

D.G.A.C. Hockey Notes

Do you remember what happened last year in Girl's Ice Hockey? Surely you do, but here's a reminder just in case those glorious scores have slipped your mind. When our pucksters met Mt. A., it was 14-2 and 11-0 for us, led by those hot-shots Joyce Carney and Helen McLeod. Even the Acadia Axettes felt our sharp claws when the Tigresses downed them 13-3. Windsor went home defeated, 14-6. In addition, Dal carried away the City Title, after playing two Maritime Tel. and Tel. teams, and some really rough and tumble games with the newly-formed Engineerettes.

As a result of these terrific wins, Mr. A. M. Smith of Halifax, very kindly donated a trophy to the Dal Team as the Maritime Girl's Ice Hockey Champions.

This year, the team is just as enthusiastic about the game, and confident in their ability to win the Intercollegiate Title — the chance they'll have a week from this Saturday, Feb. 23, when Mt. A. and Acadia will be here for a Round Robin Tournament. Under the capable coaching of Dave Jardine, the girls are out to do their best, so be sure to be there next Saturday at 1:00, when the games begin. You wouldn't want to miss the chances of seeing Dal win another Intercollegiate Title, now would you?
—Gerry Grant.

About The Men

IF HE'S A FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
He bugs shaving lotion	He smells shaving lotion	He uses shaving lotion	He drinks shaving lotion
He can't dance	He can't dance	He can't dance	He can't dance
He likes girls in pretty dresses	He likes girls in shorts	He likes girls in bathing suits	He likes Lily St. Cy
He doesn't think	He thinks he's something	He thinks he's everything	He thinks he's everything
He doesn't go out	He takes out nice girls	He takes out girls	He takes out nurses

Answers To Quiz-

1. Mme. Curie.
2. Cleopatra.
3. Mme. Pompadour.
4. Florence Nightingale.
5. Madame Roland.
6. Helen of Troy.
7. Eleanor Roosevelt.
8. George Eliot.
9. Vivien Leigh.
10. Duchess of Windsor.

As The Eagle Sees It

Men Beware

Well men, today is Valentine's Day! Cupid with his supply of arrows is on the loose, and it is reported that the girls are helping him to aim the darts right in your direction. These are just a few words of advice from some sympathetic females for those of you who are not quite as clever as you think you are at avoiding the wily plans of women during Co-ed Week and Leap Year.

First of all you should be aware that there are few places on the campus where the poor unintelligent male can be free from the designs of the co-eds. The rink is one of the spots where you should be sure to have your wits about you. Nurses as well as co-eds are on the warpath there! How many females will you find fallen on the ice just waiting to be "picked up"?! Joe's and the cafeteria are ideal places for a girl to wangle a free cup of coffee from a simple-minded unsuspecting male.

In fact, about the only safe place for you in the city is the tavern. No doubt this is something you do not need to be told!

Watch out for the sports enthusiasts. We often wonder if the attendance of women at hockey and basketball games is prompted by an interest in athletics or in athletes. Those of you who are swimmers take care not to be dazzled by the female pulchritude of those who don their bathing suits at Stadacona each week. Above all do not be fooled by one of the more ingenious events planned by women, D.G.A.C. night.

The apparently studious gal has almost got you hooked, men. When you next visit the library watch for the girl whose head pops up every time the door opens. You should know, too, that the female that comes to you perplexed by Chemistry has other problems on her mind.

If, unsuspectingly, you walk a girl home to Shirreff Hall you will know you are in danger if she seems to linger in front of an alcove.

And above all, men, beware of the sympathetic type who tell you how to escape the wiles of other women.

Saint Valentines Day

The two most celebrated saints with the name of Valentine are the two whose festivals fall on Feb. 14. One was a Roman priest, the other, Bishop of Terni. Both belonged to the reign of the Emperor Claudius, and both died on the same day. Until nearly the close of the nineteenth century the custom of sending "valentines" i.e. anonymous love tokens on St. Valentine's Day was fairly general. They gradually lost their original significance, and the custom, where it survives, has become completely vulgarized.

Leap Year

(Second in a series of Columns written by Harold Buchwald of The Manitoban, Undergraduate newspaper of the University of Manitoba. Ed.)

By HAROLD BUCHWALD

Winnipeg, (CUP) — After a three-year absence, emancipation of "girl" in boy-girl relationships is with us again. It is said that when they were setting up the calendar many hundreds of years ago, they discovered that fickle ole' sun preferred to remain around one day extra every four years. This day naturally had to be accounted for, and in a gesture of unprecedented benevolence, they gave this extra-day every four years to little February, the mite among months.

Being a resourceful type, woman immediately claimed this extra day as her own. Her arguments ran something like this: Man is master of every situation every day of every year. You've got this extra day, and it's just a teensy-weensy iddy-biddy one every four years. Whaddya say, big boy?

And so man gave her February 29 as woman's very own. But man underestimated his foe, and, being the resourceful type, woman drove home the thin edge of the wedge she had thus established, and now she has the whole year—officially. Soon they named it "Leap Year," upon discovering that every year in four woman was leaping at the opportunity, and man was leaping out of the way. Historical data, released by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, reveals that more of the former have been successful than the latter.

At first man tried to fight against it — after all man is the rational animal. The draughtsmen of the American institution decreed that every fourth year there should be elections for the president of that great republic, hoping that the populace, both male and female, would be so absorbed with this quadriennial three-ring circus they would forget about leap year. There was also the underlying suggestion that to think of anything but elections every fourth year was un-American.

But even the members of the constitutional congress, those paragons of so many other virtues, underestimated their foe. An eternal orchid for subtlety must go to she who successfully cultivated the idea that it is only consistent of woman to run for man at the same time as man is running for office.

The hand that rocks the cradle is always careful to school her daughter for the time when the

younger one must go into the world and find a mate. Consequently, technique after technique is passed down from generation to generation, with slight adaptations to particular environmental conditions. Only the blatant aspect of this purpose is revealed during Leap Year. Actually, woman's aim in life remains fixed all the time.

The late, bewiskered George Bernard Shaw (a married man himself) warned his brother men in Major Barbara, when he stated: "A man chases a woman until she catches him." Therein lies the key to the whole matter. By playing on man's vanity, by allowing man to think he is the master of the situation, woman leads man into the trap which he springs for himself when he proposes and she generously accepts. Then he spends the rest of his life blindly recounting how he wooed her.

Coyness and reluctance, with just the right degree of interest seem to be the main characteristics of the various techniques utilized by woman. Such feminine statements as "You really want little old me to go out with you" should put the would-be bachelor on his guard, but the natural line of reasoning which inevitably follows is: well, I must really be something, and here's a girl that appreciates it, at last. He's hooked.

The girl who seems distant and aloof is equally dangerous. To the average man she presents a challenge (that damn vanity again), and in the process of meeting the challenge . . . well, you know the rest.

There is the type who plays a number of her gentlemen friends off against each other until the one she wants finally comes through to keep her away from the rest.

The sneakiest trick of all, however, is utilized during Leap Year itself. This is the habit of running pictures of eligible bachelors on the society pages of the newspapers. This is as much as to say: "Here are your targets, girls." The effect on men is the desired one, for, although openly ridiculing the unfortunates selected by the society editor, they are secretly jealous and set out to show they are just as eligible as the eligibles pictured.

By being on his guard against these mixed subtle and blatant activities, the average male may yet survive 1952. Let this be the clarion call for the preservation of bachelorhood . . . oops, there goes a button off our shirt—and we wanted to wear it to the sorority party tonight.

The Cocktail Hour

Between the dark and the daylight
When most of us feel pretty sour,
Comes a lull for a lovely libation,
Which is known as the cocktail hour.

Tis then that the frat houses open,
And people appear by the score;
The bar it is merry with music,
And cig butts cover the floor.

The beer has froth like Niagara,
The gin bottle gurgles its tune,
Your nose is as red as a rosebud,
Remember that twelve o'clock's soon.

The drinks have de-frosted the frigid,
The glasses go clinkity-clink,
And when that last cocktail goes in you
It's time for a trip to the sink.

A feeling of joy sneaks upon you,
Your black and gold banner is furled;
In other words, Brother, you're plastered,
So watch where your Frat pin is hurled!

—M. H.

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