

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
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"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN . . ."

At universities across Canada there is currently being conducted by the Red Cross a drive for blood donors and Dalhousie students have been asked to give their response November 5th and 6th.

The need for blood donations has increased year by year with new hospitals and clinics constantly being added to the Red Cross list of those who receive this free service. The need is greater yet today. In addition to the normal regular growth new commitments for the war in Korea have been added.

But while the need has grown the response has shrunk. Today in blood banks across the United States and Canada a serious shortage of blood exists. Whole buildings erected for the sole purpose of storing blood stand empty except for a few bottles — this on top of repeated calls for increased volunteers. In the U. S. a temporary surge in donations was received in response to a louder request than usual but it was not from the citizen in the street but from the armed forces, the Army, the Navy and the Airforce.

The same situation exists in Canada. A shortage of blood even to fill the requirements of our Canadian troops in Korea has existed for the past year and repeated appeals have brought nothing but indifference.

The response to the annual request to Dalhousie students has shown this same apathy in years. In 1949 only 179 students volunteered and in 1950 the number was down to 139—this from a total student body of approximately 1500 at the time!

In turning down the request statements such as "I need all I've got", or "My doctor told me I'm run down", and "I'm anaemic", were heard again and again. Surely 85% of the student body are not run down or anaemic!

Authorities have stated time and time again that the giving of a pint of blood from a healthy individual leads only to temporary and slight diminution of the volume of circulating blood. The drop is replenished within a matter of hours.

The need was never greater. Please give.

Wilbur and Gus and the B of M



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Letter to the Editor

It seems there has been some worry about the lack of spirit shown by a majority of Dal students. In a recent editorial it was deeply regretted and the writer pointed out that one chief cause was the absence of any outside criticism of Dalhousie, or any serious objection to any of its activities. The student body has no common opponent on whom to express its unity. McGill has its perennial opposition, M. Duplessis. U.B.C. writes against anything east of the Rockies. U. of T. is obliged to defend Hogtown, and so it goes. Dalhousie on the other hand is old and tried. Dalhousie is a house built upon rock.

There are, however, two other factors that might be measured for approval.

Have you ever asked yourself who has a difference of opinion in Nova Scotia. To a visitor it would appear we are all conservative church-going moneysavers. Once again these are old and worthy formulae. It is little wonder that students who have never known Upper Canada's Quebec-Ontario feuds, Toronto's P.C.-C.C.F. battles, or Vancouver's anti-Canada feeling, should not be readily whipped into a frenzy over any issue. It takes years of political or social issues to develop the type of society that bursts into mob enthusiasm at the drop of the controversial hat.

The next question might be this "just how important is it that a dazzling school spirit be displayed?"

Waving banners and flags shouldn't write mature minds. Weak intellects rally to the huzzah of the rabble rousers, but not thinkers. (See: East Berlin)

A university is an important place and its students are responsible people.

We come to Dalhousie to learn; others also acknowledge its fine reputation. We should display our school spirit by living up to the fine works of our predecessors and not by misplaced banner waving and riots.

Learning is a serious job. University is the place for development of maturity. As long as we believe in the wisdom of Education, we believe in Dalhousie, and this is worth ten thousand voices engaged in idle shouting.

A. DYER.

The Hermit of Sharktooth Shoals

Now Jacob Came was the hermit's name
in the days of his pious youth
And he cast a smirk on the Baptist Church
But now men quake at Yukon
By betraying a girl named Ruth.
Yake, the Hermit of Sharktooth Shoals
For that is the name that Jacob
Came is known by
From Nome to the Pole.

He was just a boy and the parson's joy
Ere he fell for the gold and the muck
And he learned to pray with the nogs and the hay
On a farm near Keokuk;
But a service tale of illicit kale
Of whisky and women wild
Drained his morals clean as a soup tureen
From that poor but honest child.

He yearned for the bite of the Yukon night,
For the northern light's weird flicker,
For a game of stud in the frozen mud and
The sting of the raw, red liquor.
He wanted to mush along in the slush with a team of husky hounds,
To fire his gat at a beaver hat and knock it out of bounds.
So he sailed from home to that hell-town Nome
On Alaska's ice-rimmed shores,
Where he learned to curse and drink and worse
Till the rum dripped from his pores.

When the gang on a spree were drinking it free
In a Nealemite saloon
And Dan McGrew and his dangerous crew
Shot craps with a piebald coon
Then would Jacob Came who had taken the name
Of Yukon Jake the Killer
Rake the dives with his 45 'till the atmosphere grew chiller
With a sharp command he would make them stand
And deliver their hard-earned dust
Then drink the bar dry of rum and rye
As a Yukon bully must,
Without coming to blows he would twist the nose
Of Dangerous Dan McGrew
And growing bolder throw over his shoulder
The lady that's known as Lou.

Outcast in the cold he bought him the Shoals,
A reef in the Behring Sea,
And he lived by himself on a sea-lined shelf
In lonely iniquity.
But far away in Keokuk, Iowa,
Did a ruined maiden fight
To remove that smirk from the Baptist Church
By bringing the heathen light.
Had the Elders declared that all would be squared
If she'd carry the Holy Word
From her Keokuk home to that hell-town Nome
And save that sinful bird

So two weeks later she took a freighter for that

Gold cursed land near the Pole,
But heaven ain't made for a lass that's betrayed—
She was wrecked near Sharktooth Shoals.
All hands were tossed in the sea and lost
All but the maiden Ruth
Who swam to the edge of the sea-lined shelf
Where abode the love of her youth,
Where the icy arms hold hidden charms
For the sinful and uncouth.

He hunted the seal for his evening meal,
He handled a mean harpoon,
When he saw at his feet not something to eat
But a girl in a frozen swoon
Whom he dragged to his lair by her dripping hair
And rubbed her legs with gin
And to his surprise she opened her eyes
And revealed his original sin.
His eight-month beard grew stiff and weird
Till it felt like a chestnut burr
And he swore by his gizzard and the Arctic blizzard
That he'd do right by her.

So he rowed her ashore with a broken oar
And sold her to Dan McGrew
For a husky dog and a hot egg-nog
As rascals are wont to do.
Now ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth
With scarlet cheeks and lips
And she sings rough songs to the drunken throngs
That come from the sealing ships.
For a rouge-stained kiss from this infamous miss
They'll give her a sleek seal fur,
For the wickedest born from the Straits to Nome
Is one and the same with her.

No, I'm not forgetting 'cause this was the setting
For the slaying of Dan McGrew
When the music-box tune went up to the moon
Relating the passion of Lou,
But jealous Ruth had guessed the truth
And when Dan and the Hermit were dead,
She raked Lou's hide with Jake's 45
Filling her full of lead.

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from

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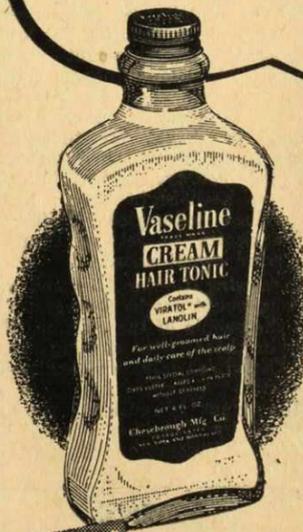
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