

# SUPPORT THE VICTORY LOAN -- BUY BONDS

## VOX DISCIPULI

Established in conjunction with D. I. P. O.

Question: Do you think that compulsory service training is of any benefit to the student, the university or the country, at the present time?

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T. Donald MacDonald (Science '46)—"I really don't think it is doing any good, because they won't admit any more men in the Air Force anyway. It is a good thing as far as physical training of the student is concerned. The C.O.T.C. does not seem to be doing much good, as its purpose is to produce officers for the army, and I don't think many are being produced. I don't think the training is beneficial to the country at all. I think it is just to satisfy the public by making them think that college students are doing their part."

Don Dunlop (Engineering '46)—"I have no experience in either the U.N.T.D. or the U.A.T.C., but in my opinion, with the exception of the two weeks at camp, the time spent in training during the year is wasted. I have heard from students in other colleges, particularly McGill, that all engineering students need only take three hours a week training and I can't understand why the students of this faculty at Dalhousie should not have the same privilege."

L. I. Payzant (Engineering '45)—"I believe that military training should be compulsory for all physically fit males even in peace time, and that it was one of our country's mistakes that this was not a government policy before this war. I have been in the C.O.T.C. and the U.N.T.D. and I believe that the U.N.T.D. is more beneficial as far as engineers are concerned. The two weeks' training period at Stadacona was spent mainly in studying Marine Engineering, which was both interesting and beneficial."

R. J. McCleave, (Law '46): For myself, there is partial value; for the others, no, because at this stage of the war—having an eye on recent developments on the "Zombie" situation—it would seem that with the University year ending in April, and the probable military set-up on a voluntary basis for carrying the war to Japan, the students should be more free for the unlimited pursuit of their own college careers. There apparently is no government policy at present in force suggesting a demand for huge reinforcements overseas, though I believe there is a need. We should be allowed to follow the government lead, though the politics of the Home Army situation do not appeal to me.

Vincent MacMaster (Dent. '46): Compulsory military training in universities is a farce at present. Even when the war was in its most critical stages, the policy should have been either to discontinue college courses and put the students in the army, or let them devote full time to their various courses. The policy of the government, while always vague and uncertain, has been especially elusive with regard to the status of college men. I think, therefore, that such courses may be of some value to myself as a physical fitness course, but it is of no value to the university or to the government. A man cannot serve two masters, and with all respect to our government policy, I think that a student's master is his career, and that his unqualified devotion and service lies therein.

Alex MacDonald, (Med. '46): I think that it is not essential either to myself, to the university, or to the government. What is the use of compulsory military training, when in all probability the majority of those taking it will never get overseas to make use of this training?

## D-O-P-E

(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Question: WHAT'S SPIRITUAL ABOUT A SPIRITOUS BEVERAGE?

With our alert minds ever turned for questions of current (and oh—how current!) interest, we rushed pell-mell for Pallas Athene, campus authority on questions of Moral Turpitude. Springing fully-armed from the head of a nearby freshman, Pallas said she was happy to be able to give her opinion on this pertinent query. Wringing our hands enthusiastically, Pallas shrieked; "Drinking is sin. There's nothing spiritual about whatever you were talking about. "Flourishing an empty coke bottle in one hand, she bounced off to her Zoology lab. Our spirits dashed, we went in search of someone who knew of someone who could possibly tell us where we might be able to find someone who knew somebody who could tell us where to go. To find the right answer, we mean. Our next encounter was with Sonia Moron, Arts '—'. Sonia giggled deprecatingly. "Why I don't know. But it does seem to me that you ask the most ridiculous questions." Well! Considerably affronted, we sought refuge in the lofty drafting rooms of certain engineering gentlemen who have enlivened our campus life to no small degree. As our elevator mounted skywards to the drafting rooms, a fleeting doubt flashed through our minds that perhaps we were not in touch with the right people. Once in the drafting room, our doubts were instantly dispelled. Clustered around a Varge etching, tastefully framed in neon, were real live honest-to-goodness Engineers. Touching one timidly on the arm, we posed our question. "Whadayawant?" he snarled, hurt and dismayed for a minute, at being disturbed from his work. We told him. "Crazy artsmen," he growled in an angry tone. We assured him we did not ask these questions through sheer, elfin whimsey. Convinced of our serious intent, he recollected "soberly", wiping his chin. "Well, I really couldn't say." Then, at length, he delivered the astounding statement: "Drink only milk, myself!" We were so aghast we stopped our quest and ran to get this to the printers.



Who says the drafting room is not safe for females? Last week a four-legged variety peered under engineers' pant cuffs for over an hour without causing even a minor riot. Luckily for the dog, however, it had departed before the boys realized it was of the opposite sex.

Nasty little echoes continue to tell their tales of a hard week-end at Acadia; it was really surprising to see how the boys act when they can do their stuff and then depart forever more. The brothers Burgess held their own both on and off the playing field; one would almost think Ruth Manning belonged to the S.P.C.A. to see her guiding the limping Art cautiously around the dance floor. And Bryce? Well, he had the choice of a pair of Nancy's, and finally made his choice at the expense of our defenceless "Nail-up Boy." According to a number of Acadia girls, a fellow named MacLeod was the outstanding figure in the second contest; in fact, had the dance lasted much longer, he probably would have convinced even himself. Sportsmen say every game has its dark horses; Vic Clark found out to his sorrow that the blind date game is no exception, in more ways than one. Ever hear of a dark horse with a stiff lower lip? We were amazed at the poor showing made by the Horizontals; "yell, yell, holy hell" was very much in evidence throughout, escorts were topnotch, but they seemed to have forgotten the remaining one-third of "wine, women and song." Looking back, the general impression of Acadia seems to be poor sportsmanship but a very efficient dating system.

Newfie Paul Russell undergoes a bit of kidding about his original home, but there is nothing but the highest esteem for his present domicile. Even our taciturn President sighed wistfully when he learned that Paul stays at the home of THE Laura MacKenzie.

Will someone please relieve Prof. Yeadon's anxiety by explaining why he has been termed a "misogynist"? He seems to think the word refers to a fatal disease, and after consulting Webster, we're inclined to agree.

We should also like to know why Lester Page ran out on a 3rd year Arts student at the pep rally. Perhaps he didn't have confidence in the car's ability to reach its destination; frankly, we don't understand, because outwardly at least both Steve and Margot are in the best of health.

## The Mouthings Of Paracelus

By this time another important meeting of the Medical Society will have been held. It is anticipated that it will deal very largely with Camsi; there is the matter of ratifying the brief, Can Health Be Planned, and probably delegates to this year's Camsi convention at Montreal will be appointed.

To turn to lighter matters, one thinks at once of the brief holiday enjoyed by the third year class after the last Pharmacology exam. It is quite proper to assume that last Friday evening, all weazing was at a complete standstill. It is simple to arrive at such a conclusion, for even Abbie Levitz took the evening off.

And all our young Lochinvars come out of the East. The Grey Wolf of Dalhousie comes from North Sydney. He is pestered, it is true, by the she-wolves of Sheriff Hall, three of whom are at present chewing one another and the phones in attempts to take him to the Sheriff Hall formal. Said one she-wolf to another, "If you take the gay Colquhoun from me, it'll be as a carcass!"

Who has not heard the foul jokes of our red wolf, whose colour comes from his politics, and his wolfishness from his highly affectionate nature toward . . . well, that's anybody's guess. But has anyone seen

## Would Stage Gala Activities in Science Building

It is a pity that Dalhousie University hasn't been considered as a separate entity in the Victory Loan drive. While it is possibly too late to do anything about it now, we offer some simple suggestions for future loans.

The usual apparatus should be set up for marking the progress of the loan. This should be a graduated board stretching the whole three stories of the Science Building, with the zero mark at the top, and the final objective set somewhere near the bottom. Unusually distinctive features should mark the surpassing of various totals, such as at the 1/4, 1/2, and 3/4 mark. For example, when the indicator which is suspended from a rope reached the 1/4 mark, it should release a chemical apparatus which would set free a stream of hydrogen sulphide into the air, thus giving Halifax the general impression that Dalhousie is not quite satisfied with its progress to date.

Then, when it reached the half-way mark, out would pop an Engineer on a cuckoo-clock principle, and he would chant, for the benefit of other Engineers and the campus generally, that Victory Bonds were worth supporting. When it reaches the 3/4 mark, Prime Minister King could pin a tail on a rear view of Hitler, and on reaching the bottom a bomb could be set off which would blow the Science building to smithereens and thus ensure Dalhousie's fame to all Canadians.

### THE FACTUAL TRUTH

For those who take things literally, we had better explain that the Victory Loan is the most worthwhile effort we have in Canada today, but the conduct of the officials who are selling the Loan to the people, and the attitude of the people themselves should come under review.

At Ottawa, to mark the opening of the Loan, Prime Minister King and Miss Shirley Temple united Autumn and Spring in a charming demonstration of Loan effectiveness. Miss Temple was draped in a beautiful fur coat, forsaking bobby socks for the great occasion. The Prime Minister was draped in every photograph he could climb into. However, we are inclined to agree with the song that "It's a long, long, while, from May to September", and give the palm to September in this case.

It is reminiscent of the circuses and free bread in old Rome. There are boys fighting and dying overseas, and giving themselves immeasurable credit in the eyes of the God they are fighting to preserve in this world, if it is to be a decent and humane world, without blase and base forms of worship. I imagine that anyone who has sons or friends on the fighting line will fork over their last \$50 to get a bond. I don't know why the rest of us have to be spurred to patriotism by shows. If the realities of war don't exist for us, maybe we're not fit to live in the post-war Canada that servicemen are fighting for.

The only conclusion being that any student who can afford it, should bet out and buy a bond.—McC.

him on the prowl on Wellington Street . . . hunting beasts for the lab; is that the story?

An old friend in new clothes is Lauchie the Militarist, whose most recent idea is rumoured to be an annexation of Newfoundland as another county for Cape Breton. The indomitable Wilson King is, of course his chief supporter.

## ORPHEUS

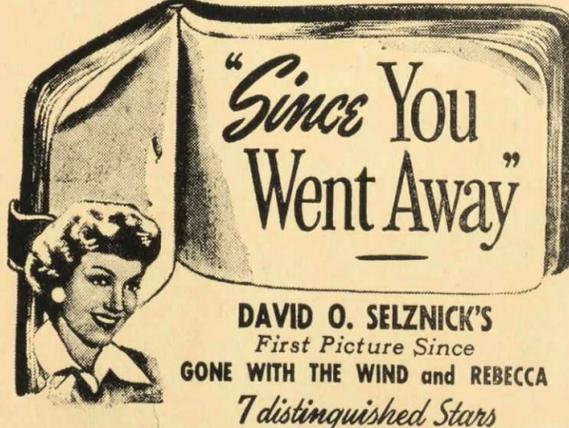
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