

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

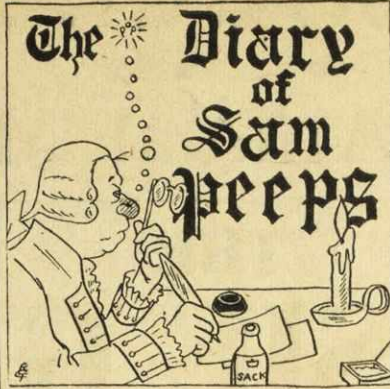
Member Canadian University Press

Published twice a week by the Students' Council of Dalhousie University. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Students' Council. For subscriptions write Business Manager, Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

Editors-in-Chief
RED LAMPERT **BRUCE LOCKWOOD**

Business Manager
ALFRED HARRIS
Page Editors

News	Sports
CHARLES MACINTOSH	JOE LEVISON
NEWCOMB BLOOMER	BOB WOLMAN
Features	
VALERIE CATO	BRUCE IRWIN
	MARG GOLDBURGH
Photographers	
DAN SOBERMAN	ERIC RICHTER
	BOB WOLMAN
Reporters	
BRUCE IRWIN	PATSY AHERN
BOB McINNIS	NOEL GOODRIDGE
COLEEN MACDONALD	BETTY LIVINGSTONE
Cartoonist	
BEATRICE MACDONALD	
Re-write	
LUCY CALP	
Proof Readers	
GLORIA HORNE	RONA YESS



Wednesday, October 19 — Lord, did ever man see such confusion!

Today, did fall into the company of one Oldhairbrush Panty, who did relate to me the events at a meeting of a certain Asses and Seance Society. He did tell me that the Executive of this Society, being stricken by conscience of late, called a seance, at which they did hope to receive divine guidance for the reorganization of the group.

Alas, the seance failed. As Panty explained to me, the Society did firstly declare all its members no longer members, since no one knew who had paid their fees. Then, the President, one Bobsdaughter, did call for a vote of confidence from the members who were not members, which was given. Now, the Executive that is not an Executive is to frame a new constitution, which will be thrown out when the members are members again.

Leaving Panty, I did make haste to the coffee shop of the Sour brothers, wherein is sold a brew called tencentcoffee, from the Indies. Here I did peruse a copy of the *Spectator* (early edition), and did wonder at the ingenuity of the writers.

One writer did offer up a weak excuse for the use of short skirts on cheerleaders, which are a type of animal let loose at a New Game now being played by the scholars of Dullhousie. He did say the Parliament had not sufficient funds for long skirts, which are longer and therefore cost more than short ones. But I am told the true reason is that long skirts would adversely affect the minds of the young scholars, who are curious.

Having quarrelled with one of the Sours about payment for his tencentcoffee—home and to bed to nurse my recent attack of croup.

Thursday, October 20 — Up betimes, and to a meeting of Parliament, held at Studlee, being much interested in new reports of lack of funds in the King's purse. There I did watch one Squeaky Windmill cutting the courtiers' budgets with great glee and much rubbing together of his hands. But he did finally relent, when one of the loveliest of the courtiers, Miss Ran Down, pleaded with the Exchequer for larger moneys. He did add his voice to her pleas, and did convince the assembled Parliament of her deservedness. And he a married man, too!

The wrangling of the Parliament tiring me overly, I did seek refreshment at a new shop at Studlee, which is neither Pasha Deadwood's emporium, nor the bar open to all commoners. I was much pleased to find in this shop five-centcoffee, which I had thought could not be obtained anywhere near Dullhousie, and particularly not on Studlee, as it is a beverage to be drunk only by strong heads.

Home early, as I did promise my wife an evening at the theatre, which I could not afford, and did make apology profusely lest I be denied my evening meal. Having supped, to bed early with my croup, which is getting worse, I think.

Friday, October 21 — Lord, to what further depths will the *Spectator* (early edition) sink! Did purchase my copy today, to find in it more paid notices than news. This Alfredup Witharris who runs the *Spectator* from behind the scenes will be wealthy ere long, I think.

It being wet today, and miserable underfoot, I did stop in at the Courthouse, in hope of amusement. Did find there a most interesting argument, in which a reader was attempting to recover

some twenty thousand pounds from a newspaper—not the *Spectator*,—for a statement in it against him. I am resolved to watch more closely the pages of the *Spectator* hereafter, to see if I may collect such a sum. Then I will buy my wife the case of red peppers from the Indies for which she has made my life miserable.

Leaving the Courthouse deep in contemplation of my future fortunes, I did collide heavily with Will Peachdaughter, also deep in thought. He did tell me that he

was in deep trouble—trying to compose certain invitations to a great ball being held by the Law scholars. I did think it passing strange that a Law scholar could not word such a thing. I was further surprised when he did show me a whole pad—full of attempts Will had made and then scratched out. I helped the poor befuddled young man, and returned home, thinking on the future of our Law with such benighted students guiding it. And so to bed, things not looking as bright as they did.

Vol. LXXXII FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1949 No. 6

CHEERLEADERS AND CHAMPIONS

Clouds of gloom hung eavily over Dalhousie at Redland Park Saturday afternoon, but there was one bright spot in an otherwise drab picture. As the Tigers tramped wearily off the field at half time in a steady drizzle of rain, they were on the short end of a 4-0 score. Throughout the first half, the newly reorganized group of cheerleaders had injected a new zest into support from the sidelines.

As the last player trudged into the clubhouse, the Dalhousie Band tramped onto the field, led by the cheerleaders. The display which followed was far superior to any effort seen at the college in recent years. The band itself was vastly improved, and the acrobatics of the cheerleaders marching in front gave a true college flavour to the scene. It was the type of thing we enviously read about in the newspapers of big colleges, now finally realized.

The third and fourth quarter efforts of the Tigers were spurred on by the cheering troupe even in the heavy downpour of rain. That the Bengals were edged out in the "tough one" was certainly not due to lack of sideline support. The fine effort of the cheerleaders should not go without well-deserved praise. If the outcome of future games were to rest on their shoulders, Dalhousie would be undisputed champions.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO IMPROVE

This year, for the first time in eleven years, Dalhousie will play host to the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League. Plans for the meet are now being laid by Al Baccardax, President of Sodales, and his Executive.

The meet will, we hope, serve to revive the failing interest in debating at Dalhousie. For too long a time, this feature of college activity has been all but overlooked by the vast majority of students, and its main support has come from the Law school only. That is, perhaps, only to be expected, but it does not explain the complete lack of support from the students on Studley campus.

Debating is naturally of prime importance to students in Law, yet that does not preclude the importance of public speaking ability in other forms of endeavour. At any time in a college graduate's career, he may be called upon to face an audience . . . even if it be only a club or some other circle of his friends. All too few can do even that adequately . . . all too few can face such a task without a feeling of despair, and sometimes a complete inability to make their point.

Last year, a series of lectures by leading men from the city increased interest in debating and public speaking appreciably. This year, with the leading debaters from all Maritime universities appearing at Dalhousie, interest should increase even more.

Students on the Studley campus should not look upon the coming conference as an opportunity for the members of the Sodales Society alone. Rather, they should see it as an opportunity to witness the finest in current Maritime debating and public speaking, and more; a chance to develop their own interest and ability in this field.

Letter to the Editors

Dear Sir:

There are no fancy names to affix to this missive. I have a problem simple and fundamental. On the campus I am like a man without a country.

At a recent meeting of the Arts and Science Society I was condemned to this. By the authority of whom? That's what a mess of freshettes, a handful of upperclassmen, and a few sundries want to know. The Executive admits it knows not the vital statistics of the Society. Yet they call a meeting of the Society, and what happens? What can? Nothing. They, the Executive, carry on despite the fact that the Society has no members, the Opposition is banished to

Lower Slobbovia, the Majority is overruled and what's left? Anarchy and a bitter taste of NOTHING—a flavour strong with wasted vigour.

.. Presumably the motion put forward for an increase in dues was done by a rehabilitated Gremlin with naught but Shadows for accompanists; the breath of air that swept the room when one tired shadow raised a window did more good than all the hot air that was used between twelve and one o'clock last Tuesday. Please, fellow Shadows, let's not accept the null and void state of the present Society.

Yours truly,
FRED LAING

Ahhh - such colors!

Yessir . . . there's an Aratone shirt-tie color combination to flatter any suit in your wardrobe! Shirt shades from soft pastels to deep tones, with smooth-knotting Arrow Ties to harmonize.

Ahhh - such collars!

They're all Arrow collars . . . and that means always perfect-fitting. Four up-to-the-minute styles: new Dover button-down, new low-slope Contour, Windsor, and the regular fused Standish. Aratone shirts are quality broadcloth, in plain shades, wide stripes, pin stripes or checks. And SANFORIZED. At your ARROW Dealer's.

Look for the Registered Trade Mark **ARROW**

ARROW Aratone
Harmonizing Shirts and Ties

"And now a word from Box Carr about his payoff touchdown!"

"Shucks, folks! The real payoff is the way 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic 'takes out' Dry Scalp and gives your hair that 'going places' look."

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK

"VASELINE" IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF THE CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. CONS'D

Learn your Practical Economics

at "MY BANK" TO A MILLION CANADIANS

8 of 10

CANADA'S FIRST BANK

JOHN A. HOBSON, Mgr. Halifax Branch:
JOHN A. EDWARDS, Asst. Mgr.
CHARLES SMITH, Mgr. North End Branch:
JAMES L. MCGERRIGLE, Mgr. Quinpool Road and Kline St.: