

Announcement

And again this week the Features Editor says: Joe, we got space. Write an announcement. Well, Hell! I said, what can I announce this week. If I announce the Junior Prom and the issue comes out Saturday morning and the dance is on Friday night, I am going to look sweet, eh? Joe, he said. We must be patient about these little things. It is quite unnecessary that we should announce something after it has happened, but you can play safe by announcing something that won't happen for two weeks. Then I have a brainwave; I will do that. I will announce something two weeks from today, and then if the issue does come out late, none can laugh.

So I will be sly and look ahead two weeks; this week we will not announce that the Primate is going to speak yesterday, nor that the Commerce dance will be held three days ago, but we will warn all that the Gazette Gambol is here in a week's time for all who are tired and weary of life, and want excitement not unmingled with danger. Here the Editor leans over my shoulder and says: Stop copying out of the old Gazettes. So I stop until his back is turned.

It says here that there will be door prizes; everybody who holds the winning number will line up on the right and the judges will pick out the most honest face, and it will get the door prize. A picture will be taken of the lucky winner and his partner, and it will be put on the front page, which usually has only informal shots of the Editor and his friends. He has kindly given up the privilege this once only, so get your picture in before it is too late. This is at the Gazette Gambol, which only happens once a year. Thank God, it says here. I see the Editor coming over so I think I will stop.

Editor's Note: PLEASE DO NOT READ THIS COLUMN. PLEASE DO NOT GO TO THE GAMBOL: YOU WILL REGRET IT.

THE GIRLS AT THE HALL

The following was inspired by idle thoughts brought on by perusing a letter from the House Committee at Shirreff Hall, launching what we are told is a "cold and scornful" attack. For the letter, see Editor's Mailbox.

We'd have you know, sir, we detest
Your foul unnatural request
That our meals show improvement;
Is it our fault if we are taught
No part of culinary art? *

We girls here neither drink nor smoke,
And while we do not mind a joke,
(Mind, cooking makes us nervous)
We hate the snide remarks you make
About the meals we have to take
From hired, domestic service.

We never swear in sudden heat
But dammit, sir, we have to eat,
(If starved we would look pretty.)
If you don't stop we'll fill you in;
(We wield a hefty rolling pin—
The mighty House Committee.)

We girls down here are much too sage
To take up cooking at our young age,
Besides—who'd eat it all?
And so unhand us, sir, and tell
Your editors to go to Hell,
And not to Shirreff Hall.

* Faculty must be slipping.



Youth Deceived? By Whom?

by Lew Miller

"Young people are deceived by idealism to do what people of more mature experience realize you can't do," declared a member of our fathers' generation whom I shall cloak in anonymity to save him possible embarrassment. We realize that we must listen with respect to our elders who have lived—theirs is the voice of experience—but in this case we should object. And we have the right to object. Two bloody wars have been fought in their time because of their policies or lack of policies. Under their leadership the ideal of one world has again been pushed aside for entrance into the ancient race for power.—Yes, we have the right to object on occasions, and unwise is the elder who fails at least to listen to youth, or idealism. Perhaps, if we accept the words of this elder we shall again be forced to fight a war promoted and declared for us. One attribute of youth is that we make good cannon fodder

We should ask this person, and the many other members of his generation who think similarly, what would have happened to the human race if men of progress

had accepted this negative philosophy? without the efforts of such men as Galileo, Copernicus, Thomas Edison, and a multitude of others idealists whose names stand out in the ages of the history of civilization, the human race should not have evolved.

Corsages

A "Colonial" Corsage designed by ROSEDALE speaks eloquent volumes of tenderness and love.

Rosedale
FUR/ERIE/Limited...
381 BARRINGTON ST. HALIFAX

Footwear

We specialize in footwear that will fit every college taste — for either service or dress wear, for around the campus or attending social functions.

We cordially invite you to pay us a visit. We present such lines as "Hart", "Slater", "Murray" and "Ritchie".

SHANE'S
Shoe Store

397 Barrington St., Halifax

CO-ED NEWS AND VIEWS

Looks as though everyone's beginning to act normal again, after these past days of shocks, (good or otherwise). As soon as exam lists went up, so did New Year's resolutions—wonder how long they'll last? (The resolutions, that is.)

Whoever said people can't change? They certainly can try! The gang at the Hall has decided to reform: they've formed the Good-Posture-No-Swearing Club. Let's watch the results.

After one dancing rehearsal of H.M.S. Pinafore all the Glee Clubbers should be qualified to enter the ballet—or Navy—either one will do.

Incidental Intelligence

For the first time in Dal history three co-ed basketball teams are entering into competition! Three cheers, good luck and all that sort of thing.

The co-eds in Dear Ruth do have their problems! Patty is shy about showing up in her slip, Marg is worried about those wiry "trim" clutches, and Connie is wondering if her stage marriage will be legal. Speaking of Dear Ruth, that very worthy production is gonna be presented on February fifth, so don't forget.

M. L. G.

NOTICE

The writers of faculty columns for the Gazette (that is: Dent, T-Square, Co-Ed News and Views, Med, if any, and Law, if any) are reminded that for information, delivery of articles, etc., they should contact Robin MacLean at the Gazette office, who will be the Editor in charge of these columns. The telephone number of the Gazette is 3-7098.

Without effort to advance, man, like the dinosaur who could not keep up with the progress of nature, would long ago have become extinct. Accepting the philosophy of our elder, a man with a high ranking university degree no less, we can expect that those of similar thought will allow us to be led into destruction with the very implements of civilization.

If our elder had said "some" young people are deceived by "immature" idealism we should have agreed; but his statement was general—to general for acceptance. We must realize that we cannot ignore experience and tradition. Much of the past is good and we cannot throw tradition aside in the making of a better world. We must use a good foundation as a stepping stone to a better future and to do so we must destroy the evils of today—and there are many, out of which is the reactionary attitude of the majority of our elders. We undoubtedly have many hopes which will prove to be vain. Many of our youthful

(Continued on page 8)

DENTS

With the mid winter holidays over, the fourth year dents are back for their last lap on the road to graduation. As usual the stories of activities over the festive season are wild and plentiful. The Major took up skating during the holidays, but had to visit Camp Hill Hospital when he returned. Jim Darcy spent his first Xmas with his charming wife in Halifax.

"Didz" spent his vacation in Sydney Mines. What was the attraction at the Yacht Club, eh Didz? What brought Daniel Steeves back to Halifax during the holidays? Was it Dentistry, Music or the Love-bug?

Third year students are enjoying heavenly bliss since the unanimous conquest of Pathology—"the poor bloody dents".

An authentic report informs us that Wilson Kink is doing extensive search and research in Crown and Bridge.

At last Kay has her wish—cold and snow—just like Alberta.

No doubt hockey fans have noticed Joe McDonald playing hockey. His style and speed certainly add a lot of color to the dental team. The first game for the dental hockey team proved to be more of a practice as the opponents failed to ice a full team.

CONTRASTS AND CHOICES

"A higher percentage of pigpens are lightened by electricity in Norway than are farm-homes in America."

BASIL WINTERS LIMITED

383 Barrington Street

Now Showing

MEN'S OVERCOATS, TOPCOATS,
SUITS, FURNISHINGS, Etc.