

DAL DAZE . . .

McGosh Sits In When Council Award Damages To P.G. In Brisk Session

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

● "WE'VE GOTTA LOTTA important business to discuss, so I guess the meetin had better come to order," spake lanky Prexie Bleary Hinterland as he chanted an opening harangue at last week's seance of the Stewardants Consul.

"Firstly there is the question of little Miss Pastry Godless and her missing molar. Her attorney says it'll cost us 10,000 greenbacks to fill the gap in her ivories. But first we'll hear the official report from Elixir Distantram, chairman of the Investigating Committee."

The Bitter Tooth

"Gentlemen," quoth Distantram, "herewith is the whole tooth of the case. Seems Miss Godless was proceeding down the right wing of the oval in the third canto of a tussle between the Old Ladies' Home Alumnae and the Lanyard-coached Tigresses. She was 43 feet from the veteran gals' zone defence when struck on the upper left wisdom tooth by a fast-shooting, quick-breaking hoopster of the visiting aggregation . . . 2 Col. lead Gaz. 4."

"From what direction was the wind blowing?" queried meticulous Froggy Swallow.

"Nor' Nor'-East, sir."

"Was Miss Godless aware of the impending blow?" asked Mud representative "Ape" McYellin.

"No, indeed! In a sworn statement, Miss Godless maintained she didn't know what happened till she saw a tooth advertised in the Gazoot four days later. Then she realized something was amiss."

"Should we put it to a vote, fellers," quaked Hinterland, "or is there more discussion?"

"Personally," said Clinker Heavy, "I would forget about the ten grand and simply forward Miss Godless a .35c card of regret and an .85c bouquet of posies to compensate for the missing molar."

"I disagree," gulped nervous Wah Lee Mungo, as he kibitzed a card game in the corner. "While we're at it I feel we should pay for any cavities or bridge repairs required by Miss Godless. We might also give her the necessary funds for a rest cure in Kentville. Two breakdowns are better than one, and it's nice to keep it in the family."

"I might add, Bleary," said comely Cunning Itchybald, "that Pastry is a wunnerful help to Stilta Gamma. We think she's simply graaand."

"Well fellers," spake Hinterland, "it's gettin late so maybe we should appoint a new committee to investigate the findings of Mr. Distantram's committee."

"By the bye, Elixir," said Consul Medico Dinny Schmidt. "What happened to the committee investigating the committee you were assigned to investigate?"

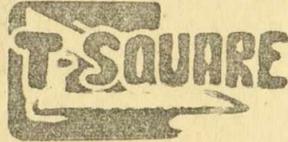
"One no trump . . . what's that? Oh, they're still preparing a brief on the activities of another committee."

Mousie to the Rescue
At this moment, Consul Policewoman Lozenge Mousie crashed into the room with a wild, fanatical gleam in her eye. "Gentle-

men," she screamed, "we have been ambushed! But for my investigations, Miss Godless would have extracted every last farthing from the Consul coffers. 'Twas a mink coat—not a new molar she was after. 'Twas a hideous scheme of extortion. You see, Pastry Godless never really lost a tooth playing ground hooky. In fact, her entire set was home in her bureau drawer all the time."

"Well, fellers," quoth Hinterland, "it's gettin late so I guess we'll call it a day. Next meeting we'll fine Dimwit for smokin on the stage, debate on a new light-bulb for the Glum Club, and have our pictures taken for Willy Pontiff's bigger and better 'Farce'."

(Don't say it! You'd be corny too after 16 servings—McGosh).



● AFTER SEEING him in action, Engineers are enthusiastic in welcoming Professor Vail to the faculty. His lectures are interesting, and a fresh viewpoint is always welcome. The latest fad amongst the stalwarts of the shack is tree-climbing. Latest addicts of this fine sport are Eisenberg, who like to follow cats, and Russel, who climbs for the fun of it.

Boiler tests at Tech drew some interested observers from Dal last week. Reports state that Van Beek showed up well in Diesel-cracking operations, although even Professor Bowes couldn't get the machine started.

Brief Notes:

The date Graves had recently must have been quite an affair. The next day he brought his car to classes, and then forgot he had the thing.

Cowan has a novel idea for dates—going down to visit his lady friend every Friday afternoon, and entertaining her by pouring water down her back.

Bell has another blond on the string these days. Why should he be so secretive about it, though?

Whiteway had a visitor from Acadia over the weekend, and came to classes Monday morning wearing a large red souvenir on his shirt collar.

ORPHEUS

Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 25 - 27
"SHE WENT TO THE RACES" and "CHIMP"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Feb. 28, Mar. 1-2
DANGEROUS INTRUDER" and "PACHE TRAIL"



"I'm Sorry, Ma'am. The Manager's Out to Lunch."

Delta Gamma Treats Ex-Servicemen at Hall

● DISCHARGE buttons were the order of the day, when Delta Gamma entertained ex-service men at Shirreff Hall, February 11th.

The boys were greeted by bright smiles from the girls, who were looking forward to a gay evening entertaining Mackenzie King's adopted sons. Dancing was enjoyed by a hundred couples to the mellow and hot music of Don Warner's band.

After a delicious lunch had been served, Don showed that he was more than master of the trumpet when he amused the dancers with his version of "Let it Snow"—and it did, too, with apologies to the daily dippers!! Vocals for "It Gotta be This or That" were supplied by "Sinatra" Hartling with "Lux" Warner exhibiting the appropriate props.

Chaperones for the evening were: Dr. and Mrs. Kerr and Dr. and Mrs. Johnston.

It was a gay evening for everyone but at twelve o'clock the festivities ended and all the SINGLE boys went reluctantly back to their books, having had a look at the Dalhousie girls, without note books and pens.

See Me Home, Gawge

IF FACT, if fancy, I know not, But somehow is the story brought:

The maid came from a certain Hall Attended, to a formal ball. She was a common sort of lass Who thought she really ought to class

As something of a campus queen, To ride in "someone's" limousine. She left her taxi-Romeo For one with heaps of poppa's dough.

And played her game so slyly, that The dough boy left his jenny flat.

At just the time the fiddlers quit, She thought the hour ripe to fit About the streets and countryside—

The first of many a queenly ride. "I'll wait until you bring the crate,"

She yawned, in accents so sedate. But he replied, between a sneeze Or two, "Really, I have no keys—My pappy will not loan his car. The Hall is not so very far And I will, if you please (sneeze) marm,

Assist you there upon my arm!" —C. O. S.

Attention! Voters!

1. Be sure your name is on the voters' lists.
2. Students' Council Cards must be presented at the polling booths. Absolutely no voting without presenting them.
3. Elections on Tuesday, March 5.
4. Students attempting or committing infractions of the Election Rules will be dealt with by the Students' Council and will be liable to a fine of not less than \$5.00.

Forrest Flashes

Med Notes

● THE ELECTIONS are in the air. At least, that is the impression we get as we behold the multitude of campaign placards which have veritably smothered all available surfaces in our university buildings. It was gratifying to observe that Medicine, after due deliberation, saw fit to enter two candidates of the calibre of Dugger Roy and John Lauchie MacLellan. Now, dear reader, lest you feel that we are biased in our views on the coming election, we would point out that mere mention of the Med candidates will be the extent of our remarks apropos the election.

All students will be glad to hear that the list of recommendations submitted to our faculty last Spring have now been fully discussed at sessions attended by leading members of the faculty and representative students from all years. The spirit of genuine enquiry which dominated these meetings is, we think, a tribute to all concerned. To our knowledge, this is the first such meeting to have been held at any medical school in the Dominion; as such, it is a credit to Dalhousie.

Since our last writing, Phi Rho and Phi Chi have held their annual formal dances. The former will be dismissed briefly as an unqualified success in the opinion of all who attended. The same is applicable to the latter, with a few names for special mention. George Saunders has definitely forsaken his quiet, retiring ways—an in so doing has shown excellent taste. G. Ivan really made the event an occasion for reunion of old friends. President Titus presided very capably, in the company of his better half.

The Mount A. co-eds were treated to a pleasant surprise last weekend as Colquhoun, on route to Moncton, decided to improve upon his present proficiency in the art of sleigh-riding; this, indeed, is a form of athletics denied to all but the select few. Will Jim Campbell interne at the V.G. this summer, or would that cramp his style? Good point, eh, Jimmy? And the Oscar goes to him (or her) who will satisfactorily solve Art Johnston's Case of the Missing Pin.

From RICHES to POVERTY

OR -- How I Failed My First Year

By MARGOT ROSS

● ALL THROUGH school I had been told that Dalhousie was THE college, and that I'd go there when of age. Well, the years rolled by, and I grew bigger every day, until finally, one Friday morning in October 1944, I approached THE campus.

Full of confidence, I walked up to the Library, thinking to myself, "C'est la vie". After waiting patiently for three hours, signing innumerable papers, I finally had a few words with the Registrar—or he with me—and decided to enter the pre-med faculty. (Which was what I had wanted to do, thus satisfying everybody.) Moreover, I decided I'd have lots of time on my hands, for I was only taking five miserable little subjects. It would be a cinch!

But there were still three and one-half months before the finals—time enough to rise to par—time enough to hit the old nail on the head.

So time went gaily on—as did I. Why refuse a bridge party, with its need of gossip? Or a dance? Or a basketball or hockey game? Or a movie? Or even a date? Apart from these activities my time was taken up as follows: day-dreaming 80%; biting fingernails 17.44%; and studying 2.56%.

Reference to paragraph three will show an improvement of 1.06% in studying time. (I arrived at this formula by the help of Math.

1. You have to work a little calculus into this.) But was I too complacent over this improvement in studying time? Was I still fiddling while Rome burned? Was I riding for a fall? Perhaps I was. At any rate, I decided to "interview" my prospective examiners. A little of the old bull might convince them that the foundations of my education weren't too tottery for a 40% in each. Either my bull was baloney, or their insight was too terrific. In short, I didn't get away with it. I got away with nothing—wait a minute —isn't 40% in English something? Or is it?

But where were the hopes of yesteryear? Where were the proud ambitions that once had flown higher than Troy's topless towers? Gone with the wind (in five reels).

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA STUDIENDI!

"Knowsey" . . .

● KNOWSEY WAS given this ad to insert in the column: "To all smart, lucky, oomphatic girls — I am available at any time. No charge included. Phone 3-9848. Yours hopefully—Harry Q. Oldfelt. However, Knowsey would like to remind all readers that she runs a respectable (or almost respectable) news column, and not an advertising column for the love-lover."

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" — or should we say "new love"? At any rate, "Enuff of the Old; On with the New" seems to be a new motto started by Pete L —. But "Don't get around much anymore" certainly isn't Joyce's theme now.

We hear that Larry S — has been talking in his sleep and has been heard saying "Moore Roome", "Moore Roome".

A new Society (other than frats) has originated at Dal, and is known as the D.W.C. But whether it makes any progress or not is for the future to tell. So far as

Knowsey can figure out, it's a club for music-and-musician lovers.

The Hill Billies really shone Friday night. For this annual event every Pinehiller showed up to make the evening a success. But Knowsey was around as usual to dig up the dirt and spoil the fun. Frank F. Phinney (F for Flawless) was really using his political strategy during the "At Home", and Eileen Macdonald showed some interest. But how did it work afterwards, Frankie? We'd like to know too!

OXFORD

Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.
Feb. 25 to 28

"THRILL OF A ROMANCE" with Van Johnson and Esther Williams

Friday and Saturday, Mar. 1-2

"EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES" with Dennis O'Keefe and Constance Moore and "COME OUT FIGHTING"

CAPITOL

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Feb. 25 - 27

"TOO YOUNG TO KNOW"

ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Feb. 28, March 1 and 2

"DOLL FACE" DENNIS O'KEEFE
CARMEN MIRANDA
PERRY MORA

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Youth for Christ

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"SCARLET STREET"