

Final Meeting Graduation Class
 12 Noon
 Thursday
 March 29
 Room 3
 Arts Bldg.
 Everybody Out

Dalhousie Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST OVER 75 YEARS DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENT BODY



Sophs and Freshie-Sophs Meeting
 Thursday
 March 29th
 12 Noon
 Room 3
 Arts Bldg.

VOL. LXXVII HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 23, 1945 No. 20

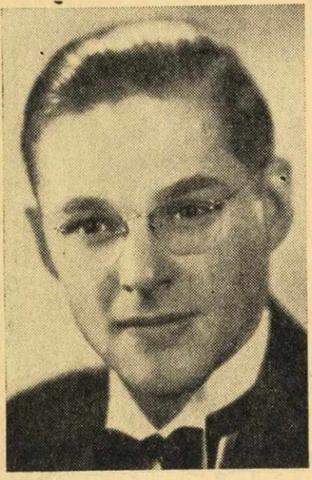
Clark Report Advocates Reform Within D. A. A. C.

Attributes Poor Year to Lack of Support From Entire Student Body

The annual meeting of the D.A.A.C. was held Thursday noon in the Chem Theatre. Main business of the meeting was the awarding of felt D's to members of our various Varsity teams. Highlight of the meeting, however, was the report and recommendations of Doug Clark, retiring president of the D.A.A.C. for for the year '44-45.

Team Spirit Lacking
 President Clark took pains to indicate the effect which the general lack of spirit so prevalent at this University had had upon the University teams engaged in competitive sport. He pointed out that Dalhousie was represented in six branches of sport, and the overall average to poor showing resulting was not the fault of managers and coaches but rather of individual students who refused to offer their services to the teams making impossible the suspension of players not taking the proper interest in training and playing. "Unless this attitude changes next year," he continued, "I strongly request the withdrawal of Dalhousie teams from affiliated league competition, and the whole effort of D.A.A.C. placed in a strong drive to build up Interfaculty competition." This would serve to train and develop first class material for future teams.

Issues Statement on Common Room Situation



Art Titus, president of the Students' Council, who, in a statement to The Gazette, assured Dalhousians that everything possible is being done to secure the facilities of a common school room before next fall. In response to a rumor, said to have circulated from sources usually well informed, that the university will take over within the next two or three months the King's Annex (on the site of the old gym), shortly to be vacated by the Navy, the Council has submitted application both to the Senate and to the Board of Governors for as much space as possible in this building. Should this application be approved, the Council plan to install not only the common room but offices for itself as well as for the D.A.A.C., the D.G.A.C. and the Glee Club, and perhaps the year book staff.

ATTENTION, GRADUATES!

Graduates of the University have the privilege of borrowing books throughout the year from the Macdonald Memorial Library. The only restriction is that a deposit is required from graduates living out of town of \$5.00 for one book to be borrowed at a time, and \$10.00 for two books. The deposit is returned when all books borrowed have been returned in good condition.

C. L. BENNETT,
 Chairman.

Class '45 Preparing For Convocation Week; Drafting Constitution

The Convocation Committee of the Graduating Class went into conference last Tuesday to formulate plans for the social activities of Convocation Week. Various sub-committees were formed from the following: Doug Clarke, Norma Sherman, Alf Pike, Annetta Goodman, Abe MacDonald, Shirley Lund, Art Saffrin (secretary), Steve Bloomer (treasurer), Joan Vaughn (vice-president) and Jim McLaren (president) who presided at the meeting.

A separate committee comprising the Life Officers and Alan Blakeney, Alf Pike, Carl Little and Alex MacDonald is engaged in drawing up a constitution for the graduating class which, when completed, will be submitted both to the class members and to the Students' Council for ratification.

Glee Club General Meeting Next Tuesday

To insure an early start, a general meeting of the Glee Club, open to all students holding a Council ticket, is being held in the gym this coming Tuesday, March 27th, at twelve o'clock.

The executive of the Glee Club has drawn up an ambitious and interesting schedule for next year, to include a Shakesperian play, a musical production and an orchestra.

Led Debating Teams



Leader of the debate against Acadia last week was Fred Thompson, vice-president of Sodales, and of the Mount Allison debaters, P. J. O'Hearn.

STUDENTS!

Remember that the Macdonald Library will remain open during the summer, and that it is your privilege to use its facilities.

JUNK, JERKS, AND JOURNALISM or . . . Dopes, Drips, and Deadlines



In conventional vein, The Dalhousie Gazette editorial room has four walls, a floor, and a ceiling. Like every newspaper office it has desks, typewriters, telephones, and is invariably untidy and disorganized. Yet, in its conventional bosom The Gazette office nurses a weird circle of campus eccentrics. McGosh, Mungo, Disantram and Dimwit are hard at work to meet the 5 o'clock deadline. For at least ten minutes harmony reigns supreme and tempers are on an even keel.

Mungo Ponders

Slouched in a corner, Nausea Editor Mungo puffs chain-wise on borrowed cigarettes as he peruses the "Sons of Temperance Bulletin" for headline suggestions. He's wondering whether to use 36 pt. Sanderf or 60 pt. Gothic type and whether to have as his main head: "Everybody Out—Come on gang." . . . "Come on Gang—Everybody Out!" OR "Come on Everybody—Out Gang!"

"Hey, J. C.—got an extra smoke?" asks Mungo.

"Sure thing—have three," replies McGosh from behind a mountain of copy . . . "Like another round of cigarettes, Fellows? There, help yourselves." And, having once more demonstrated his philanthropism—McGosh settles down to a fiery editorial. This week it's titled: "Why Expectorate on the Senior Walk?"

Sportsman Disantram is reading out his basketball write-up for Colleague Dimwit's approval . . . "The bespectacled Bengal cagers sunk the elongated Cornwallis Tars in an evenly-contested hoop classic, last night . . . In the second canto . . . etc. etc."

Gazette Friends Invade

The ten minutes of harmony are interrupted by the sudden but inevitable invasion of Gazette "friends"—who always choose the busiest hour of the busiest day for their infiltration tactics. The entire Commerce Society (both fine fellows) is out in force, led by Alf Slyporker, chairman of the Visiting Committee. Followed by diminutive "Scorchy" Grayweight and various other "characters," they sit down at the desk to hash out an addition problem (9+7=?) for Commerce IA.

"Don't be late for your class, boys," McGosh hints subtly. "If you're leaving, lock the door from the outside."

"Stinky" Lessdaughter has just joined the fray. He is in jubilant spirits having just skipped his 8th lecture in one week. In his enthusiasm he spills a bottle of ink on the Nausea page lay-out sheet and provokes unexpected profanity from the mild-mannered Mungo.

"Heck—that's a caddish trick, Stink!" he fumes. "You darn well shouldn't have did it."

Girls From Hovel

Latest arrivals are two girls from the Hovel who "don't want Knowsey to say anything about what Fay and Danny were doing in the alcove last night."

Having accused McGosh of being prejudiced, undemocratic and cynical, the "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" gals scurry off to the stacks.

The "Society of Friends" continues its sadistic disruption of office routine. The Commerce-men have abandoned their arithmetic for some close harmony on "The Deacon Went Down." In another corner a group of Engineers keep abreast of the times with "The Bat-Man and Robin"—accompanying their reading with child-like screams of approval.

Copy-Paper Shortage

McGosh, meanwhile, has been making a frantic but unsuccessful search of the waste-paper basket for his morning mail.

"Where are all those beautiful let-

Sodales Loses Final Debate To Acadia

Eliminated from M. I. D. L.

Sodales finished up its year with a record of one win and two losses in inter-collegiate debating when its strong team of Fred Thompson and Capt. Clinton Havey (captain) was defeated at Acadia a week ago Thursday, the Dal team upholding the affirmative of the resolution, "that at least one year of military training must be adopted as a peace-time measure in Canada".

The Acadia team consisted of Hal-dane Reynolds and William Scott, and judges were Rev. Edward Compton, Cornwallis; Rev. Fraser Munro, Kentville, and Wolfville Principal O. R. Porter. Dr. H. F. S. Thomas was chairman of the debate.

The winners had previously debated the subject with a team from Mount Allison University, and had been defeated.

Reports from Wolfville stated the Dalhousie team showed superior delivery; the Acadia team was effective in refuting the arguments of the Dal team. Perhaps the defeat at Mount Allison had not been in vain.

Tom Feeney Elected to Head the Law Society

At the last regular meeting of the Law Society, new officers were chosen for next year's executive posts. Thomas Feeney was acclaimed by all as the logical successor to Ted King. Tom was this year's Secretary-Treasurer, and in his new role will serve as always the best interests of his fellow law students. The other offices of Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and D.A.A.C. representative, will be filled by Allan Blakeney, Clinton Havey, and John Nicholson respectively.

The date, and other items of lesser importance, pertaining to the Annual Law Banquet were discussed at length, and all in all the one major social event of the "poor lawyers" promises to be a great success.

ters?" chirps Cricket . . .

"I know, I know," giggles Janitress Raves. "Bib McCleak was in here between 11 and 11:03 writing his Rangoon tripe for the Fatuous Page."

" . . . Well . . . so what?"

"You see, he used the letters for copy paper."

And so it goes—until "Sorrows (Continued on page 3)

Happenings at the Law School

It's happened! Yes, "our revels now are ended" and our little term is rounded with exams. The lists are posted, and with less than a month to round up those elusive abstractions, sometimes referred to as the Law, the rest is silence. The "glory hole" has ceased to ring with wild argument coupled with coarse invective, the tables in the library groan under the weight of books, and we curse MacLeod silently as he turns us out at the modest hour of ten-thirty. These are the signs of impending doom and the fervent struggles of disillusioned youth as they strive to overcome the peril of a little learning. Surer than all this, is the fact that Clancy and Reddin are now making their bid, ah yes, the hour is fast approaching.

written and confused by Robert Mac-Cleave. We understand that a few brave souls have discussed the prospect of the reorganization of Weldon Inn. To those who are not familiar with this concept, it is the (now dormant) Law fraternity. It seems a pity that the issue was not brought before the Society and properly discussed.

First year students attended the first session of the Supreme Court on Tuesday. The regular attendance of Law students at Court sessions is deemed a necessary part of their training. Special privileges are extended to students and the grand jury box is left at their disposal. (That is, while it is not being used.)

The truth to tell, we must apologize for that last item. We feel that it is of no interest to you; however, the column cannot be devoted entirely to pre-examination mania and its effect on us poor souls. We can offer no comfort to the strike masses nor balm to those severally wounded, save, in the words of the immortal someone or other, "Say

Vox Discipuli ★ A frank unbiased survey of campus opinion.

Question: Do you approve of the present system of having only one day between the last day of classes and the first day of exams?

Answers:
 Gerald McCarthy, Arts 46—Yes, I approve of this system. My opinion is that the sooner after the end of classes the exams begin the better. This is better than dragging out the misery. Anything that isn't known by the end of classes certainly won't be known after a couple of days of frantic study.

Ralph Blakeney, Science '48.—Being only a freshman, I don't just know how the system works, but it seems that there should be more than one day between. A few extra days would give a chance for last minute reviews which are always

needed no matter how much work is done during the term. I guess to tell the truth most people would like to have a few days to do the work that should have been done through the term.

Jim MacDonald, Pre-Med. '45—I think we should have about a week between classes and exams—a week with no labs,—wouldn't that be Heaven! This extra week would be used for intensive review that couldn't be accomplished while classes were still in progress.

Bob MacDonald, Pre-Med. '45—Ahhhhh yes—there should be at least three or four days and maybe even a week between classes and exams. These extra days would give a chance to get ready and really review for the week of misery.

Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869 "THE OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER IN AMERICA"

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The Editor's MAILBOX

Dear Sir:

Since your twentieth issue of the Dalhousie Gazette for this year is about to be published, I would like to use this means of thanking you and your staff very much for your co-operation with the Students' Council throughout the past year. At the same time I feel that I should convey to you and your staff the feelings of the Council on the grand way you have not only conducted but improved The Gazette this year. We feel, now, that our Gazette is once again a real college paper that ranks second to none and this is due entirely to your efforts.

Again, thanks and the best of luck to you all in the future.

Very truly yours,

A. W. TITUS, President,
Students' Council.



Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

FOR 20 ISSUES -- COLLECTIVE SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL



First row (left to right): Isabel Wilmot, Bill Mingo, 'Liz Reeves, Jim McLaren, Mary Macdonald, Fred Martin.
Second row: Bernie Creighton, Blair Dunlop, John Hibbits, Alex. Farquhar, Al Lomas.
Third row: Bob Tuck, Errol MacDonald, Bill Kelly. Insert: Anetta Goodman.

From the Fall of '44 to Spring of '45 the Dalhousie Gazette office, deep in the bowels of the Arts Building, was a continual beehive of activity. At almost any time of day and not infrequently at night, the clicking of typewriters and gabble of voices testified to the frenzied industry of our campus news-hawks.

This year, each and every Gazetteer put his shoulder to the wheel. Initiative, co-operation and enthusiasm—all essential features of campus journalism—were shared by the entire staff throughout our 20-issue schedule of publication.

Page formats and general lay-outs of the '45-'46 Gazette were modernized as far as possible. More pictures and cartoons were published than in previous years. Closer relations were established with the teaching staff through "Faculty Questionnaires" and a series of "Staff Sketches" by The Gazette cartoonist.

The professional faculties (Medicine and Law) were given more complete coverage and recognition. A weekly gossip column (March of Grime) as well as campus opinion surveys (Vox Discupuli) were introduced at our read-

ers' request. The Circulation Department was spurred to action after long inactivity, and exchanges, subscriptions et al mailed out immediately after publication each week. Still further evidence of "rejuvenation" was the prompt, regular appearance of bundled Gazettes at distribution points on both campi every Friday afternoon.

As for our editorial policy, it has been non-committal on some issues, frank and outspoken on others; but it has always been altruistic and sincere. It has been consistently directed in the best interests of the Student Body as a whole.

In all, thanks to the combined efforts of the entire editorial staff, The Gazette has experienced a very successful year of publication.

Those of us who are graduating leave the reins of office in capable hands. To our successors we say this: "Slumber not in the tents of your fathers. The world is advancing. Advance with it." Profit from our mistakes and follies, and strive to uphold the high traditions of "America's Oldest Student Publication".

residence characters and references injected with keen wit and riotous imagination into the "Improved version."

The "Improved version" begins with travelling players (Phil Gaudine, Bill Rudderham, C. Best) beseeching Hamlet (Cliff Stewart) for work, and then the entrance of Hamlet's father's ghost (Don MacLeod), who reveals he was murdered by Claudius, Hamlet's uncle (Art Bailey) for the throne. To wreak vengeance on the King, Hamlet has the players enact the murder of his father. The King betrays his guilt and is slain by Hamlet along with Ophelia (Merrill MacLeod) and her father Polonius (Jim Frazee) Polonius' son, Laertes (Neil Reid) plots with the Queen (Al Smith) and the King to murder Hamlet, but all are slain thru clever devices of the authors. Two gravediggers (Pete Dallien,

Book Review:

"Wind in The Sahara"

R. V. C. BODLEY

Published by
McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
Toronto, \$3.25

When R. V. C. Bodley, an officer in the British Army, pondered the possibilities of becoming a politician after the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, he was advised by T. E. Laurence to join the Arabs instead. He had not been born at North Africa but he had gone there at an early age and the Arabs were known to him. Thus he finally decided to take Laurence's advice. He went to Arabia and reached a place called Djelfa, an oasis on the Sahara. There he made friends with Atalla Ruper of a curio shop and the Caid Madoni, a sheep owner with whom Bodley decided to enter into a partnership. Soon he was on the way to becoming a desert nomad and a student of Arab character as well for he remarks that "as the envelopes of reserve fell apart I discovered what real men these Arabs were."

Their splendid dignity was not put on; it was the breeding of generations. They were great gentlemen, old-fashioned country gentlemen to whom honor and a thoroughbred horse meant more than wealth. They had infinite kindness and charity. There was none of the business rivalry of Occidentals, where friend tries to outwith friend in the struggle for position or money. Each one worked for a common cause—the tribe, the Arab, Islam". Gradually Bodley learned the meaning of Arab customs, Arab language, and Arab fatalism which is a philosophy peculiar to the desert where so much of life depend on the vagaries of of mind, rain nand sand.

The political situation of the Arabs is also mentioned and it is suggested that strife between Arabs and Jews is provoked by outside influence and occidental politics since in most parts of the Arab world, Jews and Arabs work peacefully side by side. On the whole the book makes interesting and informative reading. It may not make the Westerner yearn to be an Arab, but it does give him a glimpse of life on the mysterious Sahara and a chance to explore a civilization born of the ancients.

—K. E. B.

SUPPLICATION

Let April and the white rains come again,
With suns to warm and nourish frozen lands.
Let budding branch, and blossoming twig unfurl
The lilac's leaf,
The fragile, whispering bands
Of apple petals, fragrant to the Spring;
Give brooks their mirth and birds their songs to sing,
That man may lift his face to skies above,
And sow in earth His little seeds of love.

K. B.

Don Miller) are used in several scenes for mood. Two soldiers (Al Blakeney, Stu. Wenning) provide background, and they have an important part in development of the plot. John Booth appears as his own ghost. Bob MacDonald, N. Moeller, and C. L. Bennet appear as skulls in a graveyard.

Annual Pine Hill "At Home" Features Shakespearian Burlesque

Perpetrate Outrage Against Immortal Bard

On Friday, March 16th, Pine Hill held its annual At Home, the highlight of the year's social activities. The feature of the evening was a burlesque of Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

Earl Laird, the Master of Ceremonies, first introduced Dr. Kerr, Principal of the Divinity Hall, who made a delightful speech of Greeting to the guests. Norman Moeller, President of the Students' Council, then expressed thanks to all those who contributed to the success of the At Home. Allan Blakeney, Don Burris, and John Stewart next made presentations on behalf of the men in residence, to Nita Heighton, the Cook; Valda Kohler, secretary to Dr. Kerr; and Mrs. Grant, the Matron. These presentations were followed

by conferring the Graeme Fraser Memorial Award upon Don Burris, a Tech student.

After a short intermission the Pine Hill players "perpetrated their outrage against the Immortal Bard," presenting a hilariously revised and improved version of "Hamlet." The play was cleverly written by Harry Aikens, David Coldwell and Cliff Stewart, and successfully capitalized on Elizabethan costume and speech, as well as parallels in the "Standard version," for very humorous antithesis for the intima-

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Dalhousie Gazette

VOL. LXXVI

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 22, 1943

No. 3

O.T.C. CHANGES—

Major Hogan Has New Post Major Faulkner Succeeds

Time would tell what new changes were meant, but what ever officialdom said or did not say, Major R. V. Hogan, Chief Instructor for Dalhousie-Kings O.T.C. for over three years, was being moved upstairs to a more prominent position at Atlantic Command, while Major R. E. Faulkner was succeeding him as Chief Instructor in training capacity only. Major Faulkner already has the post with Tech and St. Mary's Units.

The official notice of the change and Major Hogan's new appointment should come shortly. Already Lieut-Colonel F. H. M. Jones has been appointed Commanding Officer of the Unit succeeding Lieut-Colonel C. B. Smith. The old order has become partially a new order, but the new order is a palimpsest of the old.

IN: Major R. E. Faulkner has had previous connections with the C.O. T.C., being on the hardy force which in 1928 raised it off its theoretical organization and put some men into uniform to form the basis of an active unit. At that time he held the rank of Lieutenant, and was studying commerce at college. He is a B.A. man from Acadia. Major Faulkner is known to many students who attended camp last year where he was chief instructor.

UPSTAIRS: Major R. V. Hogan has caused more comment around the campus in his years here than any other three men. Whether there was tremendous affection of his blood and thunder is a moot question; those who met him more personally knew him as a true Irishman at keeping his word and ploughing ahead in stormy weather and adverse criticism.

To many it seemed as if the Major thought there was only one faculty on the campus, and that military. Certainly the C.O.T.C. never has never taken a back seat to anyone; under Hogan's organization the corps spruced up and became one of

the most efficient organizations in Eastern Canada. Two years ago students with conflicting timetable and C.O.T.C. drill took O.T.C. drill. Last year some hard working Meds took time out from shouldering arms to study; were nearly kicked into Active Service, caused more row and behind the scenes excitement than most officials on the campus would like acknowledge, must less like to think could happen.

Wherever he goes, and the nearer to more active service he can get, Major Hogan will want to be back on active warfronts. To many who like (or disliked) his direct approach to any problem this seemed the place to be. He fought his way through the ranks in the last war, was several times wounded, scattered grenades at the Huns as liberally as a well-wisher at a wedding throwing confetti, was once buried up to his neck in mud and nearly given up for dead.

"They didn't cover you quickly enough", one cadet once told the Major. His Irish face lit up. He likes esprit de corps.

either in third or fourth years, and all medical students taking the accelerated course. This will mean that Engineering and Science students take one hour a week during school year, and the usual two weeks at camp.

JUST JOKES?

A young lady went into the drug store. "Have you any Lifebuoy," she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug clerk; "set the pace."

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear-trumpet. Soon after she had seated herself, an usher tiptoos over and whispered, "One toot and you're out."

A bishop attended a banquet and a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup on his lap. The clergyman glanced around with a look of agony and exclaimed:

"Will some layman please say something appropriate."

Women are a funny race; They curl their hair and paint their faces.

They change their styles so often that

Last year's hat is not a hat. They sleep all a.m., dance all p.m. Go to games, but never see 'em. They spend the stuff so well, The bills mount up—but what the

h——!

Yet man is, too, a funny race— He pays for all this awful waste.

—H. Lampoon.

Stormy Scenes In Moot Court As "Weaker Sex" Takes Over

The second sitting of the fall term of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie was held in the Moot Court room of Dalhousie Law School on Wednesday afternoon, October 20th, before Lord Chief Justice Charles O'Connell and Lords Mary Kinley and Lorraine Johnson. The case on appeal was Both and Baldey v. The Blueberry Special Railway Co. Counsel for the appellant was that eminent legalist William Proudfoot, K.C., and with him were Martin and Butler. William Reddin, K.C., eminent barrister and scientist, acted for the respondent; he was supported (to some extent) by McColough and McDonald.

Proudfoot ably argued his client's case. His brilliant oratory augmented by an abundance of good spirits and his excellent Latin—Mr. Proudfoot is a keen student of the classics—deeply impressed Their Lordships. The case concerned injuries suffered by his client which were caused by an improperly braced balustrade, and Mr. Proudfoot's knowledge, gained by personal long experience, of the advantage of a few stiff bracers, was of incalculable value to his client's case. Mr. Reddin brilliantly presented his client's case. Being an able physicist, his expert knowledge of the technical points involved was of great help to their Lordships. Judgment was handed down in favor of the appellants, Lord Chief Justice O'Connell dissenting.

A novel situation in the annals of the Supreme Moot Court of Dalhousie arose in the presence of two members of the weaker sex on the Bench. Their Lordships Johnson and Kinley proved once and for all that at times beauty can be combined with brains. Their sagacity and wisdom may be said to be almost comparable with that of men.

A darker and very lamentable side of the afternoon's sittings was

presented by numerous breaches of Courtroom decorum by certain of the junior counsel and a number of the spectators. The insolence and impertinence of Butler and McColough in their opening speeches to the Bench was probably without precedent and can only be attributed to ignorance. Much to their deep sorrow Their Lordships found it necessary to impose a fine on these two members of the Bar. The Courtroom was pervaded with an atmosphere of profound suspense when Their Lordships called upon Lord Chief Justice Lawrence, an interested witness of the proceedings, to read a note in shorthand, signed by Mr. Sheffman, which had reached the hands of Sheriff McIvor. This note contained very degrading remarks concerning Their Lordships. Again it was with the deepest regrets that Their Lordships found it necessary to impose a stiff penalty upon the accused, who had a previous record.

Mr. Martin and Mr. McDonald also made panegyrics to the Bench. Mr. McDonald, a former class-mate of Lord Chief Justice O'Connell, touched briefly on some incidents of His Lordships' younger days. There was a slight suggestion that His Lordship was not then the sedate and sober scholar of today.

The final sittings of the Fall Term will be held on Wednesday, October 27, before Their Lordships Vaughan, McIvor and Parsons.

Erratum: In last week's report there should be interchanged in the last paragraph "respondent" for "appellant" and vice versa in the judges' decisions. The Gazette is sorry it has inconvenienced third year brains, also states that it is usually the custom in other courts not to stop a reporter in the midst of taking notes.

Forecast Fireworks Fizzle MacKinnon In By Acclamation

The great fireworks expected at the Students' Forum, held in the Chem Theatre Thursday noon, did not come off. The meeting did not get under way until all the Meds and Dents finished staggering in, and indeed, their mere weight in numbers took Studley down a peg, including the Grecian-minded Engineers.

The Studley students, obviously overawed by the concerted might of the Meds and Dents, then gave way, and, with Forrest, gave their one hundred per cent approval for the action of the Students' Council to appoint Ken MacKinnon as new president, following the resignation of Tom Patterson.

This action of the student body clears up all fear of an election in the near future, which, if called, would cause unwarranted work and bother to all concerned, especially the hard-working Meds.

This meek and dull meeting was a far cry from those of the old days, when a Student Forum meant a real battle worth attending. Except for a few questions from Allen Blakeney, further quizzing from Laura MacKenzie and a mere whisper from Barbara White, discussion from the floor was positively nil.

Two Arts and Science by-elections will be necessary soon to fill the duo of vacant Council seats for that society.

Dal Takes Air At M. I. D. L. Conference At St. F. X.

"Debating should be given a higher place in the scale of values in college activities. There is one principal in all post-war plans—an international machinery for settling differences between nations peaceably. This machinery will use the instrument of intelligent and judicious debate to reach its decisions. There is no better training than intercollegiate debating." These were words used in an address of welcome by Father Kane, of St. Francis Xavier, to delegates at the annual Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League convention at St. F. X. last Wednesday.

Eight Maritime Colleges, Acadia, Dalhousie, Mount Allison, King's, St. Thomas, St. Mary's, St. Francis Xavier, and the University of New Brunswick were represented at the conference. A number of important changes were made in the M.I.D.L. constitution, and the league schedule for the year was drawn up.

A big feature of the convention was the radio forum over Station CJFX Wednesday evening on the question of State Hospitalization. Scott Gordon, Sodales representative, was the first speaker and supported the establishment of such a system. Other speakers were from Acadia, St. Mary's and Mt. A.

Unfortunately, CJFX is not well received in Halifax, and many Dalhousie listeners were disappointed in not being able to hear Gordon's speech, which was warmly commended by the St. F. X. faculty and students.

Delegates were royally treated, with a special dinner at the local hotel, with addresses by Father Kane and Clyde Nunn, station manager of CJFX, a tour of the university and radio station, and a large dance, including dates from nearby Mt. St. Bernard, after the radio broadcast.

Delegates representing colleges at the convention were: Acadia, Willis Hall; St. Mary's R. Power; St. F. J., T. A. Kerr; St. Thomas, B. Losier, F. LeBlanc; U.N.B., N. Carter; Dal, Scott Gordon; King's, T. Shields; Mt. A., D. Anderson.

Council Dance, Rally Draws Good Crowd

The year's first big hop, the Student Council Dance, went over in a large way last Friday night, with an attendance surpassed by few of last year's rug-cutting sessions. "The night was filled with music" of the burning flasses and drifting strings of Don Low's musical aggregation, sweet, hot, and very danceable.

Chairman of the dance committee was veteran Bill Hagen, than whom there is none abler in getting a Friday night cut-up really under way. The Pep Rally in the middle of the evening needs no further testimony to its success than the way in which Dal tonsils really let go the next day, from the opening whistle to the closing of the game.

Noted by Dalhousians of three or four years standing was the large number of new faces, as frosh and grads from other colleges taking Dal professional courses turned out en masse. A smattering of old friends in new uniforms was also evident. Our special correspondent Mr. Atwood, reports the run on the Coke Bar as "unprecedented".

First Open House at Hall Well Attended

Delta Gamma began its social activities last Saturday night, with a very informal party at Shirreff Hall. A large number attended and spent an unusually enjoyable evening. Dancing began around eight o'clock, the music was supplied by records and P. Payzant's amplifier. During the evening a sing-song was held, for which Doug Roy, ex-Mt. A. musical impresario, rattled the ivories. Refreshments were served and dancing ended about twelve.

Govern Yourself Accordingly

The Student Christian Movement will hold a discussion conference on Studley Campus this weekend. Discussion will be led by the Rev. Gerald Hutchinson, National Secretary of the S.C.M. for Canada.

The conference will start at 7.30 p.m. in the Murray Homestead. It will continue at 3.30 p.m. Sunday. Tea will be served and discussion will go on into the evening, finishing with a service of worship.

Anyone interested in attending, please get in touch with Blair Colborne, Pine Hill — 3-8576 or with Joan Archibald—2-2824.

* * *

The Freshie-Soph hop, ending the initiation period, will be held tonight in the Gym. All Frosh must attend and wear regalia, and will be admitted free. Dancing is from 8.30 to 12 o'clock.

One Soldier to Another:

"How is a Japanese soldier like a girl?"

Other Soldier: "I don't know, sir."

First Soldier: "They both slip up on you and it takes a Yank to get them down."

—The Plainsman.

* * *

Little Bits of Nothing.

Drunk: Shay, can you tell where the other side of the street is?

Cop: Why, of course; it's over here.

Drunk: That's funny. Fellow over there said it was over here.

—The Georgian.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

By EUGENE MERRY

Well, after three weeks of initiation, which has caused many freshettes to think that "life is just one damned thing after another", especially Waterfield, or freshmen have found that "life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds, so long as you're happy," so we find initiation all over, except for the Freshie-Soph dance Friday night.

ADVICE

Character is what you are in the dark.—Dwight L. Moody.

Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.—Emerson.

McGILL DAILY SAYS LESS O.T.C. FOR SOME

(C. U. P.)—A reduction in the amount of military training required of certain groups of students in the university has been approved by Major General E. J. Renaud, district officer commanding M.D. No. 4, according to a statement issued from McGill's principal's office.

Students affected by this are those pursuing courses in Engineering and Science, providing that they are

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The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

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WHERE ARE THE VERDANT FRESHMEN?

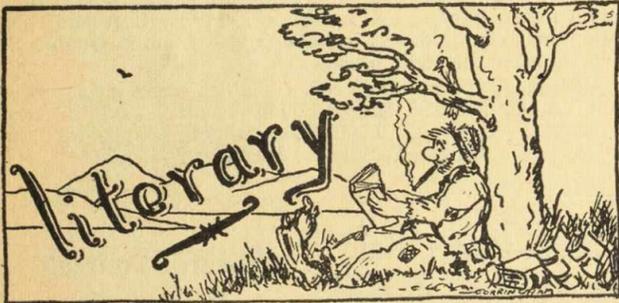
Friday night, at the Freshie-Soph Dance, the Class of '47 will doff their placards and bows, roll down their pant legs, and consider themselves members of Dalhousie University, their formal initiation at an end.

Congratulations are due, and overdue, the Initiation Committee who have this year, faced with one of Dal's largest wartime freshman enrolments, staged probably the most successful initiation seniors and post-grads have witnessed on Studley in recent years.

In the Roaring Twenties, Dal initiations overflowed through the length and breadth of the city, from the professors' homes to the theatre lobbies. As initiations ebbed, so did that elusive ecoplasm whispered of as "Dal spirit". We are not advocating any return to the overabundant exuberance of ten and fifteen years ago. The flame of Dal spirit was fanned until it all but burned itself out. Another such unlimited release of enthusiasm might well extinguish it for good.

What we are in favor of, and hope to see established, is a thorough and well-enforced initiation on our own campus, supported by all upperclassmen. The results of such an initiation are legion. The new men and women are made conscious of themselves as an entity, and of the University's recognition of them as such. The realization of themselves as a part of Dalhousie is the first and greatest step in fostering a spirit of fierce loyalty to their Alma Mater.

This year the spirit, not just the form, of initiation has been revived. May future years see 1943's example followed and developed to its full potentiality!



STRANGER THAN FICTION

Perhaps once in many, many long years fate draws the threads of a person's life into a strange, unusual pattern—so strange that it makes us stop for a minute or two and think; and then when the wonderment is past we take a deep breath and go on again. In a letter I have just received from England the story of such a life is told:

... Sir Ronald Forbes was not old—as we have come to measure age today—he was only 45. And England knew him, for he was one of those who had helped to make her great and the Forbes chemical plant had brought knighthood to him. A brilliant chemist—he spent his evenings alone in his private laboratory—his work being a secret shared only with the war department. The lights at night were never out and invariably at eleven when we in our own lab turned over our apparatus to the night shift, his shadow could be seen behind the painted windows, moving quickly to and fro.

The Hun knew all about us, and in those hectic days when England heard his bombs whine down and felt them crash, we in the chemical works took our share. But always after heavy damage, the plane from Sheffield would bring in new equipment—even painted glass for Sir Ronald's personal lab and the work went on. It was my good fortune to be transferred two weeks ago to his lab where we were to work together on his first project and it was then I found that not all the effects of bursting bombs had been on glass and brick and plaster—his mind had suffered, too. The long, hard, sleepless nights had aged him, and his hair—always a dusty gray—had turned a lighter shade.

He told me his doctor had taken refuge behind a giant medical word which ended in "phobia" but that in simple English—he had become afraid of bombs, and the thought of being one of their victims was haunting him day and night. Of course, we all feel like that at times. Even if we don't love life we cling to it by strong instinct. But his fear was something that shadowed his way of living, so much so that I needed no Psychologist to tell me what the end would be,—unknown to me he found his own way out.

Two days ago I walked with him down the steps of his air-raid shelter—a shelter which was the result of thousands of hours of labour by many different men. It was of unheard of size and depth, with a shaft of unshatterable, re-inforced concrete going down and down and ending in a kind of buried luxury flat. Down there, Hitler could drop fifty kinds of hell out of the heavens and we would hear no whisper, it was sealed against the faintest whiff of gas and we breathed filtered air. We looked through artificial windows, cunningly lighted from behind to create the illusion of a sea view. At my side Sir Ronald looked lovingly upon it and murmured more to himself than to me: "My Mediterranean." Beneath my feet I felt a soft carpet and around me everywhere was superb furniture—paintings of forests with distant hills and peaceful skies hung on the walls, and as I stood amazed he moved to a phonograph in the corner and gave me a Beethoven symphony to add colour to it all. His worries were over now,—a little army of workmen had made his nights secure.

strange new world; I still remember the scent of roses coming from the vase of rose and fern which rested on the table. In over three long years of war I felt I had seen no gayer, lovelier place.

Soon, however, I was conscious that he was looking at me—he wanted my opinion, of course.

"Do you think, Sir Ronald," I asked, "that one can run away from his destiny?"

"Of course not," he replied, "but one doesn't know his destiny. Air raid shelters are essential—they cut London's casualties 80%."

Two weeks of working together had made us close friends. We always spoke frankly to each other.

"You bring to mind, Sir Ronald, a story which my nurse used to tell me at times when I was difficult to put to sleep. Do you care to hear it? It'll only take a minute."

He smiled: "Carry on."

"Once upon a time, in some Eastern town a servant came to his master and said: Master, I have served you faithfully all my life, let me leave you now. This morning as I was passing through the market place, I saw the Angel of Death and she beckoned to me. Please, Master, let me go away to the town of Samara, because if I stay here the Angel of Death will take me."

"Well," said the Master, "you have served me faithfully, as you say, and rather than that death should catch you, take a fast camel and some money and go to Samara and good luck to you."

"The servant went away that same hour. But later in the day the master, crossing the square saw the Angel of Death, too, and he said to her: "O Dark One, why did you beckon to my servant this morning?" The Angel of Death replied: "Beckon? I did not beckon your servant. I made a gesture of surprise at seeing him in this place—for behold, I have an appointment with him in Samara this afternoon!"

Sir Ronald clasped his hands: "Fine, fine," he said; and we climbed the winding steps: "You must tell us a few like that tonight. I'm having a bit of a party here—something to eat, you know—and all that!"

A call from the lab kept me from Sir Ronald's party, but now forty-eight hours later, I have come from his bedside. It had been a gay evening with music and guests and—a lot of fun. There were oysters too,—he loved oysters. But in one of them, the doctor thinks, a germ was waiting. Even as I write, the BBC news is coming in:—"We regret to report the death of Sir Ronald Forbes at his home in . . ."

WILK.

ON LITERATURE

Few of us care to read a dictionary. Dictionaries are to most of us, dry and formal collections of words arranged in a certain systematic order. The breath and vital warmth of Life is not in them. We find in the most authoritative of English dictionaries the following definition of literature, "writings whose value lies in beauty of form or emotional effect". We cannot here detect any reference in which literature is related to Life and Truth, yet even in its task of mirroring Nature, literature is of Life and living—a vital force.

Many and varied are the forms of expression used by important men for the recording of important things. He only is "important", and justified in writing, who has something to say, i.e. something "important". He has a choice of many forms of literature with which to clothe his naked thought. Matter and form at the hand of genius combine literature.

This humble page may never bear great literature but it may bear the

imprint of sincere effort. College students, as such, must have at least a nodding acquaintance with the forms of literature. This column is always open to those who give evidence of a sincere effort at literary expression. We offer the suggestion that a glance at the works of the masters of literary expression will be as a guiding hand when ploughing the first furrow in a new field. This does not mean that detailed study should be attempted merely to aid one in breaking into print. However it might prevent one from sinking into the mire of the commonplace.

There are few mechanical details to be remembered when sending in contributions to this column. Contributions should be typewritten if possible or, failing that, written in clear, legible handwriting. Brevity, clarity, compression, and simplicity should be the keynotes of contributions. Such contributions may be given to the Literary Editor or left at the Gazette office.

After any Show

Before any Meal

Think of . . .

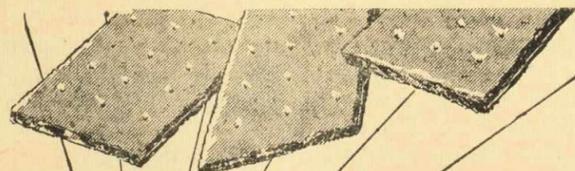
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