

The  
Dalhousie Co-Ed  
Yearly Hoose

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FORMERLY, FOR LADIES ONLY

Once upon a time, the teacher's pet was always the prettiest girl in the class. This favored position afforded many opportunities and innumerable short-cuts to easy success. Boys, being formed of a tougher fibre, looked with disdain upon their schoolmaster's clemency toward womanhood, and fought with brains rather than the fluttering eyelid.

Now, in these modern days of vigorous and assertive womanhood, the tables have turned. Young bucks have averted their efforts to "polishing the apple," have given it a brighter sheen in their desire to please the professor, and have practically driven the women from their merited place. Professors are swamped with offers of would-be-blackboard-erasers, and attendance-takers; male laughter booms at every weak joke; books are brought from the library by eager male hands; opportune and "knowledge-flattering" questions supplement each lecture with feigned male curiosity. The end of the lecture sees the professor surrounded three deep with knowledge seeking young men, and the women are thrust aside in the made rush to this coveted position.

Obviously the men are as rapidly taking our places as we have overtaken theirs. It is even possible that they fancy our scorned lip-rouge and high heels as much as they did our "teacher's favorite" of days of yore. Only time can tell.

Meat . . .

Emmeline

A Dal man received a letter from his mother saying he had been at Dal for some years now (three, four, five?) and had never asked Cousin Emmeline to a dance. She thought it was high time he did. The Dal man, always a gentleman, came across with an invitation to a dance. Cousin Emmeline came. She enjoyed the dance no end. Who wouldn't? The next day she was taken to the Scotian for dinner. Dal men do things right. Anyway, that's what they would have one believe. "What would you like to eat?" she was asked.

"Oh, Meat and o'Potatoes", replied Cousin Emmeline.

Dal Co-eds know what to eat,  
Not for them potatoes, meat.  
Dal Co-eds demand, by heck,  
Caviar, and champagne, sec.  
And curiously—to their credit,  
Dal Co-eds, God Bless them,  
get it!

School Girl's Eulogy

I've sipped a rich man's sparkling wine

His silver ware I've handled.  
I've ground with these white teeth of mine

Delicious foods and them I've mangled.

I dine on rare and costly fare  
Where'er good fortune lets me,  
But there's no joy that can compass

With that which chewing gum gets me.

I've had your steaks three inches thick

With all your fancy trimming.

I've had the breast of milk-fed chick

In luscious gravy swimming.  
To feast on ice cream, cake, candy

Just irritates and frets me;  
Give me the gum that is so handy—

The nectar a penny gets me.  
A penny "stick", with powdered top

'Tis then that joy besets me!  
Oh, I could chew, until I drop,

The gum a penny gets me.

Have Another 600 Millilitres...

A delightful afternoon tea was held in the Ladies' Room of the Science Building on Thursday, the third of February. The table was spread with a tattletale gray, exquisitely acid-eaten lace bordered dish towel, and centered by a red bowl of assorted cigarette butts. Tea was served from an exception-

ally dainty service of several 600 ml. genuine pyrex beakers covered with watch glasses and sipped from matching cups (also of genuine pyrex).

(Tea service — compliments of Chem. 7 Lab. Sucrose — compliments of Chem. 9 Lab.)

1914 . . . .

has called. It is in bad taste for her to go any further than the drawing-room door with him.

A girl is not supposed to recognize a man who is one of a group standing in a public place, since a modest girl will not look close enough at a group of men to recognize an acquaintance.

In escorting a young woman home, a man should go up the steps with her, wait until the door is opened, and as she enters the house, raise his hat and say good-night.

(Continued from page 3)

It is not proper for a young girl to walk alone with a young man after dark, unless she is engaged to him or he is a near relative of hers. A young woman should meet a young man with whom she has only a slight acquaintance, in her father's house or in the presence of a chaperone. When he has become well acquainted with her and her family or friends, she may take occasional walks with him alone in the afternoon, but never in the evening.

Blood Doners . . . .

The Dal Clinic Needs You!

POLL BOOSTS WOMAN

Meet Margie



Kids.—meet Margie! She has been at Marmalade Hovel for many a long year before we came and we feel that everyone should meet her, even if only on paper. Winner of a Council Honorary "D" last year, she is a landmark of the hall, and lord of her domain. Scolded by Margie at least once a day, and reprimanded for every misdemeanor, there is nevertheless not a single girl in Shirreff Hall who has a word to say against her.

Margie D'Aubin came to Shirreff Hall twenty years ago from Peggy's Cove and has been keeping the place in good humor, cleanliness and order, ever since then. When ex-students come back to the Hall to view their old stamping grounds, they look for Margie even before they take a nostalgic look at their old room or the far alcove. Margie comes racing down the stairs, saying, "Well, who the blankety blankety blank let you in" . . . and the homesick graduates will really feel that they are back where they belong.

Margie's activities are varied. Besides doing an excellent job of overseeing the duties of the maids, she looks after the behaviour, bad habits and local gossip of the co-eds. At any time of the day we are not surprised to see Margie either pushing around a vacuum with practised efficiency, or scolding some frightened freshette for using the staff elevator. She may be seen pressing pleats into our favorite dresses or dragging groggy coeds out of their beds at 10 o'clock with her piercing cry of "Laundry". She guards the butter supply with great thrift, but will give a second in dessert to those who behave themselves, eat their vegetables, and get in on time on late leaves. She will chase you out of the kitchen with gay abandon if you misbehave but she would give you the shirt off her back if you needed it. She knows not only the names of every girl two weeks after the term opens but knows the character, height and weight of our escorts in as short a time. Many is the quart of orange juice that she has carried up three flights of stairs to someone with the flu in the infirmary, and she will go out of her way to do her girls a well deserved favor. Always in a hurry, full of good deeds and sharp retorts, she mothers us, scolds us, and rushes around like a rocket—and we thing she's great!

McGill Council Ousts LPP Club

Special to the Gazette  
MCGILL — (CUP) — The Labor Progressive Party Club was banned for five months because it persisted in selling the Canadian Tribune on Union premises against Union rules.

The Student Executive Council has suspended the Club temporarily until investigation can be made of the charges.

Said Daily Editor Cleman "It is

GIRLS MAKE GOOD VICE-PRESIDENTS; OPINION DIVIDED

Students Unanimous In Promoting Girl Vice Presidents: Professors Non-Committal

Because of the controversy last year regarding a girl's running for Vice-President of the Students' Council the following poll was taken to obtain some of the views on the subject.

Prof. Bennet: "It's none of my business. I may have opinions, but I haven't the right to express them on student affairs."

Jack Lusher: "I don't think that there should be an arbitrary regulation for a girl to be vice-president of the Students' Council. I think it would be a good idea if they ran for it and won the election."

Dean Wilson: "I really haven't much of an opinion. I'm not trying to dodge the issue but the subject isn't a very controversial one. Why shouldn't a girl be vice president of the Council? They pay the same dues as the boys and should have equal representation."

Russ McKinney: "I think it's a good idea. Girls have equal rights and abilities and are as good as boys. Besides, they probably have more time. Since I've been here there have been no girl vice-presidents, but had one been chosen to work with me I wouldn't have minded."

Noel Hamilton: "Girls make good vice-presidents and I see no reason why they should not be elected. While heading various organizations and having girls as my vice-presidents I have found that they were very willing and capable. Besides this, they could often do

jobs which a boy couldn't do."

Budge Archibald: "I see nothing wrong with the plan, in theory, but in practice it may not work. To be elected, a girl should first have been on the Council. Since there are very few such girls, because many do not return there may not be a suitable candidate. (I'm not referring to the present Council). In addition, girls may not vote for her because she is not a boy, and similarly the boys may not vote for her because she is a girl. However, if there were a suitable girl, I should like to see her elected as vice-president."

Franny Doane: "In order for a girl to be elected to the office, she must be capable, able to take over from the president, and have no fear of public speaking. This limits the field as such girls are rare individuals. The numerical odds against them being about six to one, I think a capable girl, suitable for the office, will be found about once every twelve years."

Lew Miller: "I see no reason why a girl should not run for vice-president or, for that matter, any office in the Council. I do not think, however, that the office of vice-president should be permanently set aside for only a girl. It is unfortunate indeed that a girl spite of her ability, to gain such an office—the bloc system of voting being what it is on campus. A solution might be to have two vice-presidents—a girl and a boy".

Dalhousie - - 1883

To be sung to "When Paw Was Courtin' Maw"

They had no juke-box down at "Joe's",  
They had no shmooos, they had no shmooos,  
But oh, those good old flicker shows,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.  
Of college legends—we can tell,  
Munro Day—they would clap and yell,  
And after that, they'd work like Hell,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.  
They didn't have no Council ruling  
Blasting each "Gazette",  
They must have watched their P's and Q's —  
The gossip column's still here yet.  
They didn't have no basketball,  
Didn't have no Shirreff Hall,  
But they pitched woo, and that ain't all,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.

They didn't have no Atwood store,  
They had no alcoves by the score,  
But oh, that sea-wall by the shore,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.  
They didn't have no taverns then,  
They had no "Sea-Horse" for the men—  
That's why they made their class at ten,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.  
And they had fun, they didn't miss  
A single college spree,  
Then coming home, they'd sneak a kiss—  
Paw'd say, "Well?" and Maw'd say, "Oui!"  
They knew their courses then, somehow,  
They seemed to work, but you'll allow—  
They necked and smooched, the same as now,  
When Paw Was Courtin' Maw.

Interfac Basketball

Arts and Science continued on the victory trail Monday when the men from Studley had no trouble in handing Commerce their third loss of the season. The Studley

redshirts, led by 7 points at half time and in the second half turned the game into a rout. Ian Henderson led his team to a 41-24 victory with 11 points. Bill Morrow netted 10 for Commerce.

possible that the Committee may discover that only certain members of the Labor Progressive Party group are at fault. If such is the case, it is the responsibility of the Labor Progressive Party Club to clear the Union house and to show students that they are here as a study group, a law-abiding study group."

Opinion on campus regarding this suspension is divided.

Tuesday, Pine Hill took a 29-24 upset win over Pre-Med. The Medics took an early lead but Pine Hill fought back gaining a 14-9 advantage at half time. Pine Hill controlled both backboards and increased their lead to 10 points. At one stage of the game, MacLean and Farquhar scored 10 and 9 points respectively, while Bob Wolman led Pre-Med with 10.