



## The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

Despite the fact that Dalhousie was only able to amass one win this football season, things are not as bad as they first appear. Never once, this year, when the Gold and Black ran on to the gridiron, did their opponents lack a feeling of anticipation, for, although, usually underdogs, the Tigers could have upset any contest.

The boys put on a fine show against the powerful Wanderers in the mud and rain last Friday. One couldn't have asked for more from a young, light team that had been deprived of such stalwart gridiron warriors as Bob MacDonald, Donny Woodward, Pete Mingo, Red MacDonald, Johnny Lindsay, Bert Cull, Doc Hopman and several others, not to mention injuries to Paul Lee and Bobby Wilson. On top of all this the Tigers had a new coach, who, although he did a fine job, certainly needed a year to orientate himself to Dalhousie and to the slightly different Canadian game.

Most of the team will be back again next year and if the DAAC plays their cards right, the Tigers should be in there at the finish—AND ON OUR OWN FIELD!

The problem of school spirit at Dalhousie is about to be solved. In the very near future, that gigantic, continual discussion group known as the Dalhousie Law School is to move up to Studley with the other humanities, where it belongs. Even in its isolated position in the overcrowded Forrest Building, the law school has managed, every year to send men to Studley campus to lead different societies and groups. Of course, as lawyers this should be expected, but the vast majority of the law students have tended to become detached from general Dalhousie affairs and this is not a good thing for themselves or for the University.

It's about time that the other professional schools come out of their lethargy, especially the Medical school. At certain periods in the past, the medical men led all campus activities and were standouts on the athletic scene. That day has gone and we wonder why? The staff blame the students and the students blame the staff. There is supposed to be an unwritten law that any med participating in extracurricular activities will not do so well.

If there is anything deliberate meant, it is a shameful thing. Personally, we don't think there is any truth in it, whatsoever, as Dean Grant has constantly exhorted the Meds to participate, and Professor Bean of Histology is head of the Senate Athletic Committee and would not miss a football game come blizzard or flood. Doc Hopman played last year and did equally well on the gridiron as in the lab.

It's been a long time since the Meds have entered an interfac football team and Meds participating on varsity teams could be counted on the fingers of one hand. To say that they haven't time is no excuse as it has been amply demonstrated that they have. It's a matter of personal time management and a little effort. On the day of the first Dalhousie football game the two medical fraternities played a game of softball. That's not the spirit, fellows. We think that when Dalhousie school spirit forges ahead with the Law School and the Arts School, the Dalhousie Medical School, of which we are all justifiably proud, will not allow itself to remain behind.



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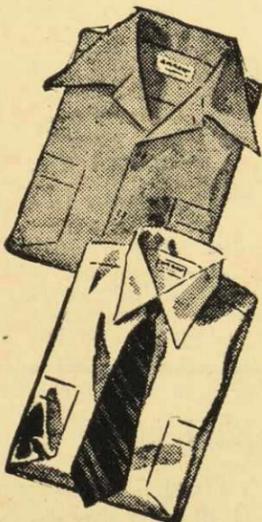
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## T-SQUARE

This column marks the re-appearance of a feature that has been in abeyance for some time, namely a weekly glance at the activities of the engineers. These staunch denizens of the "Shack" are one of the best organized groups on the campus, and yet command less publicity than a well-run Ladies' Aid.

With a new resurgence of spirit, the Engineering Society needs more publicity, and this column humbly hopes to fill the gap.

Looming on the horizon is one very important item on the Society's program—the big Fall Dance to be held in the gym on Friday, November 25. Les Single's band will provide the music, and a quartet from the Glee Club will add variety with a little vocalizing. The hard-working committee of Greg Lambros, Jim Mahon, Ross Kenway, Harold Otto, Doug Glendinning, and Wally Hughes are sparing no effort to make the dance a success, so don't forget, folks, the 25th is your night to howl!

The ruggah squad continues its unbeaten, unscored-upon record with a 9-0 win over Commerce. Next slated opponents are Law and Arts and Science. Meanwhile players are being rounded up for Inter-fac hockey.

Plans are already under way for the Annual Ball and Banquet to be held sometime in February, and committees have been appointed.

## More From Sylvester

Dear Ma,  
Thank you kindly for the cheque which I received yesterday. I repaid the bank manager, and now I can walk peacefully down Cobourg Road once more.

I'm afraid that I cannot come home next week-end, Ma—I had a slight accident which might shock you if you saw me. In Chemistry Lab last Monday I was carefully watching my instructress's ankles as she walked up the aisle, while pouring some water (or so I thought) into a flask. I don't know what it was that I poured, but there was one helluva bang and great clouds of green smoke. When they finally woke me up I was okay, except my face and hands, which were a ghastly green hue. The good doctor told me that it will have faded to a pleasant Chinese yellow by Xmas. When I walked through the doorway at my rooming house (Pier 21) the landlady dropped my electric shaver and screamed in horror. She dropped to her knees and promised to repent; she would keep my room above 32° F, that she would stop opening my mail and change my bedding for the first time. She asked one little favour of me, that I let her continue using my electric razor. It's wonderful what a little green can do. There's only one trouble: my girl absolutely refuses to kiss me goodnight. She says it reminds her of kissing a cucumber.

A friend invited me down to the office of the Dalhousie Gazette the other morning while he delivered a notice. This office is a very interesting place. Always one can hear the peck, peck of a tripe writer, and the constant din of buzzing voices: there is much clapping of foreheads over deadlines and stories not yet covered. Meanwhile one loud voice rants and raves in the background, crashing in on the triper's thoughts. Somehow the Gazette always makes its appearance, although one wonders how, after spending five minutes within those confines.

As you can see, Ma, I am gradually making the rounds of the campus and learning of its many activities. I hope to have more news for you next letter. Meanwhile, please keep sending my allowance of \$2.45 as regularly as in the past. Give all my love to Bossie and keep the barn warm. I'll be home to milk her for the holidays.

Mama's boy,  
SYLVESTER

P.S.—If you insist on sending me Jell-o please send it packaged.

## The Necessity of Getting Together

by M. FOISY  
Gazette Staff Writer

With all the various societies scheduling parties for the near future, it is encouraging to see that the scholars of the College on the Hill are making at least an attempt to know their fellow man and much to joy, woman. It is certainly necessary that we all become disciples of that adage, "Know your fellow man and be considered learned." If you're wondering who wrote it, the author takes the credit or what ever you wish to brand it.

The atmosphere of class is far from friendly. Not that we blame the professors, but as we are supposed to do, it is a period of deep deliberation or sleep. The latter is a much more comforting art, so we are told.

Let us all make a real effort in future to attend these parties. These "do's" continually bring us together and over a bottle of beverage or across a card table, our friendship increases. After all what will our homecoming be like

in about five or six years if we don't even know our classmates.

Last Wednesday for instance, the Commerce boys held a stag party and it was really a swell affair, in that it brought out the friendliness in the fellows. The Engineers, in spite of their draughtmanship manner are hoping for their own gathering this coming week and Arts and Science have their weekly dance dates at the smoke-filled Common Room.

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