughter Anne gravely informs him that "to be English is bad and to be German is good", and asks, "Are you bad, grandpa?"

James Blunt cannot fight the conqueror—for he has no weapons. Only his courage is left—and he willingly shelters a fugitive from Nazi "justice." The penalty is a concentration camp—torture, death, but Blunt is already threatened by a fellow Englishman, a thief and former employee, who has joined the Nazis, and is going to betray Blunt for his interest in the labor movement and democratic speeches he made in 1938—both punishable offenses in the "New England." One night there is a knock on the door—and the diary ends.

Mr. Morton has written a powerful book. "I, James Blunt," is an excellent example of how an author can aid the war against Germany by giving us an added incentive to fight. When you have finished the book you will know the reason why you should not mind going without sugar or tea or coffee or beef.

—P. R. B.

# « THE FEATURE PAGE »

## Sheer Hokum

. . . A Series of Bedtime Stories

An endless green fog whimpered silently everywhere over Stodgy campus as Wilbur P. Fizzleque, the eternal freshman, trundled himself over scenery he knew so well. Of class vintage '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '43 ad infinitum, Fizzleque had seen them all come and go. Lamentably he rubbed the callouses on his back where he had slouched into the seat annually offered him to hear the newest Dazzle class offered greetings and otherwise by such well-known campus personalities as Professor Binnet, and Major Hokum, who told frosh what was coming to them—or else.

"I've heard all this before", thought Fizzleque. "Binnet's has a slight tinge of his 1936 greeting. Also English Two." Mournfully he contemplated his green bowtie. "It's unfair", he said. "They didn't give any to Kissie Chumaround, the eternal freshette prospect."

Stumbling along the senior walk, Fizzleque noted with horror a new building (architectural style: Romanesque, Gothic, and Doric, all for the price of a horrified look) and worked his way through the skillful nets the navy had set to trap Major Hokum and his O.T.C. 'ites. Meanwhile the wary Hokum could be seen in his office consoling the corpse of Rufus Rayne, who was screaming, "I'm to young to have died", and pointed to the hole in his chest where the uncanny typewriter of Slob McLeak, Gazoot editor, had hit its mark.

"For many years I have been the biggest thing that ever hit Dazzle-housie, and now I am ruined. What will the football team do?" Taking out Defence of Canada Regulations, Section on polar bears, and other stiff, Hokum moaned, "Under Permissive Acts and Actions the O.T.C. can sponsor football. Where the d . . . is a cadet to look after the uniforms."

"But that's no good to me," said Rayne, who was feeling the effects of his nasty injuries, and demise. "I want to live, to love, see sunset glow."

"I'm sorry but it's all I can do for

you", said Major Hokum who was planning a friendly tete-a-tete with President, and King, His Lordship Karl. Marching in the prescribed style of Army Regulations, and keeping his faithful cohort, Mully, the Sphinx, at a discreet distance he met to meet King Karl, who was writing an essay on "Books" for an English Two (as in "All This And Heaven T . . ."), steward.

"Now I don't mind telling you, Karl," said intrepid Hokum, "this here studying has to stop. I don't mind a little extra-curricular activity among my boys, but we can't have them wasting valuable time on frivolities". Reaching in his pocket, he hauled out Ultimatum 3, carefully typed out by his valet MacAskill, and presented it to the King. Clearly in awful black it called for weekend hikes, manoeuvres on Mondays, morning drill, afternoon drill, and the rest of the week to be given to O.T.C.

With a scream of rage King Karl called his Newfoundland (as distinguished from that other great little island, Cape Breton), and chased him at the Major. The two tore off in a cloud of dust, the Major calling for his men to help him, while King Karl had his faculties (Arts, Seances, etc.) to join in the pursuit.

Fortunately for the Major his dawg joined in the merriment and soon attracted the attention of the Newfoundlander. The last seen of the race was the Major third, sprinting along in a vain attempt to save his ultimatum, in the dawg's mouth, and Mully, who was properly losing the race as any female in such circumstances would.

An awful silence then held the campus. Suddenly a shriek was heard from the Library. "It must be an outside job. No student would study this side of Christmas", said Hester le Pester hastening to clear up the mess.

Who shrieked? Was it a freshette? Frankly we don't know. But come around next week and if we're still here they'll be doings.

## Fate of "Pharos" Depends On Late Appointments—No Editors Applied As Yet

A record of the year's Dalhousiana is Pharos, the campus Yearbook. The fate of this recorder of the student year hangs in the balance, until an editorial possibility is found. The Students' Council in its first meeting of the year has asked people interested in its publication or printing to appear before it at the next meeting.

Last year the Year Book was ably edited by Miss Inez Smith, now Mrs. Albert Sunderland. Appointed before the opening of the college term, she began at once to sell subscriptions to it, and by printing time had a definite idea of the sales.

More than ever, it is pointed out, an early editorship is needed. Halifax printing firms are crowded with business and cannot be given the work at a moment's notice. It is important to get underway the edition as soon as possible.

Interested students should make inquiries with student officials or make an appearance at the next meeting of the Students' Council. Theirs will be a service to Dalhousie, besides an opportunity for practical editorial experience and a good remuneration for services.

## Third Floor Co-Ed Life Bared: Freshette Gives Impressions

(By Another Goodman)

Szzzz — 7.30 — zzz — 7.45 — zz — Bang! Yes there went the first window of third floor and some one is evidently up. That in itself is quite a feat for it is only about five hours since the last freshette has combed out her pet pigtail and snuggled into a pillow, with Archie, Clarence or some other such animal tightly clasped in her arms. They say stuffed animals bring nice dreams, but so far the system has been a complete flop.

Within ten minutes every one is awake—to be sure some continue to question the statement but at least all are semi-conscious and that is as much as can be expected at such an hour. After putting our bridgework, which has been comfortably resting in a tumbler of water, in its proper place, all make a mad dash down to the dining room and peace reigns again!

Morning classes go on as is the custom, with the usual exchange of gossip and mid-morning naps. At eleven o'clock we all begin worrying whether our favorite buck private has saved \$.03 to buy a stamp and so has mailed the letter he claims to have written before we left. So the morning passes—

Afternoon classes are avoided as much as possible, but those who must indulge raise the question, "Are the seats actually harder than those used in the morning or what causes that numbness?"

It is however, with the approach of evening that our birds eye view really becomes interesting. Regularly following dinner out come the cosmetic bags and the third floor calls a halt to the "Save your cosmetics for the war effort" campaign. Lipstick is heavily applied and then eaten off—just for the novelty of the taste. On this particular evening the main topic of conversation seems to be centered on whether or not boys prefer curled eye-lashes or just long straight ones. 'I fear the question is still undecided. So what do you say, boys?

Hours are spent trying to devise new and glamorized ways of wearing pigtailed, perhaps a plan will be hatched that will revolutionize the way of wearing pigtailed the world over, who knows????

Throughout the entire scurry all ears are glued to the phone—ring, ring—ah hope hope—ring ahhh—br, br, br. No one can ever realize what third floor girls go through when bated breath they count the bells—three of them loud and clear, then only to hear three short ones following. Why must our nurses be so popular anyway?

In room after room all down the line freshettes pace the floor. Two English girls wonder if former K.C.S. boys have become stuck up.

"Intimate" picture? The little pig is afraid to tell; we haven't the personalia to end a pork shortage.

Those Phi Delt stags. The last one saw the boys tearing around Shirreff Hall quite early, and quite noisily. Incidentally, Shirreffites are awaiting the next one with interest.

R. David has a chance for a blind date and what is her first question, "How tall is he—sorry, not interested!" T. Reid wonders if all school teachers must be old maids, while "Tidy" Anthony decides there is no time like the present to houseclean. J. Weir decides that she studies entirely too much and so plans to take the evening off.

Everyone has their own troubles—all revolving that their own positively not going out on a last minute date, but take notice that there is a wistful gleam in every eye and all have our fingers crossed. However, all turns out for the best as two by two we go out and one by one we come in????

It's a merry life at Shirreff Hall as this year's freshettes are finding out and except for the occasional nightmare when someone cries out in their sleep with particular vehemence, "Freshette, answer the phone," all is serene. Never mind freshettes, our day will come!



Well, here we are back again this year, full of some good clean dirt, some of which we will quote here. The large influx of Freshmen Engineers ought to make this column worth reading this winter.

First and foremost we want to let everybody in on Mackie's new love-affair. Five nights in a row at press time—she must be some nice. Being the boss on the initiation committee sure brings good results, eh, Mac?

Questions of the hour about Survey Camp 1942:—

1. What were the drawings on "Dannie Boon's" room walls?
2. Why did "Juicy" mumble, "I want to see Joan" so many times?
3. Where "Alki" Hall and "Pick'em-up" Smith disappeared every night after 7 o'clock?
4. Why was Burgess always seen at the train at 9 p.m. every night?
5. Why were Menchions, Mathe-son and Lantz parked in the park on Sunday nights? Surely not out of gas?
6. How old were the gals Rogers and MacLellan were seen with one dark night?

Glen Hubley's romance must be tottering or Mary would have accepted for the Freshie-Soph.

"Hard-hearted" Smith took advantage of being on the initiation committee. Where were you Monday night? Kay should have been in by ten, you know.

We note "Alderman" Harris and Campbell were in attendance at the wrestling match with "green-bowed" co-eds. Don't show them too many tricks, Bill.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Ian Campbell on being elected President of the Freshmen class. Another Engineer in an important position on the campus.

Solong, chums, until next week. Be good or else . . .



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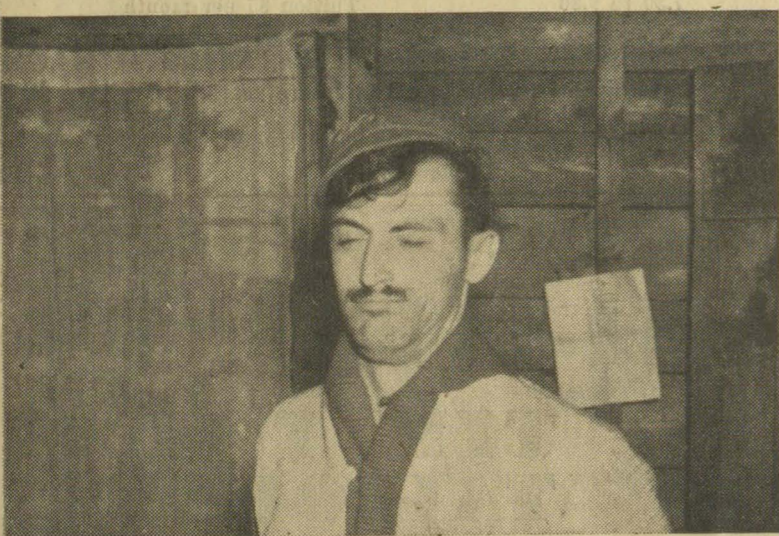
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"GREAT MAN'S LADY"  
"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"  
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"THE MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE"  
"GOLD RUSH"

CAPITOL  
★  
Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday  
"WAKE ISLAND"  
BRIAN DONLEVY  
★  
Thurs. and Friday  
Clark Gable  
and  
Lana Turner  
— in —  
"Somewhere I'll Find You"

CASINO  
★  
All Week  
ABBOTT and COSTELLO  
in  
"Pardon My Sarong"  
★

## Intimate Glimpses of College Life -- No. 2



In this realistic photo, Gordie, the Med student, is giving an opinion of examinations. He must have been taking some of his own medicine. The occasion . . .?

## THE PIG STY

We see where the Romeo of the campus has finally come to light in the person of a very fresh Freshman, none other than one Don Miller. For interesting details about his technique ask anyone who attended the King's party Friday night. He evidently believes in the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed . . ."

Some Frosh have been complaining about initiation, and some are breaking rules in order to get some attention. Jean Coffin is perfectly happy with her braided hair. It's alright, Jean, just wait until you see what happens to those who broke rules at the Freshie-Soph dance. (Editor: Last night you saw, Jean. This little pig is satisfied).

"Pinky" Smith must be studying

hard this year; anyway he was in an awful muddle the night of the Student Council Dance. Couldn't remember whether he had phoned Wednesday or Thursday.

Barbara "Striptease" White must have got her seasons mixed. Where's the red hunting outfit you Queened us with last year? Incidentally, Honey, that sports outfit had the boys thinking the night of the first O.T.C. parade.

Gordon Hennigar's theme song could well be "My Devotion". It's not everyone who has somebody to go down and make afternoon tea for them when their parents are away.

Question of the week: Who were the two fishing cats in last week's

# City Senior League Gets Underway at Studley



Aspirants to Dalhousie Tiger colors are shown in the above picture getting in some early season practice. The boys are all out for the ball. Promising material will don Tiger liveries for League games, starting tomorrow. In the other cut Scouler is shown in training.

—Photos by Oland.

## DALHOUSIE C. O. T. C. AND NAVY IN LEAGUE OPENER

After months of baseball, lacrosse, ping-pong and tiddly-winks, football comes into its own on Saturday afternoon as Dalhousie C. O. T. C. and Navy pry the lid off the City Senior League schedule at Studley. Enthusiasts of the traditional Autumn pastime are in for more than a slight dose of bedlam. True to schedule, the Navy fifteen has been lauded as the team of perfection, the dream fifteen, and other similar epithets reserved for the expression of overall perfection. Mild-mannered Dalhousie fans are willing to bet that the Navy will need all the wind it can muster for other things besides blowing.

Coach "Burnie" Ralston has been putting the collegian squad through their paces in no uncertain fashion during the past week. Ball-handling and scrimmage workouts have come in for more than a small share of the proceedings. Though somewhat lighter than in previous years, the Dalhousie team stands a more than 50-50 chance of upsetting the dopster's opinions.

The remaining half of the League entrants swing into action at Acadia where the highly-touted Axemen will play host to the visiting Army team. The latter outfit has become a mystery squad both in fact and fiction. Where they sleep in the nights, and when they practice, are just two big happy secrets. Which is no good reason for expecting the battle to be anything but modified pandemonium. Football games in Wolfville usually amount to a battle of tanks, anyway.

### Give The Tigers Living Support

by ED MORRIS

Last year's opening football game reads like a chapter out of the Read-it-and-Weep section. Wild-eyed freshmen sat in the stands gleefully cramming their oral cavities with peanuts, popcorn, banana skins and old rags. At any other time that idea would probably have merited some support; but not at the opening football game!

Out on the greensward, at the edge of the track, Ignatz Schmidt was doing everything other than meeting herself coming back. The freshmen thought it was all part of the show and applauded vigorously at the antics of the fair lady. Meanwhile the Dalhousie fifteen had trotted out from the locker room, passed the ball along the line, run up and down the field half a dozen times, and then settled down to a pre-game workout.

Suddenly a small voice broke forth from the crunching and snapping noises in the stand: "Look, the team's on the field!" Followed a wild frenzy as the tireless cheerleader got the stands quieted down to a mild roar. And then came the thrilling chorus of voices, "One—Two—Three, U - Pi - Dee, Dal - How-See". Just how far the sound travelled is a question of considerable doubt. Some say the edge of the stands and a few more optimistic souls contend that it reached the field.

That exhibition of massed co-operation in maintaining a reign of silence contained a few elements of humor. It must not be repeated this

### FOR SATURDAYS

(Editor's note: Below are printed some well-known songs for use in cheering at the football game. Why not clip them out or take along the Gazette. The Tigers deserve your co-operation.)

#### DALHOUSIE

"One—two—three  
U—pi—dee  
Dal—hou—sie."

#### SHIRREFF HALL YELL

"Look us over, you will see  
We are girls from Dalhousie.  
That's not all, that's not all,  
Better still—Shirreff Hall!  
Shirreff — — — Hall!"

#### MY GIRL'S A CRACKERJACK

"My girl's a crackerjack,  
She wears the gold and black,  
She goes to Dalhousie,  
I go there to — — —  
And in my future life  
She's going to be my wife.  
How — — did I find that out?  
She told me so.

She goes to all the games  
With all the other Janes.  
I furnish all the change,  
I go there to — — etc., etc., etc.

She goes to all the shows,  
Wears all the latest clothes,  
Powers her little nose,  
What for God only knows, etc.

When I grow older,  
Then I'll be bolder,  
And I will hold her  
Close to my shoulder - - etc., etc.

#### GLORY FOR DALHOUSIE

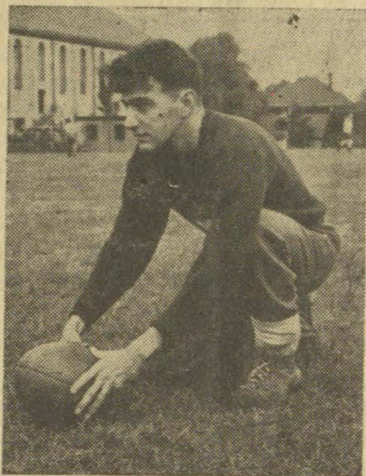
Come, sons of old Dalhousie, cheer  
your husky team!  
Rouse out a welcome to your men  
of steel and steam!  
They win the victory and tonight  
the birds will scream,  
"This is Dalhousie's Day!"

Chorus:  
Glory, glory for Dalhousie,  
Glory, glory for Dalhousie,  
Glory, glory for Dalhousie,  
This is Dalhousie's Day!

Whoop up the chorus, boys — let  
everybody sing!  
Swell out your lusty lungs and send  
it with a swing!  
And for Dalhousie, boys, we'll make  
the welkin ring,  
"This is Dalhousie's Day!"  
(Chorus)

year. Dalhousie students owe it to their teams to give them all the support they can possibly give. Which means getting together and cheering — cheering loud enough to carry to the boys on the field, and cheering that keeps up in a steady stream.

"Talk it up" was never a bad idea when it came to winning contests. All the antics of the cheerleader and all the yells in captivity are of no avail if the stands will not unite to support their team. When our boys step onto the field this coming Saturday let's open out with a cheering section that keeps up throughout the entire sixty minutes.



## Frosh Increase Due New High School

One of those apparent paradoxes of education has been responsible for much of the increased registration of Dalhousie's newest class. It was learned, interviewing many of the frosh who studied formerly at Halifax Academy, that dozens of them came to Dalhousie rather than go to the new Queen Elizabeth High School.

Lack of social facilities, such as an auditorium, and a strict schedule of classes with no recesses is responsible for many Academy students deciding not to continue their "A" classes at Queen Elizabeth High, but rather to come to Dalhousie.

Students have expressed varied opinions on their change, the common factor of which caused them to shift to college instead of school life being the social facilities the college has, which are lacking in the school. They also protest against the strict portioning of time to studies, with no little breaks in their schedules.

## Dal Graduate Is Railroad Vice-President

Russell L. Snodgrass, Dal graduate and native of New Brunswick, has been appointed Vice-President in charge of Finance and Corporate relations of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, according to an announcement made recently by Roy B. White, B. & O. President.

Mr. Snodgrass was born in Young's Cove, New Brunswick, received his B.A. from U.N.B. in 1918, and his LL.B. from Dalhousie in 1925. He was made Doctor of Judicial Science by Harvard in 1926, and later was admitted to the New York Bar, the Circuit Court of Appeals, and the U. S. Supreme Court. From 1932 until his appointment as Vice-President of the B. & O., he held a prominent position on the U.S. Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

## Jerry Naugler's Orchestra

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## Frosh Hold First Pep Rally of New Season

The first Pep Rally of the year was held in the Gym last Saturday. Ed Morris, acting as cheerleader introduced the frosh to the Dal repertoire of songs and yells. The difference between "little tiger whee" and "big tiger whoo" was explained to the unsuspecting frosh who persisted in confusing them.

A guest soloist was provided by the Initiation Committee, who for a few agonizing minutes rasped out "My Girl's a Crackerjack" in a particularly dissonant voice, and was about to proceed with "Home On The Range" when he was whisked off the stage.

The rally ended with the order that all turn out to cheer the team in next week's game.

## DR. STANLEY—

Continued from page One

special emphasis upon the speeches of the latter.

In closing, Dr. Stanley stated the true university is a collection of books—books of all kinds, ranging from Mathematics to Greek; and only, he concluded, from extensive reading can a good education be acquired.

## MOOT COURT—

Continued from page One

Crouse while John Wintermeyer, K.C. and King acted for the Respondent. Mr. Crouse was commended for his congratulatory speech to the Bench. Mr. King was reprimanded for coming into court without knowing for whom he was acting and for being unable to define "donatio mortis causa". Mr. Kapak ably stated the case of his client and was commended for his efforts; but the masterful delivery of Mr. Wintermeyer supported by the weight of law convinced their Lordships that they should decide the case in favor of the Respondents.

At a meeting of the Dalhousie Law Society held on Wednesday at 12 a.m. it was decided to hold the Law Ball this year as usual. The date of the Ball is tentatively set for early in November. A committee, with Webster MacDonald as chairman has been appointed to inquire into the matter and make arrangements. It was decided, somewhat arbitrarily, to tax each student three dollars regardless of whether or not he attended the Ball.

## MED-DENT MEETING

Steve MacIsaac, Boston, was elected President of first year Medicine and Dentistry in recent voting. He is a former St. Francis Xavier University student. Lloyd Feanny was elected Vice-President.

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or . . .

## Before any Meal

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