

The Dalhousie Co-Ed Issue

Published once a year by the Dal COEDS

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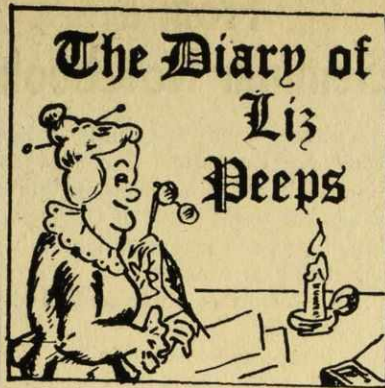
D. G. A. C.—What It Is

There are many people on this campus who do not know what D.G.A.C. means or what its functions are. For those who do not know it is the Dalhousie Girls' Athletic Club and its job is to organize with the help of the Physical Director, the sports played on the Dalhousie campus. All girls on the campus belong to D.G.A.C. and each girl must have one year of class in Physical Education in order to procure a degree. These classes consist of two hours a week and are under the direction of Miss Betty Evans, the Physical Education Director. Classes are given in square dancing, tumbling and apparatus work, ball-room dancing, and the sports such as archery, swimming, badminton, basketball, ice and ground hockey.

The executive of D.G.A.C. consists of a President, Vice-president, Secretary and a Managing Committee. The committee covers Basketball, Badminton, Swimming, Archery, Tennis, Ice Hockey, Ground Hockey and Ping Pong Managers. These girls are responsible for their sports and in particular the Varsity teams in each sport. Each class elects a representative every year whose duty it is to help the managers and to arrange inter-class meets. The class that gets the most points from interclass meets and team participants wins the Inter-

class Plaque. In all sports but archery and ping pong there are Maritime or provincial Intercollegiate teams with meets held at different colleges each year. Points for silver and gold "D's" are awarded to members of Intercollegiate teams. For a major sport such as basketball and badminton, 25 points and a major chenille D are given. For minor sports such as ice or ground hockey, 15 points and a minor chenille D are awarded.

In the year 1949-50 Dalhousie held the Maritime Intercollegiate Basketball Championship, Maritime Intercollegiate Girls' Swimming Championship and the Maritime Intercollegiate Badminton Championship. Much of the credit for these championships should be given to our Coach, Miss Betty Evans, who hails from Rothesay, N. B., and is a graduate of Mt. A. and McGill Universities. She has won her way into the hearts of all the girls on the Dal campus with her ready wit and her interest in each and everyone of us. Besides running a date Bureau from her office—which she has done on occasion, she is an excellent coach. At any time of the day she is ready and willing to help any one of us in any sport. We sincerely hope that she will be back with us again next year.



February 2nd (Groundhog day):
Awake early, though with sore eyes by reason of having stayed up late attempting to decipher the journal of my drunken spouse. Was unable to do so, since the cunning rogue writes in a cipher, but did discover a lewd book in a plain binding entitled *Lescholle des Filles* which I did read and it is very lewd indeed. Did burn the said book, secretly.

To the office of the Spectator (early edition) where was the lady chronicler B. McSqueak, drinking with the men. She told me that she had lately received tenders of affection in the form of a poem from one Masonite, a builder of houses. Was complimenting her on her good fortune when the gentleman appeared, in hugh dudgeon, saying that his poem was not addressed to her, but for publication.

Being disgusted by the idle chatter that followed did make my way to the peasant's room, where I did hear a conversation about the forthcoming Al Capp week. Many of my companions are fearless of asking men, but would not heed my advice that they are better single.

That evening to the Mercenary Ball, which paid special attention to the members of my fair sex. Watched with interest the many damsels on the stage and was mightily pleased when Miss Morose was elected Pringle Lady. Had great difficulty restraining Samuel throughout the function. And so home and to bed.

February 3rd: Up betimes, and to the College on the Hill with the boy, to his Latin tutor, a very distinguished and good looking man. Into the tutor's office, to be coldly ushered out again by him, which the boy tells me is by reason of the fact that the scholars have taken to boring holes through the wall of his office. On my way home did stop in at the book-sellers by the gym inn and surreptitiously did purchase a new copy of *Lesholle des Filles*, a lewd book, yet not amiss for a sober woman once to read over to inform herself on the villiany of the world. Thence to the stink where the local scholars were sadly defeated by a bas crowd of Seminarists from the hill country.

In the evening to Stigma Hie in Souse Street, with others of the Ladies' Aid, thinking to see the Latin tutor, but he did not appear, being, as I heard, with a colleague's wife. There being many sots took Samuel home early, yet even in that short time he did succeed in getting sotten.

February (4th (Lord's Day):
Abroad late, by reason of Samuel's complaining of sickness, which is not surprising, and to Little Oxford to hear Doctor Runner preach. He did deal at length with the sins that beset the age, but did not hear the latter part through the snores of scholars in the back rows. Old Deacon Houses did sing very fine in his deep voice, in no wise disturbed that he by mischance did sing one hymn, and the congregation another. Then to church again, where a simple bawling old Scot preached, and home to dinner.

In the afternoon did walk over the fields to the College on the Hill, observing the fine new buildings that are being there erected. Did see a man walking, his head down as in thought, followed by a small dog also looking wise, head down. The master did occasionally stop, as if in thought, at which the dog would stop also. Occasionally the dog would bite its tail, whereas I would look at the man to see if he did the same, but he did not.

Programme

Tuesday, Feb. 6—

Skating 9-11 p.m., at Dal Rink. Bring your man along.

Wednesday, Feb. 7—

Serenade 8 p.m. Meet at the Hall. Dancing afterwards at Pine Hill.

Thursday, Feb. 8—

Bridge Party 8.30 to 12 p.m.

Play bridge at the Hall. 75c per couple. Refreshments will be served.

Friday, Feb. 9—

Sadie Hawkins Dance 9 to 1 a.m. Featuring Don Warner. Bring a box lunch but buy your corsage at the door.

The Burning Question

Instead of ringing at eight forty-five, Algie's alarm clock rang at seven-thirty this particular Monday morning. Instead of rolling over and going back to sleep Algie was out of bed in a matter of minutes. It was all part of the campaign. This was Co-ed week. It was the week when Algie had to sit and wait to be asked instead of doing the asking. Friday Night loomed in front of him like a big question mark. Dorothy had asked him to go skating, but apart from that he had received no invitations. Most of our gang were going to the dance. Lets see—there was Peter, he was going, but that was to be expected because he went steady. Frank was going with Jane (Algie thought he'd rather stay home than go with her), and Andy was going with Barb. That left just Algie and Dave who weren't going. But Dave had nothing to worry about because he'd taken that cute freshette out a lot and she was sure to ask him out. That left poor Algie without a date—poor Algie.

There was one person with whom Algie wanted to go to the Sadie Hawkins dance. She was a marvellous girl—good looking, lots of fun and yet had a head on her shoulders. Yes sir, she was the girl for him. Her name, in case you are interested was Susan. Still thinking of Susan and Sadie Hawkins, Algie got dressed—more carefully than he had for a long, long time. After all he had to look respectable if he was to have any hope of the dance.

His mother refrained from making any comments when he appeared for breakfast a half an hour before his usual time. She had heard of this mysterious thing called Co-ed Week, but had merely dismissed it as one of the things they didn't have in her day.

That day was torture to Algie. After every class he stood around hoping to catch a glimpse of her but without much luck. Oh well, that was understandable since she had most of her classes in the Arts Building and he had his in the Science. His labs dragged that

afternoon and hockey practise seemed to last all night. When he finally got home it was too late to expect any phone calls so he went to bed.

Tuesday and Wednesday were no easier. In fact, they were harder if anything. On Tuesday night he went skating with Dorothy. That was nice but he would much rather have been at home waiting for the telephone to ring. Wednesday was awful. The only topic of conversation among his friends was Co-ed Week and the big dance. Dave had been asked by the freshette and Algie was alone in his misery. That evening his parents made him go to the movies with them in order to dispel the gloom. By this time he had given up all hope of ever receiving an invitation. He was very unhappy when he went to bed that night.

He was at the college all day on Thursday. When he got home at five-thirty his mother was on the phone and she stayed there most of the evening. At one point the phone rang. Algie ran to it. His heart went to his mouth and a million thoughts went through his mind at once—maybe she couldn't get up the nerve to phone—maybe she thought I wouldn't like to go with her. He picked up the receiver with bated breath.

"Algie dear, is your mother at home?"

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast".

After that his mother was on the phone for another two or three hours. Her bridge club was having a charity bridge and she was in charge of all the arrangements. When she was finally through it was too late to expect any invitation that night—might as well go to bed.

Just then the phone rang again. Algie picked up the phone for the tenth time that evening.

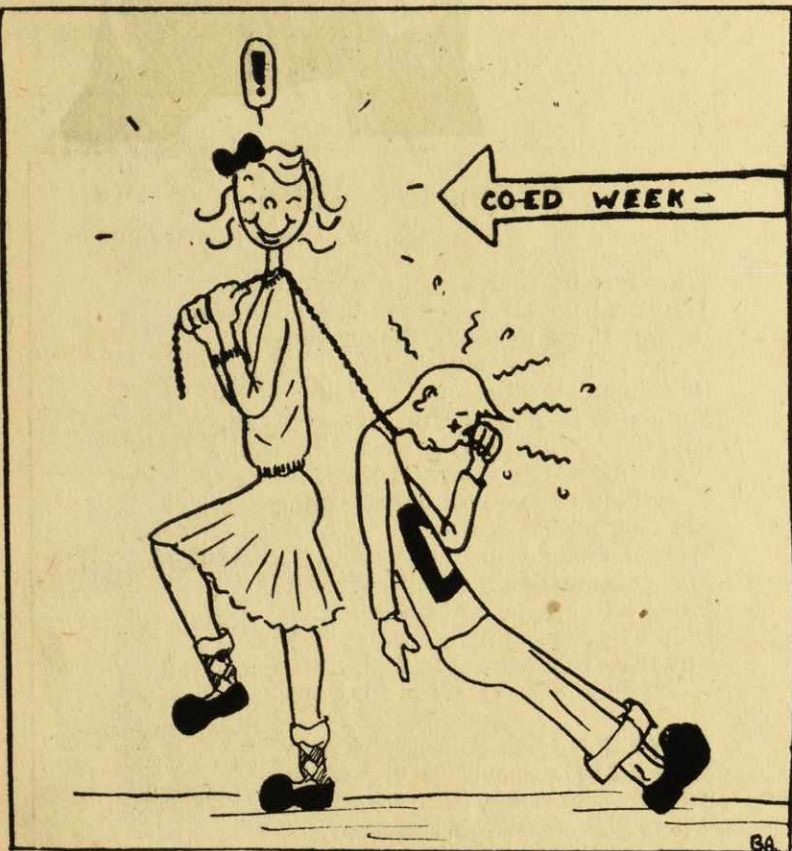
"Hello."

Hello Algie. This is Susan. You certainly are a difficult person to get in touch with, but if it's not too late. . . .!

As I watched some coarse fellows, by their appearance students from the medical colleges, did approach and seize the dog, hasten away with it to Sour's, on Spring Garden Road, near the apothecary's shop. I after them, being curious, and the dog's master also. They entered in and did say to the landlord that they had meat to sell him,

and he, after feeling the dog, gave them money. Then the man entered, very out of breath from haste, and did upbraid the landlord, who returned the animal grumbling, offering the master one shilling for the beast. The master refused, and left, and I also. Home and to bed, without supper.

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Practically Unobtainable

You may not want it but some of your friends might.

A 72 inch genuine human (male pattern) is available to a Dalhousie Co-ed during Sadie Hawkins Week. The MALE is in perfect condition and complete. The price is 5c for a phone call, and any judge of horseflesh knows it is well worth that price. For additional information phone

AVAILABLE JONES
DOGPATCH

The Dullhousie Movie Guide

The Cambridge
Shown again by popular demand
All Week
THE SWEETHEART OF PIGMA STY
With Jane Russell

The Imperial
MRS. BALONEY and
MR. O'MALLEY

Showing this Week at the
Dal Common Room
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
Second Feature
THREE CAME HOME

GARRET
"The Sandwich Team"
Wednesday - Thursday - Friday
"Withering Heights"