

MAN LEGALLY BECOMES DOG

The Mouthings of Paracelsus The Great

Two weeks ago the Medical Society met for the first time this year and surely set records for attendance and business done. Something over a hundred students were present, and after the new officers were elected, the meeting discussed such matters as CAMSI and the mimeographing of notes in first and second year classes. To judge from the efficiency and ambition shown at the first meeting, the society faces a bright future. A plausible criticism is that the elections were scarcely of a free nature, being largely a matter of one fraternity voting against the other. Nevertheless the quality of the men elected would justify a much lower form of election, and the new officers, incidentally, are:

- President—Ray Giberson
- Vice-Pres.—Larry Sutherland
- Secretary—Lorne Burdette
- Treasurer—Jim Wilson

The first year class has by now shaken down from an amorphous group of unacquainted students from various parts of the country into a working unit of the medical school. Their officers are now elected, and they are:

- President—Gordon Sears
- Vice-President—Cecil Day

A word about the mimeographing of notes. The efforts of the students to obtain mimeographed notes reflects a sincere desire to improve methods of medical education, and the project was not undertaken out of the slightest disrespect for methods now existing, but the cooperation of the teaching staff was sought for, and in a large measure has been heartily forthcoming. But much more remains to be done, both on the part of students and professors; large steps are not quickly taken.

In an address given before those attending the Dalhousie Refresher Course, Dr. Mainland emphasized the need for a revision of teaching methods, and both in that address and in a recently published paper, *Anatomy in Medical Education*, outlined an approach to such a problem. Certainly if no efforts are made toward revision, there can be no progress, and experiments can only lead to results.

Because medical classes at Dalhousie are small and methods of teaching flexible, experimentation here is a relatively simple matter. With its wide awake and more or less experienced body of students, and its very capable faculty there seems little reason why Dalhousie Medical School cannot lead all other medical schools in the Dominion in the revision and adjustment of its methods of medical education.

UNDER NAME "FIFI" LEADS HOUND'S LIFE

(Note to our readers: Last week we wrote "Humanimals". The girls at Shirreff Hall have expressed opinion, as girls sometimes do, that the story just didn't make sense. Quizzing the superior male mentality of the campus, we found a few who agreed with the girls. But many males, the ma-

jority in fact, said: "Yes, we understood it. We could see the point in it."

And one bold chappie said, "Of course I saw it; cleverest thing in years, but I suppose you could make a concession to the girls."

The girls were right.)

Parliament can do anything except make a woman a man and a man a woman. And it can legally enact that they are of the opposite sex.—Glib youth writing a political science examination.

In one legislature a short time ago (and we do not say where) the preponderance of the governing body was 29 against one lone member of the opposition. Had not this lone member (he represented a constituency that admired his honesty and fighting spirit) been in the Legislature, it is doubtful if the business of the sessions would have exceeded five minutes, and the Legislature could have adjourned for the serious business of fishing. As it was, he pestered the Legislature so effectually and continually that the sessions lasted several months, rousing the ire of 29.

Finally the wrath of the majority could contain itself no longer. Not only had he kept them at their desks on a hot summer day while an interesting baseball game beckoned, but he also introduced a bill which would have given a broad basis of social security to the flotsam and jetsam of the population. His bill was overwhelmed as undemocratic.

Then a hurried bill, whipped together while members hurled sharp words at the opposition, was introduced. In simple language, it provided that for the space of one year hereafter the signature of the Lieutenant-Governor should be given, said member of the opposition should be treated as a full-bred bulldog, with all advantages and social conditions attaching to said position, and that on the conclusion of the year he would resume the rights of man again. To add insult to injury, the Legislature formally gave him a name, Fifi, which an unimaginative member combed from the comics.

With a howl of rage the opposition stated that such an unheard of precedent meant that any majority could pass the opposition into oblivion by simply passing a bill declaring they were dogs. But his protests were drowned in the general roar of applause, and on the bill being passed, he was unceremoniously booted on the rear into the street.



If anyone was surprised by the results of last week's football game, he would have been shocked to the depths of his soul had he seen old Willie Hagen seriously inviting some Hall'ers to what he termed a "bridge game". We hope no one fell, as it is quite possible he had something other than cards up his sleeve. A C.E. knows only one kind of bridge—strictly the river-spanning variety.

All our sympathy goes to the freshman engineer (anonymous) who, having heard of the breathtaking sights it provided, decided to try a meal at the Hall. On his way out he demanded a twenty-five cent refund; seems the only seat he could find faced the wrong way.

Everyone was tickled this past week to receive visits from engineers Frost, Seeley, Smith, Johnson, and Swain, said visits reviving the old time glee that is sadly lacking from this year's lab.

Heard Payzant: "Hey, fellows, wait for me!"

Seen Mike working. Felt in Room 51: Saffron's hand. Smelt in Shirreff Hall Woods: Lord only knows.

Tasted By Gus: a mouthful of soap and water.

The Society meeting held last Thursday decided to revive the annual Engineers' Trip, spurred on by the need of the practical education provided by a visit to up-to-date plants. All very good, but nevertheless let the C.N.R. beware! It's and ill wind that blows no foam.

Thought of the week: The U.A.T.C. apparently expected a large enrollment of Arts students—otherwise why would Sergeant Rogul take a class in Abnormal Psychology?

can't occupy an apartment alone under city bye-laws. A dog must accompany its owner everywhere, or be securely tied up. Besides, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would get after you if you locked yourself up untended).

(To be continued)

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Without Prejudice

The Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie University on the first regular session reversed the decision of the House of Lords in favor of Mr. Feeney's clients. Mr. Sheffman argued mightily, but vainly, to sustain the decision of the lower court (House of Lords). With all deference to the higher bench, I am forced to think this action was presumptuous.

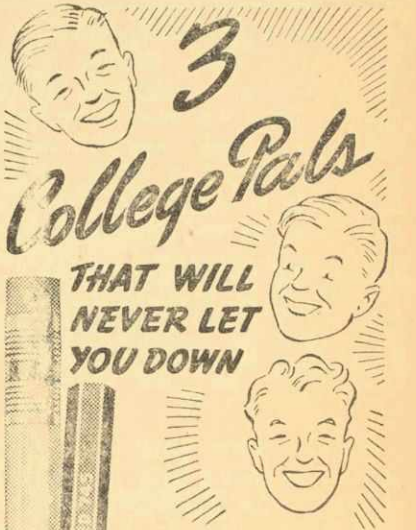
It is mentioned that Sheffman, now a veteran of the Court of Appeal (Sex), is courting Justice—. It is a current opinion that at a later "date" Abe might have won his case.

Six junior members of the bar gave inspiring messages of congratulations to their lordships King, Proudfoot, and Barry. The usual sentences for contempt of court were administered to offenders. While the quality of mercy may not be strained, we feel that it was severely stretched on several occasions due to the excessive thirst of their lordships. It was most impressive to see these learned men gormandizing before the Court with an air of righteousness. The old adage applies: "What is, is right."

On October 20th their Lordships Matthews, Clancy and Reddin will preside, and while Newfoundland is not so well represented on the bench, neither justice nor coke will be spared as they revel in their first taste of power.

While talking to Feeney and Sheffman after the case, the only opinion they would venture was that "it was a very intoxicating experience."

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« **D-O-P-E** »
(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Question: WHEN DO THEY BEGIN THE BEGUINE?

Ever alert for timely problems slightly on the exotic side, our trusty Gazette reporters hurried to consult with Wina Handina, campus authority on life below the border, to say nothing of life below-board. Unfortunately, we were unable to contact her, and so had to turn to whatever authorities where we might find them.

Perched on a stool in a secluded section of the "Stack" we queried Rita Slipshod, Arts '46. Rita, who kindly consented to spare us a few moments from her study on Neathandral economics, admittedly was stumped. "It might be a form of CCF round-table discussions," she offered, chewing ruminatively on her suit-button. At her suggestion we left and, entering the elevator, went to four fourteen. Brushing past some First Aid workers, who were intent on reviving a freshman, lost for two days, after having inadvertently wandered into the "Stack" from a particularly gruelling C.O.T.C. medical.

The first person we encountered was Griff Halfeuff, grinning excitedly at a leather-bound octavo edition of "When I Hear the Beat of Those Marching Feet," by the early Canadian author, St. Croix Redundant. Skipping under some four-foot cables barring our entrance, we joined him in the "Early Canadiana" section. Breathlessly, for our oxygen helmets were working overtime, we posed the question. A frown clouded his rugged face. "The beguine?", he repeated, pushing his glasses back and running his fingers through his scalp, tugged at the roots of his imagination. "What's that?"

Frustrated, we grabbed our tomahawk, and pinned him to the Seventh Cross. We had not had our dinner yet, and, disillusioned and hungry, we tried to find our way out of the maze. The elevators were not running, however, since Victoria Splendole, the elevator girl, was taking re-takes for the 1935 "Pharos" in Lester's office. When dawn came, we were found by two Boy Scouts, left over from Apple Day. The clever little fellows had heard the signals from our "walkie-talkie" and answered our appeal. We never did find out.