

S. C. M. Holds Open House

Sunday evening, in the Common Room of the Men's Residence, the local S. C. M. held their first "Open House" in a series which will continue till the end of March. About 50 students attended, and enjoyed a program of singing and social fellowship. Guest speaker for the evening was Dr. C. M. Nicholson, Principal of Pine Hill Divinity Hall, who based his remarks on some of the answers to the vital question "Why Be A Christian?"

Ross Hamilton, S. C. M. President, was chairman of the meeting. His witty (?) remarks were the subject of much comment from the gathering. Lloyd Soper, fresh from his role as 'The Man Who in a most capable manner, with Came to Dinner', led the singing Keith Fleming at the piano. Special musical numbers were given by Jocelyn Rogers, with two fine piano solos, and Terry Monaghan, whose vocal solos were much enjoyed.

Dr. Nicholson, in his address, reminded the group that in Christianity man comes, through Jesus, to know God, and to accept a personal discipline for his life. In Jesus, men see man as he might be; they find a standard of living which supercedes the weakness and baseness of life which rejects Christianity. For in Jesus, and in the men who through the centuries have contributed to man's progress, are found great examples of personality expanded and fully realized in devotion to the interests of others, rather than self. Finally, Dr. Nicholson said, Christianity places a value on the individual, regards him as vitally important,—a fundamental fact for the psychological welfare of man.

These meetings are open to all students.
 TIME: 8.45 p. m., each Sunday evening.
 PLACE: Common Room, Men's Residence, Studley.

Med Notes

"Are you going to the basketball game tonight, Jim?" "No sorry, I'm working!" You know it's just about time most of we Med students stowed this stuff about having to work all the time — if there was as much work done as excuses for it, plows down at Med would be a lot fewer and farther between. All of which brings us around to the question of Med participation in campus events — or rather the lack of it! Medical students are very conspicuous by their absence on athletic teams, glee club productions etc., and it seems as years go by, the situation, if possible, becomes worse and worse. Each one of us, if we are to carry the name, a Dalhousie graduate, owes something to his college — such being the case, we are indeed far in debt.

Medical basketball and hockey teams continue to dominate both of these interfac sports, and to date, have yet to taste the sorrow of defeat. This is certainly not due to any backing by the rest of the students — oh well, it is grateful to see old faces like Deek and Boud at every match.

Fraternity initiations and formal have come and gone, so attention is focussing on the banquet to be held at the Nova Scotian on February 27, and the Med Ball on March 7 — I daresay that these will be well attended. However by the present level, I wonder?

CATHEDRAL COMMENT

"Lord bless thy chosen in this place.
 For here thou hast a chosen race."

Flash! Antigonish! In a recent poll of power the following ranked—1. Pope 2. Arch Bishop 3. Chisolm, D. J., Bill "Ping" Dunn, the Port Colborne Cassanova, took time off last weekend to drop hook on the Admiral's Barge, and consequently ended up in the galley with his daughter, whose main virtue was in the fact that she could cook.— Between arguments, it appears as if Doc (Cicero) Proudfeet has been tramping out Bedford way. We gather that the young lady is a good listener.—Recent visitors to Norman's included Doug Hunt, Bob MacDonald, and his brother "Sandy". — We pass on congratulations to young "Full-up" Moore who now enters his 22nd year. Crime marches on!

Having started our column with a quotation from Bob Burns, it is only fitting that we end it with one of Al Capone's. . . . "When a man don't fall for a 'broad; he's through."

(Ed. note; Due to circumstances beyond our control Cathedral Comment may not appear in next week's Gazette. It's author is being threatened with eviction for not paying his rent, among other things.)

Dent Notes

All roads on Saturday night, for the hard working Dents lead to the lower gym where the first organized party of the Dental society is scheduled. It promises to be a good one, so let's all be there. The Faculty members have also been invited and it is hoped that they will enjoy our first social.

Congratulations to the Director, cast, and the entire Glee Club for their splendid portrayal of "The Man Who Came To Dinner" The standard of entertainment has been high this year and promises to remain so.

Incidentals . . .

At last Pentz and Chernin can take in a week-end party. Since both Marg and Anita are paying Halifax a visit shortly.

Why was King so embarrassed at the play last week? Could it be that he was constantly reminded of the "Error" of last week's Gazette

Law Notes

Political enthusiasts of the Law School are looking forward to the Mock Parliament that is to come off towards the end of the month. The Rt-Hon. P. J. O'Hearn, Prime Minister, has so far not disclosed the make-up of the cabinet, but it will no doubt have to be good to withstand the attacks of a violent opposition. The Law School Mock Parliament is being started this year after several years recess. Lets hope everybody will take enough interest to make it a success.

The big oratorical battle with Osgoode Hall Law School is here at last. Friday night will see a debating team from Toronto meet two of Dalhousie Law School's best in the first of what is hoped will be a series of annual affairs with the "Queen City".

By the time you cast your eyes on this column the big Bridge tournament will be well on its way to a dramatic finish. It's a bit early to give a running commentary on it yet, but next week we hope to have more dope on the outcome

RED INK

Through the past two years the ranks of the Commerce Society have swelled with jubilant throngs of participants from three different sources:

- (1) Returning Vets; (2) Students who actually realize the profits offered by such a course, and,
- (3) Certain unmentionables who, early in life, discover that they are not scientists, doctors, etc.

In former years the Commerce Society, known as the "Dirty Dozen" proved itself the weakest member of Dal, but also the darkest. I have now taken it upon my broad? shoulders to bring to light the dirty doings dug up by my close associates; thus I consider myself a potent slave of the C. Comm. C. (Commissionaires of Commerce Complaints) a society altogether worthy of mention in the gruesome hereafter.

Heading the list is our friend Bobby (-soker) Lyal who has locked himself in his room in preparation for Co-ed week. Pretty good Bob, considering you lost four skeleton keys in Sherrif Hall lobby last Sat.

Diary Of Betty Peeps

Jan. 31: Samuel suffering an extreme acute attack of gout and delirium tremens, I am forced to edit his diary this week. My husband and I out to the Gym playhouse and there saw the "Gentleman Gourmand", an excellent play, to Milords' Bidwell and Zappler consent, I trust. The house being very full with a great company, large numbers of the unmarried male species, dressed in all best finery, sought invitations for the forthcoming "Ladies' Night". I am given to understand that several were very successful in their ventures.

Feb. 3: A very busy day. Did stop by the Gym House and there, in company, did watch the dance of four damsels all we ladies being on the elert for the arrival of our lecherous husbands. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, did hasten my steps again to the Gym House and there, with much company, was forced into the pit due to great crowds and lack of seating accomodation. Much to my consternation did hear a young lady not of the college scolding Milord Ralph Manning for his actions. Was greatly shocked to hear her say, "that's not being friendly, that's being familiar."

Feb. 4: Up, as I have of late resolved, before 7 in the morning and to the office of Ye Olde Gazette where all were merry supping coffee. Among the rest of the usual gossip it seems that the ladies of the college are all mightily pleased with the newly-sprouted moustaches of the boys of the Barracks.

Feb. 5: Good news beyond all expectations . . . it seems Milady Godfrey is betrothed after much flinging of nets. Tears from the male swains. Passing ye olde Ale Dispensary did notice a great gathering, among whom did perceive Milady Jessica Morrison, fromwhom did glean information that Milord Howard Norman has succeeded in his candorance. So home to bed to listen to the lewd mummings of my husband.

MY FAMILY TREE IS EVERGREEN

By DAVE CLARK

My family tree is an evergreen; an evergreen too old, and gaunt to be taken into a home for a Christmas season, and too humanly knotty to be selected by the lumberman for his multifold purposes. In a forest untouched by fire it stands among others, firmly rooted to the soil, at first glance so similar to others to be unnoticed; but on further inspection so different that it demands attention.

Some trees in the forest are taller, and our tree is a trifle taller than others. When fierce winds rage through the forest it feels secure among thousands of the same stature, pitying the tall trees that bend and toss their massive heads, compelled by the savagery of the winds. It pities the pioneers that grow on the outer, unprotected fringes of the forest; and when the sun shines it takes its share of warmth, feeling sorry for the smaller trees that struggle upwards to the light.

Girding the circumference and extent of the trees are many branches, some rugged and sturdy, others weak and small. In several places, broken, barkless, dead stumps are mute evidence of no longer existing branches, the memory of which has not been forgotten. In some places the growing bark has endeavoured to hide painful memories of the past; and, failing to do so, the tree has exuded a hardened, resinous surface that forbids inspection, but which on being chipped off discloses an internally incurable wound.

Fertilized by an ever-provident Nature the female cones fall away to bring forth relative trees in the unthinking cycle of birth, of living, and of

dying.

Every spring—the season of new life—on the extremities of the branches, new families appear. Greener, more hopeful, reaching out their arms with youthful vigor, they seek life; and as the season grows and wanes, imperceptibly blending into the summer age of pleasant living, the youthful green fades and blends harmoniously into the ever-constant shade of the tree.

Storms of winter rage, and the younger, stronger member-needles fight back and cling for life to the protective family cluster; but older, weaker members lose their color, turn ashen, cling precariously but tenaciously to the living branch, finally to lose their holds to fall or be hurled away from life into the abysmal oblivion of time-past.

The tree, however, goes on, yearning for life and afraid to die; but always dying and always living. It changes, but the change is slow. Roots stretch out their fingers, grasping for a stronger claim on the soil; branches extend outwards and upwards seeking light and life; and the life-giving blood of generations flows through the veins of all, bringing to its members the characteristics of heredity which shape its natures,—and its natures are manifold.

What is the secret of this tree? What makes it so indomitable and sturdy when members of its family no longer care or know about other members? Why does it grow? Why? Why?—Perhaps the Fate who might unleash a thunderbolt to destroy it with one blow has the answer; but we members of the tree care little for answers, for we know life. Our family tree is an evergreen, a tree of ever-living, a tree of life.

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