



Dalhousie Gazette



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Meals for Males

With the scheduled opening of a wartime cafeteria at Shirreff Hall, November 1, male students of the university will find a solution to their complex dinner and supper problems.

However, it has been made clear by university authorities that the new scheme will depend, chiefly, on the cooperation of male students to fill the hopeless void on the "domestic" front. Four students working in pairs are needed to operate the recently installed mechanical dishwasher. Free meals and pocket money will be the reward of honest effort.

Applications should be made to the Business Manager before November 1st, so that prospective overseers of the mechanical dishwasher can learn their trade before the cafeteria officially opens business.

All those proposing to get one or two meals daily at Shirreff Hall under the new system can obtain meal tickets in groups of five for \$2.25 in the university office.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Blood Serum Substitute May Be Discovered.

Toronto (C.U.P.)—Dr. N. B. Taylor, of Toronto University, is believed to have discovered a substitute for blood serum; he and his assistants have been working for two years on this substance. The serum, isinglass, is taken from the swim bladders of a fish found on the Atlantic coast.

Dr. Taylor stated that this serum has not yet proven a complete substitute for blood. The Connaught Laboratories are now beginning a large scale production under the supervision of G. W. Henry. In the General Hospital a total of 61 persons have been administered isinglass. The serum was given to detect the occurrence of temperature rising properties and in the treatment of burns, shock, and acute haemorrhage.

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who had been together on Pat's wedding day, met again after many years and were talking about old times.

Mike: "You got an awful fright on your wedding day, didn't you, Pat?"

Pat: "Yes, begorra, and I still have her."

U. of N.B. Initiation Is Tough.
The class of '47 at the University of New Brunswick roared through its initiation in fine style last week. The initiation began on Monday morning and finished Friday night.

Clad in next to nothing, the Freshettes, carrying dolls, and sporting charcoaled faces, demonstrated their sizes, shapes and numbers in the chill of an early October morning after receiving a soaking outside the Residence.

On Monday night the Freshmen gathered on the Post Office steps, dressed only in undershirts and diapers, with red turbans on their heads, and proceeded to sing college songs. Later, several frosh were required to give "command" performances, including a climaxing love scene, complete with moon and moochers, as well as the staging of a "beauty" contest.

To Exhibit Art

Dalhousie University has for some years been a member of the Maritime Art Association. Since membership entitles an institution to secure certain travelling exhibitions it has recently been decided that the University should avail itself of such opportunities, and takes a more active interest in the art projects of the Maritimes.

With this end in view, the University, under the name of the Dalhousie University Art Group, has together with the three other local art groups secured four exhibitions for the coming winter.

These exhibits through the kindness of President Carleton Stanley and Professor G. Vibert Douglas will be exhibited in the Geology Department, Science Building, Studley Campus, Dalhousie University.

Each exhibition will last for a week and will be open to the student body and the public on Sundays and week days (except Tuesdays) from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. A notice board on Studley Campus (facing Coburg Road and Chestnut Street) will give the name and dates of showing of each exhibition.

The object of the Dalhousie University Art Group is to arouse interest in art matters in both the staff and student body; show your interest by visiting these exhibitions. Suggestions will be welcomed.

SPEAKS ON CHINA

Dr. James G. Endicott, United Church Missionary and former professor at the West China University in Chengtu, in an address to members of the Student's Christian Movement, told of the conditions through which the Chinese today have to live, and how this great struggle will affect them in the peace, both politically and economically.

Inspired by a small group of Christians, the S.C.M. has grown into a powerful group in the Christian Universities in China, and has done much to aid the Chinese people in all their suffering. But, Dr. Endicott stated, there are opposing factions at work within the nation, which do not help the cause of Christianity. The two greatest factions are Fascism and Socialism, whose leaders do not entirely support the Christian movement.

Dr. Endicott also stated what Christian leadership meant to the Chinese. Although many of their great leaders today are not Christians, they have, nonetheless, been influenced by Christianity. In fact, without this Christian influence, the cause of China might have been decided long ago, in favour of the Japanese. Thus, he stated, with the manner in which the people of China are fighting and with their leaders who have been so influenced by the Christian cause, we have one of the greatest challenges yet made to the Christian world.

Miss M.—"Do you know Boo?"
Miss F.—"Boo who?"
Miss M.—"Well, don't cry over it."

'Tis asked, if all the co-eds at Dal who wouldn't neck were put in to one room, what would we do with her?
—Ancestry Unknown.

Some Corn (Out of Season)
When a woman's lips are cracked She uses grease, 'tis said.
I wonder why the Freshman Puts "groom" upon his head?



A sophomore is treated to a shoe-shine by a grinning freshman at the Freshie-Soph dance which marked the end of a three-week initiation period. Grinning inanely at the camera, the freshman seems pleased with his lot.

FROSH ORDEALS OVER

Frosh paid the penalty for their nefarious crimes during initiation, while upperclassmen coupled off and cut a merry rug at the annual Freshie-Soph last Friday night. Even more successful than the Council Dance of the week before, the Freshie-Soph was a fitting culmination to three well-run weeks of induction of new students into the ways of Dal.

High spot of the evening was the

calling to judgment of a number of the worst offenders from the frosh ranks before a jury of their seniors, Justice Bob Seeley presiding, and P. Payzant, K.C., acting for the prosecution. In the interests of justice, no attorney for defence was allowed, and the unanimity and acceleration with which the jury reached their inevitable "Guilty" verdict was noted with approval by all—upperclassmen. Naugler fiddled while the Frosh burned.

The following letter, of direct and heart-rending simplicity, was written by a freshman to his "Ma" at the conclusion of the initiation period. The Gazette considers the work a perfect example of BASE-ic ENGLISH (Engineer version) and proudly reproduces it for the spiritual and intellectual enlightenment of the reader:

* * * *

Dear Ma:

Well, Collidge has started and yer loving son is hard at work. Well, Ma, this is shore different from good old New Glasgow High School. Down here you got to watch out or else some Upperclassman drafts you for manual labor.

They have some funny sayings around here. The other day Hank Johnson asked me what I was talking about, and when I told him he said, "Good stuff!" They shore say funny things around this place.

Well, Ma, tonight they are holding the Freshie-Soph dance. It's goin' to be pretty grim; us poor freshmen are goin' to catch it (them words ain't mine. Ma, they belong to Bob Sealy—them sophomores is hellish wicked). O yes, Ma, tell all the girls that I won't be home till Xmas and not to be too disappointed.

Well, Ma, them professors are cards—they is always joking. The other day one of them told me to look after my grammar. I told him she could look after herself.

Well, that's all for now. Yer loving son,

D. G. A. C. HOLD MEETING

D. G. A. C. held its first general meeting on Tuesday in the Arts Building. The business discussed was that of electing managers for the various sports which are to be played this year. Joyce Hart was elected Ground Hockey manager; Margaret Morrison, basketball; Laura MacKenzie, badminton; and Pat Hollis, Ping Pong. The three activities clubs will be competing this year and it is hoped that the turnouts this term will be bigger and better. From the ability of the Freshettes displayed last Tuesday there should be some keen competition between the clubs. The girls were assigned to their clubs and representatives were elected to sit at executive meetings. Margaret MacPherson, and Anne Mackley were the two elected representing the Reds and Gold Clubs respectively. The Blacks were unable to elect a representative due to the small number present.

The was only a small number of girls present at this meeting, those who were absent are asked to inquire to which club they have been assigned, and are strongly urged to come out on Tuesday evenings to support them. There will be some good games this year if you do.

Govern Yourself

The Newfoundland Club is meeting tonight, Friday, at 8 o'clock, in the Murray Homestead.

The Sodales debating trials will be held Tuesday, Nov. 2, 12 noon, in Room 3 of the Arts Building.

Coach Ralston is starting a series of classes in the gymnasium shortly. Details of the scheme can be found on the Sports Page of this issue.

Lester asks that no notices or posters be stuck over the light switches in the lobby of the Arts Building.

SUPREME MOOT COURT MEETS

The final sitting of the Fall Term of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 27th. in the Moot Court Room of the Law School, before Chief Baron Twillingate of Avalon, formerly R. A. Parsons, and Barons Vaughan and McIvor of the Bay.

The case on appeal was **Knight vs. Great Trunk Pacific Development Co.**, an appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada. Counsel for the appellant were Kevin Barry, K.C., and Feanny, while Francis Clancy, K.C., and Richardson acted for the respondent.

In opening the Court the learned Chief Baron found it necessary to severely admonish junior counsel for their insolent, childish and insulting conduct during the previous sittings. His warning was severe and absolute.

In addition the Court sentenced McCollough, the self styled first year Romeo, Sheffman, the Newfoundland hyena, and Butler, probably the greatest living evidence of the veracity of Darwin's theory, to copy out and pass into the Supreme Moot Court Committee a number of sections of Halsbury dealing with contempt of Court.

Feanny opened the case for the appellant, but was almost immediately fined for insulting one of the Barons. He was then informed that the ear of the Court was no longer receptive to his juvenile mutterings. Mr. Barry gave an excellent presentation of his client's case. He argued with great force and persuasion. He was of great assistance to their Lordships by his punctual and straightforward answers to their questions. He gave able answers to all of Chief Baron Twillingate's profound questions, especially those about an elevator shaft through which his client's husband met his death. The Chief Baron himself is an authority on elevators, and frequently recounts with fervor his own exciting experience when as an article clerk he was caught between the elevator was not crowded there being only the operator and His Lordship present. As he relates it the fear stricken operator clung desperately to him.

Mr. Richardson opened for the respondent and gave an interesting and highly complimentary eulogy to the Bench. Mr. Richardson was undoubtedly the most intelligent junior to address the Bench this year. A touch of beauty was added to the musty atmosphere of the aged Court Room when like a white lily coming to the surface of a stagnant pool,

Miss Clancy arose to argue the case for the respondent. She gave a very inspiring congratulatory panegyric to their Lordships much in the vein one might expect from Baron Vaughan. Possessed of the judicial wisdom of Portia she argued with force and persuasion, and was completely successful in winning over Baron Vaughan.

After a lengthy deliberation Their Lordships reversed the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, Baron Vaughan dissenting.

The traditional decorum of the Court room was rudely shattered on numerous occasions by the juvenile antics of a number of moronic spectators. With deep misgivings Their Lordships found it necessary to impose an unprecedented number of summary penalties. Sheffman, whose conduct would not be excusable in a drunkard, continued his habitual antics and paid several fines. It was also necessary to deal severely with Butler. It is regrettable that a minimum I.Q. of 75 or 80 is not required for admission into the Moot Court Room. Minor fines were also imposed upon McCollough and Martin.

This was the last regular Sitting of the Fall Term, but it may be necessary to call an Extraordinary Sitting to deal with a number of criminal offenses if certain penalties are not carried out.

Acadia Plans Laid; No O. T. C. Parade

Plans for the annual foray against Acadia are well under way, George "The Hawk" Hawkins reported enthusiastically shortly before press time. Although no official order has yet been released, extremely reliable sources close to the High Command say there will be definitely no OTC parade the Saturday of the game. Slated for November 13, two weeks from tomorrow, the game will be the last League clash of the year, and, as such, may be the deciding factor in Dal's placing in the League. The Tigers, therefore, are hopeful of a supporters to shout Acadia under. By present indications, they may get it, for the common campus greeting of the last few days has been "Going to Acadia?"

Since excursion train rates are out for the duration, tickets this year will be \$4.25 return. Arrangements with the railroad are being completed, and all supporters who plan to hit the road are urged to watch the bulletin board, and to sign up for tickets well in advance.

Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

DIPO

(1) Do You Think Dalhousie Will Win in the Football League?

Of the many asked this question, 75%, self-classed experts, immediately answered with a resounding "YES". Only 20% were pessimistic enough to say "NO", and the remaining 5% either gave the subject no thought, or didn't care one way or another.

(2) Were You Disappointed With Your Initiation?

(Asked of Frosh only)
Surprisingly enough, 84% of the Freshmen asked, stated bluntly that their initiation was a sad disappointment. (Some asked their interrogator not to divulge their names to the committee in charge—no doubt they feared some move to make up for the disappointment!) The remaining 16% were quite satisfied with their punishment—they had eaten onions, etc.

(3) Would You Favour A Shortening of Hours in Military Training For Senior Students?

As can be imagined the majority of seniors asked, answered in the affirmative. 71% stated that, what with their studies and outside interests that necessitate their attention, they were extremely pressed for time. 20% said they "have no kick", and the remaining 9% were undecided as to what stand they would make. One practical sage remarked, "I don't worry about it, I'm leaving at Christmas anyhow!"

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BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

Glancing over this week's edition before going to press, we were more than somewhat surprised to note the date line of "October 29" slated for the front page. Which some engineer kindly computed for us meant approximately six weeks before "last classes before Examinations". Two days later examinations begin.

The importance of these exams in the lives of most undergraduates cannot be underestimated. Under the new N.S.S. regulations the question of not only what they will do in college, but whether they will continue in college at all, will be determined. Yet the same antiquated system of conducting studies until almost the zero hour as though the Utopian goal of "no examinations" was an accomplished fact will evidently continue to function. Students entering Dalhousie with degrees from other universities have often expressed surprise, and dismay, when first they find themselves being given new material, new readings and theme assignments even on the "last day of classes".

The present era has been called the "Automobile Age". Rare indeed is the person today who does not accept cars as much a matter of course as the sky and the earth, yet no one is expected to drive a car in the first lesson. It is more natural that a student should grasp the involved mechanics of chemical reactions and evaluations, or the development of opinions and prejudice in the human mind, at the first introduction to these mighty processes?

Other, and greater, universities than Dal, including Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, have long since recognized the need and value of a period of pre-exam. review. The Gazette strongly advocates the cessation of new work one week before examinations, and that classes during that week be devoted to a comprehensive review and resume of the courses. A clearer understanding of the basic principles and underlying motives, a realization of the deeper meaning, and of the value and interest, of a class, not to last through examinations, but through life, would, we believe, result. Some professors, it is true, do allow their final week for review. But only when this system is recognized as an integral part of the college year will it be followed by the majority. And only then will the system of Dalhousie examinations become, to an extent, fair to the students.

VOX DALHOUSIANAE . . .

"For one and two and three and four
 And twenty years and two-score more . . ."

The Gazette, the oldest college paper in America, has been rolling regularly off the presses for the students of Dalhousie. Like the University itself, it has undergone many changes, appearing sometimes in tabloid form, sometimes as a literary monthly, during the last decade or so in the format of a weekly newspaper. But never has its original purpose been altered; it has been a forum where the activities of Dalhousians are recorded; their victories and their griefs; where their talents can be displayed, and where they can air their opinions without fear or favor.

To the limit of its power, the present staff will endeavour to carry on the Gazette tradition. To do so, it must have not only the support, but the criticism of its readers. A space on this page is always ready to print letters expressing the student's views, be they on the paper itself, on anything within the paper, or on any campus activity which a writer feels should be censured or commended. Short of libel, we're ready for anything!



INTERLUDE

Djehal Sahir couldn't speak English although he was passable at Roumanian and French and spoke German fluently and of course his native tongue, Turkish. His mother always spoke to him in his dreams in Turkish, although he supposed that he himself was possibly better at German. Three years at Gotingen had taken care of that—but the Nazis, arrogant in their youth, were rather impolite to a Turk, especially a clever one, who made higher grades than the German

and a bigger-why than the why's of Djehal Sahir. Until then his whole being hung in a lethargy; an unshakeable marking time — an emotional Nirvana.

No waterfront for Djehal. He was no sea-dog rotting on shore in waterfront dives . . . or even downtown restaurants. Every city has a clean section and Djehal always pulled on a clean whiteoubrija, and with his fez and clean-shaven face made for that section. Walking paved streets, grimacing at curious children, seeing lovely young girls with smooth bodies could make Djehal feel that Europe was not the whole world—that Spengler can be wrong; and above all, in the homes he slowly passed he knew that a wide, clean, world existed, an alien world.

His dream from the narrow corridors and tiny rooms of a dirty ship pitching in black water. A white napkin or a clean table cloth. Joke! when men plunge black fingernails into bread and pass over torn hunks of greasy meat in the palms of sweating hands. He suspected that such things were not universal—his ship registered at Panama so that it would be technically neutral and then of course British sanitary authorities passed over ships of this kind, "non-British" ships, and let them sink unchecked into whatever condition their lethargic masters permitted. And then in the end Admiral Doenitz' sea-raiders neglected to notice a neutral flag anyway, so? However, Djehal classed this with his less important why's.

A full stomach and wandering steps led him west along Quinpool Road and soon he saw water again. Well, he had no objection to water when it was smooth and clean and torpedo-less. With his back against a tree he regarded the water and the passing trams and soon pulled out of his pocket a small English-German reader and began to study. Not concentrated enough to learn anything but something to occupy his mind so he wouldn't ask "Why?" too soon. A young couple came and sat on the hillock overlooking the water. They hadn't seen Djehal behind the tree and as he couldn't understand English it didn't bother his conscience much to eavesdrop. It was so wonderful for a change to hear voices uncharged with irritation, despair, hate. His ship knew little else. They conversed softly about the water—about each other—about plans for the tutumn, about love. The soft voice of the girl struck Djehal physically. The fluid phrases in the unknown tongue made his temple throb with their message of content and love; and then with blinding rage—ice calm—tumult—suddenly Djehal knew . . . "why".

As the Panamanian freighter slipped away from the twin openings of the sea that make Halifax "an almost-island," Djehal Sahir lay in his tiny bunk, blessed with a new despair—a new unhappiness.

As he lay sleepless through the night he sometimes wondered what the young couple had said to each other.

—T. W.

EMANCIPATOR

When I look at his face his eyes look straight into mine. Yet it is not so much into me that he looks, as through me, because he was of that small circle of great and noble human beings who have the capacity to see through the fleshly trappings of man and the veil of the world.

He was not a great man as we, who are born into a world in which too often, wealth and position mark weak men as great. He was of humble birth, yet he rose to be one in the ranks of the truly noble. For those who saw only the comic side of life, he presented a comical appearance. He was a tall, thin, ungainly figure of a man. In a crowd he was immediately conspicuous, towering as he did a full head and shoulders above the average men about him, and made even more conspicuous by his sober dress and high "chimney-pot" hat.

He had a varied career. He had known hard manual labour, the smell of new ploughed fields, and the ring of a keen axe as it bit into a sound log. In a firelit log shanty he had gained enough scraps of law to set himself up as a lawyer. Going farther afield he had entered politics and had so advanced himself in the favor of his fellow citizens, that they had chosen him to be their leader in a time of national crisis. Few men have ever faced a more soul-searing task.

This man had seen his country gradually resolve itself into two political and geographical divisions; he had watched two political philosophies grow, out of which could come only discord.

It was now the lot of this man, who had been elected to the highest office to which his nation can raise one of its citizens, to lead his country into civil war—to see brother murder brother; to see the rich brown sod of his country run red with the blood of its citizens. No man saw the issue more clearly, no man was more steadfast to his ideals, none sorrowed more.

We see the best and the worst of people most clearly in time of crisis. In the year 1863, after bitter reverses, the tide turned for the side and the principles for which this great man stood. On November 19 of that year, this man made a short speech over the dead of his country, a speech which will ring out forever in the halls of freedom-loving men. Four days later he gazed into a

camera and as we say today, his face became history.

A casual observer, looking at this photograph will see there the face of a grim, purposeful man. He will notice the long, untidy black hair, the sunken cheeks, the large ears, the shaven upper lip and the close-clipped beard. The more attentive observer will note that the hair is strong and coarse, and tinged with grey. He will notice the high, lined forehead, the regular eyebrows, and the regular though slightly hooked nose. Engraved by sorrow deep into the sunken cheeks, are two lines running down with the curve of the cheek from the base of the nose, the line on the right being accentuated midway by a large mole. The attentive observer will notice too, that the lips are thin and firm and seem as if they did not meet fairly, almost as if the lower protruded on the right a little, as if the upper on that side were sucked in. The expression of the mouth is stern, but it seems as if one can detect the ghost of a sad smile. We feel sure of this when we remember the dry humour of the man. The chin is prominent and covered with a sparse, close-cropped, coarse beard. There are few men today who would grow a beard to please a little girl. An attentive observer will notice also, the coarse and seamed texture of the skin.

Having noticed these minutiae, the observer will fall under the sway of the eyes of this man. The eyes are set wide apart and are sunken in the skull. Here, indeed, a man's eyes are the "windows of (his) soul."

Looking into those heavy-lidded eyes, we gain some idea of how deeply this man has drunk of the cup of sorrow. We see mirrored here the inflexible will, the unending determination, and the infinite love of a great and good man.

These are the eyes, and this the face of a rugged man, yet even the rugged feel exhaustion. This is the face of a man of noble soul, yet even the noble are open to temptation.

This is the face of a man of the people, who, believing that every human being is of equal consequence in the scales of Justice, gave of the best that was in him that his brother might enjoy in this world, a form of society founded on the principles of liberty, justice and love, the consummation of which he might expect to find in the next.



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AUNT SUSIE'S REMEDY

Dear Aunt Susie:
 I am six foot, with fair, curly hair and blue eyes, and I think I am old enough.
 My problem is this: I am hearing about the Shirreff Hall Formal. My only hope is a certain attractive Freshette whom I met at the Freshie Soph. I went stag then since I was embarrassed by my regalia. In the course of the evening I saw a co-ed, the kind like the movies showed there were at college. I asked her for a dance, but I felt very self-conscious because the leg make-up that I had used did not give me that school-girl complexion all over.
 I did not know how close to hold my partner while dancing and I'm afraid that she might have been insulted because I did not show my affections for her sufficiently. I wanted to take her home, but at the last dance she seemed to be with someone else.
 Dear Aunt Susie, what should I do? Should I treat her to a coke in the Gym store? Would it be too forward of me to ask her to a movie just before the dance? Would it

help if I walk her home from the Library through the woods some night?
 Perplexed Freshman.
 * * *
 Dear Perplexed Freshman:
 Your problem is that of all freshmen. That is why I chose your letter from all the hundreds that came to my office this week. The situation is a delicate one and you must use a more subtle approach. First show your total disregard for this Freshette; always turn your back when in her presence. Ignore her, but don't snub her. Let her hear you say that the Freshettes aren't what you had thought they would be; they aren't up to the standard in looks and personality.
 This is a sure-fire method of arousing her interest. If you pursue her too assiduously, she will think you are a wolf. Don't give her that impression even if you are. She has probably been warned before she left her mother's care of the dangers in this respect.
 Take her to a movie; don't bother

with the coke; you get more for your money that way. Take her out early and bring her home late. That will insure you that she won't go out with anyone else during the next week. That solves one of your problems.
 You had better not go to the Library or you might impress her as being too serious. You simply must not appear as a book-worm.
 One of the best techniques is that of appealing to a sympathetic upperclassman with connections in the Hall. You can be sure that the grapevine system is working top speed and within three minutes she will hear of your availability. If you act on my advice, thus creating the proper impression, your worries will come to an end immediately.
 Yours sincerely,
 Aunt Susie.
 (Ed. Note: Send in your problems to Aunt Susie in care of the Editor of the Gazette and she will furnish you with prompt and effective advice.)

T SQUARE

Greetings, men!
 The Engineers are again off to victory!
 The football team will be having its first practise one of these days, and this year we hope to keep the football trophy in our now famous drafting room. The trophy, which was won from Medicine last year, has every intention of staying with us. Art Burgess, manager of our team, appointed to keep it organized and rolling.
 * * *
 We notice that a great many of the Engineers are catching up in back work. Could it be the thought of exams 6 or 7 weeks from now or too much night life?
 * * *
 Will Harvey is seen working steady every day. Now could it be that he is a busy man after supper? Nita G. seems to have a lot of company.
 * * *
 Mac Swain's activities are not confined to the Dal band only. He seems to trip the light fantastic down Coburg Road. No wonder he's sleepy when he gets up "to see the dawn!"
 * * *
 Currie and Oakley seem to still have that dreamy look from Truro. She must be quite a girl to travel so far for. Maybe the cakes at Larry's Lunch have a different flavor.
 * * *
 After the game on Saturday, Burgess has found out that certain plays may be done away with. His hopes, as manager, are to teach the team to keep their chins up and not walk into anything blindly.
 * * *
 Frank MacKay, that lonesome Colchester County boy, seems to be still lonesome. Come! Come! girls, make the "man" wake up and live. The guy is just existing, and a feminine companion would set a nice pace for him.
 * * *
 Ask:
 Gerry Lantz why he is in such a hurry to get down the Valley. Could it be that he wishes to renew an old acquaintance near the vicinity of Aldershot?
 Windy how the "gymnastics" are coming along. Was it brought about because of his joy of seeing Ozzie back in town?
 * * *
 Note:
 What's happened to the Horizontal Club this year? Don't tell us that no one can fill the boots of the ex-president! Come on, fellows and appoint your executive for this year!
 * * *
 Prof.: "What are the genders?"
 Frosh: "Masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

Glintimate Impses

by TRIPE

This is a series of articles which form a supplement to the "Mentor", popular feature of the Gazette two years ago, in which college life, in all its trivialities, was sketched. This series will deal with "After University—What?"

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

Sooner or later the happily married couple and the rest of the married couples will decide to strike out on their own, and buy a home, or build one. There are at once two avenues of approach in the building, which is to either build it yourself or get others to build it for you; in buying there are two approaches, to either buy it yourself, or get others to buy it for you. However, this latter prospect is rarely to be counted on, and the only assistance you might count on—loan companies—will have to be repaid.

Building a house exemplifies the pioneer spirit, but the one necessary qualification for a pioneer home is not procurable now. It is the Wilderness. Yea, the Wilderness, in which prophets have prophesied, and Moses has mosed. The pioneers built their homes in the wilderness so that everybody else wouldn't laugh at them, but who wants that now. The only way to be a pioneer now is help with the excavations of the cellar of your home and to do this it will probably require a union card. Thus have times changed.

But do not get discouraged. There are, as we have noted, two methods of building: by yourself, or by a regular building company. Having approached the building company.

The style of a house is an essential. It doesn't matter a hill worth of peas what the inside is like, but the outside counts. For society has not passed by the skin-deep (here, the paint deep) conception of beauty. And the Form is still striking. So get a good coat of paint on a handsome exterior and go out and get your man (say, I was talking about houses).

There are several types of houses, and a broad type known as the indeclinable type. It is the latter which is most commonly in use, but buy a housing magazine for twenty-five cents anyway and see what the hoi polloi are building. Remember, you cannot change the style of your house once it is built, and as a result if somebody else gets the same type of house—you're in a bad shape.

Look through the pages of the magazine, and no doubt the startling array of summer cottages will amaze you. (Housing magazines work with the architects to keep the public from dispensing with architects.) Having approached the architect, tell him what you want. "I want a blue roof, with a dreep gutter, and a quaint paint" and he understands just what it is all about.

By the time you are through with him, you knew all along anyway that what you wanted wasn't what you REALLY wanted. "Just an idea of my wife's; you know what women are like . . ." Having accepted a Grecian style six-story residence (the architect misunderstood you and thought you were building a tenement) you are all set.

At the site of the sight, you grab a shovel and start to pound stakes until the time comes for you to dig the first hole in the ground. With a sigh of contentment like a railway president finishing the last spike on the line you pitch forward with your shovel. Oh well, they'll let you set off the first blast of dynamite to clear the rocks off the ground.

Things proceed along until there is a large hole in the ground. Then a lot of men do a lot of things with concrete, like spending most of their time cleaning it from their overalls, and a foundation is made. This is important. Be sure it is not of sand or you will offend the immaculate precepts of the divine sage, and also skid on your back the first wet night when your home crashes over.

The sides will slowly rise, and then somebody will put on the roof, and somebody else take it off because there should have been a chimney there, and then it's finished. You go inside and come out again sneezing. After somebody has cleaned it up for you, you go inside and come out sneezing. It's hay fever you had after all.

There is a playroom for the children and all sorts of closets, and a guest room, and a parlor, and so on. It is essential to tell everybody just what you have but you will find out that most other houses have these anyway.

THE END.

WARTIME WASHINGTON

By J. L. McLAREN
 News Editor, Dalhousie Gazette

They say that when the news got about that Eleanor had turned up in New Zealand, there were 127 requests for her room in the White House. Of course wartime Washington isn't quite that bad but a population increase of approximately 393,000 persons in three years is bound to present certain difficulties.
 Overcrowding has primarily affected the housing and transportation facilities of the capital. If you want a good show for your money and don't mind getting jostled about in the bargain, take a ride in a street car or bus during the rush hours. Besides coming in very close contact with your fellow passengers, there will arise in you a definite appreciation of the trials endured by the prisoners encased in the "Black Hole of Calcutta." But provided you preserve the general equilibrium by refraining from scratching the head, moving the arms and legs or from breathing too heavily, the trip is likely to progress without mishap.

Gen Meet Lady
 However, the Washingtonian generally contends with these and similar problems as being a quite natural outcome of the war. Typical of the passing scene in this city of contrasts and smiles, was the amusing yet tragic incident which occurred one of the new streamline trams the other night. These vehicles

careen along at a remarkable rate and can stop or stop on a dime without noticeably reducing their speed in the process. An austere faced old gentleman, evidently unacquainted with this fact, was hurled from one end of the car to the other—to be deposited (with the grace of a dancing "Rockette") into the lap of an unsuspecting lady. The event was met with great laughter and enthusiasm by the other passengers although the old gentleman and his newly found lady-friend were far from unfazed.

Queue Who

It does not take the visitor long to sense the fervent activity of the military and governmental headquarters of a nation at war. In the long queues stretched, sometime for blocks, outside the Washington restaurants at noon hour and in the groups of multi-clad office-workers waiting at the bus stops can be seen the nucleus of the "floating population" which has gradually been absorbed into the life of the capital.

Primarily it has been the expansion of government department to meet the increased responsibilities and requirements of war, which has drawn these innumerable office workers and stenographers from all parts of the United States to fill staff vacancies. Illustrative of this war influx was the array of automobiles drawn up a few mornings ago on N.W. 22nd street near the famed Pan-American building. Rep-

resented on the license plates of the eleven vehicles were th District of Columbia and the States of Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Texas.

It should be noted that Canadian girls, in large numbers, are wartime additions to Washington. Employed in secretarial and other capacities with Canadian, British and American offices, they hail principally from the Prairie Provinces and the urban areas of Quebec and Ontario. Members of the Canadian Women's Army Corps stationed in Washington are comfortably housed in the estate turned over to them by Mr. Sumner Welles.

(To be Continued)

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DAL DOWNED BY CLOSE MARGIN

P.E. Dept. Offers Gym Classes

on the SIDELINES

By BILL POPE

Acadia Axemen left Studley battered and shaken after gaining a victory over the boys in black and gold by the slightest of margins. Burnie Ralston can well be proud of his coaching prowess during the past week, for he changed the Tigers from a mild, despirited group of individuals to a powerful aggression that went striding deep into Acadia territory time after time.

It seems that the League officials made no mistake in changing a few rules. The game Saturday was one of the best seen in these parts in several years. The game was speedy from start to finish; there was good kicking, good running, and most noticeable of all was the fight and aggressiveness shown by the two teams. Players did not save themselves, but tore into the fray with vim and vigour to the wild delight of the large crowd which filled the stands.

In one week the Ralston coached squad showed vast improvement. They no longer played the loose, unorganized ball that helped Army to an overwhelming victory a week ago. The boys showed better condition, and even the tackling at times was good. Some, however, still persisted in grabbing their opponent around the neck. This style of play just won't do, although, perhaps, it has its advantages at certain times and in certain places, but this column is no place to talk about that.

The Intermediates brought Dal's first victory of the season. Like the senior game, play was good and several of the Intermediates showed promise of developing into senior material before the season closes. The attack and spirit shown in both games was fine. In fact, the onslaught was so terrific that it is a good thing that the teams were allowed to use replacements. In the latter part of the game Burnie Ralston came in for McLennan who had been injured. The aging Coach still had plenty on the ball, and showed the boys by his fine kicking and passing, that he is still one of the best.

The hero of the day was none other than Bob Wade, former high school rugby star and first year man at Dalhousie. He not only played a brilliant role in the opening game, scoring one of the prettiest drop-kicks of the season and playing a great defensive game, but also participated in the senior game and tightened up the Tigers' defense with his steady work at fullback.

Meanwhile Army and Navy were battling it out at the Navy League Recreation Centre, with the former taking its second win of the year. Navy, along with Dal, has still to win its first game. Acadia has won its way to the top of the league with three victories and is still to be defeated. Saturday Navy will try to upset Acadia while Army will clash with Dal for the second time this year.

Last week while the teams were resting between halves, a dressed up effigy of an Acadian athlete was brought out on the field and tossed and thrown around by an enthusiastic group. The over 100 spectators who came from the valley to support the Axemen, took offense and rushed onto the field. Soon developed one of the wierdest scenes ever staged on the campus. Acadia wanted to destroy the effigy while Dal wished to display it. And so in a brief moment a dozen fights started, and the crowd from the stands swarmed over the field, pushing, shoving, surging to the centre of attraction—the effigy—some to take an enthusiastic part while others wanted a front row view to witness the interesting event. All's well, however, that ends well. When play resumed the milling crowd went back to the stands. There were no casualties, not counting of course a few black eyes and bruised knuckles. The effigy was destroyed, and the whole affair was all in good, clean fun, providing another exciting moment in the thrill-packed afternoon for the fans who sat on the sidelines.

Intermediates Win 5-2

The Intermediates brought to Dalhousie its first victory of the football season with a well-earned 5-2 win over Acadia. The boys produced a good brand of ball and several of the players showed promise of developing into senior material.

Bob Wade, who played fullback, made the nicest play of the day when he dropkicked the ball cleanly over the bar from a long distance out. Wade was retired a few minutes before the final whistle, and then went on to play a stellar role in the senior game as Dal bowed to Acadia 3-0. Bob MacDonald, who along with Wade is a first year man, made the only try of the game. From a scrum in enemy territory he picked up the ball and went racing across the line to put Dal in the lead. Pattillo scored for Acadia on a long penalty kick.

The Intermediates have started the season on the right foot with their win over Acadia. After gaining a little more experience the team should be hard to beat, and it should go on to complete a successful season. Line-ups:

Dal—Keith, Anderson, Grant, Dunlop, McKelvie, MacKenzie, MacDonald, Burgess, Churchill-Smith, Fliin, Farguhar, McKenna, Wade.

Acadia—Fowler, Manning, Pattillo, Crosbie, Phalen, McLean, MacDonald, Cunningham, Bailey, Crowell, Robinson, Spears.

McGill Students Unavailable For Harvest.

Students of Quebec universities were asked to supply 800 senior students to go to the State of Maine for two weeks to help harvest the heavy potato crop there.

The request was considered on Saturday by McGill authorities. They decided that it would seriously disorganize the studies of those students whom the Government now allows to remain at the University.

Tigers Lose Close One

To the amazement of all, the Dal Tigers who had previously been defeated 18-0, came to life last Saturday and fought the top team of the league almost to a standstill.

The score, 3-0, was no indication of any superiority of the Axemen. Some observers point out that Acadia showed slightly more polish in the backfield, but we blame the score on the fact that the Tigers stopped play whenever they saw what they thought was an infraction of the rules, rather than continue until the whistle was blown. We can only repeat the old cry: "Play the whistle."

The Dal scrum showed remarkable improvement, getting the ball out as often, if not more than their opponents. The three-quarter line measured right up to the occasion and really gained ground. There were no bad passes which Acadia could take, as Army had done; and each man made sure he took out one of his opponents before he passed the ball. Consequently Giberson, and several times Currie, were able to get around, through or over the Acadia three-quarters. The fullback, Wade, played a fine game, cool and unperturbed in some rather tight spots. This is all the more remarkable since he played the Intermediate game as well. There is no doubt that Dal sorely needs a Senior fullback, for Wade needs slightly more experience in Intermediate games, and he certainly can't play on both teams. Towards the end of the game there were a couple of substitutes necessary, and some changes were made in the backfield. Coach Ralston went in as fly and his low kicks gained many yards for Dal. It has become apparent that high kicks are no longer very practical under new league rules and low kicks are much to be preferred. Tackling had improved greatly though these were still some high ones. The general opinion about the campus is that if Dal can show the same spirit against Army this Saturday, the previous defeat will be vindicated.

Femme Sports Prospects Bright

All in all, Tuesday was a pretty active day for the girls at Dalhousie. In the afternoon, about eight turned out for hockey and showed promising material. Coach Marj. Leonard thinks we should have a good team. Basketball went off with a good start Tuesday night when old faithful Juniors, Sophomores and many Freshettes turned out for the second practice of the season. First practice, last Tuesday night, was officially for freshettes only but a few very keen upperclasswomen also attended, much to the delight of Marj Leonard. Girls were divided into two teams with scores 10-4 first half, and 8-6 second half, showing that all players are pretty well of the same ability with one or two having a few years more experience.

Among newcomers, Joyce Hart proved her agility as forward both for scoring and for speed and Dal veterans Ann Sanderson, Marg MacPherson, forwards, and Laurie Bissett, guard, were all up to their good old standards, while Norma Sherman, Kay Cox and Marg MacDonald all showed very good speed. Considering the little practice as yet, all players showed remarkable skill and good condition. With such very good material because of influx of girls from H.L.C., Edgehill and other parts, not forgetting forever Dalsters, Dal will certainly have a very creditable girls' basketball team.

Coupled with the basketball, on the other half of the floor, was badminton, which has already proved its popularity among the girls. Laura MacKenzie, girl's badminton manager, and Pat Hollis started it off, and were soon joined by many others whenever birds would permit!

Basketball and badminton were played from 9 to 10, with badminton continuing until 11. Many, who must be hounds for punishment, stayed on after the basketball to "knock around the bird".

All turnouts have been well attended and very promising. So let's keep them that way, girls, and show the boys we have spirit!

Following is the text of a statement released recently by the Physical Education Department of the University:

"The Physical Education Department of the University will sponsor instructive classes in the various games and skills listed below. It is our desire especially to teach those with little previous experience, who would like to take part, either in a competitive activity or a recreational and leisure time activity. All classes are voluntary of course and all students will be warmly welcome to each and every class they should elect to participate in. According to the interest shown, the following classes will be formed:

- Basketball Fundamentals
- Track and Field Class
- Soccer (Indoor)
- Hockey (Indoor)
- Gymnastics (Apparatus)
- Boxing
- Wrestling
- Jui-Jitsu & Close Combat Fighting
- Badminton
- Danish Calisthenics
- Fencing

- Softball
- Touch Football (Indoor)
- Volleyball
- Tumbling
- Pyramid Building
- Corrective Physical Training Exercises
- Beginner Swim Class
- Diving and Life Saving Class
- Tennis and Golf Class
- European Handball
- Social Dancing (Beginners)

"We are all aware of the health, educational, corrective and recreative values which are obtainable through Physical activities, and as conditioning and keeping fit is of greatest importance during wartime, let us resolve to join the classes that are of interest to us.

"Time table forms are obtainable at the office of the Physical Director and should be filled in as soon as possible in order to start classes immediately."

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