

Fame and Fortune Beckon Most Beautiful Co-ed

Fancy Faces, Faultless Figures To Yield Fairest On Campus



Well, here we are again, after a tedious two weeks of holidays. The campus seems quiet as the students resolve for the first week anyway, to catch up on last term's work. Even that freshman, Adam S. tells us that he has been going steady with a book for the last few weeks.

Use Molpolive Shaving Cream—no brush, no lather, no rub-in, no soap, no box, no nothing—just blood.

The poor "Sheik of Dalhousie" after learning the results of his exams promptly changed the song to read "I'm the Sheik of the Army".

History Professor: "Jones, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?"
Jones: "Louis XV, sir".

It seems that for a while this week, the Hall was in utter confusion. Could it be caused by Nancy C. rushing around because of Skinner's attempt to don the khaki?

They say the boys at Acadia are very strong. When a car gets stuck in the mud, it is nothing to see one of them walk up behind the vehicle and with a mighty heave easily break a shoulder blade.

They say freshman Don Kerr had quite a time at Sydney this summer. Especially the time a group of boys and girls went swimming. For further details see Call Best or Don himself. Tch! Tch! Such goings on.

War work has sharply reduced the supply of good teachers in some sections, and the mother of a child of kindergarten age discovered that she was in one of those sections when she dropped in at the child's classroom and heard the teacher a story. "And now", she was saying, "guess what them bunnies done".

It seems that a flaming romance is going on between P. Jones and A. Hartling. At the present time however, Red tells us that Art is the only one flaming. Surely Patsy wouldn't pull a double-cross, would she Art?

Conversation recently overheard in

Dalhousie girls are beautiful, and the male vogue in campus pin-ups swings towards such fair lassies, sings the Toronto Star, in its recent rotogravure. Pictured are lovelies Marion Withrow, Josephine Robertson, and Barbara White.

And so, in fairness to the rest of the beautiful girls on the campus (it is abundant with them, carols the Star) the Gazette will run a beauty contest. Yessires, that is what we're going to do, and the editor's neck is long enough to stick out with.

So we've been told. The rules are simple. Every week we will print on this page (if possible) a picture of a Dalhousie co-ed, in either face or figure, with story underneath, or several pictures a week. Hang the expense. If we have lovely roses blooming on this campus, let us bring them out at once. Tomorrow may be too late. They might be married then.

At the end of six or seven weeks of running pictures, a group of qualified beauty experts, including one engineer whose fancy runs towards collecting diverse ale labels, will pick the picture of the loveliest of the lovelies. And then she will be given a round of those things that usually befall beauty queens.

She will be given apple juice for her complexion, the most modern and expensive of perfumes, possible publication in a large Canadian weekly, replete with picture, and a cash prize. Hollywood will be notified.

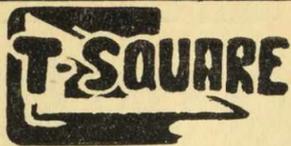
Pictures are to be left for Features Editor McCleave at the Gazette office.

English II.

Mingo: "Ya like to read, doncha?"
Betty Clark: "Sure".
Mingo: "Whatcha like t' read?"
Betty: "Oh, L'il Abner, Superman, Terry and the Pirates".
Mingo: "Ya' like O. Henry?"
Betty: "Naw. The nuts get in me teeth".

They say Sawyer has given up his alcove at the Hall. Also Kay MacLear had freed herself from Hall rules and now resides on Lucknow Street. We heard that Douglas is really taking advantage of the freedom thus offered by the elusive Kay.

Max, the marriage broker, took a client to look over a certain female prospect. From a distance in the room the anxious youth made an inventory of the lady. He then whispered to the marriage broker: "She's too fat, her nose is terrible, she's knock-kneed, her hair is bleached, and she's missing two teeth". "You can talk louder," shouted the marriage broker, "she's deaf also".



Sporting a cookie duster, but otherwise none the worse for his experience, Richard M. Currie, M.B., (Master of Burps) returned last week to raise inner drafting room morale. He informs us he is considering dropping the M.B. because "it is indicative of a practise which is becoming a scholar and a gentleman." What are these engineers coming to?

Vacation Roundup — The Newfie, given up for lost, flew in four days late. We notice he isn't affected by the weather, but that's because he has been under it so long... Rivaling the gym ventilator as an examination torment was the continual tapping of Med pencils; next April they will be provided with woollen tips... That smacking sound we hear every few minutes can only be Vic Clarke's lips recalling his first taste of firewater. It appears he spent a cheery Christmas.

Reward offered for the clothing cleptomaniac loose in the drafting room. Last year he borrowed Currie's and Saffron's shoes occasionally, and the odour still remains. His latest victim was freshman Giffin, who couldn't very well attend his beloved Drawing lecture without a shirt. You should have seen the hairs on his chest—both of them. A bigger problem for this lad right now is his see-saw battle with Lightfoot for a certain young lady's favor. Will the Boilermakers' Ball bring things to a boil?

Comments heard on the Dal beauty queens, as nominated by the Toronto Star: R.A.: 'Fency' stuff, that Withrow child. J.B.: Another Portia White? Gosh, they don't look much alike. H.P.: There's some nice pictures on the other side... And by the way, we know absolutely nothing about that disgraceful notice posted in Roy's on Monday. The rumor that the Engineer who did it received a medal is just wishful thinking.

As the first event of the 1945 social season, the 100% Lily Whitters (Engineers Branch) got together to shock one another at the MacDonald home. Those present included Mike, who, slaying himself as usual, was stretched out on the floor all evening; Peter P's pipe, with Peter not far behind; Balcom, with two left feet, both sore; the female Balcom, more interesting from Mac's point of view; and Dick "I-wouldn't-say-it-if-I-had-a-mouthful" Moulton. A good time was had by all, probably.

WE SHOULD HAVE...

In the interests of the University, The Gazette Feature Editor feels he is bound to make some suggestions which would be a vast improvement in the place. Anybody who thinks we're serious doesn't know us, and those who don't think we're serious don't read us. We therefore moot...

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

This writer, having dabbled in newspaper writing for years, knows whereof he speaks. And since this school is closely entwined with correct use of English, we think Prof. Bennett and the English department should have a very real share in the instruction.

Of course, it would be nice to have a few managing editors from the downtown papers to give their viewpoint about what is going on in the publishing world, but this would be the brutal, or here-we-are-rubbing-elbows-with-life approach, and not fit for a more theoretical-minded student.

Bennett Explains

I can see Prof. Bennett now, explaining the week's theme. "It will be on the general idea of a description of a disaster from one of Shakespeare's plays with perhaps an accent on the tragic hero, or maybe a by-play in an off-lead paragraph on the secondary results of the dance of the three witches, or a cosmopolitan or block-paragraph style story on Shakespeare—His Life and Bard Times".

The winning theme was turned in by a thug from the lower brackets of the class, who has an unusually bright mind for reporting. "King Gets Bumped Over Dame Who Gives With The Cat", it told in simple, eloquent terms the story of Lady MacBeath.

Tragedy struck in Scotland late yesterday afternoon when the lifeless body of Lady MacBeath, of Apartment 6, Blink Bonnie Castle, committed suicide after her husband, Lord MacBeath had fallen into a nest of thorns, and died from natural causes. Mystery surrounds both deaths.

It was reliably learned that the death of Mr. MacBeath would be investigated by Scotland (it's in our back)-Yard who suspicion murder. Mrs. Murphy, who lived next door to Mrs. MacBeath, sobbed while she told police the story of the suicide:

"It was sa terrible. One minnet there was Drusilla large as life, moving about in the kitchen and mad as a hornet about some damn soap which was roughing up her hands, and the next moment her lying dead at my feet".

"I swears up and down it was the witches that done it. They that put poor old man MacBeath under".

Questioned further about the witches, Mrs. Murphy unfolded a

macabre tale of hallucination, of horror, and of spirits that consumed the MacBeaths. At a coroner's inquest held later in the day following the death of the pair, Dr. Novus Scientia said it was his full belief the brains of the Murphy woman had been added by the tragedy, and that her evidence was incompetent to prove murder. "She has sustained—yes, suffered—an intense shock due to the loss of her friends, the MacBeaths. I fear it may cause her irreparable injury".

The noted doctor concluded his testimony with the terse, shrewd statement, "She's completely off her nut. She's batty. I tell you, the woman's touched."

However, confusion was caused at the coroner's inquest by the appearance of three elderly ladies, wearing peaked caps, long capes, and who persisted in mumbling in court.

All three said something about if they weren't allowed to testify, some fellow named Shakespeare would be along at a later time to attempt to ferret the truth out, but their testimony was cut short by the coroner, who is short, pumpkin-faced, short-winded, pig-eyed Bill MacSnuff.

Also causing confusion was a young girl, beauty-eyed, starry-complexioned, pear-hipped, gazelle-loppling, who started to sing, "The quality of mercy is not strained", but they said she was in a wrong court and so indeed she was.

Prof. Bennett, in giving this theme an A plus-plus, wrote in comment on the margin. This is the best piece of writing I have seen in a long time. Keep up the good work.

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... or greeting new and old friends

Unexpected visitors can be expected in wartime. Sons bring home their wives. Soldiers on furlough drop in without notice. And you can play host on a moment's notice when you have Coca-Cola on hand in your refrigerator. Have a "Coke" says Welcome... makes new and old friends feel at home with you and yours.

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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

No other themes could equal this effort. One indeed started with the pitiful "Once upon a time Lord MacBeath started to run out on Lady BacBeath and it is believed she filled him with lead before killing herself", but the desired effect was lost.

(Editor's note: Many pointers on news writing can be gained from perusing the above article, and giving it minute laboratory inspection. But why waste your time)...

ORPHEUS

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"ONE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT"
"SWING IN THE SADDLE"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"WHEN STRANGERS MARRY"
"SAN ANTONIO KID"

GARRICK

Saturday - Friday

PAT O'BRIEN
and CAROLE LANDIS

"Secret Command"

CASINO



Week Jan. 13

GEORGE
FORMBY

— in —

BELLBOTTOM
GEORGE

OXFORD

TODAY and SATURDAY

"STEP LIVELY"
and
"ALDRICH'S LITTLE SECRET"

MON.-TUES.-WED.

SPENCER TRACY, in
"THE SEVENTH CROSS"

CAPITOL

Friday and Saturday

"Impatient Years"

with

Lee Bowman - Jean Arthur

Monday to Saturday

"Arsenic And Old
Lace"

with Cary Grant
and Raymond Massey

YOUR SUITS

LOOK NEWER LAST LONGER

When they go to Cousins

REGULARLY

There's nothing like it to make fabrics sparkle, to keep them feeling soft and fresh to maintain shapely, stylish lines. A good wartime practice is: Buy fewer clothes—send what you have to Cousins often.

