

"FRESHETTES IS FANTASTIC"

Charmed to meet a fellow student who could so aptly epitomize a situation, I turned to see a mournful looking youngster with hairy legs exposed to his knees. He was gazing sadly after the disappearing form of a freshette, who was clinging to the arm of an Engineer.

"I knew that girl when she went to high school," he said. I have dated her for years, and now I get the cold shoulder when I come to college. Why, oh why?"

And so, dipping into my vast fund of experience with human nature, I told him.

Women come primarily to college to get an education, I said. In the long run, they get married. But I do not think we should allow an objective approach to the subject to be obscured by results. Why do they get married? Some old-fashioned people might exclaim on the virtues of romance, but that is more or less sheer rot. Our modern young ladies are too smart to be driven along that way.

The simple fact is that college does not offer a young girl the training she will need to establish herself in the same category as the male who leaves the University. Society is inhibited against women as doctors, lawyers, and engineers. I bet that 99% of the girls at Dalhousie deplore the fact that they get nowhere with professional courses, while the Arts and Science is also a road to nowhere, as far as earning a living is concerned. Business colleges teach women the job of being the type-scribers of civilization, and at a lower wage than any man could work for.

Women are inevitably driven to marriage, was my conclusion.

"Thank you, sir," said the freshman, and I could see he was very impressed. "But you haven't told me why my girl friend is leaving me for an Engineer."

"Oh, I'm getting to that", I said crossly. "The example I have given you is but one of many that can be found in the history of society. In brief, the women's mind has been made submissive and is apt to be without driving energies, because her position is one at the fireside and cradle, not at the political helm and cannon."

"Yes, but why has my girl gone over to an Engineer?"

"Well, some women like a more matured man. Which reminds me, why has she gone over to an engineer?"

Freshettes is fantastic. I have met many in my several years at college. The first year I was a freshman, and there were several stunners in the class. There was a meeting in the Chemistry Theatre and some fearful objects with pipes came in and scared us to death, and by the time we had recovered our energy, the stunners were taken. The second year, we vowed not to

make any such mistake, and lose the pretty ones, but we forgot to intimidate the men. The third year, we were gray from carrying on the war effort at college.

I met one freshette that impressed me. She was wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, and was dressed severely like a feminine anti-bobby socker. She told me when I interviewed her that she came to Dal to study, that she had never been led in any subject in any class all the time she was at high school, and she was going to continue to do so at college.

This no doubt would be a comfort to her doting mother in her old age. I followed the girl's career with interest. She really was very pretty, and had none of this sophisticated nonsense so prevalent among girls with upper crust behind them. I sincerely hoped she would get far.

She made no great steps to bridge even that narrow gap between the society of girls and that of boys. She wore no cosmetics, did not walk like a hussy, or seem visibly moved by the tempest of changing styles.

Gradually, however, she acquired a small male circle about her when it became known that she was an honest and forthright girl, who said what she meant and meant what she said. I talked to a French professor who for years had taught her, and he shook his head and said, "That girl is like a European woman. She has the charm of the ladies of France. Monsieur, do you know that with French women you feel like a god, they make you the supreme object of their interest, and yet they are sincere". I have heard several cosmopolitans express this opinion, and rate Canadian and American girls far behind such assorted females, as British, French, Russian and Chinese, in their tact at knowing how to handle the male ego.

She graduated with high honors, leading her year. Then, with all the promise in the world for a bright future, she married a very unsuitable man. She must have been madly in love with him; he had not her wit, her chameleon quickness in suiting the mood of any time. He was dull, he was stupid. His career was unpromising.

But that is a woman. Freshettes are not different; they add a bit of variety to the assorted shapes and sizes around us.

The Mouthings of Paracelsus The Great

Classes in medicine began on September 12, as any fool must know. For the benefit of those who do not have the good of the commonwealth at heart and consequently keep no close watch on the doings of the medical school, there are now four classes enrolled, namely first year, second, third, and fifth years. Of course the first year class is interesting because it is new, and among its number are as many as three of feminine gender. . . to quote an eminent professor, "The moral is obvious."

Naturally life in medicine is in full swing. The book store is under the capable management of Stu Madden, Doug, MacKenzie, and . . . of course, the indomitable Redmond. There all the children of Aesculapius may buy all forms of texts, new and old. Ah, yes . . . "the true university is a collection of books".

The Medical Society is soon to have its first meeting, and it is hoped that this year it will not go the way of other years, and suffer atrophy because of neglect on the part of the students. Watch the bulletin boards for notices of its meetings, and attend, so that the society may serve its purposes. In these days when ideas about mimeographed notes are falling on fertile soil, the society has good purposes to serve.

It has been suggested that this writer remind the first year class to elect their officers, that is, if they haven't already done so. Let the sheep have shepherds.

The fraternities have had parties. The tales one might spin if one had a mind to spin them . . . well, there is one student in third year and another in second who have chanted together:

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Clear as the sun,
Fair as the moon,
Terrible as an army with banners."

It will be interesting to note what happens when they discover they both refer to the same girl. Oh, Hell, enough of this rot.

Without Prejudice

The students in the faculty of Law are delighted to have Dean MacDonald back with them again this year. As everyone on the campus knows, the Dean filled a most important position in the Department of Labor in Ottawa. During his absence, Mr. John Willis, who has since taken a position at Osgoode Hall, presided as acting Dean.

The Law School is on its way back—a going concern with more than twice last year's registration. This year's class includes men from all walks of life—army captains, a clergyman, engineers, and the odd student. They have assembled from various parts of the world—from the tropics to the Arctic Circle (Newfoundland), but all in all they seem like a fine group and doubtless the Halls of Justice will some day ring with their able judgments.

The Moot Court Sessions are awaited with mixed feelings of terror, anxiety, despair and triumph by the various classes. For the third year it means a triumphant elevation to the seat of Justice—that coveted prize, the bench. For those in second year it means only "—sweat and tears", for to present a case before the critical eyes and ears of the Third Year Class, newly arrived on the bench, necessitates much filching of phrases and legal "hokus pokus" from the masterful judgments of every law-giver from Moses to MacKenzie King. And the first years—for them it is a novel experience, and they cringe before the bench offering their feeble remarks, trying to curry favor with those oppressors—but all in vain—from the bench comes the almost inevitable reply; "Contempt of Court—Cokes for the Lord Justices."

FACULTY ADDITIONS

President Stanley announces the following new appointments to the teaching staff of Dalhousie University:

In the Faculty of Arts and Science:

Dr. M. Roy Foran

Mr. Vernon Crawford

In the Faculty of Medicine:

Dr. Edgar C. Black

Dr. D. J. Mackenzie

Dr. Jessie A. MacLeod

Dr. Hugh M. Eaton

MOVIE OF THE WEEK

TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR
MGM. Produced in the best Metro tradition, "TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR" is large, lavish and lovely. The delightful plot is magnificent for a musical, and allows plenty of scope for the leads, Van Johnson, Gloria DeHaven and June Allyson who makes a stunning debut in her first lead. The girl has more wholesome charm than a dozen sultrier glamour girls. She'll be a star in a year. Featured in the film are Harry James with Helen Forrest, Xavier Cugat with Lina Romay (now under MGM contract and being groomed for stardom), and for the long-hairs, Jose Iturbi, Lena Horne, and Carlos Ramirez warble, not forgetting Virginia O'Brien, Jimmy Durante and Ben Blue clown, and there's Gracie Allen running all over the place like mad. The film's height of hilarity occurs when Albert Coates conceives the mistaken notion that Gracie Allen is a concert pianist. The MGM Recording Orchestra, Coates conducting, accompany Gracie in her novel "Concerto for One Finger". S'wonderful! What if "TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR" is escapist? It's currently the best bet for your money and worth double your admission fee. There is not a dull minute in it; it's foolish but it's fun. Joe Pasternak ("Thousands Cheer") produced.

In The Groove

D'INDY:
SYMPHONY ON A FRENCH MOUNTAIN AIR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony; Maxim Schapiro, Pianist.

Following the success of the Second Symphony released last fall, Victor presents this three-record album, DM-913. The Symphony is always absorbing—dynamic, yet not terse; melodic, but not lush. Mr. Monteux delivers another volatile reading and Mr. Schapiro handles the piano score competently, if drily.

BACH:
PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN E MINOR. (Transcribed by Stock) Frederick Stock conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The ever-lovely "St. Anne" prelude and fugue setting of the hymn tune, "O God, Our Help In Ages Past" receives treatment in a brilliant transcription that's surprisingly faithful. All the vigour and fire are here plus new nuances of orchestral shading the Bach could never have imagined. The late Mr. Stock and the Chicago people at their best. Victor Album DM-958. (Two records).

POPULAR: COLE PORTER:
MEXICAN HAYRIDE:

Excerpts from the current Broadway success, well-sung, well recorded. Cole Porter's weak score receives vigour and gaiety from June Havoc (in her first Broadway lead) Wilber Evans, and Corinne Mura, with Mexican A Decca Album.

FROSH IN THROES—

Continued from page one
freshman. Please beware of "wolf-esses", won't you?

Our campus now looks like a gay masquerade, or perhaps not so gay if you ask a certain person who had to sweep the gym store-steps with a toothbrush, or the chap who spent many minutes counting the number of stones in a certain monument.

ORPHEUS

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"MYSTERY MAN"
and Latest Paramount News

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"GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST"
"DEVIL RAIDERS"

OXFORD

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JOAN DAVIS in
"BEAUTIFUL BUT BROKE"
and
"COWBOY CANTEN"

MON. - TUES. - WED.
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"THE DEVIL
and DANIEL WEBSTER"

CASINO



ALL WEEK

ABOTT

and

COSTELLO

in

"IN SOCIETY"



CAPITOL

Thurs. - Fri. - Sat.
Oct. 5, 6, 7



IRENE
DUNNE

in

"WHITE CLIFFS OF
DOVER"

Mon. - Tues. - Wednes.

HARRY JAMES
AND HIS BAND

— in —

"Two Girls and a Sailor"



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"D-O-P-E"

(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Question: What are artichokes and how should they be eaten?

Our Etiquette Editor, armed with notebook and ideas, made the rounds of the campus for the following disappointing results. Lovely Wina Handina, freshette, stopped for our reporters after her first English 2 session. Obviously in a dazed condition, the child could do little more than dangle a few participles: Yes, she said, she had heard of artichokes. No, she couldn't remember where. "I'll go and quickly refer to my "Hanford," she lisped, splitting an infinitive. When we left her she was avidly perusing "Il Penseroso", but had not come across such a reference.

We next ran to earth a Freshman Engineer, but little could be gleaned from his broken mutterings. Spent, defeated, we crept back to our Gazette office lair to lick our wounds. As a matter of fact, we don't know ourselves.

Ques.: Do you miss bananas like that old sweetheart of yours?

High in the lofty drafting rooms of the Engineering faculty we came across a Varga drawing of a large, pale yellow fruit reclining on a maroon velvet background. The aesthetic colour-conscious Engineers had chosen this their Picture-of-the-Week. Our ever-alert reporters seized this opportunity to find the general consensus of opinion on this pertinent and absorbing subject. Bananas, it seemed, were a thing of their childhood—a morsel, once obtained, to be treasured and handed down from generation to generation.

One little fellow slyly confessed he had seen his father frame his last banana and hang it over his mantle above a bottle of one-hundred-and-fifty year whiskey. In the early days of the war, one sage graduate student recalled, a few minute bananas of a repulsive green colour and a pallid hue were available locally, but none have been seen since that time.