



145 RESPOND TO BLOOD DONOR APPEAL

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Mary Jones, here lies her bones
For her, death had no terrors,
Born a good girl, died a good girl,
No runs, no hits, no errors.

Lone Engineer Stages Holdout On
Blood Drive. Refuses to Give Blood;
Claims Red Cross Perpetrates Fraud;
Could use many substitutes.

BEER IS BEST!

It was expected that 100% of the
students would turn out to donate
blood, but alas there was an excep-
tion, Q. Jackson Greensward by
name, who must be caught and
pounded into submission, whether he
had any blood left or not after the
beating was irrelevant.

The plan included various traps
disguised as supplemental list which
were posted in all the faculty offices
for the unsuspecting quarry to sign
a last minute remorse. An especially
fiendish trap was rigged in the Gill-
housie College union office where it
was expected that the culprit might
go to look at the calendar.

The quarry was finally captured by
the sheerest chance (especially re-
markable in that chances haven't
been so sheer since silk became
scarce). A figure was seen riding
through the woods Campus on the
running board of a battered Mobile
Blood Clinic, swinging a frayed
Lasso and shouting "Yippee!" in
alcoholic accents. This figure finally
succeeded in dropping the noose over
Q. Jackson Greensward bringing him
to an abrupt halt (due mostly to the
velocity of the Mobile Blood Clinic)
Greensward was identified as none
other than president of the Engin-
eering Society.

Greensward then screamed, laugh-
ed wildly and tried to fling himself
in front of a passing wheelbarrow.
Failing in the attempt at self-
destruction he was led away mut-
tering, "Epistaxis, taxidermist, taxi-
meter, couldn't eater, hadta heater,
what is neater?"

When confronted with a Red Cross
card to fill out Greensward refused
to touch it, claiming the whole mat-
ter was a fraud. "There's a number
of excellent substitutes for blood,"
If they give blood donors lemonade,
or whisky, or ginger ale, or ozo, or
what have you."

"Like I say," resumed Greensward
if they give all these things to peo-
ple who have given blood, why not
give them to soldiers who have been
wounded?" Now all this hubub on
the part of Greensward was having
a noted effect on the mentality of
other students. A med student tried
to explain things and soon volun-
tarily joined Axegrinder (captor of
Greensward) in his straight-jacket.

"But aren't you willing to give
something to the Red Cross?" asked
Alice Benbolt, standing trim and
pretty in her R.I.P.P.E.D. uniform

"Oh, yes," smiled Greensward, and
handed over a glass jar.

"What's this?"

"My appendix, my very own!"

"Oh!" said Alice, and disappeared
down a rabbit hole.

"Haven't I seen your face before?"
Most likely. I don't usually walk
around backwards.

Dalhousie University Store -- Trading And Profit and Loss Statement Year Ending April 30, 1943

TRADING	
Sales—New Books	\$5,289.70
Less—Cost of Sales, New Books:	
Inventory, April 30th, 1942	\$ 477.19
Purchases	3,975.91
Freight In	114.73
War Excise Tax	219.65
	\$4,787.48
Deduct Inventory April 30th, 1943	517.77
Gross Profit on New Books	\$4,269.71
Sales—Second Hand Books	\$ 66.40
Less—Cost of Sales of Second Hand Books	59.62
Gross Profit on Second Hand Books	6.78
	\$1,026.77
PROFIT AND LOSS	
Gross Trading Profit	\$1,026.77
Deduct—Expenses:	
Salaries	\$200.00
Insurance	19.50
Telephone and Telegrams	11.46
Stationery, Printing and Postage	35.85
General Expenses	9.52
General Expenses	9.52
Advertising	10.00
Interest and Exchange	206.63
Depreciation—Equipment	23.16
—Inventory	52.01
	75.17
Amortization of Bond Premium	5.63
	573.76
Net Profit on Sales	\$453.01
Interest Income	41.71
Net Profit transferred to Surplus	\$494.72

HOW THE STORE OPERATES

The book store's operation is sup-
ervised by a Board of Trustees con-
sisting of three members of the
faculty, Professors Maxwell, Wams-
ley and Rankin, and two student
appointed members, Eileen Phinney
and Laurie Allison.

It is the policy of the store to keep
overhead larger stocks of books at
a minimum. For this purpose all
prospective buyers of books, after
the first few weeks of term, are re-
quested to leave their orders with
the store so that they may be filled.

Since the store wishes to render
service rather than make profits, it
enables students to purchase books
more cheaply than they could indi-
vidually.

Margaret Farquhar is student
manager this year.

Dal. Sinks Kings in Badminton Tourney

A picked group of players from
Dalhousie defeated H.M.C.S. Kings
Badminton team in an exhibition
tournament Monday night in the
Dal gym. Play started at nine and
continued until eleven.

In the men's doubles Dal won by
a slight margin, 2-1, while in the
ladies' doubles the college players
had four matches to Kings two.
Dal made a clean sweep of the
mixed events winning all six match-
es.

That dentist's daughter runs
around with the worst set in town.

Ques.: Give an example of a col-
lective noun.
Ans.: Garbage Can.



Flight-Sgt. Roy Cochrane and
his bride are shown here cutting
the cake during the reception held
at Pine Hill following the wed-
ding ceremony last week at
Bethany United Church, Armdale.

U.A.T.C. NOTES

The U.A.T.C. has one happy mem-
ber this week in the person of Flt.
Sgt. Cochrane who was married last
Saturday afternoon to Miss Margaret
Baillie in a ceremony at Bethany
United Church, Armdale, Rev. J. D.
Archibald officiating. We all join in
wishing them both the best of every-
thing in the years to come.

We are also able to report that
W.O.2 Irvin is now out of hospital
and we shall see him at his duties
immediately after Christmas.

All the members of the Unit have
now been fully equipped with uni-
forms.

Two members of No. 2 Flight have
been appointed to the rank of acting
corporals, they are A.C.2 Ernest and
A.C.2 Stewart.

Committee Hopes for Increased Student Co-operation at Next Term's Clinics

Efficiency of Organization Demands 100 per cent Effort

Following is a statement issued to the Gazette by Art Titus, Chairman of Dalhousie
Blood Donors Society.

"The Dalhousie Blood Donors Society has been out for blood during the past two or
three weeks. The response of the students has been quite good in the short time the Society
has been operating but not quite as good as was first anticipated. So far about 145 students
have donated and there may be a few more before the end of this term. The male students
in particular have been slow in volunteering. Exams being near, I believe, is one of the main

reasons for this and also the fact that many students are under
the 18 year age limit. Then again, there are perhaps a few who
are afraid of the act of donating blood. I hope that these few
will have lost their fear by next term and be in readiness for
future clinics.

In regard to future clinics the Society's committee feel that
there are many who would like to volunteer after Christmas
and they will definitely be given this opportunity for the Dal-
housie Blood Donors Society is all ready planning another Dal
night during the first part of January. Those of you who are
interested please bear this in mind. Other clinics will be held
later in the second term for those who wish to give their second
donation, so lets get set for a 100% effort next term. The boys
in the Services need our blood and the bit that we can give and
never miss might save some boy's life.

One of the chief problems this term has been organizing
the Society for the duration of the War. It is hoped that the
organization will prove efficient and with your help, save many
lives which might otherwise be lost."

Dr. Weld, director of the Blood Donor Clinic congratulated
the Society on its well organized effort to date adding that "the
general response of Dalhousie students to the appeal for blood
donors has been very good."

DALHOUSIE DONORS TO DATE

Wednesday, November 17

Anderson, Miss Beryl	Goodman, Miss Anita	Newl, Miss Jean
Archibald, Miss Joan	Gough, L. G.	Oakley, James P.
Archibald, Miss Kathleen	Greek, Edith	O'Connell, J. C.
Atkins, Miss Betty	Green Miss Goldie	Paterson, Miss Helen
Barnett, R. A.	Hagen, Wm. D.	Paterson, Miss Ruth
Barry, Miss Muriel	Harshman, Miss Mary	Payzant, L. J.
Bean, Miss Kathryn	Kinley, John James	Pearce, Wm. Beverly
Bisset, Miss Laura	Knapp, Miss Betty	Quigley, J. H.
Blakeney, A. E.	Knight, Arthur	Robertson, Miss J.
Bloomer, J. C. S.	Little, Carl	Roblin, Miss Marion
Burgess, Arthur	Littlejohns, Miss Beth	Rourke, Miss Joyce
Case, Ruby	Lyttle, Miss Sheila	Saffron, A. S.
Chapman, Mr. Douglas	MacPherson, Miss M.	Sarson, Miss Edwina
Clark, Douglas S.	MacDonald, D. R.	Saunderson, Miss Ann
Cooper, H. R.	MacDonald, Irene	Sawler, Miss Joyce
Currie, R. M.	MacDiarmid, Florence	Sheppard, Miss Jessie
David, Miss Ruth	MacInnis, Joan	Smith, Fraser
Day, Cecil	MacKinlay, Miss Jean	Smith, George
Dexter, Carl	MacMillan, Miss Joyce	Strirling, Miss Jean
Duff, Prescott	Macklev, Miss Anne	Titus, A. W.
Eld, C. F.	Meachem, Miss C.	Weir, Miss Jean
Fraser, J. D.	Mingo, J. W. E.	Whitehouse, Miss K.
Garrett, Miss Renee	Mitchell, R. S.	Wilson, J. D.
Garson, Miss Freda	Moxon, E. Joyce	Woodhouse, Miss
Gillis, Miss Janet	Murray, Joan	Yeadon, D. E.
		Waterfield, M. C.

Wednesday, November 24th

Allen, Lloyd	Johnston, Lorraine	Morrison, W. R.
Anderson, Clarence	Johnston, J. W. D.	Morse, Miss Susan
Barry, Kevin	Johnson, D. C.	Moulton, R. W.
Bennett, Prof.	Joy, C. J.	Nicholson, Miss Joyce
Burke, John F.	Knight, R.	O'Neil, T. J.
Carton, A. K.	Levick, A. C.	Parsons, R. A.
Clancy, Miss Frances	Lewis, Miss Sirlol	Pentz, D. G.
Collins, Miss Jean	MacDonald, E. D.	Reddin, William A.
Dawe, G. A.	MacDonald, Miss M. L.	Reeves, Miss Elizabeth
Etter, Miss Phyllis	MacIvor, Lawrence	Rogers, T. N.
Frazer, James L.	McKenzie, Miss Ina	Seeley, Robert K.
Forham, Eville	McKelvey, E. N.	Stevenson, L. J.
Foohay, E.	McKenna, John R.	Steuermann, A.
Gray, D. A.	MacKinnon, Kenneth	Sutherland, D. L.
Harrigan, A. G.	Master, Vincent A.	Swain, Norman
Hart, Gordon L. S.	Matheson, D. T.	Washburn, R. E.
Hartling, Arthur C.	Matthews, Claude	Webber, R. V.
Hinch, Lawrence H.	Misener, F. J.	Wilson, Kenneth G.
Hinch, A. T.	Moore, D. S.	Zapler, Harry S.

Govern Yourself . . .

All Band Members are asked to
meet in the lower gym at 12.15
Thursday, noon, Dec. 2. This is
not a practice.

The D.C.M. invites everybody to
sing-song, Sunday, Nov. 28, at
204 Robie Street.

Debate between St. Mary's and
King's, Pine Hill Lecture Room,
Monday, Nov. 29, at 8.15 p.m.
Resolved: "That Canadian radio
should be under private owner-
ship."

As Time Goes By ...

(Editors may come, and Editors may go, but the worries of a Business Manager evidently bubble on forever. To wit, the following letter, resurrected from the Gazette files of a decade and a half ago. Personal and place names have been changed, but otherwise the letter is reprinted just as we found it.—Editor).

M _____, B.
January 9, 192

B. W. R.
Business (?) Manager,
Dalhousie "Gazette"

Esteemed Sir:—
I would like to forget the courtesies and tell you and your worthy leaf just what I think of your business ability. I did subscribe to the "Gazette" in the fall of '27 but you did not see fit to send me a copy 'till I wrote you at the beginning of the New Year. Then I only received the paper spasmodically. This year I did not subscribe at all and have not received an issue. So what are you belly-aching about. I paid for 1927-'28 and received nothing, to which I am in your debt for 1928-'29. I would subscribe if you had any system in your management but 'till then take this bill and apply to the ordinary uses of waste paper.

I am respectfully (?) yours,
—A. B. N.

January 28, 192

B. W. R.
Business (?) Manager
Dalhousie Gazette.

MY DEAR R:—
Your gracious letter received to-day and I hasten to comply with your request.

(1) Even with my blunted intelligence I knew that you occupied the elevated position of "Business Manager" when I received your letter reminding me of my indebtedness.

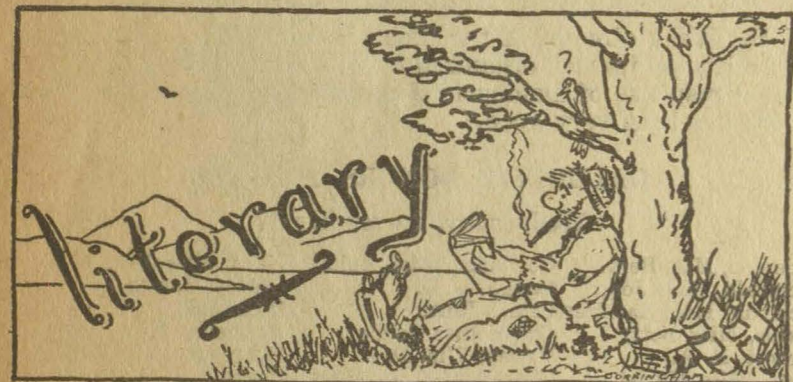
(2) As to my change of address, I was not aware that you sent your worthy paper to any but subscribers in which case my change of address would not affect you. I subscribed to the "Gazette" from Elfron in the early fall of 1927 but received no copies till 1928 when I informed you that I had changed at the New Year to Battleford. I then received a few copies.

At the beginning of this year I moved to Lashburn but did not subscribe to your paper because of the unsatisfactory service last year. I was therefore not in duty bound to keep even such an August person as yourself informed of my movements. You may be interested to know that the very day after I had dispatched my letter in reply to your gentle reminder I received (forwarded from Battleford) a copy of "The Dalhousie Gazette." Pray, why the unwonted interest all at once? One term over before a copy came west and that after I had failed to subscribe to your paper. Since then I have received another issue. Heaven bless the business manager and strew his path with roses!

I trust you will see my side of the case now for even a Business Manager must have some modicum of intelligence. I would advise you to add to your petitions when you say your prayer by your little trundle bed the dying words of Goethe, "More light, O God, more light."

Sincerely yours,
—A. B. N.

P.S.—I enclose \$1.00 in payment of subscription to the end of this year.



ON CONVERSATION

"Vociferated logic kills me quite;
A noisy man is always in the right—
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare;
And when I hope his blunders all are out,
Reply discreetly, 'To be sure—no doubt!'"

Quoted in G. W. E. Russell's "Collections and Recollections."

I wonder, if, on the conclusion of the present world conflict, men were deprived of the ability to speak, there would be any more wars? There are few who can judge dispassionately, the effect of Churchillian rhetoric, but we are aware, that it has put strength into our right arms and courage into our hearts. The enemy has given us examples of how speech may be degraded. Yet, individually, it is not in rhetoric, or oratory, or debased speech that we are interested. We are more interested in being able to say something interesting or amusing, sound or trivial, to friends. We may not stop to consider that we are interested in what we have to say. (How much better it would be if we did!) Such remarks may range from mention of the weather to a discussion on whether or not Plato has left us a genuine world-picture of Socrates. Conversation means (or should mean) more to us than we usually realize.

I have always held the opinion that conversation should be a very necessary part of university education. Thoreau wrote that association with cultivated contemporaries was the most important item on a student's bill, and it was free. Perhaps at this point I should outline my idea of conversation. Conversation is a leisurely, witty, amusing, interesting, friendly discussion, carried on by people who have some idea of what conversation should be, which admits of unlimited variety in subject matter, tone, taste and surroundings. It is "talk" at its best.

It would be inviting the wrath of the gods to say that at Dalhousie there is no interest in conversation for its own sake. Yet there is more than a grain of truth in such a statement. We have clubs and societies, and people who talk a lot, granted, but concerning what subjects? We are supposed to be intelligent. We may talk "intelligently" on sport, on scandal, on politics and professors, and, it must be admitted, that these may be legitimate topics for conversation; but for supposedly intelligent people, how narrow is our field! We rarely argue on the topics of professors' lectures, or their handling of such topics. Though they are imposing in appearance, their's is not always the gospel! We rarely argue on art, poetry, love, education, the harmony of spheres, the art of tea-drinking, the dust on certain books in the library, or the future of the world.

Those who have, in their pre-mature study of Milton, learned of the

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.

GAZETTE STAFF, 1943-44

Editor-in-Chief Ted Shields
Business Manager Kevin Barry
News Editor Jim McLaren
Feature Editors Bob McCleave, Eileen Phinney
Sports Editor Bill Pope
Literary Editor Lou Collins
Photographers K. Jeffrey, E. MacDonald
Proof Editor Laurie Smith
C.U.P. and Exchange John Hibbetts
Reporters: Jim Campbell, Bill Lawrence, Boris Funt, Jack Quigley
Bob Kimball, Betty Atkins, Marg Morrison

Why The C. U. P.?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is an Editorial which recently appeared in the McGill Daily. As it answers many of the questions asked about the C.U.P., we have reprinted it for your benefit.

Every now and then a story appears in The Daily preceded by the device—CUP. Apparently there are many on the campus who have not the faintest idea what the mystic initials stand for or how they got there. As the Canadian University Press is a Dominion-wide students' organization, it may be of interest to some to explain briefly its workings and objects.

On the analogy of the international news services, such as Associated Press, it was decided in 1938 to establish an organization to cover all the major college campuses in Canada and arrange for the transmission of news items to and from all the various university papers which might be interested. This would enable each college to keep in touch with news occurring in any part of Canada of interest to students at other parts of the Dominion. It also makes it possible for any one campus to find out the reactions of students at other colleges to any event affecting more than one university.

Thus the progress of last year's harvesting expedition was relayed to the home-colleges of the harvesters by the news-gatherers of the papers "on the spot." All important news is sent by wire from its source of origin to those college papers which might be interested in publishing it.

To accomplish and maintain this service, CUP has no central organization. It is composed solely of the member papers, each of which has a CUP editor and editors to represent CUP on each campus and attend to all the necessary business involved.

There is however a central executive, consisting of an annually elected President, three Regional Vice-presidents and a Secretary-treasurer. Membership is actually vested in the member papers themselves, but the Editors-in-Chief usually represent their respective publications. This year the Queen's Journal was elected National President, in succession to The Varsity, which had held office for the past three years.

The obstacles to the efficient operation of CUP are many. The rapid turnover of staff on each paper, the great differences encountered in the production of the various journals and the extra effort involved in following events on all the Campuses of the Dominion all combine to make the maintenance of the five-year-old system extremely hazardous.

Fifteen Canadian undergraduate journals are members of the CUP. In the West there are the semi-weekly publications: Ubysey, Gateway (Alberta), The Sheaf (Saskatchewan) and the Manitoban, Toronto's Varsity, The Western Gazette, The Silhouette of McMaster, the Queen's Journal and the Georgian of Sir George William's College, besides the Daily, represent the central region. In the Maritimes there are five weekly papers: The Argosy of Mt. Allison, the Acadia Athenaeum, the Brunswickan of U.N.B., the Dalhousie Gazette and the Xaverian published at St. Francis Xavier.

The fundamental aim of the CUP, however, lies deeper than the mere swapping of news stories of universal interest to Canadian students. With the cooperation and active support of every member publication it should be possible to knit together all the campuses across the Dominion, widely separated though they are by spacial and environment factors, in a concerted body of student opinion.

harmony of the spheres, are never heard to speak or argue about it. Only recently, we enjoyed, on this campus, the chance to see more examples of Canadian graphic art. Who are those people who had anything to say while it was here, or after it had gone? Are there any who are able to gather together and discuss the Supreme Passion, without thinking and talking in terms current in popular romances, and the de-based passion of the "movies"? How many of us dare to say anything concerning the future of the world? Of course, it is easier and less painful, to read of the future world, in Marsh reports and Beveridge reports and the rest, and discuss them. Then conversation becomes mere discussion and is no longer an art.

The art of conversation, for it is an art, has held a high place in the history of the world. We think first of the Chinese, whose civilization waved before the dawn of western civilization. Lin Yutang, a modern Chinese, who has studied the civilizations of both Eastern and Western worlds, has made a number of penetrating statements about the art of conversation. In his book "The Importance of Living" he has written: "It is clear that only in a society with leisure can the art of conversation be produced." We think of China at the height of her culture, and of eighteenth century England and France. The Chinese were wise enough to point out the frailty of man. Li Lieveng pointed out that "those who are wise seldom know how to talk, and those who talk are seldom wise." Yet the Chinese were able to reach a happy vein where conversation became an art. They realized that there were people who were too busy for "idle talk." Shih Noian in the preface to "All Men Are Brothers" writes, "For such things as we talk about lie in the depths of the human heart, and the people of the world are too busy to hear them." In another instance Lin Yutang, who has steeped himself in the culture and tradition of his forbears, speaks of conversation as having the leisurely style of a familiar essay, and being marked by intimacy and nonchalance.

Thinking of the culture of the Western world, we remember how the Greeks prized conversation. Socrates surpassed his friends in his capacity for wine and conversation and was as fresh in the morning as a new-blown rose. We remember the 'salons' of France and their gracious, if

(Continued on page three)



Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

DALHOUSIANS ...

for your TOILET ARTICLES, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY
CHOCOLATES, KODAKS, CIGARS

KINLEY'S

THE REXALL STORES

490 BARRINGTON STREET LORD NELSON HOTEL

Jerry Naugler's Orchestra



38 SHORE ROAD
Call 6-4388

Writing Equipment

Good writing equipment makes for better notes in classes.

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

Henry Birks & Sons Limited

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

JACK MITCHELL'S BARBER SHOP

Four Experienced Barbers

Fader's Drug Stores

135 HOLLIS STREET
29 COBURG ROAD

HALIFAX Nova Scotia

THE NATIONAL FISH CO.

Limited

Fresh Fish Specialists

HALIFAX - NOVA SCOTIA

FARMERS' MILK

ALWAYS PURE

ALWAYS RICH

ALWAYS WHOLESOME

Dalhousie University

Halifax, Nova Scotia

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

Arts and Science Faculty

Degrees: B.A., B.Sc., B.Com., B.Mus., Ph.M.
Diplomas: Music, Engineering, Pharmacy, Education.
Four Year Advanced Courses in Classics, Mathematics,
Modern Languages and History.

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

Courses—preparatory to Professional Faculties.
Course in Public Administration.

Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through
the courses.

The Professional Faculties

in

Law, Medicine, Dentistry, enjoy an unexcelled reputation.

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

Residence

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

UNIVERSITY FACULTIES DISCUSSED BY "TRIBE"

Universality

How much do the other faculties at college mean to the student whose course is centered and deposited in one only? What role does science play in after-college life to the average Arts student, or Commerce student, required to take only one science course during his studies for his Arts or Commerce degree. "Tripe" has volunteered to exert himself on the policies and prospects of a general educational course of several lectures, to fill in the necessary gaps in the education of each and every Dalhousie student.

THE COMPLEAT STUDENT

By "TRIBE"

In the first of these general lectures, it is the purpose of the lecturer to acquaint his students with the nature of this course. We will give a basic proposition. The Arts student has gained an elementary grasp of the basic propositions in rational thinking, as opposed to the herd, or here come those politicians again, thinking. Yet, when he is the victim of criminal actions, and one out of every four people will eventually be sometime in the course of his life, what amount of Law is it necessary for him to learn so that he can smite the hand that steals his pocket book without having a counter-claim of grievous bodily harm against his claim for attempted theft, and his assertion of his common right to protect himself.

Or, and here is another point, how can he reasonably be expected to conduct himself in elections, as a taxpayer, as the member of the Ecum Secum church choir, and the parent of children, or as a buyer of insurance. How can he know where modern medicine, and particularly as it affects psychological disorders, will cure him, kill him, flatter him, fool him, or humour him.

The engineering student, and how often we admire this type of collegiate, is hapless in the grip of the law, but give him his engineering instruments, and he can run through several counties laying down imaginary lines over which it is legally not right to trespass. But does he know enough about Shakespeare to (not only pass English 2e) be a social genius, or at least hold his own in evening discussions around a bridge table.

The Lawyer, versed as he is in reasonability, and looking for the reasonable man like Diogenes pelting through the Grecian landscape in diapers and with a lantern in the crook of his hand, can this Lawyer protect himself in the vagaries of commercial enterprise. The susceptibility of lawyers to being taken in is only below the doctor.

The medical and dental doctors, versed as they are in the ills of the body, and specialists in ear, mouth, throat, nose, and hoof diseases: can they expect to know enough law to tell them when they can cut out a diseased organ without the consent of their patient, and when they cannot.

The commercial student, angling for that \$1 a year job (plus \$20 a day expenses), is a gold mine of monetary insight, but can he know whether the pharmaceutical concoctions for his biliousness are dynamic creations designed to sluice him from one end to the other something like placer mining, or else harmless vegetable extracts with pretty colors and deadly tastes.

The druggist has long since passed from Auntie Maggie's Remedy (or has he?); the lawyer believes that legal remedy is becoming closer to the mysterious metaphysical conception of justice (or is it: insanity is so elastic in its possibilities as a defense): science has ceased to be a mad and fruitless hunt for the philosopher's stone and mysterious chemicals which would transform dust into gold (or was it ever really that way at all, generally speaking); medicine and dentistry are becoming specialized, and the fight against pain, disease, plague a winning one (but in this specialization is there not danger of over emphasis on specialities: successive doctors may haul out your teeth, pluck your eyebrows, reshape your nose, probe your sinuses, to cure a facial disorder, yet availing nothing); in arts we have come to believe that nothing is permanent (but is the purpose of arts the questioning of all ideas, or allowing the ordinary individual to have a healthy whack of dogma upon which to rest and preen his vain intelligence); the commercial man is raising the dollar sign as an emblem of democratic righteousness in a world at war (but are we seeking "monetary" security, or are we lying about our democratic plum-duff we say we will cut up for the piteous); the engineer has vast possibilities in a destroyed world (but as citizen he wants to maintain order).

Well, there are some questions. But you're all wet if you think we're going to answer them. (Even if we could). Instead, we're going to ramble ahead, throwing some truth by the wayside, but in the main being thoroughly unintelligent about this stuff called "college education". Our first article: Arts and Science—so what!

The chap with bad eyesight was examined by the C. O. T. C. medico and placed in A-1. "But my eyes are terrible," he pointed out. "I can hardly see anything." "Look," said the doctor, "we don't examine eyes any more — we just count them."

T SQUARE

Well! Here we are chum. Only two more weeks before exams. (Not so loud!) Too bad some of the guys around the drafting room still have that far away look in their eyes. Buck up, fellows, maybe a hockey trip will be an excuse to see your "blossom" at Acadia. You guys just have to hope for a team now.

Once again the Engineers will come forward with a couple of players for the team—Lantz, Wilson, Wade, Currie, and Little, are some of our players to keep up the name of our society of the Studley Campus.

Bob Sealey seems to be coming into the limelight again. Wonder why he was so excited as to let his hat fall into the North West Arm? What was he doing down there anyway? Could it be he's getting "fancy" again?

Bill Hagen didn't seem to mind being publicized last week, but now it seems that he wants the smoking room kept a little more tidier. Too bad, Bill. Its hard for anyone to do anything without being seen. Especially, in the well known smoker.

It has been said, Smitty, that "women are the downfall of men" (Quote—F.R.M.) It would be wise to see to it that the bus trip to Prince's Lodge is not repeated more than once a week.

The trip to the shipyards was a very successful trip, enjoyed by everyone, walking, or maybe loping around, gazing everywhere, with their mouths haging open, and wondering who they were going to trip over next.

It seems the boys were too much interested with what was going on around them, and forgot about Gilbert's suggestions to have the Horizontal Club members organized up there.

Yes, lots of nice looking women up there, arent there gang? (Am I kidding?) See Currie for introductions.

ASK: "Gildersleeve" Gilbert why he is planning to take a number of barrels of whitewash back home with him. Science is a wonderful thing.

A fire-bug's phobe is the fire marsh
With acid mind and intent harsh
To all who leave their matches burning
Or hot-plates on, and perocols churning.
Of all the men who credit rate
A fire marsh would be just grate.
No honor mortal man can invent
Will be too high for a fire ingent.

For several years now Pine Hill has been energetically "organized" into an efficient self fire-fighting unit, mostly under the leadership of present President of the Student Executive, Ken Findley. This year's head of the smoke-eaters is Blair Colborne, Sydney, but the little poem below, written by a Dal student at the Hill, loving applies to both.

FIRE DRILL, A LA PINE HILL

Come hearken ye students of hare-brained schemes
I'll show you what practicality means—
Which took the form of a lecture harsh
Delivered by the latest fire marsh.
It wasn't long but quite concise
The following records their good advice . . .

Now gentlemen we are gathered here
With intention honourable (and rhetoric drear)
To imprint on your minds with exhortations
The probability of lamentations . . .
You all know the building isn't so old
It sometimes gets hot but never (oh never) too cold . . .
She's made of a substance mixed with plaster
That wards off fire like alabaster,
However dear sirs we must (but we must)
Be ready in case there's a holocaust,
So now with pride and no more ado
The fire marshall I give to you.
Ah . . . Ah . . . clap . . . clap . . .
Ah . . . Ah . . . rap . . . rap . . .
Quiet please . . . please quiet.
I know it's inconceivable
But believe me it's unbelievable,
If at night you hear a ringing
You know the message it'll be bringing
(A fire alarm with a dining-hall tune
Will drag the laziest from his drone)
It'll ring a little longer . . . and perhaps a little stronger . . .
Than it does for food . . . food . . .
You'll hear it ringing loud and long
Jump out of bed and put something on
Open the window and hang out your head
Throw off the covers that lie on your bed—
Around the room make a speedy glance
Watch out that you stir from your sleepy trance . . .
Feel the door and see if tis hot,
If tis there's a fire, is tain't there's not,
Open the window and close the door,
Open the door and jump from the floor,
Use a rope if it's available
If it's not (your out of luck) . . .
Roll up your money and roll up your jeans
Make haste damn quickly—depart from the scenes . . .
And incidentally, providentially . . .
. . . we'll soon have a fire drill . . .

JOE COLLEGE.

Conversation --

(Continued from page two)

at times garrulous, hostesses and the cafes, where conversation was the order of the day. We remember the coffee-houses of England, famous Will's and the coffee-house where "Lloyd's of London" was born. We think of Swift and Cowper and many others who enjoyed good conversation. How much conversation and tea meant to Dr. Samuel Johnston! Even yet we can enjoy the recorded gay chatter and witty conversation of those leisurely days. Today, as Emerson said "Things are in saddle."

The factor which more than anything else, benumbs our conversational ability, is the tempo of our times. This tempo threatens to benumb our very souls. Yutang stresses that leisure is necessary to conversation. It is my opinion that leisure is necessary to living. Thoreau, who saw much so clearly, cries of the world "It lives too fast." He, too, knew the worth of conversation.

It may sound far-fetched, but who can say that the future of the world does not lie in the art of conversation?

MEDICAL NOTES

By B. Batulinus and M. Catarrhelin

There was a lad called Lindsay. Poor boy, he grew a moustache. And one day he became much wiser, and his experience made him very sad. He smelled a centrifuge, and how sad a fate it was for the moustache.

The night of the Pine Hill dance there was a car parked close by the college. This car was unlocked. The night was cold but there were blankets enough to go around. But whom did the blankets go around? Inquirers are directed to see—well, never mind.

Van Gash "Cheer up" Martin is very fond of blood. That is, he cherishes his own blood so much that he hates to experiment on it. Now this was a very great mystery to all of his classmates, for all of them delight in blood-letting. This mystery has now been solved. Somebody tested Van Gash's blood for colloidal gold, and got a positive result.

The writer would like to announce the formation of a new society at

was founded just before the last second year dental anatomy examination. It is called the Mel. Brown Society for Quiter Libraries.

It has been forecast that the Sterret is quite likely to become Prime Minister of Great Britain some time within a very few years. His great platform has always been "God Save the King". His imperialism is most commendable.

Delicious with milk as a bedtime snack—
crisp, crunchy graham with healthful bran.

MARVEN'S GRAHAM AND BRAN WAFERS

Healthful Nutritious

MARVEN'S for QUALITY

Have a Coca-Cola=Here's tae us

...from Dundee to Hamilton

Here's tae us is a favorite toast of the Scotsman. Have a "Coke", replies the Canadian fighting man and a new friendship is sealed. Around the globe Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes—has become the symbol of the friendly-minded.

The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Halifax

Coca-Cola the global high sign

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke."

Presenting . . .

Tigers, Cubs Drop Season's Final

Last Saturday's exhibition game between Dalhousie and Mt. Allison football squads took place before one of the smallest groups of people that have ever witnessed a contest at Studley. C. O. T. C. parade all afternoon, was probably the best reason, but there was little interest in the game, which was definitely an anti-climax after the Acadia trip.

In the first half of the Senior game Dalhousie got the ball over the score line but the count was not allowed.

The second half saw Goldman go over for Mt. A. on a pass from LePage. They made the convert and though the Tigers threatened to score several times after this, the game ended with Mt. A. the victors 5-0.

During the game both Wade and Currie made some nice runs but they were of no avail. The chief point noticed during the game was the smooth play of the Mt. A. line in comparison to the ragged plays of Dal.

We contemplated giving an account of the Intermediate game, but it would save time to simply give the opposing team's lineup,—most of them scored a try anyway. Debert sent down a team which could probably have put the boots to the Senior team. The score was 25-0 (and not for Dalhousie).

Dalhousie Tigers—Anderson, Epstein, Wood, Allen, Jardine, Hagen, Marshall, Henderson, Carten, Currie, Flynn, Hart, Farquhar, Barry, Wade, McIvor.

Mount Allison — Lesueur, Estabrooks, Kerr, Goldman, LePage, Peacock, Chalmers, Leard, Cameron, Carroll, Dodson, Mooland, Vair, Lohan, McLennan, Durant, Hunter, Carley.

Dal Intermediates—Grant, Swain, McKelvie, Dunlop, McKenna, MacDonald, MacKenzie, Flynn, Ruse, Bell, Butterfield Smith.

Debert R.A.F.—Sulsh, Devlin, Cox, Davies, Brooks, Kuschut, Colledge, Morrison, Battersby, Garrett, Armitage, Jones, Black, Price.

organization of college sports. In his sophomore year he became secretary of the D.A.A.C., and this year he has been elected vice-president of this important athletic club.

"Mackie" has a deadly shot in his favorite sport, basketball. He is a real stylist in the hoop game, and here we might mention that his technique is not so bad in other places, for only last year he sent fluttering the heart of one of our lovely English friends during her brief sojourn in Nova Scotia.

For the past two years Campbell has lent a helping hand in the organization of the basketball team. This year he is basketball manager and with his important position in the D.A.A.C. his assistance to the team will be most valuable, just as it has been in the past.



One cold night, three years ago, a hotly-contested basketball match was being staged in the truculent town of Glace Bay. In the closing minutes of play the game was still in the balance. One side went ahead and then the other tied it up. The enthusiasm on the floor spread to the gallery and the crowd was noisy, excited, tense. Finally with only ten seconds remaining a penalty shot was awarded, and at this moment up strode our hero of this week's column to sink the foul shot which put the game "in the bag" and brought the Maritime interscholastic basketball championship to Halifax.

In case anybody is still wondering who the above-mentioned player is we present Mackie Campbell, one of the best known sport personalities on the Dal. campus.

Mackie is a thorough Haligonian having lived all his life in the city and having attended such schools as Morris St., H.C.A., and Bloomfield, before coming to Dal. At H.C.A. "Mac" was on the swimming team that won the Maritime interscholastic meet at Acadia in 1940. In the 40-yard breast stroke he shattered the tank record, and the following year he broke his record in the same event.

While in High School Campbell also took part in the City High School swimming meets and won the breast stroke on three successive years, setting a new record in his last year. It was at H.C.A. that this fine athlete played on the basketball team that defeated Yarmouth and New Glasgow before going on to play the exciting match in Glace Bay for the Maritime title, in which game he scored the winning point to give his team victory.

An enthusiasm for camping has taken "Mackie" to Big Cove eight times, as well as once to Sherwood Forest Camp in Northern Ontario. Among other things he has been swimming instructor at Y Camp.

In 1941 he played for the Dal. Grads in the city senior basketball league. Also he was a member of the locally famous Y Aquabats who were Maritime senior swimming champions for three years.

Since coming to Dal. "Mac" has played a prominent part in the or-

on the SIDELINES

by BILL POPE

During the past week criticism has reached this corner complaining that certain sports have been given too much notice while others have been overlooked. Although we have our favorites, like almost everybody else, it is our intention to give as true a picture of sports on the campus as possible. In a democracy, free speech and free press are prevalent and anyone is free to criticize existing conditions. In fact this column favors constructive criticism.

Besides being sports commentator and sports raconteur we would like this year to lend a hand to any college sport struggling under wartime conditions. Military training, wartime transportation, and scarcity of materials have made participation in sports more difficult. The present war has struck a hard blow at many games; some it has knocked completely out of the picture, but others continue to gamely carry on. When things go wrong, when co-operation is lacking, and when at every corner stumbling blocks seem to protrude—that is the time when one has to fight hardest. College sport has suffered some sharp blows but it has not entirely been rubbed out. It is our desire this year to give assistance, through the press, to any worthy game that is finding difficulty in organizing or in carrying out a planned schedule.

Dalhousie Tigers suffered a defeat last Saturday from Mt. Allison. It is not the defeat itself that we wish to talk about, but the way in which the game was lost. For the first half play was even and the period ended without any scoring. At half time, however, one of the Dal. players calmly left the field, went into the locker room, and a short time later coolly sauntered off to another football game. The "Tigers," weakened by the loss of this player, were scored on in the second half and went down to defeat. For sev-

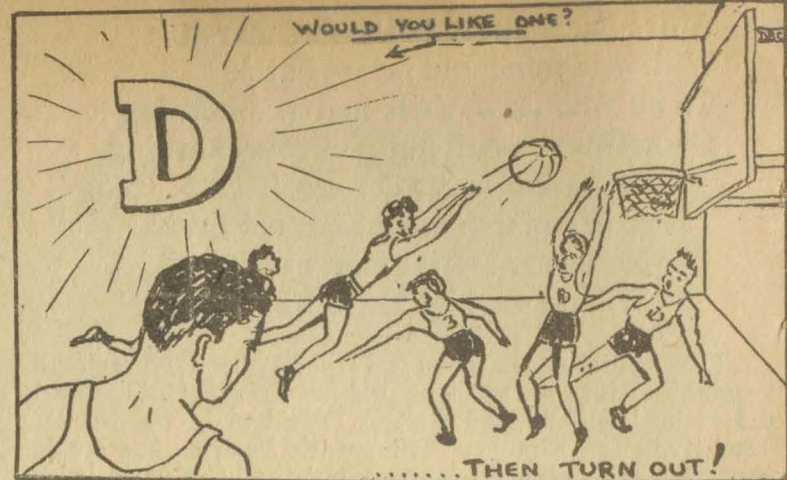
eral years now there has been the cry, "What is wrong with the college spirit?" Perhaps it should be changed to "What is wrong with the spirit of the people who go to the college?" Any person who is going to leave the game at half time should not take part in the contest at all. True, it was only an exhibition game and not a very important game at that. However, there is too much complacency among the players and not enough discipline.

Imagine a military maneuver in which a small, unimportant village is being taken. Half-way through the attack, with the fighting at a standstill, the Commander sends for his star lieutenant, only to be told that the lieutenant has gone back up the line to witness an interesting cockfight. Ridiculous! Yes, but in some ways an analogous incident has occurred in Halifax with only an eyebrow being raised here and there.

The morale of a team or any group of men is a very important matter. One of Maor Hogan's definitions of the term "esprit de corps" was to have pride in your own regiment, and if anyone said anything detrimental about the regiment you should not wait to see if the person had glasses on but quickly smash him in the teeth.

We are not suggesting that the Major's definition be carried out fully, but there are times when people should get indignant. There are times when a little discipline would do a lot of good. To produce a winning team the players must work together, and each player must have confidence that his teammates are all giving their utmost to the game. Too often it has been proved that when one or two players lag behind a team's chances for championship play is ruined.

Changing the subject it is refreshing to know that Dal. swimming enthusiasts have finally decided to organize. Many good swimmers are around the campus and



Basketball practices started for the season on Monday. The turnout was good, especially among newcomers and newcomers. Although Dal has lost several players from last year, none of these will be missed to any extent and the ranks will be filled with young, fresh, vigorous material capable of holding their own in the league.

Dal. should hold her own in any swimming meet. This week a hockey budget has been passed by the D.A.A.C. and now goes before the Students' Council for approval. It is hoped that the budget will be approved and that Dal. hockeyists will once again "take the ice" and carry the black and gold to new victories.



WITH YOUR FIRST PAY CHEQUE you can blue-print your future!

Soon you will have your first pay cheque in your hand. You have already decided how most of it will be spent—on board and lodging, clothes, entertainment, a few dollars for something you've been wanting.

Your savings provide that hold. Life insurance helps you to save regularly. And a policy now can assure you an independent income in middle life. The earlier you insure, the lower the rates will be.

These are things of the present. But the most important part of the present is the part that gives you a hold on the future.

The Mutual Life's free booklet, "The Years Ahead," explains in detail the importance of life insurance to you, now and in the future. Write today for your free copy.



Established 1869
Head Office - Waterloo, Canada
INSURANCE IN FORCE OVER \$638,000,000

EATON'S

A Wide Selection of MEN'S NECKWEAR

—Always A Popular Choice With Many Gift Shoppers!—

If you're shopping for neckwear this year be sure to see EATON'S selection of attractive ties now on display in the Men's Wear Department on the Main Floor. . . There are ties galore—in patterns and colors to suit practically all tastes. Check off several of the names on your gift list by choosing neckwear—at EATON'S!

Each 50c to 2.00

EATON'S Men's Wear Department—Main Floor



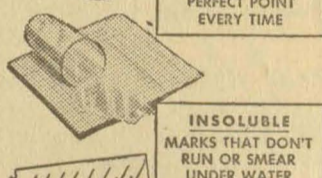
Check what you want in a COLORED PENCIL



STRONG POINTS THAT STAND UP WHEN YOU BEAR DOWN



NON-CRUMBLING LEADS THAT TAKE A PERFECT POINT EVERY TIME



INSOLUBLE MARKS THAT DON'T RUN OR SNEAK UNDER WATER



Check them all? THEN GET THEM ALL IN ONE



A good slogan in war or peace: "Say Schwartz and be Sure". We urge it for your protection that you may be assured of the incomparable Schwartz quality in Coffee, Spices, Peanut Butter, Jelly Powder, Baking Powder and Dried Fruits.

W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS LTD.

Canada's Oldest Coffee and Spice House
Founded in Halifax in 1841

Basil Winters

LIMITED

383 BARRINGTON STREET

Now Showing

FALL AND WINTER MEN'S SUITS AND FURNISHINGS