

Chaos Reigns In Hades Hovel As Lawyers Discuss Politics; Karl, Rayne Raise Snarl, Cain

Hades Hutch in the guts of the Forrest Shanty is a smoke-filled abode of lawyers, and as such has acquired a name as a veritable den of pretty polished patter. Towards this loathsome place one day crept Rufus Rayne, slyly following King Karl who had gone down to see how the boys at the other end of Dal were making out. It was the first visit of the former from Stodgy, since he had laid the successful egg which had been hatched with some repercussions in last week's Gazoot.

"How can I, a beautiful peacock, be accused of laying a hen's egg is beyond me", Rayne moaned, his tears dropping as ink spattered from a steward's pen. He wobbled from side to side in his fury, feathers flying right and down, as did down. (So far we haven't come to the pith of the story and are just dancing around trying to get hit by an idea).

paradoxical—on one side, there is the enthusiasm of the ignorant dragging down the general condition of the state, on the other hand there is the undue pessimism of the statesman who sees in the downfall of society an unfortunate malady. As Theopompus so fortunately reminds us, these things go on all the time."

Not one person of the many in the room heard him. That is, none except Doubling Finish, who will listen to the odd prof who interrupts him. But finally even his patience gave out.

"Define Alcibiades," he said. "Your whole argument is wasted until you can do that."

"Young man," said King Karl, spitting out the Caesars in his excitement, "you do not know that Alcibiades was a man. Ah, temperatures (for you are a sick man), ah morons. Times have changed."

It Had To Be Me . . .

Karl Goes To Hades

Donning a black moustache, and plugging a Loeb's Library book of Caesar (original) in either cheek to disguise himself, Karl crept into the Hades Hutch. A wild political discussion was going on, and with dignified voice he tried to break into the maelstrom of misplaced verbiage that was going on. He might as well have told the tide to go out—or the Halifax weather to keep to the gutters.

"Alcibiades had an ancient counterpart to the present North Grey election" he said. "Whenever a benevolent oligarch comes up against the misplaced ideals of the greedy bourgeoisie, the cause of society is

The rest was drowned as Rufus Rayne gave his opinion of the political situation. "If it wasn't for me, and mark well my words—now remember this is confidential, and I've told nobody outside of Shirreff Hall—but you know how to keep stuff under your hat, because you know there will be one hell of a row raised if you don't. well—if it wasn't for me that Gymnasium would be in awful shape."

Said Wafer Blatt: "Speaking as I do from the spud island viewpoint, and necessarily looking at things from the insular, or marooned, viewpoint, I think that CCF'ism is a good thing, not only for the country but the people as well." He was seconded by Frayed-Neck Martini, "Duck-ducks" Pinkem, and Dime-daughter. He was opposed by In-step and Muffin, two members of a large island whose insularity is tempered by the gentle tears of "we wuz robbed."

Others who snorted about pullitics at the meeting included Yellin' Valet, C. Gentle Soupspray, and Captain Ave Zombia.

A sudden pause was heard. It, the pause, had dropped a pin. And while you're tearing out your teeth in a handful over that one (say, we're really clicking), a dreadful shriek was heard.

It's Irish Chowder, who got up for a change in the morning and found out there were no classes, said one guess. It's the Dean. He lost his notes. Next week you'll know the truth.



The Boilermaker's Brawl certainly handed Knowsey many a surprise. Why with Kay with one Tibetan correspondent, Roslyn with "Slim" and "Jo" Robertson just not there, one begins to wonder, or does one? Anyway it was a very enjoyable dance, especially Lund's piano playing, Roslyn's swooning, Jean Foster's snake dance, and the trio by Kelly, Wallace and Boudreau. Knowsey wonders what that insignificant tuxedo was wandering around by itself for at the dance. We later learned from reliable sources that it was not empty but contained none other than our vivacious friend Shorty.

We wonder what has happened to our erstwhile friend, Al Ernst. He has been exceedingly quiet, possibly because Bill Ogilvie has returned on a short leave? Regarding her results in the exams, heah, upon being interviewed, stated that the entire blame cannot be placed upon Jim. Despite this demoralizing statement the latter was overheard chanting, "Is you is, or ain't you was my baby," indicating little doubt as to the answer.

Sally: "I hope everyone notices my new hat."

Archie: "Then you'd better lower your skirt about six inches."

After seeing Pat Jones at the Boilermaker's Friday night, adoring Art with every look, Knowsey was certainly surprised to see this same Patsy attempting to sink the Navy at the Supper Dance on Friday night. While we are on the subject of the Boilermaker's we wonder what happened to Marian W. and Tom F. at about 10 o'clock.

The Sheik of Phi-Chi, Al Saunders, was quite surprised that he was turned down by the aforesaid Marion. Surely he isn't loosing his touch. What say Al?

We hear that Curry and Rusy loved our selling special "kill pain" drugs. Knowsey also hears that Saturday night, although quite successful, they were forced to keep some of the drug for themselves.

Bill Redden has found the way to one Hall girl's heart and all because of a rabbit presented to Zelpa and Fran. So that's how you do it! A way to a (wo)man's heart is through her stomach! (especially if she's from the Hall).

Knowsey hears that Vera Wallace

Beauty Queen No. 2-- Roslyn Schaefer



BALMY BEACH — Everything goes topsy-turvy when the fair Roslyn passes by, as witness the water-line—if there's anybody looking at it. Miss Schaefer is 18, blonde, brown eyes, five feet five, weighs 129 pounds, and wears bobby socks to college, though for every reason but the Sinatra influence. Asked about the unusual cant of the beach, she said (modestly) she thought it was the camera. Sounded sincere too. She was born in Spain 18 years ago, and removed with her parents from that country eight years ago when Franco started on the loose. In third year Arts, hopes to continue the study of languages at Columbia University, and wishes meanwhile to mix dramatics with her studies. We could write a whole lot more, but the personable lass is well-known to students.

lost some "vital support" at the dance the other evening. "That's life for you."

What Freshman's hopes have not been blighted, By pangs of love gone unrequited? I phone a freshette for a date, To find I'm just a little late; Some Engineer or handsome Med Monopolizes her instead.

Although I know this verse is stupid, I've got a bone to pick with Cupid, Quite accurately he shoots at me, Then why in Hell can't he hit "She"?

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T-SQUARE

That up and coming campus society, Es-see-em, has finally hit the top with the announcement that one, Murdo Waterfield, is to enlist this Sunday, Jan. 29. We won't say who will convert who in the end, but do not be surprised if the society's theme song becomes "The Old Rugged Crock." Gad! What some people will do for a pass!

Ball Notes—Woebegone Boilermaker No. 1 was undoubtedly "Shiff" Wallace. Imagine him running around bumming dollar bills and matches, all the while supporting his broken 'braces'. And as of last Monday, no one had informed him that it was time to take off his bow-tie . . . Two-Drop Burgess (the elder) took three, was slap-happy the rest of the night . . . What Lennie missed by riding down in the back of a truck he made up in the back of the car coming home . . . Looie, with one impatient hand under the table, pointed to something over Joan's shoulder. It appears she fell for it . . . Miss Foster please note: any resemblance between Oakley, J. P., otherwise known as Gus, and Griffin, A. K., (M.A., Ph.D.) was purely unintentional on Mrs. Oakley's part . . . The same lad claims he has found a men's powder room on the Dartmouth ferry; at least he left the car on the way over allegedly to powder his nose. Came back shinier than ever . . . The boys would like to thank everyone who helped to make the Ball a success—meaning, of course, those who contributed cars, tuxes, and permits.

P. S.

The T-Square reporter was too busy with his own affairs to keep an eye on others'.

When the snow clears, we expect to find a monument in front of the Library. The epitaph: "This marks the spot where Shorty fell, With whom, afraid we cannot tell. But, ere you sorrow, note this well— He kissed her once, then ran like the dickens."

It just is not fair! Several engineers, regular diners at the Hall, have been given the merry old deuce for looking around twice after a meal. Now Skinner, who never contributes a cent, has been seen emerging from a deep dark alcove as late as seven o'clock, and getting away scot free. The regulars are therefore considering whether they too should go into alcoves instead of sitting in the open. Of course, it isn't quite that easy . . .

Arts and Science—
(Continued from page one)
merely to raise one of her petticoats to reveal a cache of numerous crib notes. Nowadays she has no clothes to spare. Miss Rattee: The car, the car radio, and the car heater make romance a much more simple business these days.

CLASSIC DEFINITIONS OF THE THREE "ISMS"

If you own two cows . . .
Under **COMMUNISM**: They take the cows, give you milk in return.
Under **FASCISM**: They kill you and keep the cows.
Under **CAPITALISM**: They sell one of the cows, buy a bull.

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