

Shirreff Hall, C. O. T. C., Sodales Given Indifferent Treatment By Indifferent Writer

A gentle haze arose over Shirreff Hall. It was a white and pink mist, bathing all in its glory, surrounding the denizens of Marmalade Wigwam with a gentle and beautiful glow. Four hundred eyes shone with expectation, four hundred lips were carmined, and about 10,000 teeth were gnashing when in odd moments the inhabitants reflected there might be those more beautiful than them. "Mirrah, mirrah, on the wall, Who's the sweetest of us all, Is it me, or is it Goity, To lose that contest would be doity."

Meanwhile, people were speculating on the campus beauty queens. Up in their eyrie, the engineers were drafting a resolution to have Linda Darnell made an honorary student of the University, while the Law boys were boosting their own candidate, who shall remain nameless though not formless.

The Medical stewards had taken the choicest cadaver off the ice, and were trying to assemble it together to make a single picture. The Dents had chosen the girl they would most like to extract teeth from, and the Arts and Seance kids were doing their best to promote 16 candidates at once.

Rob McLeak, Gazoot big stiff, who had begun the dissension, was meanwhile following leisurely the golden apples Atlanta was throwing at him while walking the city beat. "I'll give it to you for a nickel," the fair miss carolled, but his mind was on other subjects.

When he reflected, it was far too late.

Stripped of their plumage, 44 tough-looking mugs were dashing and hurtling earthwards, while underneath with a huge net, Colonel Jinx awaited. "Such a fine catch," he commented. "About 45% perfect, but a little exercise under sergeant Plum Duff should straighten the curvature of their spines.

"Beaver," he yelled at his orderly room clerk, "get these men outfitted, give them winter meltons, and see they are fairly presentable. And for those—um—that have been in the OTC but deserted—rank desertion" (and his moustache bristled). (Say, he hasn't got a moustache). (We've been accurate so far, we can afford a few lapses). "I say, feed them bread and water." Those guilty were marched off to Sweet Hovel and fed for a month on the usual grub, coming back with their arms raised over their head, and yelling, "Send us to the front. Starve us. But don't give us any more of them there vitamins."

Yodeles, deflating society, was holding its annual trials and errors would out despite it all. Speaking on the partition of the Canadian bull in a post-war world seasoned with British apple sauce, the speakers made merry hash out of plans to build the post-war world around Dr. Stewpot. But that gentleman did not hear; he was in Montreal, arranging for a lecture on Platter at the Royal College for the development of simian-pure characteristics among young people, or a sort of mental drape-shaped-ape.

To Hell with me. Good morning.

King's Debaters

(Continued from page one)

wealth' of any of the provinces and also that because of unjust transportation policies hte Ontario and western farmer can undersell the Maritime farmer in Maritime distributing centers. It was also shown that the present tariff policy does not benefit the Maritimes and that the Maritimes are forced to buy from a protected Central Canadian market with which it has an adverse balance of trade.

There is the story of two privates who paused to puzzle over a dead animal they saw at the roadside. "It has two stripes," said one. "That settles it," said the other. "Its either a skunk or a corporal."



Even though Bill T. hails from Ontario and Jeep-land, we are glad to see that he knows how to pick local attractions from under a streetlight. Maybe Connie will agree with us? ? ? ?

Chopin, the Nazis say, was "of course German". They claimed Rembrandt some time ago and now have their eyes, no doubt, on Wilhelm Schaeckspier, Michel von Angelan, Kristoffer Kolumbutz, Herr Doctor Aristodol, late of Greece, and the so-called Chinese philosopher, Konfuschius.

Old Knowsey mourns the passing of romance from the lives of the brother Burgess. The sight of Art at the dance last Friday muttering: "Look homeward, angel and melt without Ruth" was indeed saddening. Young brother Bryce also seems to have split the ties with Nancy. But before salting too much beer Knowsey turns a happy eye on Farq and Mary, and Dex and Jean, still constant through exams and high water.

The churches of this land are sprinkled over with bald-headed old sinners whose hair has been worn off by the friction of countless sermons that have been aimed at them and have glanced off and hit the man in the pew behind.

Found: Another Swoonatra. Have you heard "Bugs" serenading the campus with "I guess, that Happiness is just a Gal named Jones". Harmonious, Mac, harmonious.

A red Indian of considerable culture was engaged to play a part in a Hollywood film. One day while he was in the studio awaiting instructions a film star approached him with the idea of showing a little consideration to "the poor savage".

"Well," he said kindly, "how do you like our city?" "Very well, thank you," replied the Red Indian, "how do like our country?"

Kenny Fraser took Ruth Manning to the dance (Friday). Where is Irene? ? ? We also wonder about Mike Waterfield, the woman hater. (What those Mt. St. Vincent girls can do to our engineers)!

The business of the ministry is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable.

We wonder if Mary MacDonald is turning out for basketball just because she likes it, or could it be because the girls are going to Mt. A. the same time as the boys. What say, Farq!!!

LOCAL COLOR

For interesting, accurate reports of local events, read The Halifax Herald and The Halifax Mail. Everything that happens in the Halifax area that is newsworthy is recorded in the columns of these great newspapers, compiled by a staff of experienced reporters. The completeness of local news coverage makes The Halifax Herald and The Halifax Mail, the most popular newspapers East of Montreal.

The Halifax Herald and The Halifax Mail



Drafting Room Chatter: "Extra, extra! Copp cops a cup!" . . . "She was a washout in the blackout . . . Paul Russel, talking to a ticket salesman: \$3.50, eh? I'll make it five bucks if you provide a date" . . . Sulskey, "How do the waitresses at the Hall compare with those at the Cameo?"

Lest we come to blows with him, we wish to apologize humbly to our Newfie friend, and make it clear that (1) his name is not spelled with an "e", (2) he has never had intimate associations with St. Mary's, (3) he is not an habitual imbiber of spiritous beverages, ESPECIALLY (1). On the contrary, he tells us he is quiet, studious and modest; or, in other words, he leads a fine, dull life.

Louie (surveying fifteen of his fellows silently weazeling: "Look, boys, there is such a thing as working too hard."

All: "How the—do you know?"

Mike and Roslyn took their Gym store friendship upstairs to the dance, rather than down to the heating system, as was originally planned. Apparently she figured things wouldn't be so hot for her up there.

The familiar chugging of Ronnie's motorcycle is missing from the Dal scene these days. We'd like to know whether the icy roads are to blame, or whether he is saving his gas for his jaunts to Hubbards; that contented look of his points in just one direction.

The Engineers vs. Miss White campaign is now in full swing. Little can be said about Miss Morocco, but lots can be seen. You really should get a load of the radius of curvature of her left elbow!

Time: 4.15. Place: Roy's. Don and Zelda discovered at cokes; Zelda guzzling from the bottle, Don sucking a straw. Each stares into the other's eyes blinks hard, stares again. Enter two dark figures, unmistakably Engineers. One speaks: MacLeod, you are accused by the Commuters Union of leaving at 3:59, and of walking out backwards to make us think you were coming in. Moreover, you are sucking the wrong end of the straw. Come with us." MacLeod clutches Zelda's skirt, cries, "But fellows! I dowanna!" Exit Engineers, dragging MacLeod. Curtain falls on Zelda vainly trying to guzzle both cokes at once.

POLITICAL VIEWS—

(Continued from page 1)

that, should Mr. Bracken contest a seat in the House, the resulting by-election would create a bitter political uproar, unnecessary and even harmful during the period of the present national emergency. He then advised his listeners that old systems should not be thrown out the door until better ones can be found. Those of the C. C. F. were not better ones. "Every man needs to be given an equal chance to make himself unequal" he said. The socialistic policies of the C. C. F., did not give a man this chance.

Says Maritimes Ignored

Calling himself first and foremost a Nova Scotian, and second, a Canadian, Major Murray attacked the MacKenzie Government for ignoring Nova Scotia and refusing to help bring in the improvements we so desperately need. He claimed that the Bennett government had taken an altogether different attitude.

Mr. Fred Young agreed with Mr. Fielding that the Liberal party had been the reform party in the past and that it had succeeded in bringing about much beneficial legislation. He made it clear, however, that it had always been the party of the capitalists—it had grown with industrialism—and as soon as they had been able to replace the feudal barons as the ruling aristocracy, they had united with the Tories.

Capitalism, he said, "must eventually lead to fascism, for the capitalistic parties are financed by the big industrialists and are pledged to appease them with their legislation". Finally, he declared that the capitalistic system had failed.

Mr. Charles Murray agreed with Mr. Young that regimentation is necessary for the maximum efficiency. Mr. Murray expounded the differences between his party and the C. C. F. The Labor Progressives do not aspire to political power; they want to improve the present position of labor in Canada; they intend to do this by backing the party that is pledged to bring in legislation favorable to labor. At the present time they are supporting the capitalistic Liberal party because capitalism is working efficiently in Canada today.

Mr. Murray predicted an amalgamation of the two capitalistic parties in Canada in the near future, interpreting the recent Ralston affair as a move on the part of the Progressive Conservatives in this direction.

The impossible has happened! Believe it or not, Proc showed up last Friday night in the company of a woman. Three years was a long time to wait, but at last he has found THE ONE.

VOX DISCIPULI—

(Continued from page one)

best possible place to build one would be where the Murray Homestead now stands. Construction should begin as soon as the war is over, because I don't think wartime is the right time to begin such a project. A residence would do a great deal to increase Dal spirit as well as give outside students a place to live while attending classes here.

Results Of Survey

In conjunction with the above statements twenty other students on both Studley and Forrest Campus were questioned also. Of the twenty questioned, answers regarding the situation of a new residence varied from next-door Sherriff Hall to Young Avenue, the greater number, however, favoring the big hill between the Science Building and Coburg Road. Asked when construction should begin, twelve of the twenty questioned, favored an immediate start, another six voting for "after the war" and the remaining two including "next year" and "two years after the war." Replies to the question WHY were rather more diverse, varying from: "to increase Dal spirit," to this one—"for the promotion of a fuller social life for Sherriff Hall girls." Most students, however, decided that a residence

Co-Eds Still Have Chance to Enter Beauty Contest

To date (1:43 a.m. Thursday morning, January 18, 1945) no contributions have been received in our Beauty Contest. This is not surprising. We hardly expect the young ladies to come forward on their own accord.

Yet rumour gently gargles in our ear that a picture, and of a lovely lassie too, is forthcoming next week. That will initiate the contest. From then, the fight is on, and may the powderpuffs fly as past as the smashing off burnt-out camera bulbs.

The Feature Editor humbly suggests, so that his meager contact with Hollywood is not slighted for pouring the suggestion into our ear one wintry day but a short while ago, that societies, such as the engineers, come forward with the names of their favorites.

We are not running the commercialized glamor contests Hollywood bakes in. Instead, we are providing diversion with interest.

was needed for the simple reason of giving the out-of-town students a place to live near the University, where everyone could get together.

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ORPHEUS

ANNIVERSARY WEEK PROGRAMMES

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

"DELINQUENT DAUGHTERS"

"MAN IN GREY"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"BIG BONANZA"

"SHERIFF OF SUNDOWN"

GARRICK

Saturday - Friday

"National Barn Dance"

"GROAT McKINTY"

CAPITOL

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

"The Master Race"

with George Coulosis

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"Irish Eyes Are Smiling"

with Monty Wooley

CASINO



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"GREENWICH VILLAGE" Carmen Miranda & Don Ameche

Monday and Tuesday "SIGN OF THE CROSS" "GILDERSLEEVE'S GHOST"

Wednesday and Thursday "THE HAIRY APE" ROGER TOUHEY, GANGSTER'

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