



Miss Betty McClean, Rink-Rat Society's Candidate

Dal to Receive Grant of Books

With the completion of the book exhibition now touring Canadian universities under auspices of the British Council, Dalhousie along with the other universities who have displayed them will receive as a gift many of these valuable books. The exhibition of over five hundred books is divided into two parts; the first from March 13-18 covering the humanities, the second from March 20-25 the field of pure and applied science.

The British Council is a little publicized but highly valuable organization originated for the purpose of making British efforts in the fields of drama, films, music, and books better known among the countries of the world, particularly those of the Commonwealth. Operating under a grant from the British government it has done a great deal of work in this direction during the past years. It has also sent large general exhibitions of over 2000 books to various other countries including France, Greece, Iraq, Persia, Brazil, and Mexico.

The Lady That's Known as Flu

A bunch of us boys were whooping it up
At a hockey game one night,
A college lad, despite a cold,
Was yelling with all his might.

When out of the night which was plenty cold
And into the din and the glare,
Came sterpto-coccus, the dirty rat,
Just looking for someone to snare.

And there was "our boy" with his old crew cut
And not a thing on his feet,
And also there was his light o' love
Sitting with him on the cold damp seat.

There's felas that somehow just don't catch cold
And are able to go through hell,
But that's not the case with one I know
But his name I dare not tell

His eyes were tired and he seemed in a daze
He had worked very hard at his school,
But who would say as he watched the play
"I'm being a —— damn fool".

His light o' love she carried him home
And whispered her thanks in the porch,
As he bade her farewell, and bid her goodnight
His throat seemed to burn like a torch.

My God, he thought, as he climbed into bed
And tossed with a raging fever,
What a night that was, and what an expense
I wish to —— I could leave her.

So she came to see him the very next day
As he lay in the hospital bed,
And asking him how he felt he said
"I wish to God I were dead."

"They're filling me up with sulfa drug
And I feel so gosh-darned weak,
That I feel as though my throat were gone
Never again to speak."

"It's lonely here and I'm all alone
And I miss my mother's sigh,
She asked me if I felt all right
When last we said good-bye."
These are the simple facts of the case, and I guess you ought to know
They say that he was crazed with a girl, and I'm not denying it's so
I'm not so wise as some of you guys, but strictly between us two
The gal that kissed him, and put him in bed—was the lady that's known
as Flu.

J.L.B.

FLEET FOOT

BUILDS A SHOE

Especially for Basketball!

CHECK THESE FEATURES

- ✓ SHOCKPROOF INSOLE
- ✓ CUSHION HEEL
- ✓ ARCH CUSHION SUPPORT
- ✓ PULL-PROOF EYELETS
- ✓ SCIENTIFIC FOOT-FITTING LAST
- ✓ BREATHABLE UPPERS
- ✓ WIDE, SHAPED FELT-LINED TONGUE
- ✓ MOLDED, CONCAVE, SUCTION-GRIP OUTSOLE





DOMINION RUBBER

ASK YOUR SHOE DEALER FOR **FLEET FOOT** THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

Wot's The Use

We like to watch professors,
When they're talking to a class,
As we just sit and wonder at
Our chances for a pass.

The sun streams in the window
We try in vain to keep,
Our weary minds from wandering
And lapsing into sleep.

He's talking now a Talleyrand
Of Milton and his prose,
How he can thus expect so much
From us—God only knows.

We're slowly tired of Hannibal
His trips across the Alps,
We couldn't pass psychology
To save our blinking scalps.

And mathematics is a class
We'll seldom ever use,
For who can see the wisdom in
The darn hypotenuse.

Philosophy stands by itself
And merits our esteem,
So when we go to bed we all
Have nightmares in our dream.

Zoology is but a chore
Labs bore us all to tears,
And take up all our afternoons
With frogs' legs and de Beer.

And then examinations come
To add to our abuse,
We're just a poorly treated lot
So wot the hell's the use?

J.L.B.



On the Campus

Smoke and enjoy

CAPS

SWEET



FACTORY FRESH