





# Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

McCurdy Print

## GAZETTE STAFF

Editor ..... Bob McCleave  
 Business Manager ..... Webster Macdonald  
 News Editor ..... E. J. Shields  
 Sports Editor ..... Ed Morris  
 Feature Editor ..... Peter Donkin  
 Literary Editor ..... David Coldwell  
 C. U. P. and Exchange ..... Eugene Merry  
 Photographic Editor ..... Donald Oland  
 Proofreader ..... James McLaren  
 Circulation Manager ..... Eileen Phinney  
 D.I.P.O. .... Boris Funt

Reportorial staff: Boris Funt, Joyce Harvey, Kay Cox, James Campbell, W. R. Lawrence, Elaine Hopewell, Aneeta Goodman.

### IN DEFENCE OF HUMANITIES

Even in the darkest days of the war, the gloomy clouds of which are happily being dispelled by recent events, there was never a thought in most peoples' minds that we might lose the war. Call it foolish optimism, blindness to reality, or a thousand and one harsh names, it had a definite purpose in keeping up morale until we were ready to begin an offensive war. It was necessary in the development of the war from a losing battle to a winning battle. Remember at the first how we idolized such an obscure and unconnected major incident as the sinking of the Graf Spee. That was the stage of the war when we won a few incidents and lost many major battles.

Now it is different, and totally logical in its very difference. Our forces are ganged in increasing might against the enemy. The prospects of a peace are nearer now than in those first years of the war, characterized by the grim struggle of the British peoples, in a world where men and their nations eulogized such a fight, and looked for another Empire with a sun that would never set.

We have made the statement that few have believed in defeat in this war. The same optimistic spirit does not prevail, however, regarding the peace. A psychologist attached to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board (a college professor in peacetime, and a battletime conscriptee) pointed out in a little publicized interview that the majority of people do not believe we will win the peace. This is a strange situation, perhaps, or is it? To unmistakably and with never a doubt to think of crushing one of the world's greatest military machines — the steel Nazi juggernaut — and at the same time to regard the incomprehensible tactics of economics as a foe to which we can only yield.

Here we are not concerned predicting the form of this struggle for stability in a war-shattered, peace-restored world. Nor do we make inquiry into the "after the deluge, another deluge" spirit of many Canadian people. We would only like to point out a suggested remedy.

In the last war, youths were conscripted wholesale from the colleges, and the country's potential leaders in peacetime were left without the training necessary to lead the battle for maintaining of this peace. Admirably suited for the war, but ill-fitted they were for the great fight in leadership of a post-war world.

This war, the government has granted exemption privileges to college students, and has allowed them to finish their college courses before entering the armed services, or some branch of vital industry. Contrast this with the policies of the United States and British governments. Canada's policy lies directly between them.

In Great Britain the student is allowed only one year of his Arts course, and then must enter the armed services, or may continue with a technical course; the Science student will be allowed to finish his course before entering the services of the war effort. In the United States, indications are the college students will be eligible for draft, regardless.

It is a harsh "regardless", as Raymond Gram Swing has pointed out in a recent broadcast. He paints a grim prospect (his vocalizing has been grim always) of a leaderless country in the peace. He urges the government to follow a more moderate policy of call-up.

Canada's problem, of war, is man-power. For three years there has not been too great a strain upon the resources of the government to wean the civilian into the services. But the supply of man-power is failing, and degenerating into D-I's and E-unthinkables.

There are signs in the wind indicating the call-up may be extended to cover what is considered an unnecessary element attending Universities—Arts, Commerce and Law students.

We do not send up a terrible wail for Humanities at this prospect, but for Humanity instead. As Artsmen, Commerce-men, or Lawyer-prospectives, students are willing and able to enter into the services demanded of them, and if it is thought their courses are useless and detrimental to the good of the country, then they will not continue them.

But the government should look to its horizons where it may see the Peace, let it be hoped in a not too distant future. It will be a Dove, too, but it should not be allowed to become a cuckoo.

There is danger though in deferment, in the face of a critical man-power situation, of the college students in the faculties a war-sighted public may consider unessential. The average Canadian has paid enough into the war effort in blood and money to want the fullest returns. After the war what availeth the power of qualified leadership if the public does not trust the same, and calls the leader one who has been "slacker".

It is a dangerous and interesting situation for the Arts, Law and Commerce students. Whether they should be allowed to continue their studies and enter the armed services qualified for leading the war and peace is a question the government alone will answer. How it should be answered is doubtless.

If it is answered with the continuance of the deferred status for the questioned-groups, there may be needed some public education. There should not be too much of this. The Canadian has shown himself marvellously patriotic and self-reliant. Our losses at Dieppe were enormous for our country, but we have not moaned about them.

The wages of enlightenment is victory—now and after.

"What does a best man do now?"  
 "Consoles himself with a Sweet Cap!"

**SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES**  
 "The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



## Life in the Country

A Short Story

With a loud squeak of the crank, it looks as if we might have a flood. The bucket of water swung up to the surface of the well. Ann let go the handle and made a frantic grab for the pail before it went sliding down to the bottom. "Got it, this time!" she exclaimed triumphantly, unhooking the pail and preparing to carry it into the house. "It's a grand day—we deserve it after the rain we had yesterday," she observed to the white cat that had followed her.

Her eyes swept the scene before her—the pale green of turnips and parsnips, and the brown of dried beans, the yellow of oat stubble blending with the dark green grass that rose steeply to meet the pale orange of the horizon in a tangle of brown and yellow birch bushes and dark evergreens. Behind her was a row of stately poplars, and an old square shingled white house with green shutters—a house situated in a garden by an orchard. A low ell kitchen with a sagging roof connected the back of the house with a white barn.

Ann reluctantly turned back to the house — inside she hurriedly stirred the bacon, and pushed the coffee pot to the back of the stove to keep it from boiling over. She went to the foot of the stairs and called: "Dick, are you ready? — Jean—Jean, are you up?" "Coming" and feet clattered down the narrow stairs. "Oh! is breakfast ready?" exclaimed Jean in well simulated surprise — "I was going to help you." "Don't make too much noise—mother's sleeping, she had a bad night." Ann looked at her brother and sister. Dick was swallowing his breakfast as rapidly as possible, for he had a two mile walk to Terford to catch the train for his work in town. Jean was supposed to help Ann with the house work, but she avoided it as much as possible. None of the Morrings had liked moving to this small inconvenient house in the country, but after Father died there hadn't been much money, and the doctor had said the country would be better for Mrs. Morrow. But Jean hated it most of all—and spent as much time as possible in town visiting friends.

"Ann, you know I hate bacon cooked too much," Jean grumbled. Then she went on brightly, "I think I'll go in town with Dick, and visit Amy. It's so dull in this hole—nothing ever happens. It's not even in the village." Ann sighed, and forbore to mention the work, vegetables to be picked, garden to be spaded, and that the distance from the village never kept Jean from town.

Ann grimly washed the dishes and cleared the house. She had planned to dig potatoes, but while she was picking apples for a pie, it began to rain. She went upstairs. From her bedroom window she saw the lumber mill with its scattered piles of slabs and boards, and its immense yellow sawdust pile, and huddled shacks with the thin brown ridge of the railroad track behind. "I wonder where Ron is now," she mused. "I certainly was a fool to send him away when I loved him and when he wanted to marry, just because I wouldn't live on a soldier's pay. It almost seems like fate that right after father died, and we had to come out here." The black water of the river was slowly rising up the line of red maples, and yellow birches and green spruce which stood on the further shore. The rain was pouring from a gray and leaden sky. "I might as well practice my shorthand." (Ann was taking a commercial course at home, but it was slow work.) "If it rains any more

"Did the potatoes burn, dear? My, it's raining hard! I do hope Dick and Jean will be all right. I wonder why all those cars are stopping up the road? Why, Mr. Baxter, come right in." "I just stopped by to tell you, Mrs. Morrow, that the river has come up the brook and flooded across the culvert beyond my place," said Mr. Baxter. "There's a big army truck there now pulling the milk trucks out—being lower they got wet on the way over. I can't get to the village, I had to wade across and carry my little boy on my back. Mr. Fraser had to drive his horse across the river, make it swim, and row behind it, his pasture across the river is flooded. Jones lost a whole lot of lumber. No, no one is drowned yet that I know of. Those Norwegians that's been cutting pit props all year—well they lost the whole lot of them down the river. I reckon your boy'll stay in town. The water's risen so that now it's almost level with the top of the railroad tracks. Trains won't be going by here for a while—afraid of washouts you know. Well, I guess I'd better be on my way. How are you feelin'?"

Mrs. Morrow spent the afternoon running from one window to another watching the excitement. The bus halted. Cars drove up and stopped. People viewed the calm black water stretching over the fields and lying five feet deep on the road, and relentlessly rising higher, and then regretfully returned the way they had come. A few ventured across considering their errand was worth the risk of a wet engine and upholstery, and the danger of slipping off the road. Many engines coughed and died, and one truck was kept busy hauling these out for the price of one dollar.

The next day Ann was dusting. The flood was beginning to subside. She smiled as she thought of Dick's astonishment when he had come home late last night. The kitchen was lit by lamps. The room was full of wet, bedraggled strangers,—several women, three children having cookies and milk, a white-faced man sitting with his feet in the oven while he sipped hot tea, and Ann bustling about arranging things to dry. Their car had stalled on the way across the water, and all its occupants soaked. The poor man—he had been injured in the sinking of the "Fraser"—I hope he doesn't get sick again—he looked so frail, and they were so grateful for a little help. This morning had been a hectic rush getting breakfast for a dozen or so people who had stayed in their cars all night — there wasn't a hotel in miles.

"But Dick's surprise wasn't anything compared to mine," she thought,—"bringing Ron with him when I thought he was in Ontario." They had walked from the Junction because the water was over the tracks just before Terford Station. Dick had just said, she remembered: "I met Ron in town, it's his last leave before going overseas, so I brought him along, too many soldiers and sailors in town for a man to have a good time." Then Dick had gone upstairs, and left Ron with Ann.

A loud commotion in the kitchen aroused Ann from her reverie. "Oh, there you are, Ann," said Jean. "I spent last night with Amy. The storm was terrible. I had to walk in from the Junction. I wish we didn't live here—nothing ever happens in the country." Ann smiled. This was as good a place as any to wait for Ron.

P. R. B.

## FARMERS' MILK

Is Stimulating . . . It Peps You Up!

"TASTE THE DIFFERENCE"

### MacLeod-Balcom LIMITED

DRUGGISTS

Headquarters for Students Requirements

HALIFAX - SHEET HARBOUR KENTVILLE, N. S.

### THE FLOWER SHOP

37 BLOWERS STREET HALIFAX Phone B-7133

Eat at . . .

### EVANGELINE TEA ROOM

56 1/2 SPRING GARDEN ROAD B-9571

### Writing Equipment

Good writing equipment makes for better notes in classes.

Birks have good assortments in the popular lines — Sheaffer, Parker Waterman and Wahl.

### Henry Birks & Sons Limited

Registered Jeweller

American Gem Society Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

### After any Show

or . . .

### Before any Meal

Think of . . .

### The Green Lantern

## Dalhousie University

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Maintains a High Standard of Scholarship. Includes all the principal Faculties of a University. Largest Staff, Libraries, Laboratories in Eastern Canada.

### Arts and Science Faculty

Degrees: B.A., B.Sc., B.Com., B.Mus., Ph.M. B.

Diplomas: Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education.

Four Year Advanced Courses in Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History.

Graduate Courses of recognized standing, leading to degrees of M.A., M.Sc.

Courses—preparatory to Professional Faculties.

Course in Public Administration.

Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through the courses.

### The Professional Faculties

in

Law, Medicine, Dentistry, enjoy an unexcelled reputation.

Inclusive Fees: in the B.A. course, average about \$160 a year. in the B.Sc. course, about \$190 a year.

### Residence

Shirreff Hall, residence for women.

Carefully supervised residential faculties for men.



# « THE FEATURE PAGE »

## QUOTE and UNQUOTE

This column is a new edition to the "Gazette". Just to save the reader time, we'd like to share his opinion.

Even though Christmas is five weeks off, this seems to be a very profitable season for Halifax jewellers. Harry of Pine Hill parted with a sparkling bracelet at Shirreff Hall last Saturday, and now we notice that Aneeta Goodman is sporting an Army ring.

We are vastly relieved to hear that John Ballem has finally made up his mind. Happy New Year, John!

The Dalhousie Stags will lose ground during the next few weeks, since the Navy will be available during the long winter evenings devoted by others to study for the Exams. The boys in blue can pass with Shirreffites any time.

"Platterbug" seems very insistent on "My Devotion" as heading the Studley Hit Parade. Could it be his theme song?

The Shirreff Hall girls can always be sure of meeting their friends either at the Yacht Squadron or before the House Committee. Nothing, we just said. "Ummn!"

\* \* \* \*

The following mournful note has come to our attention and we print it herewith:

"Dear Dotty (our nom de guerre):

"Please help me solve the problem which, along with English II, keeps me awake at night. My best friend is away at an out-of-town college, and I am very lonesome without her. Should I give the girls at Studley Campus a treat? Should I save myself for the long week-ends? Which would be fairest to all concerned?"

MAC."

Answer: There are probably a lot of you Dalhousians in the same difficulty, and you have our sympathy. Well, Mac, there are two courses open to you: In the first place you would probably give Studley Campus an even greater treat if you must sacrifice yourself for the good of others, or you could play the field. We urgently advise you to do the former, as there are too many fast workers in the field now.

So what???

DOTTY.

### Intimate Glimpses of College Life -- No. 7



This horrific scene is not as shocking as would appear. One of our cavemen sophomores around the campus (name on request, girls,) is shown trying to whisper something sweet in his friend's ear, but unfortunately blocked her nasal passages doing it. However, Eskimo-like, he considered it a just reward for kindnesses rendered her.

### DELIRIUM

A horrible stench arises from a cave no longer called "In Haec Femina non Incurrat". Within is Sleur Patten, known as "Le Gros Cheval" from the part he played in the recent crusade to Acadia, and with him is another knight called Horace Hall. They are fumigating their cave by burning their beards. They fan the flames with their fiendish laughter, and cackling with diabolical glee, they roll back the boulder from the mouth of the cave, and rush without. Shortly they return, and with them are Kissy Maximus and Phil Cram, the twain from Shirreff Hall. The bachelors of Dalhousie moan and sorrowfully depart for the underworld, for their life is at an end on earth.

The balmy gales which blow from OX bear all manner of treason, ill-will, and skullduggery. Gough is shamed by Pottle, and returns his heart to a flame of former days. A rumpus sounds without, and Charlie Gordon appears in the doorway. As he calls for his breakfast, he adjusts his rumpled dinner jacket. The sunrise glimmers over his left shoulder. A sound of revelry by night; Jim Milligan dances and dances, and always with the same fair damsel. All good fellows call for Robie, but Robie does not appear.

And then, worst dream of all, Murray and Mack, the silent men who move about in secrecy and blackest night, unseen and unheard, sit before a desk. A light burns above them, and books are in their hands. An explosion shakes them, but they do not look up. Not far

### Dalhousie in The News

Thanks to Prof. D. C. Harvey, we are able to print this clipping as a voice from the dead, dead past. The "Novascotian" of November 9, 1842 has the following item about Rev. James MacIntosh, at that time Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Dalhousie College:

"New Invention — The editor of the "Herald" mentions having seen a new air pump, the invention of Rev. James MacIntosh, Professor in Dalhousie College. It has only one cylinder and is much more simple in construction than the air pumps now in use."

On December 8th Professor MacIntosh announced a course of three lectures on the mechanical properties of air, to be illustrated by experiment with the new and powerful air pump constructed in the city. The first lecture was to be delivered on Friday evening, December 9th in Dalhousie College.

A month after this was written, the Professor of Latin was dismissed, and the Rev. MacIntosh took his place, assuming this chair in addition to his other duties.

Those who are interested in the early history of this University should read more of this fascinating story of its development in "An Introduction to the History of Dalhousie University" written by Prof. Harvey for the Centennial ceremonies in 1938.

away, the two philosophers Miller and Morse disappear within an enormous stack of anatomy notes. And so must we all, for that ugly time of year is now upon us when much work is to be done.

## Return of Rufus Rayne From Rangoon or Dug From Moth Balls

As the fumes of milk gently wafted away on the breeze, Major Hokum's inflexible legions, their gory locks tied up with white bandanas advanced slowly over the flats. "Here's where we strike it rich. Cadet Toothpasta, detach your attachments, and dig in, yes, dig in, dig in, diggin' "we are". "Here comes that dud, McCleak", cried no one, and no one listened, but the air was filled with screams, and gurgles, and ah yes—pornographicisms.

"Halt—malt, oh goody, make mine a chocolate malted — what am I saying?—Who goes there?"

Advances Gorgeshumit proudly exhibiting a fistful of teeth, one limb under his arm, and countless accessories — after the fact. O.K. — Archie balled up the works.—O.K., O.K., O.K. Whoa K.

Slowly the apparition advanced—who goes there? Men broke, the spirit was strong, but the flesh weak — slowly — inexorably; How Queer scratches his hatch, and falls by the wayside, followed by Chewa Bulb, who gently wafts away on the breeze, chewing his nails vigorously. Who goes there—oh Kornyking.

All to no avail, the thing advanced still. "Be strong men, wrong men, it ain't alive. It's just like Kenloe-Howho-Bobo — goody, loan me your bobo-bat", cries John quickly, yelling and screaming in fiendish glee as he waves a ponging bat over his vanquished foe, and the blood flew, and the hair flowed and the bones crushed. A great silence, and a voice cries out — or in—which was it—who cares.

Yawn.

Rufus Rayne formerly of Rangoon, now of Timbuctoo, your Rufus, Rufi, Rufe, Rufum. "Ah, yes, meet my colleague—Ray Etwood, did it kill him? curses foiled again".

The cymbals crashed, the drums rolled, lightning flashed, and a great green mist clouded everybody and the thing appeared. "Ah", he said, "I have you all together, now you are done, done, done, pun, pun, fun, fun-gong".

\* \* \* \*

What horrible fate awaits Hokum and his chums, Rayne and his chumps. Will Don Menshun arrive with reinforcements in time?

Be sure to read the next thrilling installment entitled, "The Showdown, or Rayne Rang, but the bells didn't."

## Through The Keyhole...

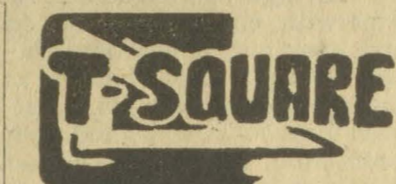
Pete MacCullough is still the Hall's most reliable adherent. He continues to baffle the males and females alike with his fantastic color combinations in dress.

Bobbie White seems to have lost the adhesive which attracted the Newfoundland engineer. Maybe it will give some of the anxious ones a chance.

Bagnall has the undivided attention of Miss MacPherson down at the Hall. In spite of numerous attacks by Hagen and others of the old school, he continues to get there first. His system seems to be involved with an elaborate pre-date method. He gets her tied up a week ahead and no girl likes to promise beyond that? . . .

"Pete" Paysant, who many will remember was the daring sweater girl in the Freshman Show, will be found very often in the gym-store. Watch him and see how his face lights up when a certain one comes in.

The "Juke Box" in the store is not working yet. In spite of the



Just one victory after another for the football team. The Engineers are now champions of the interfaculty league for the first time in several years, beating the Meds. A large crowd of enthusiastic "bridge builders" had much to do with this historical and great victory.

"Alki" Hall and Bill Harris seem to be having lasting benefits from the memorial Freshman Show. A certain Ukrainian lass made herself known and these two, up and coming engineers, lost no time. Take heed, though, Alki, and let her get to class on time.

John G. "Sparky" MacLean, we know, has a part-time job doing war work, but, during class hours, especially in Geology I, he seems to find some things more interesting than Amphiboles and Quartzites.

For many years, the Engineering Society has been in the habit of taking an educational trip of some nature (?) to such places as the aircraft plant in Amherst, the steel works in Trenton, etc. Plant superintendents invariably went far out of their way in order to help the Dal boys.

This practice was highly recommended and it was too bad that financial conditions did not allow more variation in the amount of insight the student engineer was afforded into industry and professional engineering practice.

The war has brought to Dalhousie realization of the serious material shortages which exist in our country. The engineers feel that more and more the public is becoming aware of the universities and their part in the war program. Time and time again, the government has made statements mentioning shortage of engineering services.

We at Dalhousie must forget our trips. However, we must have some form of collective sharing in the many lessons which are not obtained in the class-room. This column is ready to give any suggestions a space. What say, gang? Let's cook up something new and interesting, remembering the war and its limitations.



"You'll experience That Extra Something!"

"Coca-Cola is the answer to thirst that adds refreshment. Your own experience tells you just what to expect. Ice-cold Coke has the happy knack of making thirst a minor matter...refreshment your foremost feeling."



And your own experience will prove this fact: The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola itself."

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED HALIFAX

DALHOUSIANS . . . for your TOILET ARTICLES, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, CHOCOLATES, KODAKS, CIGARS KINLEY'S THE REXALL STORES 490 BARRINGTON STREET LORD NELSON HOTEL

THE NATIONAL FISH CO. LIMITED FRESH FISH SPECIALISTS HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

Fader's Drug Stores 135 HOLLIS STREET 29 COBURG ROAD HALIFAX Nova Scotia

GARRICK Saturday - Monday - Tuesday "TALES OF MANHATTAN" Wednesday - Thursday - Friday "HENRY ALDRICH - EDITOR" "MRS WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"

ORPHEUS Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday "The Flying Tigers" Thursday, Friday, Saturday "BELLS OF CAPISTRANO" with GENE AUTREY

OXFORD Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday "PANAMA HATTIE" Thursday - Friday - Saturday "HOLIDAY INN" with BING CROSBY

CAPITOL Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday LUCILLE BALL and VICTOR MATURE "Seven Day Leave" Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday Mickey ROONEY - in - "A Yank at Eton"

CASINO STARTING SATURDAY NOVEMBER 1 "I Married A Witch" with VERONICA LAKE FREDERIC MARCH ROBERT BENCHLEY



# DAL TIGERS LOSE FINAL TILT OF SEASON

## Acadia Sings A Song Of Woe; Navy Wins, and All Hopes Go

Dalhousie Tigers finished their football season a few points under par when Royal Canadian Navy took them into camp 10-3, last Saturday at the Navy League Recreation Center (alias or deceased Wanderers Grounds). The loss was the collegians third, compared with two wins and one draw, but they went out fighting. Behind 10-0 at the half, they surged back to more than hold Navy garnering three points. After the Tiger defeat the Axemen of Acadia, despite the loss of a chance to tie the league leadership, went out and played a hard, losing game against ATC.

Tigers main effectiveness was lost without Ralston or Webber. Fielding a makeshift team, they showed little opportunity of winning, but in the second half tore back at their rivals and held more than their own. Significant: next year, with maturing junior men such as held key Tiger positions this year, it should again be a Dalhousie year.

Scoring for Navy in the first half were Spike Larabie, with the first field goal of the season, drop-kicked from the Dal 30 yard line, Cole with a try, and Roberts with another try, neither of which were converted. Gilbride missed these, together with several penalty kicks, and his starry footing was absent.

### Tigers Score.

Dalhousie fought back to open and personalize the second half, and Ian MacGregor was awarded a pen-

alty kick, booting it cleanly for the Tigers lone tally. The rest of the period was scoreless. Big factor in Navy's victory: the Dalhousie scrum failed to live up to pre-game predictions. When the ball went to the backfield, they didn't drive ahead fast enough for the fair gains. However, dribbling was a Dal strong point, and most of the Tigers' forays into Navy territory were made this way.

Lineups: Navy — Gilbride, Larabie, Roberts, Arnott, Cole, Robertson, Vickers, McInnis, Mombourquette, Nelepka, Graven, Scallion, McPhee, Rutherford and Feeny.

Tigers — McLellan, Giberson, Knickle, Rogers, Howard, Hart, Giovanetti, Currie, MacGregor, McIvor Hanna, Menchions, Scouler, Hunt and Hagen.

Referee: Fletcher Smith.

## Pine Hill Billies Hold First Dance; Sophomore Capers, Others Prance

During the age-old superstition of Friday 13th, Pine Hillions (often pronounced with an "e") held their first dance of the year on that macabre date last week. 83 couples disregarded the unfavorable omens, evidently trusting, with Milton, that "Virtue may be assailed but never hurt," to fill the floor and cut the carpets to the musical assaults of Don Lowe's swingsters.

Decorations were under the supervision of Gen'l Art Heartz, and the "13" motif was strikingly and shudderingly emphasized amid the black and orange adorning the walls. Master of Ceremonies was John "Lauchie" MacLellan, prominent member of the Dance Committee.

Highlighting the evening was the special 13 dance, which might have astonished even Arthur Murray (who evidently taught some of the participants dancing in a hurry, advt). Further details may be obtained from almost any of the dancers, who are generally up and about again, to the great relief of their many friends.

Following refreshments, hordes of ex-Mt. A'ers present added to the general seriousness of the atmosphere with their traditional cac-

phony of enthusiasm, and even a few inhibited ex-Acadians raised their apologetic tenors to laud their Alter Mater.

Note: All dances have an aftermath which, to each one, rests solely on himself—and her! For the way one sophomore handled the delicate (?) problems, see illustration on page 3.—Ed.)

### GOOD BAND—

Continued from page 1 support by the jive cats, and hep chicks of Studley and Forrest, the Dal Band can't find any occasion to display their musical wares. In his weekly (weakly) quotable quote, Manager Hank Johnson sighed "maybe we'll be reduced to playing at Delta Gamma meetings!" Truly a fate worse than debt.

### SENIORS MEET—

Continued from page 1 made to check on the list. Co-eds benefit most from the schedule, have a chance to perm\* intelligent heads to match intelligent faces.

(\* "To perm" is our reporter's original and Time-ish idea of a verb meaning "to get a new hair-do"—Ed.)

## SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

All right, go ahead and say it. You're glad that football is done with, chucked, washed out, through. Every day, week in and week out, it has been the same old thing—football, football, football. Aren't there any other things to talk about? Can't you open your mind and let a little fresh air in? Did you ever hear of tennis, and ping-pong, and ground hockey, and badminton, and basketball, and . . . so on ad nauseam? Don't you know that football, like fish, stinks in three days?

That, my friend, is the way to talk. More spirit like that and we'd show 'em. Go on, fire away with both barrels; you can say what you want just as well as the next fellow. Football bores you, so why not say so?

I have no objection to make if you don't like football and want to say so. What I do lament is the fact that you don't like anything. Today it is football, tomorrow it is basketball, the next day it is something else. You are the type whose college spirit is twice as great as your dubious talent for fair play. And twice nothing is still nothing.

Well, like it or not, football is a "fait accompli" so far as 1942 is concerned. But it wasn't "accomplished" with outstanding achievement or creditable distinction. About the only thing over which we can wring our collective hands and pat our collective backs is a fine administration of justice to a certain Wolfville establishment.

Distinguished Acadia fan register vehement protest concerning dishonorable tone last week's column. Regret unnecessary allusion to eminent Axemen suggestive of overelation and considerable puffing-up among worthy sons of village of the Wolf. So sorry to find reference to questionable practise of planning mammoth dance open to Acadia freshman only. Regard Acadia as Valhalla and desire to make same known to not-too-profound editor of unworthy sports column . . .

Distinguished fan can take very big jump in very deep lake. Desire to acquaint same with self-evident fact long since neglected. Will also guarantee safe passage on part of all belligerents if dishonorable gentleman express conscious desire to change his place of abode. Also desire to associate myself with laudable move to give back Acadia to Indians provided distinguished Redskin can be persuaded to accept.

As the winter sports season looms up it might not be out of place to reintroduce the topic of basketball, which should and can be conducted with more complete coverage this year than ever before. With enrollment up and Studley registrations increased over last year there is ample material at hand from which to fashion a number of real good interclass and interfaculty teams. Basketball deserves more interest on the campus both as a pastime and as an exercise. The average student loses little if anything from one hour a week of healthful enjoyment, and, as a matter of fact, usually gains considerable. The same, of course, applies to badminton or any other indoor sport designed to supplant the outdoor sports program.

### SECURITY ADDRESS

Continued from page 1

If you hear a rumor, demand to can't find out, tell the rumor-monger you will report him.

Track down every rumor you hear. Send the information you collect to the District Intelligence Officer at Military Headquarters on Spring Garden Road, or to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Refuse to be discouraged in this policy. See it through to the end of the war, even if by that time you are out of university or college and far from Halifax.

### Nazi Bonfires?

This is no sacrifice to make. It is your undeniable duty as citizens of a free country. There is always something more to be done, something undone to be repaired. Privileges we cherish have their companion responsibilities which we cannot ignore, nor forget.

Your motto at Dalhousie is "Ora et labora". Work and pray. Let it be—until Victory—Work, fight and pray. Fight with your hearts and minds, your pens and tongues. Dalhousians—fight for freedom, for Dalhousie, in every little action of your daily lives. Because Dalhousie may not be here if we lose this war. The books in Macdonald Library may be a Nazi bonfire if we go down to defeat.

You men of St. Mary's and Tech, do your part for St. Mary's and for Tech in the same spirit.

If you were to ask: "What can I do to help the war effort that will be of greater help than anything

You know, and I know, that a certain ship is in port. Each of us knows the other knows. Therefore, we may say, why shouldn't we talk about that certain ship? It is very easy, you see, to fall into this manner of thinking. Slipshod thinking, too.

When we talk about a certain ship, we very quickly find ourselves talking about the men on that ship, about the cargo she carries, about the convoy of which she is part.

And then, of course we are all friends. So we talk to our friends about the ship. And before you can say "Heil Hitler," vital information has been scattered to the four winds.

This habit afflicts too many of us. The situation in this area today is that everybody feels free to talk about everything; therefore it is virtually impossible to pick out the fellow who really is fishing for information, the Johnny who really is in Hitler's pay.

If, now, we can break this habit that has caught everybody in its dreadful grip—if we all keep quiet—the first man to speak out of turn will stand out, a marked man, an enemy of the state. And we shall pounce upon him with glee!

### The Birth of a Rumor.

Here in Halifax a rumor may be heard on Monday. Somebody going out on the morning train has spread it all over Montreal by Tuesday evening. By Wednesday it reaches Toronto and the border cities. By Friday that rumor is being circulated in Vancouver, perhaps so distorted that it is a new rumor, but still that same vicious rumor which began in Halifax a few days before. The one rumor may have given birth to dozens of other rumors in the course of its travels.

Ships come into Halifax, and before they clear port their presence has been rumored all over the continent. Troopships sail from east coast ports, and before they can reach the other side, the enemy knows that those ships are so many days out from this side, so many days from England.

All humanity is in one boat. The German, the Jap, the Italian are rocking the boat. We have not time to debate their reasons. We know only too well that they want to spill the rest of us into the ocean, and they will run any risks to do it.

We must stop them. We must tie them down so that they will not break loose again. For we cannot lose this struggle. Men are bleeding and dying tonight in Africa, Russia and the Solomons in order that we may continue to lead a pleasant life, in order that we can go safely home tonight to sleep in our own comfortable beds. Men are bleeding and dying tonight so that we can continue to breathe good, clean, free air, without a Hitler in sight. Men are bleeding and dying tonight so that we can open our mouths without being afraid of saying the wrong thing.

Let us deserve these men who fight for us. Let us deserve the victory we are all working for. Let us deserve the priceless heritage our forefathers struggled to create and to pass on to us. Let us, pray God, win the war and the peace, and let us win with our heads held high, conscious that we did our duty as free men, conscious that we labored to carry a light through the darkness of these troubled days.

## Jerry Naugler's Orchestra

38 SHORE ROAD  
Call H-6032

### ROSEDALE NURSERIES

Y. M. C. A. Building - B-7530  
381 Baarrington Street  
31 Spring Garden Road - B-6440  
We Specialize in CORSAGES  
and All Kinds of Design Work



## "Need Life Insurance—WHO - ME?"

The younger you are when you take out your first life insurance policy, the lower your premium will be.

So, you should start thinking about your life insurance when you get your first salary cheque.

Will you need insurance? Yes—unless you intend to live like a hermit without human contacts and responsibilities. One day you may have a home of your own to keep, a family to provide for. One day you may need security for a business loan; and, some distant day, you will certainly need money for your own retirement.

There are Mutual Life policies that can do all these things. When the time comes for you to buy life insurance, see a Mutual Life representative. He will help you to plan the right kind and amount of insurance protection to suit your special needs.

DO NOT OVERLOOK YOUR OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE VICTORY BONDS AND WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



ESTABLISHED 1869

"Owned by the Policyholders"

## "SURE I'M HAPPY!"



"Picobac tastes so good—is such a mild, cool, sweet smoke—it helps a man to concentrate while he's working and to relax when he's through. Be happy with Picobac".

# Picobac

GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

## Quality Shoes For Fall . . .

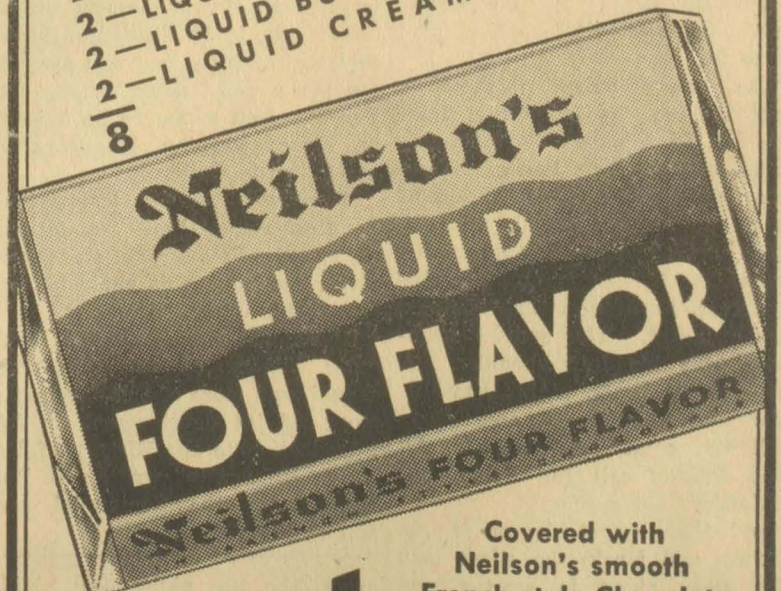
Now is the time to Buy

Boots and Shoes for Men and Women.

Wallace Bros. Limited

415 BARRINGTON ST. Halifax, N. S.

8 delicious cubes of nourishment  
2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM CHOCOLATE  
2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM BORDEAUX  
2—LIQUID BUTTERCREAM VANILLA  
2—LIQUID CREAMY CARAMEL



Covered with Neilson's smooth French-style Chocolate

# Neilson's