

Peter "Rumour" Rabbit Joins In Celebration of Arts, Seance Week; Writes Letter To Gazoot Addle-Pate

Peter Rabbitt was worried as he scampered over Stodgy Campus. The merry little East Winds (laden with an aroma of fish from Dartmouth) whispered in his ear—Be careful, Peter. And he was extra careful. It was his first visit to college, and his mother had warned him before he had begun his quest for higher education that college was a pit-fall for the unwary. Twice that morning he had been mistaken by co-eds for Newfoundland seal, once in a spirit of misguided enthusiasm, the other time when he had been drenched with ink by a Gazoot writer who had made a mistake about the students' common room, and had wasted a lot of ink running after a rabbit of a rumour.

That exactly was what he was. A rabbit of rumour. His personality was to the campus what Gremlins were to planes. Responsible for every error, he was the punching-bag of misplaced fate. Even Rufus Rayne, the genial hen-shaped custodian of the gymnasium, would put his errors on the rabbit, if and when he made them.

Peter collected the fuss about the Students' Common Room. It had appeared through reliable sources close to everything that is worthwhile on the campus that the common room was a certainty. Hadn't the university authorities (sources close to . . .) proclaimed it as such? And when it was found out that even closer sources had got close, and there was to be no students common room in the Glumnasium, had anyone made an error. Yes. But who?

"It's that damn rabbit again, getting in here and using our typewriters", said the Gazoot. Commendable, under standable. What is modern life without a whipping-boy?

We only gave you that bit of information for background reference. We do not attempt to set Peter up as a second "Harvey" of Broadway fame.

After Peter had reached the Arts and Science buildings, he paused at a point directly between the two to see a reunion of brotherly love, as Arts and Seance got together for their annual week of prayer, whose theme was: "How Lucky the World is with us — how unfortunate it would be without."

Harbinger of Humanity
Which recalled to Peter a story he had once read in the Gazoot on Arts and Seance, which said: "You

have a motor car accident in which a minister reads a moral triumph, a lawyer reads negligence, a doctor fees for injuries repaired. But only the gentle Arts and Science student, sweet harbinger of all that is good in the world, breaks down and cries at the sight, adding humanity to a tough-minded world".

With this Peter wholly agreed. The people around him he saw as gentle as himself. Of course, the Engineering clique haunting the upstairs of the Science building was a little tough on him, and almost had him in a stew, but he counted that as a mere tribulation for a rumour rabbit who might, at any time, expect to have Dr. Stunnely down on his head for false rumourizing.

Right now all was peace and quiet as he contemplated the scene of gentle followers of the Arts, Sciences. Finally, he could contain himself no longer. He sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the Gazoot, Chump McGosh, who was so pleased that a rabbit would write him a letter, he wrote an editorial, headlined: "Have You The Gumption Of A Rabbit?" in which he implored others to write letters to the editor.

Peter's Epistle

The letter follows:

"I have recently made my rounds of the Arts and Science life at this University, and I would like to give you my impressions for what they are worth. Generally, I am pleased with the state Dalhousie University is in. It is a source of pleasure to know that English professors speak English, that Mathematics is still carried on. The diminution in the interest of Classics has however, pained me exceedingly.

"When I attended University, it was counted as a course every young rabbit should have. Philosophy was also a necessary must. Indeed, it was from this course that a true rabbit's personality is derived, the insatiable curiosity which has devoured much of my race. In Science, I am deeply interested in Chemistry . . . and Biology, without an adequate knowledge of which our race, alas, would soon perish.

"As for the students themselves, I find only two types, wolves and bona fide scholars, the former of which frightened me to death on the mere mention of the name, but which I now am accustomed to. My personal opinion of wolves is that few Dullhousie boasters of such title know what they are talking about. A more anaemic crowd I have never

BEAUTIFUL GIRL NO. 1—JEAN NICOL



LET'S GET PHILOSOPHIC—Pretty Jean Nicol, who is shown above, to waste words, was born in Toronto, came to Dalhousie in 1943, and is at present a junior. Her interest, she says, is to continue a career in English and Philosophy, and she hopes to study at Queen's University. Vital statistics for the engineers: height, 5 feet 5 and a quarter inches; weight, 123 pounds; hair, Brunette. She has performed in two Glee Club plays—one a drama and the other comedy. Both, she admitted, spiked with a bit of success. Other than that, she has no opinion on the subject, is no songstress (she says), has no illusions about glamour girls. That's what comes of being philosophic.

VOX DISCIPULI—

(Continued from page one)

twenty students questioned eight were registered in Arts and twelve in Science. The greater number when questioned as to why they had chosen their particular faculty, answered, "because I like that sort of work" or, "because that is the only sort of study that I can do". One student replied, "because it was suggested to me by the University." Replies to the question "What do you plan to do after receiving your degree?" included teaching, research, nursing, Law, and the Foreign office. Most Science students plan to go on with Research in the subject they like most, while most Art's students plan to enter Law school or to teach. It is interesting to note that of the twenty questioned, sixteen plan to be married as soon as possible! Not one of these students plan to enter the business world, so you commerce students will have little competition.

met. As for the glitter of paint on the co-eds, I find it very superficial and not entirely amusing. Beneath that exterior there often beats a most shallow heart, as the tramp said about his old pair of pants.

"May I wish you the best of success in your studies, and do not be misled by certain newspapers which consider you unessential. You may be . . . but some of you will lead the Canada of tomorrow—by the nose".

SOCIETY CELEBRATES

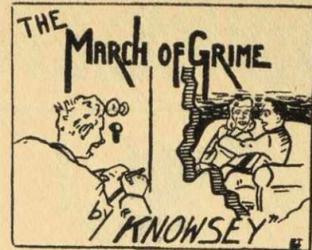
(Continued from page 1)

seems now, by the first World War. Many of the debating enthusiasts withdrew from college and enlisted in the Empire's forces. The others had their traditional discussion hour forcefully taken over by the C.O. T.C. Despite the frantic attempts of the student to maintain it, debating, as their predecessors had known it, died a permanent death. And with it died the spirit of the Arts & Science Society.

Since that time there have been several efforts to revive it, chiefly the grand re-organization of 1938, with some success. The constitution was revised and amended, and the Society itself was placed on the list of active student organizations.

Having overcome exterior opposition, the Society has still to contend with the lack of interest among its own members. But in this field too, it has recently made considerable progress, and shows definite promise of making more. This year marks its eighty-first birthday. May it also mark its complete rejuvenation.

He was talking of coincidences. "The most amazing thing happened to me at Leopardstown once upon a time. It was the eleventh day of the eleventh month. My boy was 11 that day. We lived in a house numbered 11; I arrived on the court at 11 minutes past 11. Later in the day I found out that there were 11 horses to run in the big race, so I backed the eleventh horse on the card".
"My, my! And it won?"
"No, it came in eleventh".



Gleanings from ARTS—AND SCIENCE

Knowsey hears that drums are booming on Lucknow Street, what say Doug? Did Kay really go out with Drummy two nights in a row? We also hear that these Irish troubadours from the drafting room can really make the Cole-man swoon. Our friend "the fiend" certainly had a time at Debert, after spending two days up there writing Amy, he finally finished the letter as the train was pulling into the station and rushed the letter to the mail box. Nice work "Gif". Who was the Sheikh who was so anxious to get to Acadia last week? The Dartmouth girls certainly stole a heart or two from the Studley campus.

Last week fifteen Arts students were contemplating a trip to the Hall, probably hoping that they would receive as good treatment as the fifteen Subbies who wandered down to the bak door of the Hall. Things certainly look Black down at the Hall, at least Knowsey hears from a freshette that Black is a very becoming color. It seems that the flame of romance between Art and Patsy is really going great guns. I reckon our President knows how to handle women. Our vice-president seems a trifle mixed up, tell us Connie can't you make up your mind? There is no need to speak of our treasurer's love affair.

It seems that a beautiful romance developed during exams. It sure is cool to see A-Feron stepping out, especially with as popular a girl as Anne Parker. Coming around to the Science end of our issue we wonder why Boby Kimball has been so quiet lately, could he be pining for Miss Buffalo Bill Coady at the Hall.

We hear that Zen has had a bit of trouble with Fay, why else would he be singing "Smoke gets in your Eyes". Knowsey finds that Col. Mongo's young son, William is planning to go to the Boilermakers' Brawl. Where does our manager meet these girls, heavens what his past would reveal? Zelda seems to think quite a lot of Don, my goodness how these Scots keep together.

Knowsey hears that two little ones are going to the dance this Friday. Perhaps we have a budding romance between Myrd and Nancy or is Nancy still true to her heart throbs of last Saturday night? Anyway,

they say that good things come in small packages. Students in French I had quite a time at the Saturday morning class according to reports that have been circulated, five boys and five girls and no professor around, more fun eh!

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GARRICK

Saturday, Monday, Tuesday
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Tomara Toumanova
Gregory Peck

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"LOVE AFFAIR"
"THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER"

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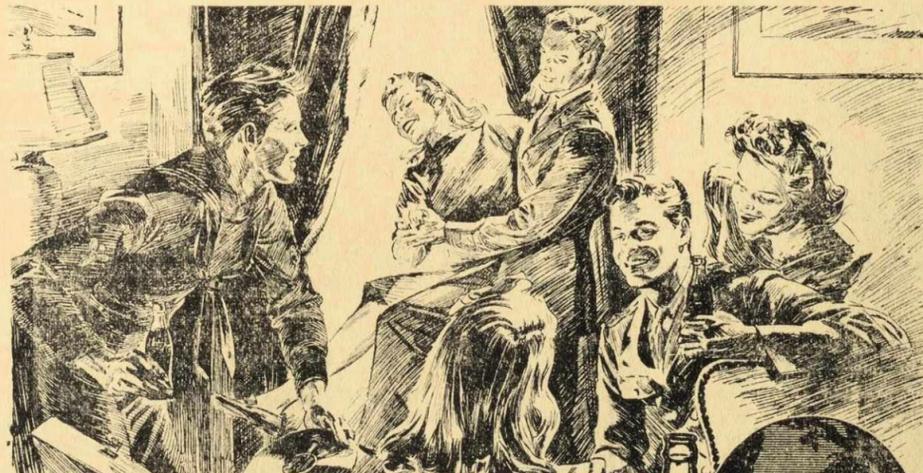
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