

LAW BALL
TONIGHT
LORD NELSON
HOTEL

DALHOUSIE Gazette

America's Oldest College Newspaper

ATTEND THE
FOOTBALL
GAME ON
SATURDAY

Vol. LXXXVI

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1953

No. 4

LAW WRITES DALHOUSIE SONG NFCUS TO PRESS NATIONAL NEEDS

New Dal Song to be Introduced By Don Warner at Law Ball

Walter E. Bergmann, after many hours of painstaking effort, has written a new Dalhousie song. Mr. Bergmann a first-year law student has played an active role in student functions.

It was only after much prompting that Walter Bergmann consented to write this song which is to be introduced at the Law Ball. There is a general feeling that a university of this size and reputation should have a song which is more distinctive, a song which unites our student body and gives them a feeling of being part of a great university.

This song has been submitted to orchestra leader Don Warner to play at the Law Ball, the legal faculty's contribution to the Dalhousie whirl of social functions. It is to take place this Friday, October 23, at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

This song has drive and bounce, necessary for any good college song, and assumed by many to be lacking in our present Dalhousie song. The words are submitted to the students for their constructive criticism, and all comments will be welcome.

Verse:
It is our college by the sea
To which we pledge our loyalty
In truth and virtue will she be
A symbol of the strong and free.
And as the years do pass away
Within our hearts she'll always stay
To give us courage for our purpose
If we should lose it on our way.

Chorus:
DAL-HOU-SIE we sing
Your praise in every thing
In the class or on the field
We will never yield.
Your honor and your pride
Is known far and wide
We will never let you down
School of great renown.

Verse:
It's to the old Atlantic shore
To which we turn our thoughts once more
Unto the ivy covered walls
Which house the old familiar hall
We hope that those who now are there
Will never bring her shame or care
And may they keep our Alma Mater
The way we would could we be there.

See Salt Mine Dawson Club Visit

The Dawson Club, under the leadership of Dr. Douglas, examined the largest underground salt mine in Canada. The group descended 400 feet into the mine and spent over two hours exploring the various tunnels. Members on the trip were: John Cook, D. Ley, E. Cunningham, Robert Parker, Yvette Pendle, Nick Cross, Ruth McDormand, G. V. Douglas, John Douglas, Jean Hogg, L. Brown, Bud Hogg, Arthur Worth, Donald Ross, Kenneth Kalutich and Ted Vreeland. Any student desiring to join the Dawson Club (geological club) may contact the treasurer, Ruth McDormand, 2-3176; or the secretary, Yvette Pendle, at Sheriff Hall.

Dal Radio Club Revives; To Resume Organized Broadcasting

During the past few years, the Dalhousie Radio Committee has been one of the most prominent groups on the campus. It has existed for the aim that those interested in radio can become better acquainted with the techniques of program planning, administration, and actual "live" broadcasting.

In such programs the listening public is given a glimpse of Dalhousie in its entertainment, life, and aims. In addition, Dalhousie talent, musical, dramatic, and otherwise is encouraged and put in the listening spotlight for the appreciation of the public.

Those of last year's radio committee are interested in continuing radio activities from here on the campus, and its success is hoped to be maintained by interested newcomers. Students who are interested in this type

NFCUS Appoints Full Time President; To Implement Massey Recommendations Reinstate University of Montreal

The appointment of a national paid full time president, and a series of the projects stressing a national program were among the highlights of the 17th Annual NFCUS Conference in Montreal last week. Antonio Emiquez, a 22-year-old business administration student at the University of Ottawa, was elected by acclamation at the final plenary session on Friday. Questioned as to the

Federation's policy for the coming year, Mr. Emiquez stated that his main preoccupation would be to strengthen the unity of the organization by implementing the proposals of the Conference. Included among these were plans for a series of National cultural competitions, a campaign to implement the Massey Commission recommendations for a system of national scholarships, and an investigation into the possibility of holding annual student seminars.

Also elected as regional vice-presidents were Jacques Gabony of the University of Montreal, William Troupe of Acadia and Howard Ellsworth of McMaster. Marcel LeClanc of the University of Saskatchewan was acclaimed as chairman of the International Affairs Commission and Duncan Frasel of Dalhousie takes over the newly created post of Debating Commissioner. The western vice-

president was not elected at the conference.

Three member universities were almost unanimous in declining a further invitation to conduct an exchange of students with the Soviet Union. When a motion to this effect reached the floor of the plenary session, it was passed with some abstentions. There was considerable debate over a motion regarding future relationships with the Communist-dominated International Union of Students. It was finally decided that the Conference should make no commitment at this time, but gave the executive power to "investigate the possibility of entering into a qualified relationship," and to report their findings to the next Conference. Although Laval felt the tone of the resolution to be "a little too positive," and Toronto pressed for a more definite stand, the amended motion was passed unanimously.

Treasure Van of India - - - Wealth of Oriental Handicraft Offered

The "Treasure Van of India" arrived at Dalhousie this week laden with beautiful Indian handicrafts for display and sale purposes. This creditable effort was sponsored by the World University Service Committees of Dalhousie and Saint Mary's.

The exhibit and sale was officially opened by the Honourable Henry Hicks, Minister of Education for Nova Scotia, at 8 o'clock in Room 21 of the Arts Building. Sally Roper, chairman of W.U.S.C. welcomed all those present and introduced the speakers. Mr. Hicks praised the World University Service for their excellent work and stated that while W.U.S.C. enabled everyone present to see and appreciate the products of India, it also gave the opportunity to understand better the peoples who produced these articles. Other speakers included Mr. Graham Ferguson of Toronto, National Secretary of the head office of W.U.S.C.; Ed Cohen, who was sponsored by W.U.S.C. and represented Dalhousie at a seminar in India last

summer; and Professor C. L. Bennett, representing the Faculty.

Dalhousie University was the first stop for the Treasure Van and it is hoped that it will meet with as much success in other universities across Canada as it did here. The handicrafts were of very fine workmanship and were admired by all attending the sale. Many articles showed they were the result of many hours of exacting work. Of particular interest were the hand made Filigree earrings and brooches, the hand carved trays from Kashmir territory, the vivid stoles and scarves. Mrs. Ethel Mulvaney, who supervised the purchase of the articles in India and who is accompanying the exhibit across Canada, is to be complimented on her selection.

The W.U.S.C. accomplished several ends from this sale. It showed Haligonians some of India's fine craftsmanship and by this means gave some insight into their way of life. It also helped raise funds for the poor people of India. All in all, it was a very successful project.

STUDENT ACTIVITY SCHEDULE 1953-54

DATE	FUNCTION	PLACE
October 23	Law Ball, Law Society	Lord Nelson Hotel
30	W.U.S.C. Dance	Gym
November 4	Sherriff Hall Formal	Sherriff Hall
6	Hayloft Jamboree, Engineering Society	Gym
6	Dent Ball, Dental Society	Nova Scotian Hotel
10	Junior Prom, Junior Class	Gym
9-11	Dress Rehearsals	
	"As You Like It"	Gym
12	Student Night	Gym
	"As You Like It"	Gym
13-14	Public Performances	
	"As You Like It"	Gym
16	Lecture by Dr. Steffanson, Women's Canadian Club	Gym
19	Medical Society Banquet	Lord Nelson Hotel
20	Gazette Masquerade	Gym
21	Open House, Delta Gamma	Sherriff Hall
27	Class of 56—Dance	Gym
December 14	Christmas Examination Begin	
January 8	Student Council Dance (Free)	Gym
15	Arts and Science Dance, A & B Society	Sherriff Hall
17-21	Student Christian Mission	Gym
22	Millionaires Sweater Dance, Commerce Society	Gym
26-28	Connelly Shield Plays	Gym
29	Pharmacy Ball, Pharmacy Society	Nova Scotian Hotel
February 1-6	Co-Ed Week, Delta Gamma	
3	Open House	Sherriff Hall
5	Co-Ed Dance	Gym
12	Poor Man's Law Ball	
19	Engineer's Ball, Engineering Society	Nova Scotian Hotel
22-23	Dress Rehearsals, "The Gondoliers"	Gym
24	Student Night, "The Gondoliers"	Gym
25-27	Public Performances, "The Gondoliers"	Gym
March 2	Student Elections	
5	Med Ball, Medical Society	Nova Scotian Hotel
8	D-Day	Radio Station CJCH
9	MUNROE DAY	

Respectfully, submitted,
Campus Co-ordinating Committee
Dalhousie Council of Students
Dave MacDonald, Chairman

Newman Club

Dal - Tech Club Meets

The first meeting of the Dal-Tech Newman Club was held at the Old St. Mary's College on Sunday night.

Prior to the social activities a business meeting was held and the various activities for the coming year were outlined by the chairmen of the different committees.

Following the meeting sing-song sheets were passed around and all lent their melodious voices to a lively sing song. After the sing song a dance was held. A number of new records were added to the old reliables so there was lots of smooth music. The surprise of the evening "free" pop and doughnuts were served by the social committee to the delight of all.

The first meeting, attended by 150 Dal-Tech students was a very enjoyable and was truly a big success, if it is any indication of future Sunday nights they will certainly be looked forward to with anticipation.





Jamaica is a Pleasant Place True or False?

By G. Henry Grey

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
Published Weekly at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia
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NEWS DEPARTMENT
Reporters — Chris MacKichan, Peg Fraser, Joan Clark, Stu McKinnon, Matt Epstein, Leroy Smith, Lucy Whitman, Edith MacDonald
Features John McCurdy, Alan Marshall, Dennis Madden

Editorial

Nationalism, a national identity, is a sore point to a lot of Canadians; there are those who are strongly for it and there are other who are emphatically against maturing a national cult.

When the issue reached a certain point it was finally included in a Royal Commission which, in its findings had very much to say about it, both for and against.

It seems then that the average citizen and the University Student is faced with making his own attitude concerning the pitch to which we must allow our Canadian culture and pride to be carried.

If the University Student asks why such a thing as Nationalism should concern him here are a few reminders. First, it is true, even if it is an old platitude, that University graduates are the leaders of the nation. And it is the University Student, who, upon graduation and entry into active life, is the moulder of the moral, aesthetic and spiritual outlooks of a nation.

University Students of today will one day be shaping Canadian foreign policy, forming our economic standards, determining the Laws and Constitution of Canada. Some day the present under-graduates will be in the pulpits, the laboratories, the factories. They will be writing books, composing music, editing newspapers and journals; and it is then that the forming of the Canadian attitude will be in the hands of those who are now reading this paper.

Considering nationalism as a field of culture there are two aspects in developing it. There are those who claim we should reject everything which is not of purely Canadian origin, not realizing at the same time that all the great world cultures were the result of borrowing from alien cultures.

On the other hand it is desirable for Canadians to "think Canadian," isolationist as that statement may sound, for the sole purpose of establishing a real bulwark with which to repel the cultural garbage that floats across our southern boundary in the form of radio commercials, slushy literature, commercialized music, corrupt politics and Hollywood films merited on their production costs.

In sum, however, there is only one general policy to remember about Canada. The United States of America, like Topsy, "just grewed," but Canada, unlike Topsy, "was builded," built on sheer strength and determination, all the way from St. John's to Vancouver and it is this same strength that will develop a national character which will not need too much outside assistance in the making of it.

In fact the best thing to do about developing a Canadian national culture is to do nothing and just be ourselves.

Canadians will always do well.

Photo Club

The Dalhousie Photographic Club will hold its first meeting on Monday, 26th October at 8 p.m. in the basement of the Men's Residence.

You may not have known that there was such a Club on the Campus. Well, you need not be an expert to participate or be a member. All camera enthusiasts are cordially invited to attend, both boys and girls.

Our idea is to pass on what we know so as to help you make better pictures. Bring along your cameras too—whether it is a \$2 one or \$200—it makes no difference.

The Club is being reorganized and this year's program is to be planned, so come to the meeting and bring your suggestions; in that way you will be helping to make this Club the major success of Campus activities.

Gate Receipts Committee

1. The Gate Receipts Committee of the Council of Students requires the services of at least ten students to assist in the collection of gate receipts at the rink and at other student functions.

2. Students will be paid at the rate of two dollars for every three hours work, the same system that was in operation last year.

3. Applications for jobs must be submitted in writing and left at the Student Council office in the Men's Residence. Those applying for the second time need not bother to submit a written application but may get in touch with the chairman of the Gate Receipts Committee.

4. For further particulars get in touch with David Bryson—3-3646.

If that article on page four of your issue of the 9th October headlined "Jamaica is a Pleasant Place" is intended to be "news" for the reading public, it might at least be factual and reliable, instead of savoring towards ambiguity and sarcasm.

Like other countries in the world, Jamaica can stand criticism, has benefited by wholesome constructive criticism in the past, and will continue to do so in the future.

For those who have never been to Kingston, Jamaica, and may be misled by this mischievous little article, I shall endeavour to correct the inaccuracies and fallacies that it contains.

Hanover Street runs for about a mile through the business section from North to the Waterfront. The price of poor rum, or any rum for that matter has no particular relation to Hanover Street. The standard of rum is a matter of quality and the taste of the individual. The price of the cheaper rums five years ago was not less than (6/1) per quart bottle, while rum of good quality and taste was sold at from (10/6) ten shillings and sixpence upwards per quart bottle. I have never known any kind of rum to be sold legally at three shillings per quart.

There is no truth to the statement that "most of the time there are not any lights on Hanover Street because the street robbers put them out." The Police Department does not have to waste too much time on Hanover Street, simply because it does not present the problem that your correspondent is attempting to convey.

This street is by no means a lawless area; the incidence of robbery there is no greater than on any other street. You need not consider the statement that "most of the light on this street come from the night-clubs and rum-houses." Instead, I shall name you some institutions and business places that you will find there. The Dept. of Lands and Forests; The Bureau of Statistics; The Govt. Audit Dept.; The Central Housing Authority; The Kingston Club; (a meeting place for business men for lunch and recreation); The Govt. Trade and Technical School; The Masonic Temple; A Branch of the Fire Dept.; The Kingston Police Station; The YMCA; The Jamaica Welfare Ltd.; two large restaurants; one theatre; a Tobacco Factory; A Chemist's Laboratory; three garages and filling stations; two schools; The Hanover St. Baptist Church; a reputed Brothel that only the rich can afford to patronize; several legitimate business; Law Offices; Groceries; Taverns, private homes; and store houses along the waterfront; wharves.

These are institutions that people with respectable intentions and legitimate business do not stay away from. You need not stay away from Hanover Street—that depends on YOU and what you go there for. Girls that frequent the waterfront obtain cheap living accommodation in that section of Hanover Street that is near the waterfront. May be the correspondent will enlighten the public as to what kind of "entertainment will cost from sixpence to six shillings, depending on your looks." People actually live at Hanover Street, they do not count life as a risk. Nothing is truly good nor bad, it is in the mind that makes it so.

If "Jamaica is a Pleasant Place" to that visitor only because there is a Hanover Street where he can obtain cheap entertainment in a place of ill repute or get himself in trouble then he need not have travelled so far. You can find it in your own home town. There are not so many problems on Hanover Street, if you stay away you would never know.

(14th, October, 1953)

KILLED BY KINDNESS

By Kenneth Kalutich

Our North American civilization faces annihilation if we continue to overeat, overdress, face few responsibilities, make little intellectual or moral effort, learn what amuses us and continue to abuse our leisure time. The result of these abuses is that the moral environment of Canada is sickly. Moral disintegration has permeated large segments of our society business, athletics, the civil service, labor, universities and even churches.

Many reasons have been attributed to our moral decay. Some persons have maintained the consequences of the war, others blame the consequences of urbanization and industrialization, and still others maintain the reason why our society is fetid can be found in the worship of materialism and individualism. Material pursuits have partly debased spiritual values and individual success has partly lowered moral values because too often the end justifies the means. Yet neither the desire for material acquisition or worship of individual success can fully account for our present moral decay.

The reasons our society is rotting into oblivion is because we are crammed with food, sleep as much as we like, have no responsibility, and rarely make an intellectual or moral effort. The results are that girls today spend more time combing their hair than developing their minds, men spend more time in taverns talking about sex than developing their personalities, and young men spend more time driving cars than preparing themselves for the future.

Our race has degenerated to the point where we become easily tired, are extremely self-centered, are insolent to unorthodox views, have weak and moral resistance, lack intellectual acuteness and have little desire to improve ourselves.

If our degeneration of body and mind is to stop it necessitates effort, privations, hardships, discipline and spiritual awakening. Only when man goes without sleep, when his meals are occasionally scanty, when he must put strenuous effort to obtain his food, clothing and education, ONLY THEN will he develop his mind and body. When man is tired and relaxed, when he loves and hates, suffers and is happy, has authority and then has none—only then will man be able to develop his nervous resistance and the inner philosophy which gives peace to the mind. People are only strong physically and mentally who have submitted themselves to discipline, have endured privations and overcome adverse conditions.

The Law of Nature says that man must struggle for his existence or waste away. Once man ceases to struggle for his living then his body and mind degenerate. When society has many degenerating individuals then morals disappear. If moral decay seeps into large segments of society, as it has in ours, then society begins to disintegrate. Disintegration of society DESTROYS the existing civilization.

Unless we discipline ourselves, face hardships, undergo privations and find a new spiritual awakening posterity will record our extinction by the words—KILLED BY KINDNESS.

We Need You

Oh pity the plight
Of the poor Gazette.
We put out a paper each week,
And yet - - -
You can hardly imagine
The drains and strains
On our poor unfortunate writers'
Brains.

—N.W.

The Tiger Grinds

The grooves are humming again at Dalhousie, and the students are running here and there, directed by the various grooves or whirlpools which they have entered. These whirlpools are individual agglomerations of studies and extra-curricular activities—nearly everyone has made one for himself within the first two and three weeks at Dalhousie, and is at its mercy for the rest of the year.

This is not a condemnation but a praise of the groove. Unless he has mistakenly entered a rapid whirlpool of too many interests, the groove is the only way an active student can keep his balance. He who has a certain time for studying, a time for debating or glee club or football, and a time for social brilliance, knows exactly how much to give to each.

The students in the groove are those who always have something to do. Sometimes others say of them, "They're in too many things. They'll flunk for sure." They do not realize that the students in question allot the same enthusiasm to their studies as to their outside activities, and therefore are surprised when those same students reach the end of the term with smashing academic and extra-curricular records.

By the Way

By Alan Marshall

Last week, I described the origin of the two universities on the campus. This week, I am turning to something much less alive than a university. At least, one hopes that a university is alive. What I am describing this week is—a graveyard. A very famous graveyard: "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." This is Sable Island, a hundred miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, in the Atlantic Ocean. Far too many people have died on this island, for a description of its uses as a graveyard to be compressed into anything less than a book. This is just the way it began.

The island is a very long sandbank, like the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Most of the banks are well under water; but this one insisted on breaking the surface. So there it is, an island ten miles long, with twenty miles of reefs at each end. Fifty miles of continuously breaking waves, on a bank two hundred miles long. It is provided with built in improvements to increase its efficiency as a graveyard. It lies in the track of Atlantic storms. It is surrounded by a network of currents. A cask dropped overboard will sometimes be carried round and round the island for days. A ship that gets caught in the current is very lucky if it escapes. Nor is that all. The currents are so unpredictable that ships relying on dead reckoning are often out by miles of their calculated longitude. So not content with carrying ships onto the reefs by force, they bamboozle the navigators as well. The island is frequently covered by fogs, and the slopes of the reefs are so steep that a vessel on soundings is wrecked with little warning.

The island is being constantly worn away by the waves, so that it has been getting smaller all the time. It must have been larger when it was discovered than it is now. Whether it had any trees on it once is a debatable question. Now, there is nothing but sand and sod.

John Cabot describes passing two islands on his first return journey. This may be the first mention of the island that we have. It appears on a map when the King of Portugal gave Nova Scotia to one of his explorers. (Some optimist!)

But it was the French who made the first attempt to settle it with men.

The French did not come on the scene till 1598, and no wonder. France had gone through no less than six successive civil wars, in the years of the last kings of the House of Valois. It was the misfortune of France that her kings became too weak to keep order, just at the moment when France was divided into two camps, Catholic and Protestant, who jumped at each other's throats. When the last king of the House of Valois died (by assassination) the throne descended to Henry of Navarre, the first king of the House of Bourbon. It took him nine years to conquer the whole of France.

The last to yield was Philip Emmanuel of Lorraine, Duke of Mercoeur, who held all of Brittany and the port of Nantes under his control. Mercoeur agreed to drop the war in return for a large payment of money. Henry bought off several of his enemies that way. Mercoeur comes into this story again. Henry entered the city of Nantes, from which he issued the famous Edict, promising toleration to the Protestants. (He had been a Protestant himself, and he hit on toleration

as a means of keeping the peace. After years of civil war, France was more than willing to give it a try.)

France could now breathe again. There was a nobleman in King Henry's court with the rather messy name of Troilus du Mesgouez, Marquis de la Roche. He supported King Henry, and had a bitter enemy in the Duke of Mercoeur. De la Roche asked Henry to support a colonizing expedition to the New World. Henry agreed, and gave him some assistance, including the authority to collect any convicts he wanted from the prisons of France, except those imprisoned for treason and counterfeiting. De la Roche crossed the Atlantic in a ship with about sixty convicts. He intended to settle in Nova Scotia, but first he put the convicts onto Sable Island. Along with the convicts was one Franciscan monk. De la Roche sailed to the Nova Scotia mainland, to find a suitable spot. On his way back to Sable Island, a storm came up, and drove his ship eastward for days. He was carried so far across the Atlantic that he had stopped in France, before returning to Sable Island.

When de la Roche arrived in France, Mercoeur grabbed him and put him in prison. De la Roche and Mercoeur were, of course on opposite sides of the fence. What their private quarrel was, I don't know. Certainly the years of civil war gave plenty of opportunity for passionate personal hatreds. So there were the convicts on one side of the ocean, marooned on Sable Island, while De la Roche languished in prison on the other.

Time passed. The days turned to weeks, months, years. The convicts had no fire and little provisions. They had to live on the animals they could catch on the island. For shelter, they built up embankments of sod which can still be seen. They quarreled, fought and killed one another. The Franciscan tried to keep the peace, but it was a hopeless task. Oddly enough, although the convicts pushed him around, they never killed him. Still no word came from home.

The men divided into two parties: those who accepted the rule of the monk, and those who did not. There were fights between the two groups, which thinned them further. Sickness and accidents took their toll, and still no word came from France.

The imprisonment of de la Roche finally came to the King's ears. He was ordered released from prison. His captain was sent out on a ship to rescue the men at long last. When he came to Sable Island, there were only twelve convicts left, along with the Franciscan, now in very poor health and expecting to die any day.

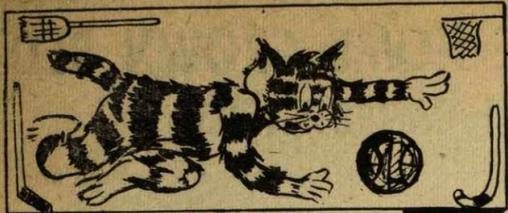
"I have no long time to live," he said, "perhaps only a few hours. I shall die in the little hut I have constructed, in which I have prayed for five years, as the anchorites of the desert. The winds and the sands will charge themselves with my burial." At his wish, he was left alone on the island. Strangely enough, he did not die; he recovered. For several years he lived there, bringing what aid he could to those who were wrecked on these shores.

SYMPATHY

The Gazette staff wishes to express their deepest sympathy to Professor C. L. Bennet on the recent passing of his mother.

Of Interest To All

Mr. Ross Dobbin, President, and Dr. L. Austin Wright, General Secretary, of the Engineering Institute of Canada, will be paying an Official visit to Halifax on Thursday, November 12th. During the course of their stay in the city they will, among other activities, address the Engineering students of the three Halifax Universities. Their meeting with Dalhousie students will be at 5:15 p.m. in Room 20, Engineering Building. In the evening the visiting officers will be entertained at dinner at one of the local hotels by the Halifax Branch of the E.I.C.



DALHOUSIE

GAZETTE SPORTS



DALHOUSIE GALS COP FIRST IN '53

Tennis Stars Take Maritime Championship at U. N. B.

So the season for tennis has finally come to a close . . . and a very successful closing, I should mention. As was stated in last week's tennis write-up, a girls' tennis team was chosen to represent Dalhousie at the University of New Brunswick last week end. Though the hard practice and wilfulness of the girls, Anne Stacey, Jean MacPherson and Carolyn Flemming represented Dalhousie at the tennis meet.

The Dal tennis team arrived by plane in Fredericton on Friday, Oct. 16. The tennis meet got off to a good start on Saturday with very successful results. Jean MacPherson and Carolyn Flemming teamed together for the doubles, while Anne Stacey played singles.

Carolyn Flemming and Jean MacPherson, Dal, defeated Jane Hickman and Pam McCready, U.N.B. 6-0, 6-0.

Anne Stacey, Dal, defeated Moyra Ross, Mount Allison, 6-2, 6-3.

Carolyn Flemming and Jean MacPherson, Dal, defeated Mount Allison, 6-1, 6-1.

Anne Stacey, Dal, defeated Iris Bliss, U.N.B. 6-1, 6-3.

Each player played twice and as seen above our Dalhousie Girls' team won the tournament without any difficulty whatsoever. Our congratulations go to Anne Stacey, Carolyn Flemming and Jean MacPherson for their hard work and for winning the tennis tournament.

Unfortunately, the boys were not able to make it to Fredericton this year due to financial difficulties. However, next year we may be able to send a complete boys and girls tennis team to wherever the tournament is going to be held.

So farewell, tennis, for another year, and here is hoping our future tennis teams will equal the one of this year.

Wee! On Bonny Plains Of Studley

At the last two games, a group of musicians, commonly called bagpipers, but only called this in terms of respect, have been letting the cats out of the bag to the skirts of Bonnie Scotland. The pipers have been pretty good, but it is doubtful whether the football Tigers are aroused by such sweet harmony. At least in the last game, the music seemed to have such a soothing effect that the Tigers appeared to be lolling on the Scottish green listening to the haunting pipes. What Dal needs and needs fast is another group of musicians with brass instruments. There are several students who wish to form a band, but so far they have not passed the necessary qualifications of Dal's excellent bandmaster of past years. Perhaps it would be better to go ahead without the maestro. Nobody can play "Glory" like Dalhousie. The spirit would soar if the famed Tiger band struck up the enchanted music once again. It's up to you. There is no reason why Dal cannot have two bands. Let's hope to see some brave individual defy the maestro's refusal to form a band and let's swing into action Saturday.

The "Old Order Changeth" Report on D. G. A. C.

Dalhousie Gazette: December 3, 1925

Dalhousie's Profs defeated the Acadia Profs by three games to one in their Annual Volleyball match at the Y.M.C.A. a week ago last Saturday, before a small but enthusiastic audience. The Dalhousie team have lost "Sid" Smith and Bishop Hunt but with "Big Jim" MacDonald, Maxwell and "Angus L." Macdonald to take their places they seemed stronger than ever. They showed mid-season form in this game and should be able to hold without much trouble the City League championship which they won last year.

Lineup: Read, Wilson, Young, Vince MacDonald, Maxwell, "Big Jim" MacDonald, Angus L. Macdonald. Acadia: Ross, capt.; Sutherland, Saunders, Jeffries, Dr. Dewitt, Osbourne and Brown.

OUR SPORTING PROFESSORS

2. Prof. George Wilson Dec. 10, 1925.

It is well known among all the students that Professor George Wilson, of the History Department, is an athlete, but definite information about his athletic career is hard to obtain. It was necessary to attempt to interview the gentleman himself; and collecting such information from the modest professor of History is analogous to the extraction of an unwieldy tooth.

After leaving school Mr. Wilson went to Queens University and during his freshman year he seems to have been becomingly modest and retiring, for he did not even try for the football team. The next year, however, somebody discovered him and put him on the team, where he played for three years.

FOOTBALL COMMENTARY

By GEORGE TRAVIS, Sports Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the last of a series of articles on Canadian Football. The series was to run for four weeks. However, it has been decided that this week, the two remaining phases of the game — passing and kicking will be combined into one article. I hope that those students who have followed these articles have gained some knowledge of football fundamentals, and have thus been able to appreciate the game more fully than before. Canadian football is a fast and exciting game, one in which spectators can have just as much fun as players, providing they know the basic fundamentals.

Forward-passing in Canadian football has been one of the prime offensive moves. The ball may be passed forward by a back to an eligible player. Those players who are eligible to receive a pass are the backs and anyone who is on the ends of the line. Anyone who is one yard behind the line of scrimmage is considered a back. Passes are either complete or incomplete. To complete a pass the ball must be caught before it touches the ground. An incomplete forward pass is one where the ball has been thrown forward and it has hit the ground before anyone can catch it. If a forward pass does not go over the line of scrimmage, and the pass is completed, the play is considered to be a running play. If, however, the ball is not caught, the play is considered to be an incomplete pass and the next play starts at the point of the last scrimmage.

If a forward pass is incomplete, the attacking team will lose a down. If complete, the receiver has the right to run with the ball. Most passes are short passes, between 10 and 15 yards, although long passes up to 30 and 50 yards are sometimes thrown.

The other type of pass in Canadian football is a lateral pass which is any kind of pass thrown, providing such pass does not go towards opponents goal line. In such a case the pass is considered as a forward or offside pass. This pass, the lateral, is usually between backfielders and is used primarily in long end runs.

Pass plays, like ground plays, have different patterns and signals. The object of a pass play is to spread the opponents defence along with gaining yardage. Sometimes the offensive system will send one receiver into a special zone, while other offenses will send two or more receivers into a special zone. This latter method is called overloading, since one defending player is responsible for covering two or more receivers it is quite natural that in such overloading cases the passes will be completed. There is no blocking allowed over the line of scrimmage on a pass play, and this year a new rule states that the defending team cannot rough or tackle the passer as he has thrown the ball. Protection is also given the receiver as no defending player can shove or tackle him before he has the ball. Defending teams of course have every right to intercept the ball or knock it down.

Kicking can be subdivided into two classes; punting and place-kicking. Place-kicking is when the ball is placed on the ground and the ball is kicked from that position. Place-kicks are used on opening kick-offs, convert attempts and field goals. A punt is a kick in which the ball is dropped by the kicker and kicked before it strikes the ground.

Any on-side player can place the rest of his team on-side by passing the off-side players. Automatically, those off-side players become eligible to receive the kick. On kick-offs, everybody must be on-side and the kick-off must go five yards. Dribbling the ball is allowed to on-side players, and they have the right to kick the ball on the ground all the way down field.

In concluding these commentaries, I would like to pay particular thanks to Coach Keith King, who has been invaluable as far as this column is concerned. He has been willing to co-operate and has helped make these commentaries most successful.

INTER-FAC SPORTS

Tues., Oct. 13—Engineers 0, Law 11

Wed., Oct. 14—Med 29, Commerce 0

Tues., Oct. 20—Commerce vs Law Engineering vs Med

Next Weeks Schedule

Tues., Oct. 27—Commerce vs Engineering

Wed., Oct. 28—Law vs Med

The two top teams will play off for the championship the week of Nov. 2nd.

Mount A. Surveys N. S. Grid Scene

Rugby is back in Nova Scotia and it looks like it may be there to stay, as a definite increase in the number of teams registered for high school, intermediate and senior play has climbed steadily since the war. Only a small but mighty circle of teams in Halifax play the Canadian game which had its rise during and after the war, but since then only Moncton, U.N.B. and St. Thomas University have taken up the game and now it seems no other Maritime centre wants to venture on the thin ice of supporting Canadian football.

SALUTE TO N.S.C.S.A.

This year the Nova Scotia section of the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association is doing a great deal to foster swimming in our province. Besides sponsoring both a junior and senior outdoor swim meet last year, they will also sponsor an indoor meet the last week in February. In the summer, teams from H.M.C.S. Stadacona, Cornwallis, Waegwoltic, St. Mary's Boat Club, and the Y.W. and Y.M.C.A. participated. In former indoor and outdoor meets Dalhousie, Acadia and various other teams were represented.

In addition to sponsoring swimming meets, this year the N.S.C.S.A. is sponsoring a synchronized swimming class under the direction of Mrs. W. Publicover, with the help of Miss Barbara Walker and Mr. David Brown, and in conjunction with H.M.C.S. Stadacona. It is held on Thursday nights from 6.30 to 7.30 and a great deal of Dal students have shown great interest.

It consists in the teaching of swimming skills which will eventually constitute a water show and will be staged in the spring. So far it has been very successful with 78 enthusiasts turning out for the first practice. This was very much more than was expected so registered.

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Thoughts About Rambling Through Life...

... A Christian's Reply to The Agnostic

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

—WORDSWORTH

Those who sing "keep your eye on the doughnut" may not agree with Wordsworth. If when they sing this they mean that they believe the only existence to be here and now they are truly unfortunate people. They are the type who say, "If we have souls, why can't doctors find them when they operate?" There are many things doctors can do—they can't dissect a person's courage or honesty—they can't hold up certain organs and say "these are the organs of imagination," or of "ambition." Yet certain people exhibit these powers as characteristically as they are left or right-handed, or have, perhaps, six toes. He who holds himself to be extremely corruptible body must certainly find life gloomy—or at least meaningless. For what is the use of being alive at all if not to help elevate the lives and thoughts of others? Otherwise we are animals, living for today alone, and may as well cultivate the grossest and crudest forms of enjoyment, irregardless of the amount of sorrow we bring to others, after all, why be decent to others whose feelings cannot effect us? And when we have tasted all of life's pleasures we can blow holes through our brains—confident that nothing save painless oblivion awaits us.

I would suggest that the reason there is so much injustice in our world today is because so few people really do believe in a future judgment. If Pastor Malan believed he would be judged for the way in which he treats the Negroes, if he believed that Negroes have souls and that God cares for them, would he dare to treat them as he does? He does it despite, not because he is a minister, and supposedly a Christian. But he is in a large company—many a cut-throat capitalist who condemns workers to privation, police and legal officials who persecute the weak and friendless, many a pompous man without charity in his heart goes to Church every Sunday—but never believes that he will be judged and he judges and condemns others.

The great religious alone say that all men have souls—and that they are equal in the sight of God. On what other basis can you argue for equality among men? And religion gives men consciences, without which they would certainly act even worse than they do.

The person who believes in an after-life cannot fear death—only those who see only the darkness of the grave fear it—they fear that they will stay dead—they are so busily watching the doughnut that they do not see that the hole is still there when the doughnut is all eaten up—and so is the soul when the body is perished—set free from earthly bounds to be born into a higher better life—can you prove me wrong?

Of course we mustn't let death bother us—it is as natural as be-

ing born—and we all must come to it—but how can that effect the real us? Can you put your finger on any part of your body and say "without this, I wouldn't be me?" But when life ceases, you do cease to exist in that body, and only the essence, the real you, lives on. The body wasn't you, and it is not you, now, when you are living.

Christians are not sad people, doing good things because the fear they will be harshly judged. Rather, they are joyful extroverts who know that the happier they make others, the happier they also will be, in life and in the after life—for they trust God sufficiently to believe that when they try to act in His image, or His image as our imperfect senses can perceive it, he will not squash them into nothingness.

Christians selfish and unfriendly? Christians afraid to die? Somebody just hasn't met any Christians.

Notices

The Dal Tech Newsman club will hold a Communion Breakfast this coming Sunday, Oct. 25. At St. Mary's University on Robie Street at 9:30 a.m. After mass a substantial breakfast will be served in the college cafeteria. All Catholic students attending Dalhousie are invited to attend.

Dalhousie Chapter of Interservice Christian Fellowship will hold a Bible Study in the Arts and Administration Building in room 202 from 12:00-1:00 p.m. on Saturday, October 24. All are welcome.

PORTRAIT OF THE HOME GROWN RED

(COMMUNISTI CANADIENSUS)

He is probably a little fish in a big pond who has been caught on a beautiful lure on the end of a good Party line.

He is ridden with ambition, lust for glory and power. When the Resolution or the war comes he hopes to be made a local boss. He is out after his own ends and nobody else.

He suffers hallucinations of martyrdom for the cause. He enjoys delusions of being the saviour of mankind. The good Canadian Communist is just an immature animal who knows just enough to assume he knows the answers to everything.

You cannot understand the Communist because he cannot understand himself, and does not know himself.

He denies God but replaces God with money.

He abandons religion and replaces it with the Communist cult.

He tells and believes lies because he wishes it were the truth.

He claims the world is corrupt because he himself is corrupt in his soul.

He can betray his native land because he can betray his own kind. He cannot be understood

because he cannot understand himself.

The active Communist in order to achieve his own ends knows no bounds.

He will betray his society and his nation if it will assist Russia to dominate; he will lie to his fellow workers to enhance his own lot. He will destroy, disrupt and disorganize because he cannot thrive in Law and Order. His modus operandi is among the confused, ignorant, avaricious, greedy, foolish and stupid; it must be so because under examination, logic, integrity and wisdom his ideals crumble like castles in the sand.

To gain his own glory he will embrace slavery, ignorance, tyranny, the concentration camp and the secret police.

To gain his own power he will deny the rights of man, he blinds himself to the freedom and happiness.

The home grown Communist is like a small moth in the night. For the sake of glory he will fly into the flame because, pleasure of burning brightly for an instant himself is sufficient recompense for the pain of being burned to death by that flame.

"How's That Again Mac"

In a recent issue of *MacLeans* magazine it came to light that some young men of the ministry, engaged in work with the working class, found to their surprise that they did not even speak the same language as the labouring men.

With that in mind and to illustrate the differences in language used by various classes we are including below some statements by various classes after they had read in the paper that some other class of people had done something completely for their own good and welfare.

The titled aristocrat said: "Damned annoying, these chaps."

The college student said: "The source of difficulty for this particular ethnological group lies in their lack of understanding comprehension of the overall circumstances of the situation with respect to the theoretical basis of the problem."

The white collar worker said: "The trouble with these fellows is that they're getting too much money for not enough work."

The labourer said: "What them guys needs is a good kick in the —"

The unemployed or perennial loafer said: "Ah — them."

So there it is. They have all expressed the same idea. What you have to say about something depends largely on who you are, not how much you know about it.

The Annual Gazette Dance

The Gazette, with the able assistance of the Rink Rats is holding a dance on the 20th of November.

This dance is in the Dal gymnasium and is to be as informal as possible.

The organization of the annual Gazette dance is in the hands of the Rink Rats because they are one of the Campus' best recreation organizers. In addition to that Rink Rats have accepted the responsibility of paying off a student debt of more than \$7,000 on the Dal Rink.

This will be one of the big events of the year. There have been made no specific out lines at this early date. However, big things are planned and we know it will be the best dance of the year.

Remember the date—
NOVEMBER 20th IN
THE DAL GYM.

DE NIHILO NIHIL

I was standing on the corner of Jarvis and Queen in front of one of those little Rib Joints. A fleecy bum rolled up.

"Shay Bud, you gotta match?" "Yeh," I said, "My face . . ." but I knew it wouldn't work out right so I gave him a match and moved on.

I stepped into a drug store and stood looking at the magazine covers. After twenty minutes the manager headed for me so I grabbed the nearest magazine and ran. The Chain on the magazine slowed me down. It was the telephone book.

Outside in the dark I leaned against an old building. A Cop shouted across the street "Hey Mac, get moving, whaddya think you're doing, holding up that building?"

I stepped around the corner. The building rumbled down onto the street.

I strolled along Queen street until I came to a street revival meeting; as I passed I knelt to tie my shoelace. The preacher rushed over, put his hand on my shoulder and shouted, "Halleluja, here is a sinner who wishes to repent."

After two choruses of "There is Power in the Blood," I slipped him a half dollar, mumbled, "bis dat qui cito dat," and moved on.

At the next corner a cop was holding a man by the arm waiting for a patrol wagon.

"What's he charged with, officer?" I asked.

"Battery," he said.

"Put him in a dry cell, Yak, yak," I said.

I never felt the billy. When I woke up they were gone. I staggered to a nearby diner and ordered a coffee.

"Coffee hot?" I asked cheerily. "It oughta be," said another customer sourly, spitting a mouthful on the floor, "it's been boiling all day."

The chef cleaned the joint out. Outside on the street a drunk lay across the sidewalk clutching the curb with his finger tips. "Help, help, I'm falling," he shouted.

I stepped into the gutter, kicked his fingers and let him fall. By this time it was getting late so I headed for home, grateful for another quiet evening in Toronto.

It's Enough To Drive You Mad

It's enough to drive you mad.

By which I mean idiot professors and illiterate undergrads.

The approach of winter, all rain and cold, not even snow probably.

Classes every day and exams getting near. Never enough time to do all the things you really want. All that creative spirit bottled up and dying.

Not that it's much use being creative these days. Fat chance of anything surviving. Not with wars and police actions and aggressions and counter-aggressions and armistices and peace conferences and police actions.

Not with everybody fighting everybody else, the rich fighting the poor, the poor fighting the rich, the East fighting the West, the West fighting itself.

What I mean is: it's practically unbearable. The planning of this, the organization of that, the distribution of that and the allocation of this. Passports, visas, permits, un,em, ins, cards, membership cards, fellowship cards, union cards, ration cards. The plotting and praying and paying—and the prices.

What I'm driving at is that it is enough to drive you drearly, dimly, dumbly—if dignifiedly—mad. Mad as a hatter, but not as jolly.

So why can't we go delightfully, dramatically mad? I mean, why can't we laugh more, dance more, sing more, play more, relax more? Drown our sorrows at the Nelson and that sort of thing.

I'm trying to say we should let up a little. Forget the terrible responsibilities of being the "Leaders of Tomorrow." After all we can't even spell. I mean most of us can't.

So we are mad? Or going mad. O.K. Let's enjoy it. Let's have some more fun, let's have more laughs. Throw of the shackles, slacken the belt, inflate the old chest, expand the old stomach, and really let it go. Forget the old dignity and that sort of thing.

Which reminds me: what I really, honestly, truly means to say is—let's have initiation back, please. Pretty please!

—S.S.

The Corner Post

By The Editor

This week we're printing a few letters which have come to us from various parts contesting the validity of some of the material we're printing. As usual it points to the fact that there are a lot of very fine writers around the campus who can't seem to be able to write a thing unless you attack their pet topics or favorite beliefs.

There's been a lot of talk about personal dignity ever since the hazing ban but a lot of it seemed to be rather unwarranted in view of what some of the students wear to classes or wear on their arm to dances or such things. Obviously, too, personal dignity doesn't seem to bother a lot of the boys who get loaded every Saturday night and roll around town telling everyone they're Dal students.

The Gazette receives in the office every week a great number of Communist Literature which is mailed to us, as it is to most Canadian Universities, by the ardent souls behind the Iron Curtain. Since we have not seen fit to publish any of it, it might be of interest to people who would like to see what real Russian propaganda looks like. So if you want to look any of it over come quickly because we throw it in the waste basket very quickly.

"This is Humour??"

The following is a reprint of the *World Student News*, published behind the Iron Curtain for the enlightenment of those of us who have never tasted the joys of enslavement.

On the last page of the last issues of the *World Student News* to arrive at the Gazette office were these attempts at humour. If you can find humour in them let us know. We would be interested to know what makes the Communists tick.

Daggers made of artificial ice, which after use dehydrate immediately, cats with poisoned claws murdered people found in rooms locked from inside, alibis and false traces—all that is part of a repertoire of a study circle about "American and British Crime Literature," which is led by Dr. Woelcken at Munich University. Students who are interested in murder and killing need no longer study law or history. (Deutsche Studentenzeitung, West Germany.)

Psychotechnical tests at Colegate University have shown that candidates are able to solve their mathematical problems better

when their legs are placed a few centimetres higher than their head. This enables blood to circulate through the brain freely without hindrance and the most complicated problems can be solved much better in the horizontal rather than in the sitting position. Psychologists of John Hopkins University state that hard manual work can be done better at a temperature of 15.5 degrees Centigrade. Mental work on the other hand, requires higher temperatures. The most favourable conditions for intellectual work can be found at 27 degrees centigrade. (Student Mirror.)

Something New on Dal Stage

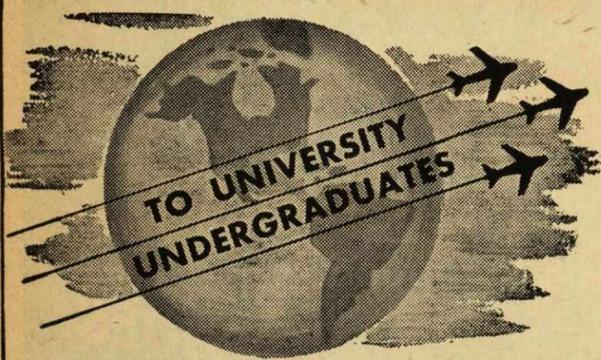
"As You Like It" Feature Pres.

On November 13th and 14th Dalhousie will experience something new — the delightful comedy by Shakespeare, "AS YOU LIKE IT" set on an Elizabethan stage.

Elizabethan audiences had such vivid imaginations that elaborate stage settings were not necessary for them. They could imagine the stage to be a battle ground just as easily as they could imagine it to be a moonlit garden without the aid of detailed back props and the like. An Elizabethan stage, therefore, consists of a large, clear space bounded along the sides and back by simple drapes. There are no curtains drawn between scenes and acts. The plots of most plays of that period are such that nothing remains on the stage at the end of any particular

scene or act. For instance, in the last scene of HAMLET, the dead prince is borne in state by four of his soldiers and carried off stage, for there is no such thing as drawing the curtains to have the actors remove themselves of their own accord. In addition, most of the desired effect is produced by an elaborate system of lighting consisting of floods, side, top, and back lights, so that sinister shadows can be cast on the stage when villains appear, or white moon light can bathe the romantic scenes.

You may find it interesting to notice these details when you see the play next month, for you will be able to grasp its atmosphere and enjoy the production all the more.



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CAF-15-53

The Continental

The author of this column thinks that it is only fitting to bring the Dalhousie campus news of Acadia. At last we have heard from the Athenaeum, and we want to assure you that the Wolfville Rag is still functioning. So on with the news! Enrolment has increased from 520 in 1952-53 to 572 at this Fall's registration. The Axemen pulverized the rugger squad from St. F.X. to the tune of 5-0, and Cal Annis was crowned "King of the Frosh" at an Open House held on Saturday evening. Their gossip column "Hits and Misses" is still using up about six inches of space, and the Frosh can be heard repeating "I'm green, I'm green, I'm green".

Speaking of green, let's go westward to the University of Saskatchewan and the Sheaf. I only give them space in this issue because of a rather crude remark on their fifth page, beneath a feature article titled "Kinsey Rides Again". To quote: "Dalhousie University, in Halifax, claims the Inter-collegiate corpulence cup for being the bloodiest campus in the Dominion. The Dalhousie Gazette claims that the Eastern university has a record of 55.06% or 58% of students who donated blood depending on how you add up the figures." One might think that they were putting old news in their paper since the blood drive in question was held in February, 1953, nearly ten months ago.

With a love for alliteration McMaster's Silhouette wonders "Will we wallop Western?" and announces that "Sidney Smith Stresses S's in Addresses". They are holding a student opinion poll in conjunction with the NFOUS proposal that its levy should be raised from the current 20c to \$1.00. Incidentally, their registration has, also, taken a leap.

Have you ever heard this one? Compliments for this go to The Spectrum, south of the border in Buffalo. It is titled "Why I Never Joined a Sorority".

1. I wanted to do as I wished and think for myself instead of being led around by a bunch of sorority sisters.
 2. I had never gone into women's clubs and organizations before I came to college and I didn't want to start.
 3. I had never danced with a man in my life and I don't want to.
 4. I didn't like the idea of having to sleep and room with the same girl all semester.
 5. I didn't fill out a sweater like other girls did and I didn't look very attractive in a sleeveless low-cut gown.
 6. I am a male.
- Remember the old man who was giving advice to his nearest and dearest and who told him "You can choke on a joke, son, but don't trip over it."
- "Enough and more than enough" for this week anyway.

Thoughts on a Proposed Shampoo

To wash, or not to wash; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the main to suffer
The slights and hatred of outraged society,
Or to take heart and plunge the head in water,
And with good soaping, scrub it. To wash, to clean;
No more; and by a wash to say we end
The natural greasiness of stringy hairdo
Which is our fate, 'tis a joy unbounded,
Devoutly to be wished. To wash, to clean,
To clean, perchance to friz — ay, there's the rub,
For the hair is scrubbed, the permanent
Rising in kinky, fuzzy little frizzes
Make us to pause. There is the dance
Which we are going to tomorrow night,
And who could bear the sneers of all the rest,
The triumph song, th' sophisticated smirk
Of other girls whose hair is shining bright,
The insolence, the shunning and the spurns
That our cross escort then would make to us
When he himself could just as well have gone
With yonder redhead? Who can these tortures bear
And pale and sweat under a greasy top,
But yet, if it is washed tonight, it will
Be dirty Sunday for the Glee Club tea.
No answer is returned, our mind doth mourn,
And we must make the dread decision,
To which decisions else are small and naught,
Thus hairdo s do make weaklings of us all,
E'en though the native hue of mousy brown
Is slicked over with unnatural blonde,
And enterprises, failures otherwise,
In this regard, our added golden poise
Lends charm to action. A thought comes now!
Oh, fairest scissors! Hair, take your last farewell,
This is the sole solution.

N. W.

Whodunit?

(A murder mystery in three acts, not produced by the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society).

Scene: Brightly lighted living room.

Enter a youth carrying a stock of books and periodicals. He puts them down on the floor and stretches into a chair, turns off all the lights except the chair lamp, picks up a book and opens it.

Youth: Ho hum. (He thumbs through the book looking at the captions underneath the pictures. He puts it down.)

Youth: M-m-m. (In rapid succession he looks at all the books. He grows drowsy. He falls asleep.)
Youth: Z-z-z-z-z-z.

Suddenly the books come to life. One of them advances to two others. "Dickens" — Foo — blow! All this dust! I've never been so dusty before. The youth's father was always very careful of me. But times have changed. "Scott" — Yes, indeed. I quite agree. People don't bother with us anymore — I'm growing quite used to being thrown down in disgust.

"Tennyson" — (adjusting his torn jacket). And think of my plight! I do not get even a chance today, because the young people, thanks to their revered literary critics, are allowed to call me old-fashioned and ponderous. You boys are at least opened and read.

"Scott" (scornfully). Read? Mince and strained, rather, so that nothing is got out of us but the bare story we have to tell! If that were all I am worth, I would dispose of it in a few pages, but, (smoothing his pages conceitedly) I always was rather proud of my descriptions and historical information — (he sees that the others are not listening and humbly joins the group again.)

"Dickens" — AS A MATTER OF FACT (sees that Scott is listening), I have found that myself. All anyone wants nowadays is a story, the more thrilling, the bet-

ter. That is why, I believe, those dreadful magazines that are called "Digests" are so popular. None has time anymore to bother enjoying a writers' style, or his descriptions, or the characters he so carefully creates — none is interested in a novel —

"Tennyson" (irritated) — or poem.

"Dickens" (unperturbed) except to find out what happened, and the quicker the better.

"Scott" — (with dungeon-like gloom). It's quite hopeless, I fear. Our place has been taken by comics and digests and book reviews, and we can do naught but fall into disuse and scorn. (He paces the floor, and accidentally stumbles over the foot of the youth) who is still sleeping. His face lights up.)

"Scott", (excitedly). Boys, I have an idea. Have you ever heard that one must treat fire with fire? (The others nod assent.) He continues: Now is our opportunity — (his voice sinks to a skeletal hoarse whisper. The audience can make out only a few phrases, such as "perfect crime," and evil chuckles.)

(The three gather at the opposite end of the room and go into a huddle. At a pre-arranged signal they rush towards the youth, the dust flying from their covers making a perfect smoke screen. Before the dust has settled Inspector Bonfire enters the room. He examines the evidence. There is no evidence. No footprints. No fingerprints. No lipsticked cigarettes. Death accidental. He barks an order. The corpse is wheeled out. Bonfire follows. The door closes with a click. The room is silent. There is a faint demonic rustle from three open books.)

CURTAIN
N. W.

The Tub-Thumper

by JOHN McCURDY

Going to the game? A familiar question, is it not? If one was to take a census last Saturday they would have found that this question was probably asked about three thousand times. Too bad that the game was so uneven, but it was wonderful to see such a turnout. Who says that the spirit of Dalhousie is in its ebb? Take the turnout for Sodales debate about initiation. Although the majority were upper classmen, and the issue primarily concerned the freshmen class; (whether there would be another initiation on the campus), it was a good showing.

Speaking of spirit, you may have noticed that the English II class room was a bit more bizarre than usual. An Indian sale! What an idea! The W.U.S. should be given a medal for distinctive service in "battle", and also for their brain waves. If you had your radio tuned in you would have heard it. If you happened to be walking around the campus with your two eyes open you might have run into a poster or two. If you happened to be downtown on Saturday afternoon or at the game, you might have seen the Treasure Van tooting around. At the sale they had everything from 10 cents to a twenty-five hundred jade box. The only thing that was lacking was the snake charmer and rope climber.

Seriously though, it was a tremendous success and we should all give a hand to those who helped to make it so. An extra hand should go out to Mrs. Mulbany, the human dynamo behind it all. It was too bad that more students were not given the privilege to meet her (and work for her). I'm sure that the ones who did were quite impressed by her powers.

Just a reminder before I close for this week — were any of you in the canteen after the football game? Once again may I make a plea to the Council for better facilities and more food — on Saturdays!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's your name? Not your surname, but the first name. Is it John, Eleanor, Richard? We are accustomed to call everyone by his first name without thinking or perhaps caring what terrible things we might rally be saying. Let's read further.

The first name was, until about the sixteenth century, the only name a child had, and his parents chose it carefully, as it was to be an identifying tag. The Norsemen were particularly inventive, and we have records of unfortunate Vikings with names such as Ragnar Lodbrog, (shaggy breeches), and Sprakaleg, (creaky legs). Even the famous "Canute" is really a nickname which many students will find familiar — "knobby".

Not blessed with this inventiveness, many Englishmen have made up for it in number. This is probably the reason for Anna Bertha Cecelia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysis Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeno Pepper, an authentic person born in Liverpool in 1800 — (she probably died the first time someone patted her on the head and playfully asked, "And what is your name, little girl? But this is not recorded.)

Our modern christened names are survivals and corruptions of what were once adjectives describing the character of hoped-for future of their owners. Below is a list of names and the meanings they once had. Judge yourselves accordingly!

Albert — illustrious and noble
Alexander — A defender of men
Alfred — good counsellor
Andrew — manly
Arnold — strong as an eagle
Bernard — bold as a bear
Cecil — dim-sighted
Charles — strong
David — beloved
Donald — world ruler
Edward — protector of property
George — a husbandman
Gerald — spear-wielder
Harold — army leader
Hector — holding fast
Henry — ruler of private property
Hugh — mind
James — a supplanter
John — God is gracious
Lewis — famous warrior
Martin — warlike
Michael — Who is like God?
Neil — courageous
Paul — little
Peter — a rock
Philip — a lover of horses
Richard — powerful
Robert — bright in fame
Roger — famous with the spear
Roy — a king
Theodore — gift of God
Thomas — a twin
Vincent — a conqueror
Walter — ruling the host
Wilfred — desire for peace
William — helmet of resolution

Alice — truth
Ann — grace
Barbara — strange
Bertha — bright
Carolyn — strong
Catherine — pure
Deborah — a bee
Diana — a goddess
Dorothy — gift of God
Elizabeth — consecrated to God
Estelle — star
Ethel — noble
Evelyn — youth
Florence — bloom
Hilda — battle maid
Irene — peace
Jane, Joan — fem. of John
Joyce — jocose
Judy — praised
Laura — laurel
Lillian — lily
Louise — fem. of Lewis
Lucy — born at dawn
Margaret — a pearl
Martha — a lady
Nancy — Ann
Nell, Elaine, Helen — pity
Phyllis — a green bough
Ruth — friend
Sarah — a princess
Susan — a lily

Our ancestors liked noble, warlike names for their sons and pretty ones for their daughters. If you find that your name is disagreeable, then rejoice that at least it is not Japhnaphpaaneah Abetedom Nicodemus Charles Francis Edward, who was a son of Harry and Sarah Clark, and this is true, cross my heart!

IMAGINE THAT!

In the long ago, court astrologers who had charge of choosing juries used to select one for every sign of the Zodiac. In this way every type of mind and character would supposedly be represented and the verdict would be most fair. This is why we have twelve men on a jury today.

In the coffee-houses of England in the eighteenth century there was always a box labelled "To Insure Promptness." If a gentleman wanted prompt service he found it helpful to drop a coin into the box in sight of the waiter. From the first three letters of the label we get our modern word "tip".

German householders in mediaeval times were nearly always bothered with pests like rats and squirrels who nested in their houses and irritated the family with the sound of their gnawing. The Germans called them "naggen" from the Scandinavian word "to gnaw". Eventually they applied "naggen" to any disturbing or irritating nuisance. Since the chief nuisance men endured was their scolding wives, these offenders were said to nag!

HELP !!

Features Writers Wanted!

Why Don't They—

Spend more time on geography in the high schools, since an adequate knowledge of the countries and cities of the world is so necessary if one is to appreciate history, literature, current news. Too many students enter college and find themselves lost in classes on political science or ancient history.

Maps are fascinating in their own right, and their study can be pure pleasure. Perhaps these inadequately prepared students could treat themselves to a side-course in geography given by themselves at their own leisure. They would find that there is no firmer base on which to establish a real understanding of current affairs, and the studies of religion, art, and mankind.

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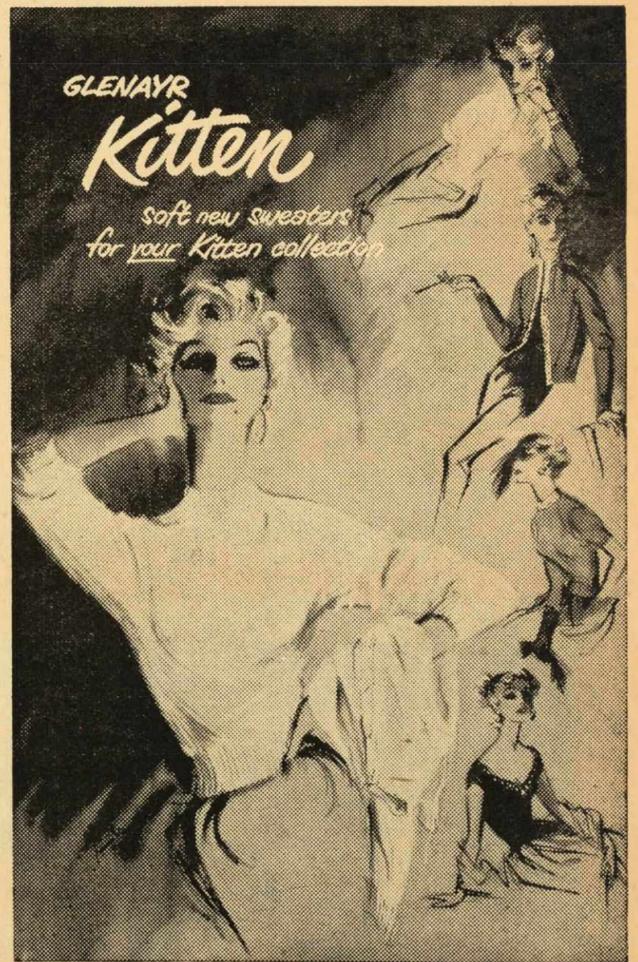
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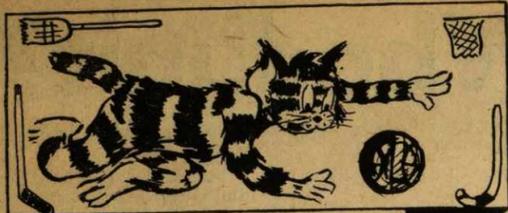
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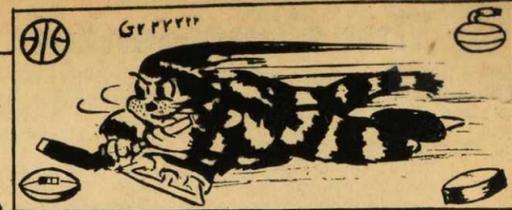


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DALHOUSIE Gazette SPORTS



DISASTER STRIKES AT DALHOUSIE

Stad Trips Dal 18-6; Tigers Out for Revenge Sat.

A smooth-working Stadacona football team ran their way to a convincing 18 to 6 win over a tired troupe of Dalhousie Tigers last Saturday afternoon at the Studley field on the Dalhousie campus.

Running their plays from a deceptive single-wing formation the Sailors continually ran the Dal ends successfully and ploughed through the centre of the Dal line time and time again for long gains. The Tigers, who never appeared to get in high gear, were stopped cold as their offenses, which previous to Saturday had been so successful, were completely bottled by the Stadacona defensive line. The victory was decisive and well-earned, and the outcome of the contest was never in doubt. For the most part the college boys did not seem to have the drive and the will-to-win which was so evident in the games against Cornwallis and Shearwater.

The first quarter saw wide open play as both teams did little to set up numerous scoring opportunities. The break of the period came when the Stad centre, who had been having trouble all afternoon, whistled a high one over the head of Ed McLeod, who was back to punt. When the smoke cleared, the ball was nestled in the arms of Tiger end Bob Goss on the Stad 22 yard line. Reg Cluney then took the ball and optioned the end for ten yards and pitched out to Dave Bryson who was following in the clear and who scored standing up. Chuck MacKenzie then proceeded to kick his eighth straight convert. Later, with the one-minute flag up, a Dal fumble gave the Sailors their big chance. After a long run by Moore, Hayes bulled his way over the line from the three yard line for the first score for the Stad team. Hucker's attempt for the single point was no good.

The collegians missed a golden opportunity in the second quarter to take a commanding lead when after recovering a Stad fumble and a first down, Dave Bryson fumbled the ball on the Stad twelve-yard line and thus erased a very good scoring opportunity. This was the break of the game as far as the Tigers were concerned. It proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back as the Dal team never recovered and the Sailors took over the play for the remainder of the quarter and the game.

With the play at midfield the tars were forced to kick and a high short punt was lofted into the air by Ed McLeod, who came up quickly on the play and was able to recover his own kick when a lucky bounce carried the ball into his outstretched arms. McLeod, who had a good start, went all the way and put the Stad machine ahead for the first time, a lead which they never relinquished. Hucker kicked successfully for the single point.

After another exchange of kicks the Stad machine started a drive that carried the length of the field and netted them their final TD of the afternoon. The Sailor fullback Bill Hayes, who was a thorn in the side of the Tigers all day, finally scored the TD on a run through the middle of the Dal line. This time the Dal line blocked the convert attempt, which was indeed a rare event as far as last Saturday was concerned.

Everybody who saw the game will no doubt agree that it was probably the worst game that a Dal team has played in three years. That spirit that makes a team invincible was nowhere to be seen in the Saturday's edition of the Tigers, and on many occasions one wondered if the Tigers even wanted to win the contest. Too many times in the last quarter of the game did I see, while the Tigers were on the offensive, nobody on the ground but the Dal ball carrier. Too many times a Dal back was trapped behind the line of scrimmage by three or four of the Stad linemen, not to mention the Stad linebacker Johnston, who was in the Dal backfield so often he might just as well have been wearing a Dal jersey. Finally, I would like to advance one comment on the (ahem!) tackling. Since when was the target area for Dal tacklers changed to the region of the head and shoulders. Oh well, one thing is sure, and that is that the tackling cannot get any worse.

However, there are a few reassuring facts that can be brought to light as the Tigers prepare to meet the same team at the Wanderer's Grounds next Saturday. At least we know just what type of team we are up against and after all we will not be playing the third game in eight days again. Just for those who might not know, last Saturday was the first game for Don Loney's crew in two weeks. Consequently, one feels inclined to say that the Dal boys might turn around and give the sailors the beating of their lives this week. After all, Dalhousie does not like to be beaten by a team which they know they can beat. Mr. King doesn't like it either. The Tigers should be ready for this one.

Several incidents of note which occurred during the battle last week and which should be of special interest to Dal students are as follows: Ken McLaren, star lineman for the team for three years, played the game with badly blistered feet. . . Those passes heaved by freshman Bob Goodfellow were no flukes; this boy really has something on the ball. . . Chuck Johnson is probably the smoothest pass receiver in the league; he snared a wobbly Goodfellow pass on Saturday in the midst of three Stad backers-up. . .

X Men Swamp Dal 15-0

Dalhousie's Varsity Rugger squad continued their losing ways over the weekend. On Saturday last, the team journeyed to Antigonish for an exhibition game with the St. F.X. squad. Neither team fielded their regular squad as the game was merely a friendly exhibition game. The X men, however, were not too friendly as far as scoring went, for they rolled up fifteen unanswered points and handed the Tigers a 15-0 setback, the worst Dal has received this year. From the opening kick-off, the play was mostly confined to the Dal end. Due to a strong downfield wind, the Tigers were at a disadvantage for the first half and after twenty minutes of play St.

F. X. scored their first try and went into the lead 3-0. Minutes later, the second score went into the books and half time score read 6-0 in favor of the Blue and Whites.

The Xaverians added three more tries in the next half and withstood any Dal thrust. Tony Yearwood raced behind the X line but was called back because the ball was carried out of play.

No converts were made and the final score was 15-0 in favor of the Antigonish squad. The second Inter-collegiate game will be this Saturday in Charlottetown as the Tigers hope to get into the running with a victory over St. Dunstan's.

Tigresses In Action Thurs. and Sat. at Dalhousie

Another season of girl's ground hockey has gotten under way, with many girls turning up for practices.

The following girls are trying out for the team: B. Morse, P. MacLeod, M. Grant, Elaine Woodside, C. Vincent, A. Rainne, G. Thompson, A. Robertson, C. Carter, A. Rayworth, B. Clancey, E. Lane, M. A. Lohnes, manager. From the above list the team, which will compete in the Inter-collegiate Playoffs, will be chosen the afternoon of October 20th.

Thursday afternoon the first game will be played against King's. On Saturday afternoon

there will be another important match with Acadia.

The times for these games have not yet been determined, but watch for the notices on the bulletin boards.

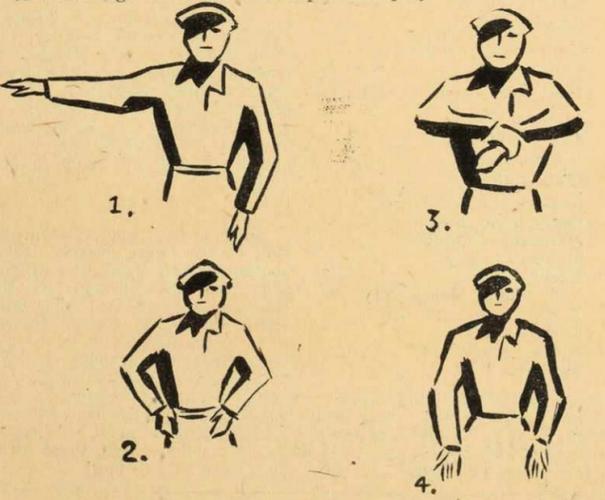
We can depend on the girls to do their best for Dalhousie. Let us help them along by showing some college spirit and ALL attend the games.

Coming Events

- Thursday—
 - 12.30—Dal vs Kings
 - Ground Hockey at Dal
- Saturday—
 - 10.30—Dal vs Acadia
 - Ground Hockey at Dal
 - 2.15—Dal vs Stad
 - Football at Wanderers
 - 2.30—Dal vs St. Dunstan's
 - Rugger at Charlottetown

COMMON PENALTIES

- ROUGH PLAY**—Deliberately charging the ball carrier, striking or kicking an opponent, using abusive language. Penalty to offending team: 15 yards; serious offense, disqualification and 25 yards.
- OFFSIDE**—A player on either team is offside if he is ahead of the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped. Penalty: to team in possession of ball, loss of one down or ten yards on the third down; to defending team, 5 yards.
- HOLDING**—The illegal use of hands and arms. Penalty: 10 yards plus loss of down is incurred by team in possession of ball.
- BALL ILLEGALLY PUT INTO PLAY**—When an insufficient number of attacking players are within one yard of the line of scrimmage when the ball is put into play: loss of down.



Tiger Prowl

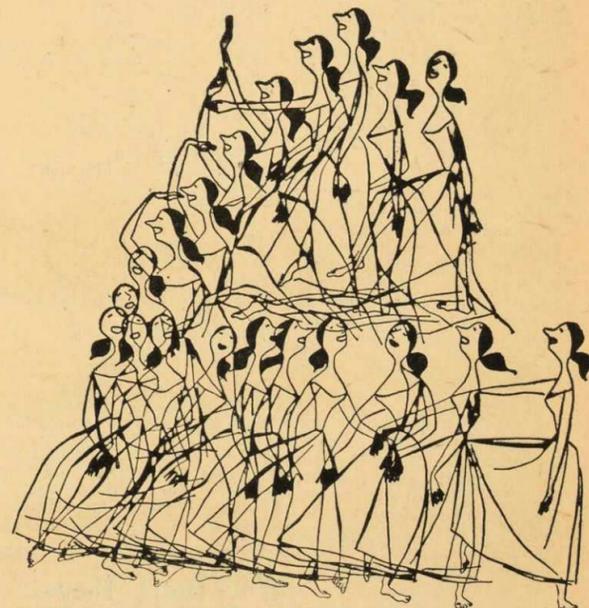
Dalhousie really were quite a disappointment to Canadian Football fans last Saturday. The biggest attendance yet recorded at Football functions in Nova Scotia packed Studley from all sides and corners to see the two giants of '53 square off. What they saw was not good football. Stadacona have a smooth working team and they gave proof of this Saturday. Dalhousie, on the other hand were not even a team in last Saturday's game.

The blocking and tackling of the Dal line and backfield too, was to say the least, desperate. Time after time the Stad ends waltzed into the Tiger backfield and promptly stopped the plays. Beside the inadequate blocking and poor tackling which was usually around the shoulders, Dal did not play heads up ball. They were fooled time after time by the Stad quarter, who most of the time spun around and plunged through four to five feet holes in the centre of the Dal line. The Tigers fumbled six times, three of which promptly gave the ball over to Navy as the Tigers were ready to strike from the 10-yd zone. The backs were not on their toes when the Stad kicker received his own kick and walked to a T.D. It looked as though the Tigers were having a tea party on this play and did not see the little imp who had swiped their cake. At any rate, things cannot get worse in the NSFL. As proof that the Tigers want to get back in the fight, I suggest you take a look at the rugged training schedule posted in the Gym this week. If it does not have results soon, nothing will.

Bob Goss played the stand-out game for Dal. He tackled, received passes and kicked like he never had before. Unfortunately, Bob was injured late in the last half, but he can rest assured that until his injury, he was the only valuable player in the field for Dalhousie.

The only bright spot along the spotlight last week came from the girls. At U.N.B. they trounced the New Brunswick contingents and won the Maritime Championship for Dalhousie without the aid of a single Dal boy player. This feat in itself was tremendous, but of course the Dal girls could have done it any time. That is with a team like the one they sent away. Anne Stacey, Carolyn Flemming and Jean MacPherson have been ranked very high in tennis circles across the Dominion as well as Nova Scotia. It was quite a feat that this trio performed over the weekend and Dalhousie acknowledges its tribute and respect to these brilliant racqueteers.

English Rugby is still struggling along. After whipping King's 25-0, they were downed 15-0 by St. F.X. These of course were exhibition games and the real test will come Saturday against Saint Dunstan's. The team has lots of spirit and has come along tremendously since the opening game against Tech. The Tigers almost took the measure of Mount A and might even do it in their repeat engagement on the 31st. At any rate, win or lose, Dal has proved that next year they will be even stronger contenders than this year. The team has had plenty of experience and they could readily come back this year and win the remaining games. Do not count them out yet.



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