

CO-ED NEWS AND VIEWS

Seems as though another weekend is looming up, and we do mean a weekend! This big Acadia trip is only supposed to last Saturday, but if we remember anything from previous years, it will take the rest of the weekend to re-cooperate. By the looks of things, the turn-out will be colossal, and college spirit should run high, if it continues to be as outstanding as it has been in the home games.

I was certainly a bitter disappointment (and we do mean bitter) to see the rugby team edged out by the Axemen, but just wait until we meet them on their home field — we'll be out for blood, but def.

In case you don't know it, the co-eds are riding high. While Dal was walloping Dartmouth Air Station on Saturday, the ground hockey team was running in a 3 — 1 victory over Edgehill in their first game of the season. Next on list — Acadia Axettes.

We notice that the female section of Psych. 1 seems very attentive in class. Could it be the professor?

You city gals who find life dull, run up to the Hall sometime, preferably just before a dance. To the ordinary passer-by, ye old Hovel looks mighty serene, but wow! Just step inside, and that atmosphere soon disappears. We'll say no more — you can see what we mean for yourselves.

Ringling of alarm clocks is taking place at the Hovel these nights — at 12.25 on the dot (Dot, that is). Gus' gal — the one with all the cousins — up on First Wing seems to be responsible, and it all seems to be for one little demure gal.

Going up a flight of stairs, we find the addition of two inmates — turtles by nature — who came bustin' in the other day with one Joyce C. We thought they'd be jay birds.

In hopes that the male readers of this noble paper may be glancing over this column, we present a letter for their benefit.

To those who invaded Shirreff Hall

after the Alumni Smoker, on Thursday, Oct. 16.

Dearly beloved seranaders;

We, of the Hovel, sincerely thank you for the noisome strains of music (?) which were wafted up to our windows on Thursday night. The sight of approximately a hundred superb specimens of manhood decorating the Shirreff Hall lawn would, in itself, have been enough to gladden the hearts of the inmates; but for such a spectacle to have been accompanied by vocal selections of such high calibre was almost too much for our powers of expression. So with poodles of purple passion we clutch our fluttering hearts in silent gratitude — and remain

yours, in a sended state,

The Shirreff Hall Girls.

F. W. D.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE

I recently read that Henry Wallace, veteran American statesman and alleged friend of the Communist organization in Moscow, is working on a method of producing redder strawberries on his east state farm. The method he has evolved already with partial success, is the crossing of Soviet strawberries with those native to America. The result is a redder strawberry.

Do you readers and Epicureans realize the implications of this experiment, details of which must have slipped through the Communist party censorial screen. It is immediately apparent to me that this is the basis of a Communist plot to imbue the spirit of a red Soviet into the youth and elders of this University.

In my opinion this was a ruse to detract from the fact, readily apparent to myself, that this year's tomatoes, apples and cherries were the reddest ever seen in our generation. We hope you addicts to the fruit and vegetable habit will realize what you have done to yourselves. You are closer to being a Communist than

you ever realized.

For the sake of D. U., King and Country throw off the yoke of vegetable produce.

However, now that this dastardly plot has been brought to light by this observer, let us not stop here. Let us imagine the other implications and possibilities of this diabolical scheme.

An agricultural England can cross breed American string beans with their own, grow them in the shape of an "S" with vertical bisector \$, and thereby solve the dollar crisis.

The sugar beet may be combined with the saccharine plant (if there is one) and a magnificent batch of diabetes will result.

Various types of trees may be planted in Iron ore pits, and with careful manipulation a lumber which has the sterling qualities of wood and metal would result. This plan, however, will doubtless have bitter opposition from the American steel interests.

There is actually no end to the possibilities of this new type of husbandry. Surely there is a weapon that will vie with the atomic bomb and bacteriological warfare, and will enable us to be also the first generation of the rebirth of the soil.

Amen

JACKIE ROBINSON'S STRUGGLE

By Lew Miller

In this, an era of chaos and hardship, prejudice and bigotry, it is pleasing to hear of the success story of a person, who from the start has two strikes on him, fight his way into a position where he is heralded by the world. — Such a person is Jackie Robinson, the first negro to break into big-time baseball. And if his first year's record is any indication, Jackie has a permanent place in the world of sport.

His has been a bitter, upward struggle, mostly against people who could never hope to equal Jackie's record either scholastically or athletically. In his university days in California he took an active part in all forms of sport, excelling in football; and throughout his career he has been insulted, buffeted, and injured by the jealous white who hated to see a star athlete of another color.

This year, after a year with a farm team in Montreal, Jackie was called back to Flatbush by Branch Rickey, the colorful manager of "Them Bums." By the end of the year Jackie was one of the few players in baseball who is allowed to use his own mind while base-running, and his mind must be keen for he is well-established among the leading base-runners in the major circuits.

Probably the first indication that Jackie received that he was carving a niche for himself was his being awarded the trophy for the prize rookie of the year, for in his position on the keystone sack he had been the target for the spikes of numerous bigoted Big Leaguers.

The change was gradual, and even Jackie might not have noticed it until the day when a group of his team-mates crowded around him in the locker room after a game in which he had been spiked. Jackie was simply told that he need not take that sort of thing again. Whatever happened he was assured that he would have their support.

Then one day late in the season when the Bums were returning

EXPERIMENTS? INC.

Last year an article appearing in the (un) official organ of a leading American Institution read as follows:

"Probing into the very thoughts of man, the Medical Instrumentation Lab. at Tech has developed an amazing device called the cerebrumoscillograph which will simultaneously record a person's spoken word and the thoughts which occupy the innermost crevices of his brain. The machine can be made to operate at a distance of 100 feet from the subject, completely without his knowledge, thus suggesting innumerable possible uses."

On returning to university this year we discovered that a campus gentleman, Samuel (sees an) keeps, knew the whereabouts of two such machines in the city. Backed by the D. U. S. T. (Dalhousie University Scientific Thremmatologists), one of these machines was obtained and put into use at the Common Room Dance last Saturday night. Note: The subject used in this first experiment was of the milder type. The machine is an exceptionally delicate instrument, but as time goes on D. U. S. T. plans to focus the machine on all specimens found on Studley, and will eventually use as subjects the most common found on dominion camps, the ferocious cave-man type.

The results of the first experiment follow: thoughts are separated from the spoken word by brackets.

(Look at Fuzz dancing with Jan Cameron — she knows more men on the campus than Bennett does — Foster must have had his name on the waiting list for the last month — Say, that's not a bad dish Ukie is dancing with — quite cute as a matter of fact — smooth dancer too. Not enough women here tonight — maybe I should stroll around for a coke and look 'em over. Wonder if boys coxes are a dime this year?)

Hey Denny, how many before the last waitz? — O. K. thanks."

(Gotta work fast — only two more dances — That six to one surplus of males is no help. Guess I'll forget the coke — Suppose Bol will take a dim view if I ask Frannie for a dance — Saay, look at that number in the corner — might as well plunge — got nothing to lose.)

"May I have this dance pretty smooth band, eh?"

(Guess I'm all set for the evening now.)

"You bet it's one of my fa-

carites too" (This is it.)

"By the way if you — what husband?"

(Wow, she's pointing to that mountain of muscle in the corner.)

"Yeah, thanks for the dance"

(Oh well — I've been trying all night — might as well go home.)

T-SQUARE

Crasn! Bang! Ouch! What in hell is going on? On, no, anything but that! Those engineers aren't back are they? What will ever become of Dal with "dem bums" on the loose? There should be a law....

That's what the campus has to face this year, with no decrease in the number of Theakies darlings. But cheer up, the shacksters aren't a bad bunch. Ask the girls from the Hall, for weren't their serenaders' on Thursday night largely Engineers? Can we help it if the co-eds love us?

After being scattered from Sydney to Vancouver the bridge builders are once more enjoying each other's company and many a laugh has to be concealed in the drafting room as they reminisce over the summer's activities. They are now finalizing plans for their trip, destination unknown, but it is probably the Sydney girls who will get the break. In line with such a trip the Engineers had an interesting talk on the Canadian industry by Dr. Grant, who also enlightened us on the birth rate at Queen's which has increased in proportion to the number of Engineering students.

Last week the shacksters once again heard the familiar request: "Gentlemen, make a note of this", as Theakie was back with his proteges. After spending several

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GLEE CLUB

The 1946-7 season of the Dal Glee and Dramatic Society is now well under way. Casting rehearsals for "As You Like It" have reached their final stages, with Mr. Pigot, director of the play, in the process of careful selection of characters for the production, which will be presented late in November.

Last Wednesday night, the first meeting of chorus, prospective cast, and members of the orchestra marked the official opening of the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore". Geoffrey Payzant, director of the show, was well pleased by the large turnout of interested students, who heard recordings of the operetta and

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