

Meds at Play . . .

Medicine Scores!



The Med Ball

• THE VARIOUS MANOEUVRES attendant upon the act of going to the Med Ball have always appeared to us more or less routine in nature. It is upon certain variations—and pitfalls—in the commonly accepted theme that we should now like to comment.

1. **Obtaining a ticket.** This is a procedure requiring little out of the ordinary in the way of intelligence; but, paradoxically enough, it has attained the status of a sine qua non. Any credited representative of the Medical Society will be glad to hand you a ticket if you ask him nicely, and pass him the sum of \$3.50. It recently behooved one of our boiler-making brethren to remark that the price was high. Two reasons for this may be advanced: (1) Mr. Ilsley has recently seen fit to discontinue the excess profits tax. (2) One has to pay for quality.

2. **Obtaining a date.** It is now—and has been for some time—the custom that every gentleman who attends such an affair shall be accompanied by a lady, preferably of his own choosing. If you don't, you're not one of the boys.

Chronologically, the sequence of events is usually (1) followed in short order by (2). The individualist may choose to reverse the order; but the safety factor dictates (I) ahead of (II)—that is to say, first things first, not second.

Now this procedure requires some thought; lacking this, a potential success may turn into an awkward rout. On the assumption that the usual route of communication is the telephone, and that, should you be at a pay phone, you agree with yourself to use no more than ten nickels on that particular occasion, we shall proceed.

Whom to call? If you have not seen her for a year or two, it is always well to enquire from some reliable source whether or not she now enjoys a state of wedded bliss. This avoids conversational difficulties later on, and saves you the trouble of asking politely whether baby looks like mummy or daddy. The time of your call is important—we would suggest at least one week before the event, in order to give the girls time to talk the thing up among themselves. What

are your ulterior motives? You think, perhaps, of the Sadie Hawkins party, which may be in the immediate offing. Expressed in words, it would run like this: "If I ask her to the Med Ball, what are the odds that she will ask me to the Sadie Hawkins party, and thus preserve my prestige as a respected entity within Dalhousie society?"

AND now, the actual verbal approach. Several methods are acceptable. Others we mention only to condemn. (1) The "guess who?" beginning. This definitely lacks subtlety, and has rightfully fallen into general disfavour on both sides. (2) The usual comments on the weather—"My, isn't this springlike weather we're having! And the Indians at Shubenacadie say we're going to have very little snow!" "By the way, what are you doing Friday night?" etc., etc. Here we have pretty stock stuff, but it may do in a pinch. (3) A different tack is adopted in the following: "Shall I see you at the Med Ball Friday night?" If the reply is "Yes, by all means," then you may gradually taper the conversation down to an end, and get busy on another number. If the reply is: "No, not unless you take me!" then you have the equivalent of the green light in traffic. This form is particularly suitable from the masculine point of view, for the question is so worded as to avoid damage to his ego in case of refusal. She unwittingly says no in a nice sort of way. (4) This is the sort of thing you say if you're feeling on top of the world and fairly sure of a good reception: "Let's you and I go to the Med Ball Friday night." This has the merit of being fairly original, and may strike some girls as indicative of a forceful personality.

At the moment, we have no more to say on the subject.

Pins and . . . Pick-ups

(It is to be understood that all characters listed below are entirely fictitious and any similarity to anyone, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Therefore, any persons desirous of suing for libel have no grounds whatsoever.)

... One little elusive devil in particular, bearing the initials "J. L. M." inscribed thusly upon its dorsal surface, and which has been missing for the past six weeks, has found its weary way back to the manly (?) chest of its owner, the above John Lauch—MacLellan however was last seen, axe in hand, chasing Chaplin Maddin down Robie St. with cries of "trigamist!" renting the air—"be not discosolate, the Lauch," said Harmony, who even invaded the citadel of the enemy Sat. night to help J. L. drown his sorrows—in music of course!

The old master himself, Deek Grant, likewise has been having much trouble—lately Deek took a recount on his daisy, and with "she loves me, she loves me not, she etc." Grant found the extra petal and placed the much batted about ring back on Kay's finger . . . Those two long and short side-kicks from Phi Rho, Milton and Earle, recently bid their pins, absent for a lengthy period, a welcome or not so welcome "hello". "To heck (?) with her" says short Gordie, but long Harvie took a deep breath (of Newfoundland air) and sailed in after more—The pin

and to branch out a bit from his proverbial rut of yesteryear—which he has done with much gusto, we might cooly add—still Joanie doesn't do too badly—now that the Acadia ground hockey team is not around . . . gee, what heel! . . . and then speaking of Acadia, the pangs of Nostalgia are too much for Chambers and Morton, for their periodic trips to their Alma Mater (old) are much in evidence . . . Al Saunders trucks off to Acadia too, every so often, but what kind of pangs he has, we can't say, for he never ever went to Acadia!

... Jimmie MacDonald was seen making out his 1946 operator's license (automobile, that is!) the other day in the government building, (the other Govt. Bldg., not the N. S. L. C.), so apparently he and Patricia are in there pitching again—

... But in leaving, pray, pray tell girls, what gives about this boy Sutherland?—We, his brother students begin to wonder when we hear tales about them hiring a special secretary at Phi Rho to handle all Larry's telephone calls—he sure has the girls at Shiffer's Hollow under his thumb—but then

Meds in Athletics

• THE STORY of Medicine's contribution to sport on the campus could be completed with a mere resume of the efforts of the participants. Yet, while we look with pride on those who have been our representatives, we cannot help criticizing a system under which the potentialities we have on hand so often wither on the vine. The fact that Medicine is a post-graduate course, or at least presupposes a pre-medical education, signifies that the greater proportion of its members are gleaned from the ranks of other universities, from Newfoundland in the east to Vancouver in the west. Many of these men come to Dalhousie with previous athletic experience, only to become imbued with the idea that a felt "D" is small consolation for failing first year, and that Medicine is a jealous

This is not to say that we do not hold with the adage of "first things first." But, as our new president has put it in his opening speech to the students, after due respect to our studies, we should "endeavour to play our part as individuals in the general program of student activities. While the individual student in medicine is primarily to blame for his lack of interest in sports at Dal, too often his decision is influenced by the current belief that some members of our own faculty openly discourage participation in major sports. So the cleats are hung in the closet, the sneakers are sent home to the younger brother, and athletics to the average student is only a sub-heading in the file of memories.

AFTER a few years of operating at capacity due to a post-war influx, registration at Dalhousie will begin to dwindle. Then, once again, we will compete with our sister universities for young men and women seeking an education. To an athletic-minded high school lad, choosing a university will not rest wholly with a consideration of its buildings or its professors, but also with its record on the athletic field. In preparation for this future and in the interests of a better Dalhousie, we must begin to build an athletic-conscious campus; we must gain the full co-operation of the faculties of medicine and law; we must correct the erroneous impression so evident in medicine that sports should be left to the undergraduates.

Turning to bouquets, we note that this year's senior rugby team had our consistent representative from the med campus—darkhaired Irish Kev Carton, hard fighting half Allen and Epstein, who played several senior games were both valuable members of the scrum. Remembering when two years ago medicine boasted of eight members including captain on first team, we have hopes that next year will find many former players, as well as many from interfaculty ranks, reporting for senior practise.

To the basketball squads this year we have contributed athletic Carl Giffen, captain and stellar rearguard and bespectacled Bruce "Doc" Morton, former Acadia forward. In intermediate ranks, Gordie Algie, after last year's experience, is turning in his usual

fine performance on guard.

With the hockey season just beginning, our prospects are those of last years interfaculty team; such men as Moreside, Deacon, Cox, MacDonald, would certainly be an asset to the ice sextette.

IN the realm of tennis, P. E. I.'s Bill Moreside claims top honors, having played a leading role in Dal's court triumph over Mount A. which gave them last year's championship.

Descending, or perhaps rather from the point of view of interest, ascending to interfaculty medicine composed nearly always of former stars of other colleges: their preference may be described as partly temporal, partly due to ineligibility.

The football squad emerged, by virtue of a final tie with engineers, unbeaten during the schedule, and with a slight margin as regards points. It is unfortunate that lateness of the season prevented a play-off with the engineers, and no champion was declared. The meds look forward, however, to capturing next year the title which time denied them in 1945. A challenge game against varsity was won by the latter, their condition and co-operation being more than a match for the experience yet individualism of the meds. Stalwarts of the team were: Grant, Epstein, Saunders, Favretto, Babcock, Kirkpatrick, Shears, Karrel, Foster, forwards; Roy, Bob MacDonald, MacLennan, halves; Jim MacD., Giffin, Deacon, Connolly, Thorpe, Giberson, three quarters; and Theriault, fullback.

With approximately the same team which last year lost out in the final game for championship, the interfaculty squad has already met several setbacks this year. It is hoped that, with further practise the team will once again gain its rightful place near the top. Those to whom credit for last years honors and this year's hope is due are: Deacon, Stevenson, Darcy, Sears, MacKenzie, Ashlee, Roy, MacLennan, forwards; Moffatt, Titus, Epstein, Cox, Foster, Algie, guards.

While interfaculty hockey has not yet begun, a word of praise for last years champions is not out of order. Emerging on top after five starts, they defeated the engineers in a two-game, total goal series for the championship. Credit

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The MED BALL

Tonight -- Nova Scotian Hotel

Jerry Naugler's Orchestra Dancing 9-1

however still hangs in the afore-said breeze! . . . But even then the Monk is having trouble these days, for his red-haired competitor, Billie Mingo, under the eyes of the enemy stole away the fair-haired Fay McL. and dated her up for the Med brawl—tsk, tsk, such crust!

But then, all is not bad news, for apparently some affairs can run smooth. (*Eds. note—time of script—10:17 Sun. Jan. 13)—One is most apt to see at most any of the social functions Bruce Miller and Miss Cunning Itchybald cavorting around—watch out Brucie, people will say! . . . And then again, Al Deacon, with no regard for the 25% jewelry tax, plunked the ring on the dainty digit of his Muriel—

IN the meanwhile the Phi Chi boys don't stray far from the hospital district—either day or night—and in fact seem to have the nursing situation well covered! With operators like Donnie Brennan around however; one can imagine how . . . More than Phi Chi boys frequent the Nurses Residence it is said, for that terrible twosome, Stevie and Neman were running wild during the past holiday. Johnnie MacCormack it seems however has found green fields even closer home—yes, even as close as the ZOO TOO Lab!

... Then "Dirty Dave" Arch has found time to tear himself from the terrors of the horrid fourth year

we wonder if the contrary is not true . . . aw heck Larry, we're just jealous, that's all!

Conference --

(Continued)

(6) A membership fee of \$1 was agreed upon.

(7) It was decided that the chairman of the three permanent committees would become a member of the executive.

(8) Meetings to be held on the first Thursday of every month in the Chemistry theatre at 7.30 p.m. were agreed upon.

Following a meeting of the executive, held on the 13th, a few ideas were scouted.

(a) That the Junior Board of Trade in Halifax be approached to assist us in local matters, (chiefly Housing problem).

(b) That the Canadian Legion would be strongly supported by our Association.

(c) That the three main committees should prepare questionnaires to cover their departments. (These will probably be given out to the veteran when he comes to receive his check. They are to be answered fully with any suggestions included and returned at once.) Special cases will thus be given worthwhile consideration.

(d) An effort to attain an office for the Association is underway.

The general committee will have its hands full in locating full time or part time employment for its veterans. Please give these questionnaires your fullest attention.

A Friday Night Dance . . .

