

Ambitious Plan Mooted To Foster College Spirit

T-SQUARE

Returning Engineers last week gazed mournfully about the Drafting Room, saw a profusion of placards and bow-ties, but not one solitary apron. It is reported that one lady Sophomore had applied for Drawing 1 but had been dissuaded by the Registrar on the ground that she would find the sight of eighty hanging tongues rather appalling.

Being a Truro lassie, she should be well acquainted with Engineers' antics from the annual Survey Camp, which, despite competition from Debert, went over well this year. "Newfie" Clark found the St. Mary's boys and their Annapolis Valley Coke much to his liking. Poor Steve suffered from shortsightedness one night and still has bags under his eyes to show for the ones he previously had in front. And it is said there were attractive pins other than the bowling variety stationed in the Truro alleys. "Choppie" is advocating birth control after a hectic evening spent celebrating the arrival of a nephew; he has one consolation—he can give Watters quite a run for the Horizontal Club Presidency, which matter comes up for discussion under the table at the next Society meeting.

Drafting Room Snapshots. "Kipper" racing madly from Prof. Bowes office to drawing board to waste basket, disposing of spilled ink and the Department's good paper, while muttering, "Today is my evil hour."—Philosopher Peter P. challenging one of the Farmer's remarks with, "It's logical, but not chaste"—Prof. Copp standing at the entrance to the inner Drafting Room with burning ears and a shocked expression

Only a hot summer can explain the recent goings-on among our faculty heads. One lecture centered around a rivet-driving bulldozer; another was entitled "How to Preserve a Couple with Both Hands on the Wheel." See what Engineering can do for you?

Someone put his foot in it last Thursday when he failed to mention the Engineers in his list of the highly reputed faculties at Dalhousie. Their good breeding prevented the boys from walking out in the midst of it, but the Publicity Committee plans a campaign to make the campus aware of their presence. Such glaring omissions must not occur again.

The shovel rests.

HUMANIMALS

"The only distinction between the (alleged) human and animal kingdoms is social in character—it is sophistication, sir," according to the most unusual interview I have ever had in my life. He was a retired professor whose views were so unorthodox as to warrant his expulsion from even a liberal university.

When I saw him he was sitting forlornly in a two-room apartment in one of the gloomy and disgraceful tenements in a large Canadian city. His money had gone, swallowed up in his ambitious researches, but his soul shone above the squalor of his surroundings and his spirit was undimmed.

His forlornness was caused by a sad incident that befell a few minutes before my arrival as an inquiring reporter. His landlord, put out of temper by some shortcomings as to rent (a mere month or so) had swept into the room and taken a stuffed ape, which he hoped to sell to an antique shop.

The old man sat between a stuffed hippo head and a grinning bass, incongruities which didn't look unnatural after a short glance at the room. Only its size prevented the inclusion of a few of the lesser dinosaurs. There were stuffed animals of all varieties around the room.

He looked into the backyard of the tenement. About four stories down a grimy pair of youngsters were playing in a heap of refuse, and shouting some obscenities into the air. "How very different from the dignity of the creatures of the woods", the old chap mouthed.

"I do not know how this distinction between animals and humanimals has come about", he said. "I look through early history and I see the Egyptians on speaking terms with their oxen, venerating these faithful creatures even above their fellow humans; I see the ancient Greeks immersed in a pseudo-animalistic mythology that gave ample praises to the horse. Did the Hebrews construct a golden man; no, they made a golden bull?"

"Today, do we make our coins of golden bulls? No, we make them of man. Clearly a change for the worse".

Then civilization happened. How this happened he couldn't quite say; it is the missing gap in his theory that his researches in old age are trying to bridge. No longer, he sighed, did man sleep with the pigs and the horses and the dogs; instead he left the stable and descended to the level of a bed.

"If it wasn't for the fact that humanimals needed clothing in wintertime, I don't think it all would have happened. But humans needed clothing, and in this way they were set apart from the beasts. Worse than that, they had to procure their

covering from the hides of their erstwhile allies. Which is very sad", he said.

It might not have been so bad if it had stopped there. For instance, one woolly mammoth could provide enough clothing for dozens of our people. Besides they would have been so hot and bothered chasing the beast they would have been warm anyway. But clothing begat with it many things, something like a member of that grand race forever in our minds through the Old Testament.

"It produced a less hardy people, a people accustomed to winning its life through guile and through trespassing on the rights of fellow animals. It was the insincerity of man that made him what he is today. He should have died and, like Darwin has aptly said, shown that only the fittest survive.

"But we had one trouble. Have you ever heard of the human mind?" We confessed our ignorance. He described it, and a new field of thought was at once thrown at us. It was this mind, he alleged, that made the whole difference. Apparently it was something that even an animal couldn't fathom. "The pig with trusting eye and shaking heart let itself be slaughtered, sir; the dog was kicked and cuffed around like an over-married man".

Tears began to fall. "I represent the last of the animal lovers. I do not mean animal lover in the sense of being patronizing to an inferior creature; I mean as a decent individual who recognizes that animals have certain rights commensurate with the purest of democratic ideals. I would as lief elect an ass for a political appointment as I would a man."

"I profess a true comradeship with all the creeping things on earth, and once mankind has thrown off religious and biological shackles, the world will attain its golden age."

When asked if he represented or stood for vegetarian interests, he said that he prescribed mush and grains for the true diet, but had

*Oh we all have heard of Bashan's bull
And the noise from the beast which ensues,
And the growls and howls of the animals
Are the pride of American U's.
But the famous tiger of Dalhousie
Can only warble "U-pi-dee".*

—Author taken for granted.

ARTS 'N SCIENCE NOTES

Well, here we are back in the groove after a long and restful summer, bursting with energy and willing to print all that goes on behind the scenes. We have run into only one slight barrier, and that is not much has happened behind the scenes up to date, but we feel certain that a few co-operative people will perform a scandal or two for our next column. How about it Arts and Science?

A certain Phi Rho pin has found a new home with our last year president, Jean M. Congratulations Bill, you may be assured that it is being well looked after.

Is Jean Nical really as interested in the Youth Commission as she claims, or is it the chairman who is the leading attraction?

Boys, have you heard about a certain freshette who does her entertaining in a pair of sleek black satin lounging pyjamas? If you haven't, we suggest you look into the matter.

A success at last—Yes, apparently Miriam has found the glories of Pepsodent and irium. Is a diamond really in the offing?

So Alf Cunningham is adopting "The Sheik of Dalhousie" as his theme song. What's the matter, Alfie, can't you make up your mind?

Is Nicki going out for three stripes now, instead of gold braid?

If the freshmen don't ask you out you can always try the orchestra, or at least that is Elsie C. slogan. How is that little drummer boy, Elsie?

several times eaten pate de foie gras. He didn't mind tackling the odd fish too, but claimed they were an anachronism anyway, and as soon as the polar bears could sport around in the ocean without the fear of being run through by a swordfish, it would be better all around.

And so I left him, musing profoundly amongst his treasurers, I readed the door and was about to make my way forth, in time for the ever present deadline.

"Mind you don't kick over that mousetrap".

My faith in human nature was restored.

Last week the Dalhousie Student Council took a step in the completion of a policy which has been dear to the hearts of many critical perusers of the campus scene. For years it has been their heart-felt thought that college spirit definitely does not rate high enough at the University.

The Council's proposals, in simple form, are to provide a leadership for the usual manifestations of college spirit. Cheerleaders are to be taught how to lead a bleacher-full of Tigerphiles, and the students as a whole will be given opportunity to learn the old Dalhousie songs, dear to the heart of the Alumni and -nae.

Not resurrecting the past performances only, it is hoped to have present-day students at Dalhousie write new cheers and songs. There is considerable talent in this University which could do such, it is felt, and the Council is planning to bring such talent into the open. Students are requested to give their ideas or contributions to Alex Farquhar, head of the Committee of the Council which is in charge of such Dalhousiana, or send it to the Gazette marked "Committee on Cheers, Songs."

ORPHEUS

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.
"THREE LITTLE SISTERS"
and
"OH SUSANNA"

MON. - TUES. - WED.
"UKRAINE IN FLAMES"
(Russian Documentary)
"TRIGGER TRAIL"
and
Latest Paramount News

OXFORD

TODAY - SATURDAY
"BROADWAY RHYTHM"
in Technicolor

MON. - TUES. - WED.
KAY KYSER, in
"SWING FEVER"
and
"BLACK PARACHUTE"

CASINO

★

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ABOTT

and

COSTELLO

in

"IN SOCIETY"

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A Hindu once held his arms above his head for twenty years.—A local college record, perhaps?

GARRICK

SAT. - MON. - TUES.

HENRY ALDRICH
"ALDRICH'S LITTLE SECRET"

TUES. - WED. - THURS.

"FOLLOW THE BOYS"
"BABY-FACE MORGAN"

CAPITOL

★

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

CARY GRANT

—in—

"Once Upon a Time"

MON. - TUES. - WED.

Ronald Coleman
Madeline Carroll

—in—

"The Prisoner of Zenda"

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D-O-P-E

(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Question: Do you prefer Harry James or Frank Sinatra?

This, it was soon proved, was a d— foolish query. On examination it was found that Harry James and Frank Sinatra are mentioned in the same ecstatic breath. One charming doe-eyed freshette, who shall forever remain anonymous, uttered a gurgle of reminiscent joy and went on record (affidavits are on file at the Gazette office) as saying that she doesn't go to movies any more (not since "The Shining Future") because they don't bill Frank Sinatra and Harry James in the same picture.

When asked what she wanted for a half-dollar, she blushed and whined away. Frustrated, we sought refuge in Roy's, sinking our miniscule sorrows in coke.

Q.: What type of reading do you enjoy in your leisure hours?

The endless possibilities to this question had us reeling with delight, and happily we set out to find interesting and informative answers. Soon, we struck a snag, however. The great majority remarked sarcastically, "What leisure hours?" One freshman, encountered after a History session, revealed that instead of reading the required Chapter Fifteen of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" he was "just thrilled" with the rest of the work and was plowing through the two volumes clause by clause.

Engineers, we learned, after drafting hours, curl up happily with a Mister Glencannon or the newest issue of the Saturday Evening Post. High in their ivory tower in the Library, we ran to earth several post-grads doing some fascinating research on the table etiquette of our Elizabethan forbears. Flushed from the exertion of their quest, their answers were disturbing. Their private reading tastes ranged from Untranslated Homer, straight through the Bible, down to "True Confessions".

But the pay-off is this: Riding to class one morning, I sat next to a filly who was having quiet hysterics over a pulp magazine. The title of the story she was reading, I chanced to see, was "The Nude Corpse on the Burned Mattress"



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