

SORORITY HAS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

THE DALHOUSIE CO-ED

Yearly Noose

Dalhousie's Oldest Co-Ed Publication

SADIE
HAWKIN'S
DANCE
FRIDAY

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FEBRUARY 8, 1949



Gazette Photo by Soberman

Delta Gamma Executive—Betty Petrie, Secretary Treasurer; Nancy MacDermid, Senior Representative; Jan Sinclair, Junior Representative; Gretchen Fraser, Sophomore Representative; Jan Robertson, Freshette Representative; Joyce Cameron and Barb Lohnes, Social Organizers; Eva Powell, Debating Manager; Edith Hills, Dramatics Manager.

Delta Gamma . . . This Year

Delta Gamma, neither a fraternity nor a sorority, is a Council sponsored organization. Every girl member of the student body of Dalhousie is automatically a member, and all coed activities on the campus—except sports—come under its jurisdiction. The activities of Delta Gamma are varied, and take in the Debating, Dramatics and Social activities of the girls. Apart from its usual work, Delta Gamma sponsored a McGill dance this year as entertainment for the visiting Montreal team, and will sponsor and publicize a Blood Donor Drive at the end of this month.

Debating this year has been very successful. We have won the only two radio debates in which we participated, and in the interfaculty competitions accomplished the impossible,—we defeated Law in one of the debates, and have the satisfaction of a victory over an "undefeatable team". Eva Powell and her team of co-ed debaters should be congratulated for their successful labor.

Dramatics this year will muster an entry in the Connelly Shield Competition. Edith Hills, our Dramatic Manager, is looking for a director for our one act comedy—"The Dabblers"—and we are looking forward to able cast and a valuable entry in the competition.

Social events this year include last term's financially and socially successful Open House, and this term's co-ed week. At the printing of this Gazette, Co-ed Week will have started and the boys will have begun to sit in wait beside the telephone. Monday night was skating night, and Tuesday—show night, on which nights, men could be taken to these activities and given

a charitable cup or two of coffee at Joe's afterwards.

But Wednesday is the night to notice! On this night, Dal co-eds by the tens and dozens will leave Shirreff Hall at 8:30 to spend a night serenading the lucky men who live in the men's residences of Dal, King's and Pine Hill. We are praying for the co-operation of the girls—and the boys. Co-eds of both Dal and King's are all welcome.

The Bridge party—(complete with food and dancing) will be as usual in the men's common room on Thursday night. The week will draw to smashing close on Friday night, when the Sadie Hawkins Dance will be held—with an added attraction of forty-five minutes of square dancing to real live mountain music from real live student fiddlers.

Finally, we want to mention our Blood Donor Drive which will take place soon. A clinic will be at Dal for one or two days and all students are urged to take this opportunity to do their bit for the less fortunate. None of you will miss a little bit of blood and it may mean life or death to someone who needs it.

Dear Family

And I Almost Made A First

Dear Family,
Well, I got my mark, and I really don't know how I did it, but I passed with a 79, almost making a first div! Everybody said it was the hardest exam since the school started. The Dean, who took the exam just to see how he would do, was the only other one who passed in the whole class. I was absolutely fatigued when I finished, and had all I could do to drag myself to a restaurant and finish a seven course meal. Boy, this course is really something. (I have seven philosophy books in front of me as

I write this, and have to read them all in the next hour). Our professor uses the new technique, and if we ask a question he makes believe he doesn't understand English. This forces us to look up all additional information, and just means six hours more of study each day—and we are all crazy about him, but hope we don't drop from exhaustion, so we can finish the course with him. You would be amazed if you could see the physical condition of the students are in because of this terrific pace. I ruin a pen at every lecture, and

The Diary Of Elizabeth Peeps

Hast heard much of a great festival to take place soon which the peasants do sneeringly refer to as Sadie Hawkins Week for they say it is a time when all the spinsters do try and catch a man. This did amuse me mightily for I being a married woman do know that that which they call man is long extinct.

The nobility who reside in great numbers at Marmalade Hovel do seem much pleased at the report of an event they call the Al Capp Ball and they do talk of whom they will't attend with though many do grumble and think the peasants of a low sort and unfit for such noble company.

The peasants not realizing their good fortune do slink about with many affrighted looks and I did't hear that they have painted themselves with a foul grease that they may be harder to catch. Methought this a low trick and determined to disclose them.

Saturday Feb. 5—Betimes to the lower regions where I did't see my husband Samuel Peeps without some dive called the Sea Stud. He stood with a motley crew of Dullhousians who are well known among the lower classes whereat I did stop and berate him soundly for his coarseness. He cursing loudly, did't throw a bottle of some foul libation at me which praise God did't miss me, his aim being somewhat weak. I know not why.

Did't hear of a great card game this coming Thursday which I determined to attend and win many of the awards offered. Do think that I shall go with my good friend the dancing master though I do fear my husband will object he being most surly. There wast some talk of a banquet so I do think there wilt be a goodly number number present.

Lord's Day, Feb. 6—Rose early leaving my husband abed suffering from a common plague of those who frequent the inns of this notorious town. Did't treat him with a newly discovered powder they do call acetysalicylic powder which I do find hard to pronounce knowing little of the classical tongue. It did seem to relieve him greatly though he did complain of thing did puzzle me greatly. seeing many pink elephants which

Did't attend divine service at the Abbey where I heard a fine sermon but spent (God forgive me) most of my time in looking at a gentleman who is newly come to our parish and so home.

have just scads and scads of notes. Goodness knows when I'll ever be able to read them. Well, wish me luck, and just pray for me . . .

With much love,

PENNY

P.S.—The food here is very good. Thanks a lot. They certainly make things appetizing . . . I'm beginning to like my prunes in the mashed potatoes. The eggs are awfully good, but I think the hens were glad to get rid of them.

The gang certainly enjoyed my food parcel. I hear it was good!

File It Under E . . . Experience

Type A: The tall, blond, crew cut, Red-blooded American Boy, with five athletic D's. . . "Well, here I am, you lucky girl! The D's? Oh, I have more at home. Street cars, phooey! I'm in training—let's run to the Casino. My ribs? Only broke four. Hurt? Don't be silly, only when I laugh!"

Type B: The pale, underfed, undergrad. You know, a pair of glasses with a man on them. . . "Terribly sorry, old girl, I shan't be able to attend the dance. I must go to the discussion group—we're studying the effect of the Atomic Bomb on the sex life of the skunk in Egypt. Thank you so much, old girl! See you in Phil 106."

Type C: His father has a million and he loves every cent of it. The girls fall at his feet—they trip over his check book. . . "Now, when I was at prep school, etc., etc. You say you like Buicks? Well at

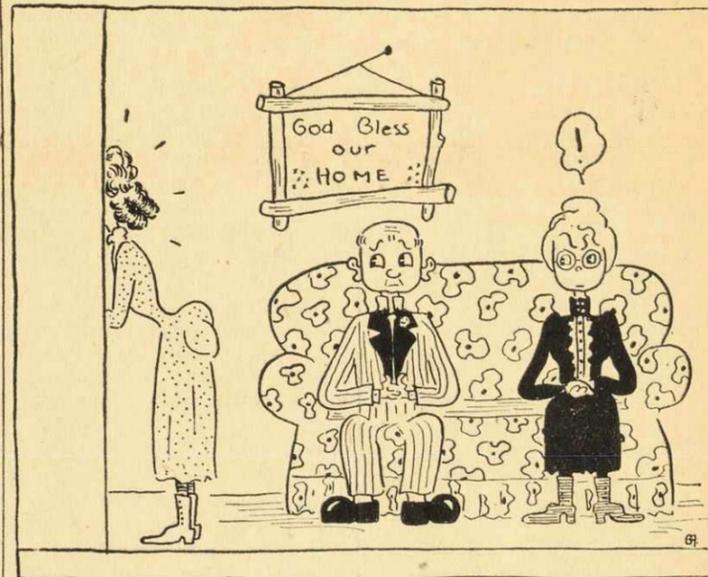
home, when the town Buick gets dirty, we just throw it away!" P.S. Thank heaven for long movies and 10:30 leaves!

Type D: The Suave Sophisticate. . . "There isn't any girl on the campus worth taking out. Tell me, just what is your impression of me? Am I what you expected? My dear, you're so naive. Yes, that girl is attractive, must call her sometime. Sorry, have I been neglecting you? It's just that all those women have been staring at me—"

Type E: The life of the party. They rush the freshettes every year. They give everyone a nickname (they get called names, too) . . . "Hellooo, hellooo, hellooo! Good mornin' honey, are you going to the dance? No? Gee, that's tough. I'd go, but I don't have a girl. Well, so long, see ya at Joe's!"

To Do, Or To Don't... 1914

It is in bad taste . . .



. . . for her to go any further than the drawing room door with him.

A young woman condemns herself in the eyes of good society who is observed to enter alone with a young man a place of public refreshment, be the restaurant or tea room ever so select. In the same category of offences is ranked that of maidens visiting places of public amusement under the escort of young men alone. It is always wisest when a number of young people are to have a party, to ask two or three married women to be present, not only for propriety's sake, but because there will then be no danger of anything unwished for happening inasmuch as it is the duty of the chaperones to make all social entertainments smooth and pleasant.

When it is necessary for a girl to pay long visits to a dentist's office, she should be accompanied either by her mother or some woman relative or maid.

Dresses made a suitable length for walking are much more appropriate for the street than those that are so long that their wearers become street cleaners. Good taste forbids the wearing of dresses so short as to be an offence against modesty, or so narrow as to impede the free movement of the limbs.

Ladies do not bow or talk or call across the street. A man should not smoke when driving or walking with a woman, nor on much frequented promenades where he cannot remove his cigar from his mouth whenever he meets a woman.

One who is truly a lady will show herself to be such as surely when riding a wheel as at any other time, not only by her costume, which will be unobtrusive in colour, cut, and adjustment, but by her manner, which will be even

more quiet and self-possessed than usual, as she well knows that by mounting a wheel she makes herself more or less conspicuous. It goes without saying that she will not ride fast enough to attract undue attention; that she will not chew gum; and that she will not allow advances from strangers, who may, like herself, be on a wheel, and, to all appearances, may be a gentleman. Neither will she ride off alone after dark, nor take long rides in the evening attended only by an escort. In the daytime, when out with a gentleman, she will avoid stopping to rest under the trees and in out of the way places.

It is considered very bad taste for a young girl to address by his Christian name a man with whom her acquaintance is but slight.

When a young man is paying a visit, and the older members of the family are in the room, he should in leaving, bid them good-night first, and afterward say his farewell to the young girl on whom he

(Continued on Page Four)