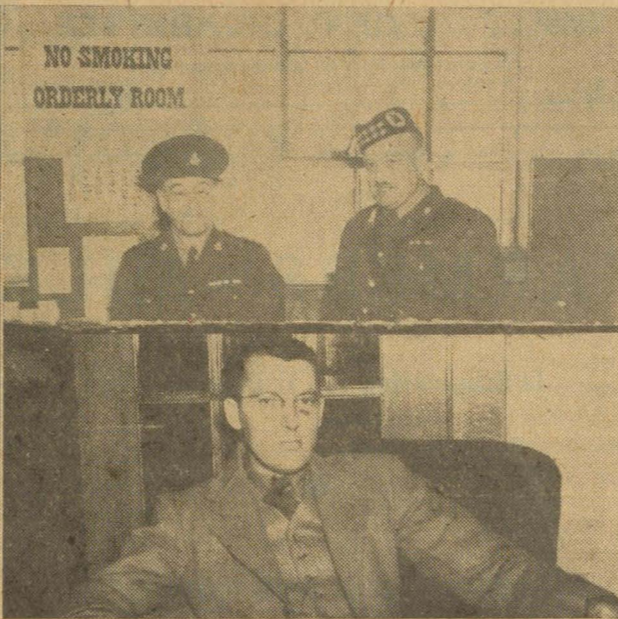


# Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



VOL. LXXV HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 4, 1942 No. 10



## Dalhousie Campus Special O. T. C. Issue

### — SIGNAL HONOR GIVEN MAJOR HOGAN — Confers Wings On Own Brother, Graduate In Air Force Ceremonies Today

In graduation ceremonies at Moncton today, Major R. V. Hogan, Chief Instructor of the O.T.C., pinned the wings on the tunic of his own brother, Joe Douglas Hogan. The youthful airman, erstwhile student under the Air Training Scheme the Commonwealth has set up, and tonight a full-fledged airman, is the youngest member of the family.

The ceremony was an unusual change from ordinary custom, the Airforce usually having the monopoly on the issuing of wings. Elsewhere the O.T.C. front is quieter, as plans for the final parade Sunday will be carried out. It was finally decided to hold the parades missed during the year in

March when the regular training schedule has been completed. Campus rumor will now be quieted on this subject. The Chief Instructor also announced it is expected that the semi-annual inspection of the Q.M. stores will be carried out by members of the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps.

### — EUROPEAN STUDENTS HERE — Prefer Internment Here To Nazis' "Free Life"

"It is better to be interned in Canada than be free there," said Arthur Steuermann, Jewish refugee from Austria, who with Eric Kruh and Harry Zappler, all three from Vienna, are taking up studies at Dalhousie University. They were recently released from internment camp in Canada and allowed to enter Canadian Universities. Kruh and Zappler were both refused admittance to the University of Toronto, the Board of Governors vetoing the proposal after the Student Body had given assent. Steuermann was unable to enter McGill University.

The three left Austria after the Nazi occupation in the first step of the Iron heel outwards from Berlin. The same German heel is back-stepping even more smartly now than before, and some day these students will return to their native land.

At Dalhousie Kruh is taking Arts and hopes to become a teacher; Zappler and Steuermann are pre-Dentals. Admitted late in the year to Dalhousie, they are studying hard to get up their exams. All three are staying at Pine Hill Residence.

The Gazette hopes to be able to run a series of articles by these students on the contrast of European and Canadian student life. Already several articles of topical interest have been promised.

### — TIGERS TO HAVE WINGS? — Air Training Corps To Be Formed in New Year

**Last Call For Love!**  
From the Acadia Athenaeum  
By Bill Chipman

"The classic example of Dal sportmanship was their last game against Navy when they calmly 'threw' the game to the Tars without a fight. Perhaps the Dalhousians don't remember last year when a game Acadia squad travelled to the Capital city to beat Navy and allow the Tigers to cop the City League crown without a play-off game with the Tars. This is the Acadia brand of sportsmanship. While Burnie Ralston (formerly coached by Coach Kelly) is also a good coach, he has the advantage of being at a graduate school that acts as a catch-all for Acadia post-grad rugby stars. If forced to conform with intercollegiate standards the Tigers would have tough sledding against Gasperau Grammar School."

An Air Training Corps will be shortly established at Dalhousie, it was unofficially stated by Flight Lieut. Mosely, addressing male students in the O.T.C., at a special meeting in the Dalhousie Gymnasium last Sunday, granted by the University military authorities at the request of President Stanley to the Air Force. An estimate of students enrolling for the new corps is placed at half the O.T.C. ranks. Military authorities are touchy on the subject, but make no official protest; however, the building up their corps during the past three months is now threatened disaster by the new baby.

The Airforce are still looking for a place to house Headquarters, the staff of which would consist of one regular officer and two N.C.O.'s. Among the places mentioned has been the Gazette office.

Dalhousie's corps, one of the last to get into operation, will probably commence after Christmas. Applications will be personally attested, and their placement is guaranteed to the best interests of the war effort.

### DIPO Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

Exams being so near, it was thought best not to take up the students' time with questions this week. Instead we will take this opportunity to state what seems to us the aims and purposes of this column.

Primarily DIPO is meant to give students an opportunity to learn what their fellow-students are thinking on Campus and on world conditions as well. From a statistical point of view these tabulated results are not very accurate, but practically they represent the current trend of student opinion. They do represent what is considered an enlightened portion of society, and they have had a remarkable record of accuracy.

Statistical percentages are not very interesting, and for that reason we include some of the amusing, if not otherwise noteworthy, comments of students. Often, too, we ask lighter questions—they used to be called "the week's nonentity"—which frequently yield amazing results, and which give the campus wits a chance to get their humour into print.

This week's survey reveals that students and staff are unanimous on two points. For a 100% of all students wish one another THE BEST OF LUCK ON THE EXAMS, A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PLEASANT HOLIDAY.

### One Moment Please

The Halifax Post Office offers employment to university students during the period of the Christmas Vacation, beginning about December 17 and continuing for a week or ten days. Application should be made as soon as possible to the Superintendent of Mails, Room 301, Dominion Public Building, Halifax.



The Gazette regrets that, due to lighting facilities in the gymnasium, there cannot be a larger share of cadet pictures in the above six-column display. Included in the cut at left is a section of "B" Company on drill Tuesday night; Lieut.-Col. C. B. Smith, O. C. of the Contingent, and Major R. V. Hogan, Chief Instructor, centre, with Captain A. R. Jewitt, in the bottom panel; and at the right, the three popular Sergeants, Instructors-Sergeant Marshall, and Q.M.S. Lockhart; and, seated, Sergeant MacAskill Harlow. In the cut at lower left are shown girls of Shirreff Hall who do their part for the war effort, knitting and socially entertaining the forces of the O. T. C.

### CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Thought of the week: Comes Christmas, and just remember, it isn't the liquor you drink at night that hurts—it's the moaning after.

The census taker was inquiring of the mountaineer how many children he had.

"Four," was the answer, "and by gosh, that's all I'm going to have." "Why?" asked the census taker. "I've just read in this here almanac that every fifth child born in the world is a Chinaman."

—The Brunswickan.

And there was the Scotchman who always bought one spur because he figured if one side of the horse ran, the other side would go too.

Art Teacher: Who was Michelangelo?

Student: The greatest chiseler of all time.

—The Ubysey.

C.O.T.C.ers Conscripted  
A C.U.P. article in the Varsity acts as a warning to slackers. Twenty-five students have been defaulted officially from the ranks of the C.O.T.C., and have been request-

ed to report for active service. This decision was reached by the National Selective Service Board of the University of Saskatchewan, because these students had failed to fulfil their military obligations, by not attending spring camp without being given leave of absence.

There was a young frosh, I remember.  
Who came down to Dal in September;  
He ran around like h—  
And all seemed to go well,  
But they plucked the poor nut in December.

Did you hear the one about the Art student? He was so cheap he gave his girl a watch case one Christmas and the next Christmas he gave her the works.

Mary had a little swing,  
It wasn't hard to find,  
For everywhere that Mary went  
The swing was just behind.

Freshmen: "Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."  
Freshette: "Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night."

Editor Merry wishes to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

# Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

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

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## WHITER CHRISTMAS

Christmas is actually three weeks away, but although this is one of the earliest tenth issues of the Gazette to ever be printed, we do not indeed to let the festive season slip by without this newspaper wishing all of Dalhousie University a very Merry Christmas and the compliments of the season.

For a while the prospects of a glad holiday were threatened, as events last month loomed black, ugly, terrifying. The Libyan rout of Rommel had not been started, the Russians were still besieged hard at Stalingrad, and the British had not driven into Tunisia, assisted by their American allies, who were to gain a diplomatic conquest of French colonies.

It is a changing view now, with Allied arms successful and more than equal to their foes on all fronts. As I write this, the news of the scuttling of the French fleet flashes in excitedly on newspaper teletypes. The Russians and Winter are taking an extraordinary toll of Russia's foes, the Rumanian, Italian, Balkan and German troops.

But no battle is more closely won than the struggle to maintain faith, which has democratically survived some of the most terrible years of disaster any people have ever faced. One time we faced steel with only our courage, and what Churchill could say of the R. A. F., we would say of England, never was so much owed so many by so few.

There is still a war to be won, and after that a peace. Of the war, most people can see the prospects of victory, but only after more terrible sacrifice and toll.

The problems of peace are different. The starving nations of Europe and the rehabilitation of their countries will be the immediate concern and responsibility of victorious democracy, but the longer view question concerns the order of international government or lack of it which must be the most serious problem to be faced.

This special issue of the Gazette has been purposely chosen to coincide with the Christmas issue. We feel there is something significant in the fact that Allied faith has been rewarded with no greater success of arms than that now; while the existing personnel of the O.T.C. are playing little part in the present victories, they will in the ultimate victory.

Faith is the unknown substance of life. With it, mountains can be moved, and without it, we are as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, the Bible would say.

We have been perhaps blind too long to the force villifying the dignity of free mankind; as yet many are unawake to the extremely critical danger to our civilization we face should we lose. Our faith to victory may have been blind to the reality of a tense and vital situation, but we are nonetheless gaining the fruits of victory. A happy-go-lucky spirit in John Canuck, perhaps; but nevertheless the fact remains our faith can be rewarded with a really deserved Christmas this year.

## THE TIGER HAS WINGS

The air-minded government has finally reached this University, and there are able prospects a University Air Training Corps will function here. The campus has greeted with mingled emotions the new arrival, or prospective arrival. To some it is a disappointing addition, for it will mean the carefully organized and trained Officers' Training Corps will lose a large part of its membership. To the younger students it offers a chance of direct entrance into the Airforce which would otherwise have to be postponed until the college life was over.

In this war-Christmas issue of the Gazette, we greet the new arrival. War in its definite air mindedness was only to take time before training along airforce lines began here. After Christmas the campus will be personalized by two uniforms, besides the traditional co-ed dress. There are definite advantages too, after the initial pangs of birth (chiefly to the O.T.C.) have gone, leaving it is hoped only faint scars.

In the first place, there will be engendered competition which itself is good for any organization. Whereas before college sport depended on the O.T.C., it will now have to depend on the Airforce as well. Ceremonials connected to college life will have to be conducted jointly. Perhaps competition, to return to sport, will revive much of the interest of the lesser athletes around the campus, so that major sports become the game of more students.

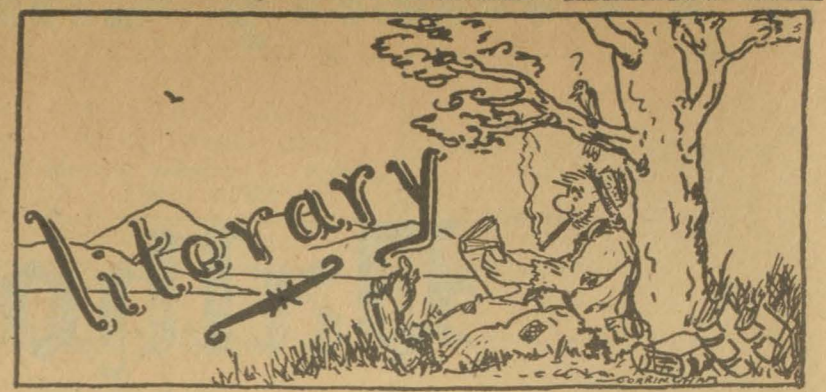
For the tiger that remains grounded, we do not think next year the difficulties this year's corps will experience after Christmas, will happen again. But to both, in this special issue of the Gazette, we remind that air corps and O.T.C. will need plenty of enthusiasm: to build and rebuild respectively, and co-operation.



"Now where did I put those Sweet Caps?"

## SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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## On A Cold Winter's Night

A SHORT STORY

Mike paused a moment and reached into his pocket for a handful of coins to keep the Salvation Army pot "boiling". Around him surged the torrent of Christmas shoppers. Barrington Street—hurrying men, leisurely women, lagging families, soldiers, sailors, airmen of all ranks and nations—all laden with parcels and intent on their gifts or the joys of rest and fireside, and casually ignoring their fellow shoppers.

Snowflakes whistled and danced on the wind, and stung his face and settled against his khaki uniform in cool perfection for a moment before disappearing forever. Halifax on the day before Christmas! Halifax where every facility was overtaxed—houses, theatres, street-cars, restaurants, stores, and where servicemen were a dime a dozen.

Mike pushed his way again into the flowing tide of humanity, and stared desolately into the lighted windows. The wet snow squelched under his heavy boots on the pavement. In town not even the snow was snow—at home now the snow was white and beautiful and unfamiliar.

A wave of homesickness assailed him. He went into Eaton's and began the dreary round of counters again. Tonight was Christmas Eve. At home on the farm the boys would be coming back from the woods with the Christmas tree; Mum would be stuffing the goose; and the kids would be making candy. And here he was on his first Christmas away from home—in Halifax with only a thirty-six hour leave — not long enough to go home!

His friend, Bill, from the West, had given his name to someone to invite him out for Christmas, and had tried to persuade Mike to do the same. But who would want a soldier for Christmas, especially a shy one like him who had never been anywhere yet—till the war started.

Bill was a farmer too, but he was confident and could always think of something to say. He thought of a farm as a rolling prairie, and plowing as a square mile a day with a tractor, and yellow wheat waving against the dawn, and the price of wheat per bushel. Bill was a mechanic as much as a farmer. He thought Maritime farming was small and old-fashioned.

Mike had finished his Christmas shopping for his family a couple of weeks ago—but now he still had money to burn and everyone was buying. Suppose he was going somewhere for Christmas, what would he buy?

"Hey, Mike! Mike! Lookit, I've been hunting for you everywhere." Bill who was even taller and broader than Mike, but he was blue-eyed and fair haired instead of dark, grabbed him by the shoulder. "I put your name down with mine at the hostel, and we're going to the country for Christmas! C'mon man. We've got a bus to catch! Bring those parcels along, whatever they are."

By midnight Mike was bewildered with joy. He and Bill had clambered out of the bus at the village of Terford. It had stopped snowing and the full moon shone down on the white drifts and dark buildings and clusters of trees. A middle-aged man had introduced himself. "My name's Sheffield. You're looking for me, I guess. This is my daughter Marie, her friend Helen, and my son Jack. I own the store across the square there. Do you want to go dancing at the Hall or go home and help trim the tree?" "Home", both had uttered fervently.

Mrs. Sheffield—a short fat, motherly woman had made the two soldiers feel at home instantly. "My oldest boy's in the Navy", she had explained, "so I know how it is to be away from home for Christmas. We just decided to have a couple of soldiers home to give them a good time." After Mike, Bill, and Jack had brought in the green fir tree from the verandah, and firmly secured it in its stand in a Corner of the dining room while the girls unpacked ornaments and lights they were already for sandwiches and pie and cocoa that Mrs. Sheffield had prepared. Then everyone turned to the task of trimming the tree—talking merrily. Mike became helplessly entangled in the strings of lights till Bill rescued him. It seemed like no time at all before Mr. Sheffield was standing in the door admiring the tree and throwing tinsel on the branches. "Time for some carols, Mother", someone suggested, and then they gathered around the piano to sing "The First Noel", "Silent Night", "Good King Wencelas", and "Adeste Fideles."

The morning dawned clear and cold with magic patterns of frost on the window panes. The snow lay white and sparkling over roads, houses, fields and forest making delicate fairy lacework on trees and hedges. Breakfast was early and generous—oranges, cereal, eggs, toast and mince pie. Then everyone gathered around the tree to open the gifts. All the family had presents for the soldiers—pipe, tobacco, socks, knife, tie, handkerchiefs, etc. The Sheffield's greatly appreciated Mike's gifts, and especially Bill's explanation of how he happened to have them. Mr. Sheffield listened to the overseas broadcast—"I sort of feel that it's part of Christmas to listen to the Empire program". Dinner at noon was magnificent—so good that Bill and Mike protested when they were ordered to get ready to go skating. Mike couldn't skate, but he was kept busy stoking the fire and sweeping the ice, and he enjoyed the jokes of the skaters and being outdoors in the cool air and bright sun in the country. When they returned to the house—tired but happy and full of comradeship, they relaxed over a game of dominoes while listening to the immortal Mr. Scrooge over the radio.

"I've got a team of horses and a sleigh, and I thought we'd go for a sleigh ride. It's lovely out, but the horses are pretty lively", said Mr. Sheffield regretfully. "I'm afraid I can't handle them, and the army moves on wheels now, so I guess there's no one to drive". "I can drive, sir", said Mike. "We always have horses home." "Let's go! We'll have time for a nice ride before the boys have to catch the bus." Mike was delighted. This was something he could do to give the others pleasure.

Mike was happy and contented with Helen sitting beside him as he guided the horses and the Sheffield's and their neighbors sang behind him:

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas,  
Just like the one we used to have."

The horses trotted briskly along the narrow winding road and dark shapes loomed and faded in the distance. The bright moon shone down from an azure sky on the peaceful Nova Scotian countryside—shining on the snowy fields and pasture, and throwing shadows on the lake and the purple wooded hills rising behind it. The cold wind whistled by

Continued on page 3

## FARMERS' MILK

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# « THE FEATURE PAGE »

## LIFE AT CAMP —

### The Fortunes of Private Inane

By A. W. O. L.

Synopsis: There have been many others with our hero at camp, and those who can pray, have.

#### INSTALLMENT I

At the sound of the bugle played by "Torrid-Lips" Malleem, the men of the O.T.C. treasured out of their blankets, realizing bitterly what it is to be in a vital industry. I jumped into my underwear, heeding the call to Physical T. I jumped out again and shivered in the cold of the early morning while I extricated the erstwhile missing link in my shaving kit—the cream.

One of my team-mates, young Petit, was gazing intently and in an interested disinterest at my Happy-Seat flannels while I redonned them.

"Does this model do something do  
"Does this model do something to you or don't they indulge where you come from," I snarled at him. "Those things are going to look awful funny with your gym shorts, bub," he said.

"They'd look even funnier without the gym shorts," I blurted, "Besides, I'm dressing for warmth, not romance."

I stepped out with the others, with eyes popping from our heads like adders. It was the first time I ever saw a hangover organized into platoons. We followed our goose-pimples down to the parade ground, where some burly physical instructors were noisily flexing their biceps, and the biceps on their biceps, and pawing the ground while snorting clouds of steam into the night air. One of these accumulations of Ironized Yeast was assigned to us.

He drew in his stomach muscles,

and we shrank back with frightened gasps.

The first thing he did was to tell us to reach down and touch our toes without bending our knees. Some tried to carry out this mad scheme, and had to be rolled off the field like hoops. Then we had to run around in circles. Another lap and I would have needed burial. I trotted out of the ring.

"What's the idea of stopping," belated I. Y.

"I know the route", I panted, "when do I deliver the papers?"

At that moment a medical officer beetled up to see what was wrong. His eyebrows shot up as he applied his rubber wish bone to my chest. "If that's static that bothers you," I said, "my stomach rumbles quite a bit."

I was told to take a deep breath. I did. Then he spoke somewhat testily, "Take a deep breath, please. Bring the air up through the nose and into the . . ."

"I know how to do it", I said. "I've just done it."

"You've already taken a deep breath?" said the M. O. suspiciously. I answered I had.

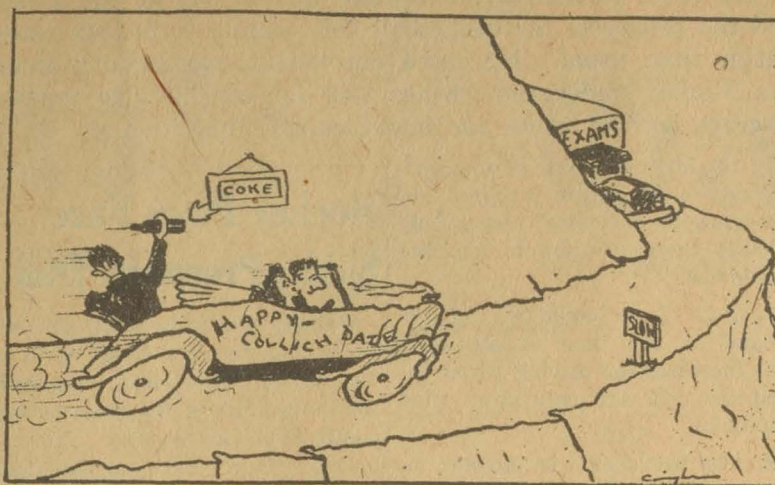
"Have this man's next-of-kin informed at once, and start warming up the stretchers in the bull-pen."

I staggered back to my platoon, which was valiently retreating from the field with its dead and wounded, and went to breakfast.

\* \* \*

(Ed's note: Tired of following A. W. O. L. through his traineescapades, we mercifully draw a curtain over camp life and breakfast. Readers may satisfy their tastes by journeying to Aldershot this spring.)

## Intimate Glimpses of College Life -- No. 9



Engineers come first in importance in Canada's war effort today. Without engineers we would have no tanks, or aeroplanes, no rifles or guns, in short, no equipment for the fighting forces. To train a man in the engineering profession takes, normally five years from junior matriculation. Accelerated courses are to come in the future, after a considerable argument for and against at Ottawa.

We here at Dalhousie, have been strongly urged to stay at university and finish our courses, as we will be of more value to Canada today if we do. The great influx of freshmen this year shows how popular the engineering profession is, also the excellent response to the appeal of the government for as many engineers as possible. When the engineering course is completed at Dalhousie, two more years are required at Nova Scotia Technical College or some other college.

Meantime, all of us are anxious to finish our courses as soon as possible. Every medically fit engineer is in the O.T.C.; and there are two officers, the R.S.M., one sergeant and a half dozen corporals. Last year, about fifty per cent of the graduating class joined the Army and all have since received their commissions. This year most of the graduates plan to continue at Nova Scotia Tech or McGill.

To get a little bit away from this, we try to get a little change now and again and after Christmas is the Boilermakers' Ball on January 15, at the Nova Scotian. There was some talk of cutting out this affair this year, but it was decided that since all other big formals are cancelled, it should be held. After that a sleigh drive is in the offing, and towards the latter part of February, the annual banquet to round things off for the year.

The best of luck in your exams, mighty engineers, and A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to all.

### On a Cold Winter Night

(Continued from page two)

Mike making him tingingly aware of being alive. "This has sure been a grand Christmas", he thought. Almost as good as being home. The people here are nice, just like home. And it's worth fighting to make certain that these people aren't bombed, and starved and frozen—so that the fields, and houses, and lake will always be peaceful, and the Spirit of Christmas will always be alive here.

P. R. B.

much artistically, buy Bing Crosby's old Decca disc of "Adeste Fideles", which every year about this time becomes, inexplicably enough, a best-seller. Another perennial hit nowadays is the Bluebird record of Glenn Miller's "Jingle Bells" coupled with Alvin Ray's "Santa Claus is Coming to Town". (That is, kiddies, if Superman can get him loose from those nasty Nazis.)

### On "Pre-Meds"

by R. M.

I live in the same house with a pre-med. Any non-scientific student in the same predicament will be able to sympathize with me. I have learned to look before I leap and have learned, as well, not to think while I am eating.

To begin, when you enter the house a heavy odor assails you. It isn't the dinner burning or anything like that. It's only the formalin which preserves the animal currently under inspection.

Last year it was worms and frogs. This year it is a lampray (of the snake family, I believe). Next year I suppose it will be bones or that thing off which Maddin lost the leg. Of course, I can always be thankful that I will have graduated before he begins on human autopsies.

I learned my first lesson last year, through a horribly unnerving experience. Now, however, before I jump into a bathtub, I look carefully to make sure that I am not sharing the occupancy of my steaming tub with a couple of frogs, in various stages of dissection.

My second lesson was learned when I sat down to dinner the day of a biology quiz and discovered a frog on the table by his plate. He would excitedly point out the bile duct or the nervous system with the prongs of his fork, then placidly go on eating his dinner. Ever since, when I sit down to a meal, I begin to wonder if my fork has been previously used in the interests of science.

The latest innovation of this active mind has been the use of the telephone in studying for a zoology quiz. It was only last week that he used the phone for a whole evening, off and on, while he argued, in biological terms, with a contemporary in the other end of the city.

When he gets his M.D. I imagine he'll still be doing things in a novel way . . . perhaps removing an offending appendix by remote control.

### Friday Thirteen Has No Terror For Mt. A.

By C.U.P. Editor

We see that the Pine Hillers were not the only superstitious people. The students of Mount Allison University proved that the number 13 can bring good luck as well as bad when a variety concert sponsored by the S.C.M. After the highly successful show, someone mentioned the date, and idly counting up, performers were astonished to find that the show had been haunted by thirteen jinxes.

The date was Friday the 13th. There were 13 items on the programme.

There were 13 violins in the orchestra.

There were 13 seats in each front row.

There were 13 on the S.C.M. executive.

There were 13 ushers.

There were 13 sections in the railing on Juliet's balcony.

One performer had 13 cents in his pocket.

The show lasted two hours and 13 minutes.

One electrician had 13 stripes in his Sox.

Another electrician walked under a stepladder backstage.

The conductor of the orchestra was born on the 13th of July.

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## IN THE GROOVE

A Column of Record News and Reviews

NOEL, NOEL. Christmas comes but once a year, and when it does it brings exams—holidays—and presents. Why don't you do what a lot of people are doing and give records for Christmas? Give Mother Tschakowsky's "Pathétique" Symphony (No. 6 in B Minor), or his Romeo and Juliet Overture. Your father'll like an album of Strauss waltzes or the new Victor album, "The Glamorous Voice of Miliza Korjus". Old people might like "Song Hits of the Twentieth Century—1900" (Victor P-21) or an album of Sigmund Romberg, Victor Herbert, or Stephen Foster (of which there are many fine Columbia and Victor sets available) will appeal to them. Give your sister the Victor album of Artie Shaw's Orchestra, and your brother or boy friend will go for Columbia's eight-to-the-bar Boogie Woogie album in a big way. Perhaps he'd prefer N.B.C.'s "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street" with comments by Gino Hamilton and vocals by Dinah Shore. (Victor albums P-56, P-86). The girl friend will love several of Tommy Dorsey's new Victor records ("Daybreak", "There Are Such Things", or "Street of Dreams"—all hits), or, if she's a sophisticate, present her with a David Rose's "Our Waltz" over which we raved with utter abandon last week. Decca will release its new Alec Templeton album in time for the Christmas trade. In it he does his specially appealing versions of "Blues in the Night", the "Pathétique" Symphony, and the very popular Greig Piano Concerto in A minor. Place it high on your list of lasting music. Records this season are so plentiful and popular that they'll be most acceptable.

licizing the stock of martial music. Cream of the crop is Victor's album of Famous Marches (P-5) by Edwin Franko Goldman and his Band. "Semper Fidelis", "American Patrol" and six other popular marches are included in the album.

Decca lists a five-record "Collection of Marches by John Phillip Sousa", the March King. Played by the excellent American Legion Band of Hollywood, but I don't know if the album (No. 22) is readily available in Halifax stores. The U. S. Artillery Song, "Caissons Go Rolling Along", has been widely recorded, all the way from Victor Military Band to Shep Fields on Bluebird and Horace Heidt's excellent Columbia platter. Newer war songs, such as the U. S. Tank Corps song (composed by Hoagy Carmichael, no less) and the Bombardier's song have, as yet, not been recorded, and this is a pity. We must, therefore, be content with Russ Morgan's Decca record of "This is the Army".

The latest commercial though-the-less popular war hit, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" has been well recorded on nearly every label. Kay Kayser's Columbia record was the first to appear, and it has been closely followed by the Victor record by the Southern Sons' spiritualistic treatment which struck me as being extremely de rigueur, but which will undoubtedly sell well and hang on forever because I detest the tune anyway.

SEASONAL SONGS: With exquisite timing, the Irving Berlin hit from "Holiday Inn", "White Christmas" has entrenched itself in the number one position on your Hit Parade, to the enjoyment of all concerned. It'll still be popular at Christmas, so buy it and be like everyone. If you don't demand too

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### GARRICK

Dec. 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"  
Ida Lupino - Louis Hayward

Saturday, Dec. 12

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"  
Cary Grant - Jean Arthur

### ORPHEUS

Dec. 7, 8 and 9

"COUNTER ESPIONAGE"  
"MEDICO OF PAINTED SPRINGS"

Dec. 10, 11 and 12

"THE CORPSE VTNISHES"  
"ARIZONA CYCLONE"

### OXFORD

Monday and Tuesday

"SYNCOPIATION"  
"SUICIDE SQUADRON"

Wednesday and Thursday  
"THEY FLEW ALONE"  
"THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE"

Friday and Saturday  
"THE GAY SISTERS"  
"LITTLE TOKIO U. S. A."

### CAPITOL

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

### "The Avengers"

Amazing Story of Norway's Secret Front

Thursday - Friday - Saturday

### "Here We Go Again"

Fibber McGee and Molly

### CASINO

Starting Saturday, Dec. 5

### "GET HEP TO LOVE"

Starring  
GLORIA JEAN  
DONALD O'CONNOR

## SPORT - O - SCOPE

by ED MORRIS

"At last I went to Wolfville,  
'Twas raining cats and dogs.  
I found no music in the gym,  
Nor sportsmen on the bogs,  
And as far as football players in the Minas Basin tide,  
Well, a Mr. Chipman said so, but, like all true Axemen, lied."

With true Acadia vigor, this column has been indicted as the flowering of a "moronic and insulting verbal outburst" by the author of the somewhat gory "swinging the axe" column of the weekly "Athenaeum". H-mmm! I wish people would argue with both hands in their pockets. Calling me a moron—what will my mother say?

Apparently this prolific belching, emitted in faultless blood-soie sweat and tears style, results from comments this column offered a few weeks back. For that effort I pointed out that Coach "Fred" Kelly of Acadia had frequently become the object of a lesser hero-worship which made of him a giant. If my distinguished foe had taken the trouble to read that column with an open mind he would have seen that I specifically alluded to Coach Kelly's undoubted reputation, but just as vehemently denounced the practice, as I put it at that time, of "blowing up an otherwise decent chap who needs no blowing up."

I am not much concerned with what Mr. Chipman thinks about me—or my mother. If that were the sole issue involved, I would mark down his libel as traditional Acadia quackery. What I do want is that Coach Kelly recognize that Dalhousie students, one and all, admire

him as a fine gentleman and a fine coach whose talents have been wasted among a host of prep-school alumni. And rather than descend to Mr. Chipman's level I will make no comment on the dastardly reference to Dalhousie's deliberate "throwing" of a game, etc., etc. Don't bother to mention Acadia "sportsmanship" again, Mr. Chipman. Why don't you go, foo, you big boo, you?

Oh, sure, I know. O.K., O.K., I'll say it. Don't shove me. All right, shut up. Here I go. "Merry Christmas." Yes, let us make it a merry Christmas in a manner befitting the day. And let us remember, too, that there are many of our friends of Christmas may not be supplanted by forces of oppression, tyranny, and bad sportsmanship. Which reminds me: if you happen to scalp an Axeman during the festive ceremonies (remember there's a bounty on wolves in sheep's clothing.

the Civilian Defence Bureau under the supervision of Major O. R. Crowell.

Co-eds are also seen dashing around with their knitting needles under their arms. Whether knitting for the Red Cross or our own Buck Private, girls of Dalhousie are "knitting" for Britain.

## Shields Promoted To Managing Editor

Ted Shields, news editor of the Gazette, will become managing editor after Christmas, and will undertake the duties of makeup and composition of the front page, it was revealed Tuesday night by the Gazette news reportorial system editor. Mr. Shields, to whom most of the credit for the rejuvenation of the due, has had much experience with newspaper work. The promotion comes as a result of having more time for the Gazette.

An editor of the newspaper of the Windsor Academy, the Announcer, his own paper published at the same time, and editor of the Academy Year Book, Shields besides has written "Behind the News" for The Halifax Herald, and feature articles for the Gazette.

Basketball Plans Get Underway;  
Read This Article, Learn to Play

Regular practise sessions for basketball are now underway in the Gym, on Monday, Thursday, and Friday at one o'clock, and the prospects for basketball this coming term look rather better than usual. Increased enrollment, particularly among the Studley undergrads, bodes well for considerable renewed interest, both in senior and interfaculty competition.

In the hope of being of some assistance to the future prosperity of the game, the "Gazette" respectfully submits these pointers to aspiring candidates.

1. Both feet should be off the ground at the time of throwing. This increases the driving power behind the arm and cuts down wind resistance.

2. The ball should be directed towards the top left corner of the backboard when thrown from the right side, and towards the top right corner when thrown from the left side. This is a vital precaution to prevent the throw from falling short.

3. No attempt at a spin should be made since this frequently results in the ball falling through the basket, which counts two points for the other side.

4. Rubber boots should be worn at all times since sneakers hurt the feet.

5. The ball should be waxed before being put into play, and should be no more than half inflated, to prevent damage to the surface.

6. For those who own them, gloves are a decided asset.

7. No attempt at keeping track of points should be made since this lessens the aesthetic value of the sport and engenders too much competition.

Graduation  
Held January 5

The Medical and Dental graduating classes will hold their official ceremonies the fifth of January, it was stated this week from the University office. Several graduates of Dentistry and several dozen medical grads will be in the ceremonies. Dr. Charles Best, co-discoverer of Insulin will be the guest speaker.

The graduation will feature little of the ceremony and show that is traditional part of the spring graduation. Reason: weather.

## News Briefs

Dalhousie debaters were unsuccessful last week, both at U.N.B. and St. F. X. The first Sodales debate of the year at St. F. X. was held on Sunday night, the subject being "Resolved that modern advertising is more harmful than beneficial to society", Dal taking the negative. Representatives were Ralph Vaughan and Charles O'Connell.

Friday another debate was held at U.N.B., and Eileen Mader and Margaret Farquhar were delegates for the Delta Gamma Debating Society.

Hockey Plans Face  
Skids; Prospects Dull

Basking blissfully in the sun, with their little tootsies dangling in the icy brine, officialdom responsible for the welfare of the great national pastime of ice hockey refuse to emerge from their smoke-ridden safaris with anything bordering on elemental intelligence as to the future prospects for the winter season. About as clear as the traditional mud, hockey plans have definitely hit the skids.

Closing down of the City Senior League leaves plenty of time for intercollegiate followers of the sport, but as yet only Dalhousie has ventured forth a voice of willingness to get down to brass tacks. Responsible campus officials beam on the idea of an intercollegiate loop consisting of teams representing Dal, Tech, St. Mary's, and possibly a service squad or two.

Obvious need of the moment is for interested representatives of the above-mentioned to get together for a slight pow-wow and talk the whole thing over. From their astute deliberations may emerge any intercollegiate league of old. First undertaking will be in the obnoxious subject of money, and the outlook can be clarified if the interested parties are willing to co-operate on an equitable basis.

Dalhousie stands ready to invite, examine into, elucidate, clarify, investigate, resurrect, discuss, deliberate, and otherwise undertake participation in such a schedule. Are you listening, Tech, St. Mary's and points west?

## Child Labor

Aaron Feld, of the Jewish Child Welfare Association, Toronto, addressed the Sociological Club of Dal and King's at a regular meeting held Wednesday afternoon in the Arts building. President Bill Bishop introduced the speaker. Honorary president is Dr. S. H. Prince, Professor of Sociology.

Discussing the child problem in wartime, Mr. Feld pointed out that institutions for the benefit of child welfare had been neglected for many years, while foster homes, mostly unsuccessful, were regarded as a solution to the homeless child problem; now, under wartime, with parents at war, children were becoming "latch-keyed", with mother leaving early in the morning for work, and letting the children eat a cold breakfast and a quarter lunch. Delinquency is, as a result, on the increase.

## Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

This year, more than ever before, men and women in Canada, members of the armed forces, will be calling home to families and friends in far distant places.

In order to make available the maximum of telephone facilities for the use of service men and women, please make your Christmas calls early.

On Sunday, December 20th, the regular low night rates will be in effect all day, also after 7 each evening.

If you do call, call early.

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If you wish to save time on your Christmas Shopping, bring your list in to EATON'S Shopping Service Booth on the Main Floor and have our experienced shoppers select, wrap (there is an additional charge for this service) and send your gifts for you!

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