



FLASH! Arts and Science Nominations

The following were nominated in the Arts & Science meeting Thursday noon in Room 3 of the Arts Building.

President—Art Hartling.
D.A.A.C. Repres.—Bill Mingo.
Secretary—Nancy Wilson

Nominations for bye-elections to be voted for on October 19:

Senior Repres.—
Jim McLaren, Alan Blakney.
Junior Repres.—
Carl Giffen, Carl Dexter.

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

by GRAHAM BATT

On reading the headline, Skunk Goes To University, in *The Ulyssey*, we could scarcely believe our eyes. The facts of the case are, that Archibald, a skunk whose scent glands had been removed, arrived at the University of Texas. His owner noted with distress that people were rather hesitant about meeting Archibald. A nervous breakdown threatened because of the black looks and belligerent remarks of some unfeeling students. But now his owner reports that Archibald has been accepted in college circles and is recuperating as well as could be expected.

The unlettered linotypist causes editors many a headache.

Recently *The Star* printed the following blunder:

"Hurling a brick through the Yonge Street furrier store last night, two mash-and-gab thieves stole two mink coats."

The Varsity made the comment: SOUNDS LIKE WOMEN, ANYWAY.

Med students are the most prolific poets we've found, and here is one of their most recent and best.

A schizophreniac we know
Has got no mother,
But he doesn't care—
He's got each other!

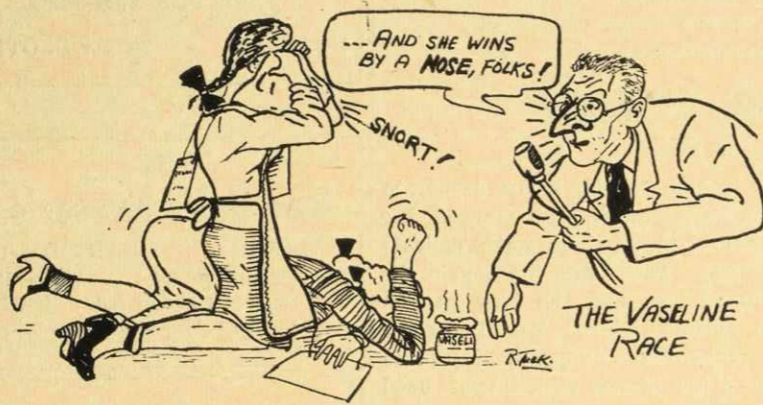
And then there was the colored lass who had just been baptized in the river. As she came to the surface she cried: "Bless me Lawd, I've saved. Last night I was in the ahms of the Debbil, but tonight I'm in de ahms of de Lawd."

"Sistah," came a baritone voice from the shore, "How is you all fixed up for tomorra ebening?"

Freshies are often subjected to terrible things. The other day, so we are told, a young co-ed went to one of those beginning-of-the-term affairs and was asked to dance by a great big third-year man. With all the savoir-faire connected with third year men he began conversation with line No. 1—"Where have YOU been all my life?"—and then, proving that a University education sharpens the wits, he followed it up swiftly with an addition of his own. "Because," he said, "you poor child, it must have been horrible."

The Varsity.

Initiation Trials End For Frosh Delinquents



CROSSING THE FINISH LINE in last week's dramatic "Vaseline Race" are Freshette delinquents, Ruth Manning and Marge Schwartz. Supported by the mike, "Prosecutor" Don Harris, is giving an awesome account of the proceedings to a sadistic assemblage of onlookers. Task of recording this event for posterity was assigned to R. Tuck, newly-appointed staff cartoonist of *The Gazette*.

Hair is no longer being braided, or parted in the middle; the fall breezes are no longer swirling around those frail masculine legs, and freshettes still look sweet, but no longer wholesome. The initiation period of new students formally ended with the Freshie-Soph dance and now our Frosh class need no more cower before the no longer mighty Sophomore, need no longer walk around the senior walk, for they too are now legitimate members of the student body.

On Friday evening, Oct. 6, at 9 p.m. the Frosh class for the last time dutifully filed over to the gym, their pigtailed waving in the breeze, and looking similar to a measles isolation squad with a yellow quarantine sign hanging before and aft.

Full of Spirits
The dance lacked nothing, except food perhaps; it had chaperones in the persons of Dr. and Mrs. Bell, and Prof. and Mrs. Bowes, good music by Don Lowe, and both spirit and spirits by the students. To a few of the Frosh, however, it resembled something like a Judgment Day—yes it was the night when their most serious crimes were to be judged and penalized.

The first penalty granted during the evening was that Janet Bell and Irma Geddes were allowed to give the upperclassmen shoe-shine while Brent Gibson and John Meakin became quite professional in the manicuring art.

The entire proceedings were carried on in a strictly legal manner. The court was made up of: Judge Mingo, Prosecutor Harris, Court Announcer Farquhar and a "non-prejudiced" jury of Sophomores.

Wins by Nose
The first case tried was that of Ruth Manning and Marge Schwartz. They were found guilty practically before the case was presented, and sentenced to push vaseline jars across the stage with their noses. It was a great race—bets were placed 2 to 1 on Manning, the crowd stood with bated breath as the decision was given—Manning by a nose.

The second case-tried was that of Christy Irvine and Nancy Wilson. The verdict was guilty and they were ordered to sing "How Dry I Am" while eating a lemon and munching on dry crackers. We gather that they were too dry as not much music came forth.

The next culprit was Nancy Colquhoun who was charged with break-

(Continued on page 2)

COMMISSION PREPARING HEALTH REPORT

An enthusiastic meeting of the Dalhousie group was held on Tuesday night in Room Three of the Arts Building. There were about forty people present.

The Chairman, Abe Sheffman, gave an outline of the aims and ideals of the Youth Commission and announced that there would be a dance on Saturday, the 21st of October, and a regional conference to be held on the 21st and 22nd of October.

The meeting decided to prepare a report on Health Insurance for the conference and four groups of five students each were organized to handle different aspects of the problem. These committees will report on their findings at the next general meeting of the Dal Youth Commission which will be on Wednesday, October 18th, at 7.30 p.m. in the Arts Building. Everybody is welcome to attend as the organization is open to every student on the campus.

Eventually the Commission will hold weekly meetings on the campus in conjunction with the Dalhousie Round Table. There will be refreshments every evening, movies when obtainable, and dances for members. See this issue for description of Dalhousie Round Table. Watch for posters.

IN SYMPATHY

The University wishes to extend sympathy to the family of the late Otto Johnson, Engineering student who passed away early in the summer. He was an excellent student during his two years at Dalhousie, popular among the Engineers, at Pine Hill and throughout the entire student body.

To Moot Debates Between Faculties

Interfaculty debating contests will be the keynote of this year's Sodales program, it was announced by president Bob McCleave, following his election at a meeting held Tuesday noon, in Room Three. The meeting was one of the most largely attended in recent years.

Others elected included: Honorary President—Dr. A. K. Griffin; Vice-president, Fred Thompson; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Lois Rattee. Spirited discussion was a part of the elections.

The president stated he hoped to have teams from the four Arts and Science years competing in one section, and teams from Law, Engineering, Dentistry and Medicine in the other section. Finalists in both sections would meet to declare an interfaculty champion. Fuller plans will be made later.

meeting. Watch *Gazette* and bulletin boards for announcements. For further information get in touch with Abe Sheffman.

Elections, War Loan, Dance Discussed at Council Meet

\$2,000 Pledged to Loan Campaign

The first meeting of the Dalhousie Student Council for this term was held at the Murray Homestead on Thursday evening, October 5, 1944. President Art Titus was in the chair and the first topic under discussion was the immediate need for by-elections, as there are two vacancies from Arts & Science and one from Law. A committee was formed of Ted King and Connie Archibald to attend to these elections, the date set for October 19.

Dal Represented at S. C. M. Conference

Representatives of the S.C.M.'s of Mount Allison, Acadia, U.N.B., and Dalhousie met on the Thanksgiving weekend in a Maritime Planning Conference at Acadia University, to discuss the decision of the National Council of the S.C.M. and their implications for the local units.

The National Council decision that gave direction to the conference was that concerning policy. We reaffirm our Aim and Basis; "The Student Christian Movement is a fellowship of students based on the conviction that in Jesus Christ are found the supreme revelation of God and the means to a full realization of life.

Our study policy is an exact and meticulous regard for all the evidence available to us—an approach objective and scientific in spirit, dispassionate yet sincere in outlook. The standards of our intellectual quest can be no lower than the highest ones we know. The basic material of our study is the life and teachings of Jesus; for such study we must use the best material at our disposal, and relate this study, like all others, to every aspect of our life.

Criticizes Government
The conference disapproved of the action of the Government in disenfranchising Japanese Canadians, and also of the action of the General Council of the United Church of Canada in upholding the Government's decision.

The main study groups of the Dalhousie S.C.M. are those on "The Records of the Life of Jesus," led by Dr. Bronson and Dr. Archibald. There will also be groups on the function of the university, and "Understanding Ourselves" (a study of personal psychology).

Miss Harriet Christie, associate general secretary of the S.C.M. of Canada, will be visiting the Dalhousie campus next week and will

The new Chairman of the Gym Committee is to be Alec Farquhar, replacing Jim Bell.

Joyce Nicholson and Alf Pike will be our new War Services Committee, whose duty it will be to co-ordinate all war services on the campus.

A regional conference of the Youth Commission is to be held on Oct. 21, at which a brief must be presented from Dalhousie. Dal students are asked to co-operate with this attempt to learn what the youth of Canada is thinking.

To Meet With King's

Of course the eternal King's question was aired, but this time perhaps something is going to be done about it. It was moved and seconded that the executive of the Student Council meet with King's Student Council to consider desirable adjustments to existing agreement between these bodies in light of existing conditions, and refer these to their individual councils.

A committee of Bob White, Connie Archibald and Al Farquhar will attend to the arrangements for the Student Council dance to be held on October 20, and also for any tea dances to be held through the year.

To Promote Spirit

An open discussion followed on what should be done to foster more Dal spirit. Murray Rankin assured the Council of the full co-operation of the alumnae in reviving the old songs and cheers. The discussion closed with a tentative committee being formed to meet with the alumnae to further college spirit at Dal.

Don Harris was elected Business Manager of the Glee Club.

The Student Council of Dalhousie University has voted that a sum of two thousand dollars be invested in the forthcoming War Loan Drive. With further discussion on the campus war effort, concerning Blood Donor Clinic, etc., the meeting adjourned.

speaking at a general meeting of students in the Y.M.C.A. on Wednesday night. Anyone interested in finding out about the S.C.M. is invited.

DIPO DALHOUSIE INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC OPINION

Are College Students Socialistic?

60% think that college students in general are definitely socialistic; 10% think that students are pink generally but not a bright red. The other 20% were quite sure that students are not socialistic. The majority opinion was that students tend more to socialism than most other groups of young people.

How Would You Feel If Roosevelt Got A Fourth Term As President?

All students but one were strongly for Roosevelt. Expressions of opinion ranged from "good," "pleased," "satisfied" to "delighted," "elated" and "wonderful." The one dissenting opinion is unpublished.

What Type of Music Would You Like At Dal Dances?

All queried were unanimous on this question except two freshmen who are self-styled hep-cats and jive-bombers. 90% wanted more slow numbers and less fast numbers. What the students want are the "slow, dreamy, sweet and sentimental" numbers; more waltzes and rhumbas. Several students thought that "Dalhousie Dream Girl" should be played more often so take note, all ye dance organizers, and instruct your orchestras accordingly.

Dalhousie Gazette

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WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION?

During the strenuous course of the scholastic year, do we ever stop to ask ourselves . . . "What does a 'university education' really mean?" . . . and . . . "Am I making the most of my educational opportunities?" These vital questions demand the most careful consideration.

In answer, we will define "university" as that all-important phase in our life story, when mind is strengthened and outlook broadened to meet the contingencies of a realistic world. It is a concluding chapter to youth — that stimulating transition period from which we emerge (or should do) as fully responsible members of society. By logical deduction, then, it is apparent that what we do at university can "make or break" our future experiment with life.

Within easy access of us all, is the opportunity for study and research. This academic seriousness should, needless to say, be the framework of our university activity. We should conscientiously apply ourselves to our particular branches of study, realizing that as we acquire some modicum of intellectual reasoning, we are being reinforced for our embarkation on the troubled waters of a troubled world.

But, while the "academic" is important, so too is the "extra-curricular" — although its contribution to educational training is often underestimated. Leadership, organizational ability and self-confidence are essential qualities which can be gained through participation in the athletic and social life of the university. For, to be fully prepared to cope with the endless problems of life, we must first acquire that "universality" of mind, which extends far beyond strict academic pursuits.

By a sensible intermingling of the "academic," "athletic" and "social" opportunities of a university, we will have written a sizeable introduction to the Book of Life.

The Editor's MAILBOX

"WHERE'S THE YEAR BOOK?" ASKS SHIRREFF HALLER

A common question about the campus these days is "Where's our 1944 Year Book?" It is on the lips of every student who paid for his book last spring and was promised he would receive it some mid-August. And here it is—mid-October, and no "Pharos"! It seems regrettable that we could not have our Year Books at the first of the summer for one never tires of reading and re-reading such a book throughout the holidays—thumbing through the pages—bringing back memories of the past year at Dal. Now we have started a new term, and by the time our Year Book reaches us now we will have lost the enthusiasm we once had for it.

This is not a letter to criticize the staff of the Year Book (indeed, they have done their best—and a commendable job, too) but rather to point out a plan by which we could have our Year Books a month after Convocation. The staff should be formed and organized before Christmas in order to start work immediately after. They should see that all the necessary pictures are taken, all the biographies, all the articles on the different societies and sports are written, and with the help of fifteen or twenty volunteers, that all the advertisements are solicited. All of this to be completed before the end of February—a lot of hard work but not interfering with the final exams. Then all the material could be edited before Munro Day and the account of the Munro Day activities (awards, etc.) should be the last article submitted.

Thus, following this plan, the material would reach the printers by mid-March and we might then hope (and pray) that it be ready by the middle of June, at the latest. A Year Book speaks for its college, so let's make '45 "Pharos" a real success—a book we will be proud to share to residents of other universities. The Students' Council will soon be asking for applications for editor, business manager, etc., so let's have a hearty response!

—CONNIE ARCHIBALD.

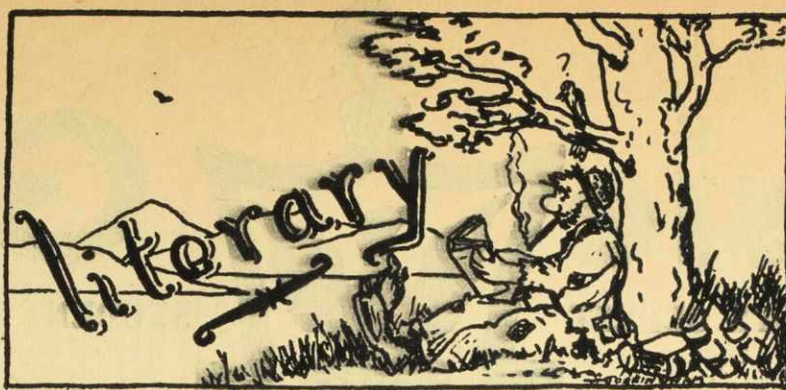
MOVIE-OF-THE-WEEK

Following the current trend of revivals, here's a re-release of David O. Selznick's opulent "PRISONER OF ZENDA". Those who saw the movie years ago will probably want to see it again and those that missed it should see it now. Ronald Colman heads the superb cast, which includes Madeleine Carroll and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. The action is swash-buckling, the sets magnificent, the photography superb, even in these days of super-spectacle.

There are two obvious reasons for its revival—first, its strong

escapist appeal, and, second, the current interest in Selznick and his eight-star film of the home front, "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY." This trend of revivals certainly has its points. One gets a little tired of war pictures whose only claim to distinction is their variation on a too-familiar theme.

I'd like to see Warner's "CALL IT A DAY", Metro's "THE WOMEN" revived. Anyway, it's refreshing to see a screen classic. For that reason you shouldn't miss "PRISONER OF ZENDA" —United Artists' film.



SIGNS

Night seemed breathless,
 But a faint leaf stirred,
 As though a breeze
 Gave promise of the dawn;
 And yet, no flesh tints
 Paled the darkened sky,
 The quiet night slept on
 Unmindful of a shaking leaf,
 A small bird's drowsy trill,
 A whisper
 In the tangled grass,
 Of light, beyond the hill.

K. E. B.

TEA WITH MRS. COPLEY

(Continued from last week)

"Oh I think so. I think these robot bombs are only a last desperate effort to break our morale." Mrs. Bromford sighed, and allowed her glance to fall reflectively on a brown mantle piece where some delicate porcelain figures had been carefully arrayed. There was the boy in the Lord Fauntleroy suit waving a gaily plumed hat, and the lady at the spinet, with the wistful face and flower sprigged skirt. Mrs. Bromford even fancied she heard the soft tinkling notes of the spinet playing some half-forgotten melody. Hastily she turned her glance on a bright bowl of flowers, placed on a table near the fireplace.

"My, what lovely flowers," she exclaimed. "Did they come from your garden, Elizabeth?"

"No, my daughter-in-law brought them to me. She is planning to move in with me. We have been alone since . . . since . . ."

"Yes I know," interrupted Mrs. Bromford. "I think that her coming to stay with you, is an excellent idea. You will be able to bear your loss better, if you are both together."

Elizabeth had paled and quickly diverted the conversation to some other topic, but inevitably, brought it back to her lost son, and was soon showing Mrs. Bromford some snaps that had been taken of Keith before he went away, and some pieces from a fallen Messerschmitt that had come with his last letter.—K. E. B.

"You know," said Mrs. Bromford, examining the pieces from the Messerschmitt, "I had a very strange dream last night. I was thinking about you, and when I fell asleep, I dreamt I saw your son, wounded, but safe in Allied hands. I had a queer feeling about this dream, as though it wasn't a dream somehow. I thought it would be a good thing to tell you about it. If I were you I wouldn't give up hope yet."

Elizabeth sat quietly and gazed desperately into the fire.

"I know," soothed Mrs. Bromford. "I think I can understand how you feel. But you mustn't give up hope yet, not when there's still a chance that your son might be alive."

Gradually, she saw the look of pain leave Elizabeth's face, and something like a ray of hope taking its place. In a short while she was pouring tea into fragile china cups, and they were again conversing about other things—about people they knew, about the report that the black-out was soon to be lifted, and about how close the day of victory seemed, with the Allies marching into France. In the midst of their conversation, came a shrill, harsh ringing of the doorbell, and Elizabeth hurried quickly to answer it, leaving Mrs. Bromford to sip at her tea before the fire. The elderly woman thought that she heard a youthful voice in the hall, then the sound of a door closing and rapid feet beating a hasty retreat down the steps outside. Her heart beat swiftly—agonizingly, as she heard the rustling of paper followed by a brief silence. Suddenly, there was a gasp and Mrs. Bromford rose from her chair. Then she was Elizabeth walking towards her, tears brimming in her eyes.

(To be concluded next week)

Initiation Trials End-

Continued from page one

ing each and every law. She was sentenced to demonstrate her "alcove technique" on an unsuspecting but very co-operative freshman, Don Isnor. Her performance showed great talent and probably much heartfelt work in rehearsal.

Shorty Faulkner was accused of being a Freshman, and although he pleaded guilty his word was apparently not reliable and the jury reversed his opinion.

Egg Shampoo

Next case was that of Lew Bell and Mary Robertson. After due deliberation on the part of the jury both were found guilty and Lew was sentenced to a shampoo a la egg administered by Mary. Honestly Lew, you look kinda cute under an egg.

Art Webber and Lauretta Dickenson rendered a little song "Pistol Packin' Mama" to make up for their misdemeanors.

The final case of the court was that of Romeo Cunningham and

Juliet Kaplan. Found guilty on all charges, they were sentenced to perform a bit of "hot jittin" which they carried off with gusto. Following the romantic dance Romeo was moved to song in his own Sinatra fashion:

I'm the sheik of Dalhousie
 Freshettes belong to me
 And when McKeen's asleep
 Into the Hall I'll creep,
 And the light from her eyes above
 Will light our alcove of love
 Come rule the campus with me.
 I'm the sheik of Dalhousie.

Jerry Naugler's Orchestra



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Ambitious Plan Mooted To Foster College Spirit

T-SQUARE

Returning Engineers last week gazed mournfully about the Drafting Room, saw a profusion of placards and bow-ties, but not one solitary apron. It is reported that one lady Sophomore had applied for Drawing 1 but had been dissuaded by the Registrar on the ground that she would find the sight of eighty hanging tongues rather appalling.

Being a Truro lassie, she should be well acquainted with Engineers' antics from the annual Survey Camp, which, despite competition from Debert, went over well this year. "Newfie" Clark found the St. Mary's boys and their Annapolis Valley Coke much to his liking. Poor Steve suffered from shortsightedness one night and still has bags under his eyes to show for the ones he previously had in front. And it is said there were attractive pins other than the bowling variety stationed in the Truro alleys. "Choppie" is advocating birth control after a hectic evening spent celebrating the arrival of a nephew; he has one consolation—he can give Watters quite a run for the Horizontal Club Presidency, which matter comes up for discussion under the table at the next Society meeting.

Drafting Room Snapshots. "Kipper" racing madly from Prof. Bowes office to drawing board to waste basket, disposing of spilled ink and the Department's good paper, while muttering, "Today is my evil hour."—Philosopher Peter P. challenging one of the Farmer's remarks with, "It's logical, but not chaste"—Prof. Copp standing at the entrance to the inner Drafting Room with burning ears and a shocked expression

Only a hot summer can explain the recent goings-on among our faculty heads. One lecture centered around a rivet-driving bulldozer; another was entitled "How to Preserve a Couple with Both Hands on the Wheel." See what Engineering can do for you?

Someone put his foot in it last Thursday when he failed to mention the Engineers in his list of the highly reputed faculties at Dalhousie. Their good breeding prevented the boys from walking out in the midst of it, but the Publicity Committee plans a campaign to make the campus aware of their presence. Such glaring omissions must not occur again.

The shovel rests.

HUMANIMALS

"The only distinction between the (alleged) human and animal kingdoms is social in character—it is sophistication, sir," according to the most unusual interview I have ever had in my life. He was a retired professor whose views were so unorthodox as to warrant his expulsion from even a liberal university.

When I saw him he was sitting forlornly in a two-room apartment in one of the gloomy and disgraceful tenements in a large Canadian city. His money had gone, swallowed up in his ambitious researches, but his soul shone above the squalor of his surroundings and his spirit was undimmed.

His forlornness was caused by a sad incident that befell a few minutes before my arrival as an inquiring reporter. His landlord, put out of temper by some shortcomings as to rent (a mere month or so) had swept into the room and taken a stuffed ape, which he hoped to sell to an antique shop.

The old man sat between a stuffed hippo head and a grinning bass, incongruities which didn't look unnatural after a short glance at the room. Only its size prevented the inclusion of a few of the lesser dinosaurs. There were stuffed animals of all varieties around the room.

He looked into the backyard of the tenement. About four stories down a grimy pair of youngsters were playing in a heap of refuse, and shouting some obscenities into the air. "How very different from the dignity of the creatures of the woods", the old chap mouthed.

"I do not know how this distinction between animals and humanimals has come about", he said. "I look through early history and I see the Egyptians on speaking terms with their oxen, venerating these faithful creatures even above their fellow humans; I see the ancient Greeks immersed in a pseudo-animalistic mythology that gave ample praises to the horse. Did the Hebrews construct a golden man; no, they made a golden bull?"

"Today, do we make our coins of golden bulls? No, we make them of man. Clearly a change for the worse".

Then civilization happened. How this happened he couldn't quite say; it is the missing gap in his theory that his researches in old age are trying to bridge. No longer, he sighed, did man sleep with the pigs and the horses and the dogs; instead he left the stable and descended to the level of a bed.

"If it wasn't for the fact that humanimals needed clothing in wintertime, I don't think it all would have happened. But humans needed clothing, and in this way they were set apart from the beasts. Worse than that, they had to procure their

covering from the hides of their erstwhile allies. Which is very sad", he said.

It might not have been so bad if it had stopped there. For instance, one woolly mammoth could provide enough clothing for dozens of our people. Besides they would have been so hot and bothered chasing the beast they would have been warm anyway. But clothing begat with it many things, something like a member of that grand race forever in our minds through the Old Testament.

"It produced a less hardy people, a people accustomed to winning its life through guile and through trespassing on the rights of fellow animals. It was the insincerity of man that made him what he is today. He should have died and, like Darwin has aptly said, shown that only the fittest survive.

"But we had one trouble. Have you ever heard of the human mind?" We confessed our ignorance. He described it, and a new field of thought was at once thrown at us. It was this mind, he alleged, that made the whole difference. Apparently it was something that even an animal couldn't fathom. "The pig with trusting eye and shaking heart let itself be slaughtered, sir; the dog was kicked and cuffed around like an over-married man".

Tears began to fall.

"I represent the last of the animal lovers. I do not mean animal lover in the sense of being patronizing to an inferior creature; I mean as a decent individual who recognizes that animals have certain rights commensurate with the purest of democratic ideals. I would as lief elect an ass for a political appointment as I would a man."

"I profess a true comradeship with all the creeping things on earth, and once mankind has thrown off religious and biological shackles, the world will attain its golden age."

When asked if he represented or stood for vegetarian interests, he said that he prescribed mush and grains for the true diet, but had

*Oh we all have heard of Bashan's bull
And the noise from the beast which ensues,
And the growls and howls of the animals
Are the pride of American U's.
But the famous tiger of Dalhousie
Can only warble "U-pi-dee".*

—Author taken for granted.

ARTS 'N SCIENCE NOTES

Well, here we are back in the groove after a long and restful summer, bursting with energy and willing to print all that goes on behind the scenes. We have run into only one slight barrier, and that is not much has happened behind the scenes up to date, but we feel certain that a few co-operative people will perform a scandal or two for our next column. How about it Arts and Science?

A certain Phi Rho pin has found a new home with our last year president, Jean M. Congratulations Bill, you may be assured that it is being well looked after.

Is Jean Nical really as interested in the Youth Commission as she claims, or is it the chairman who is the leading attraction?

Boys, have you heard about a certain freshette who does her entertaining in a pair of sleek black satin lounging pyjamas? If you haven't, we suggest you look into the matter.

A success at last—Yes, apparently Miriam has found the glories of Pepsodent and Irium. Is a diamond really in the offing?

So Alf Cunningham is adopting "The Sheik of Dalhousie" as his theme song. What's the matter, Alfie, can't you make up your mind?

Is Nicki going out for three stripes now, instead of gold braid?

If the freshmen don't ask you out you can always try the orchestra, or at least that is Elsie C. slogan. How is that little drummer boy, Elsie?

several times eaten pate de foie gras. He didn't mind tackling the odd fish too, but claimed they were an anachronism anyway, and as soon as the polar bears could sport around in the ocean without the fear of being run through by a swordfish, it would be better all around.

And so I left him, musing profoundly amongst his treasurers, I readed the door and was about to make my way forth, in time for the ever present deadline.

"Mind you don't kick over that mousetrap".

My faith in human nature was restored.

Last week the Dalhousie Student Council took a step in the completion of a policy which has been dear to the hearts of many critical perusers of the campus scene. For years it has been their heart-felt thought that college spirit definitely does not rate high enough at the University.

The Council's proposals, in simple form, are to provide a leadership for the usual manifestations of college spirit. Cheerleaders are to be taught how to lead a bleacher-full of Tigerphiles, and the students as a whole will be given opportunity to learn the old Dalhousie songs, dear to the heart of the Alumni and -nae.

Not resurrecting the past performances only, it is hoped to have present-day students at Dalhousie write new cheers and songs. There is considerable talent in this University which could do such, it is felt, and the Council is planning to bring such talent into the open. Students are requested to give their ideas or contributions to Alex Farquhar, head of the Committee of the Council which is in charge of such Dalhousiana, or send it to the Gazette marked "Committee on Cheers, Songs."

ORPHEUS

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.
"THREE LITTLE SISTERS"
and
"OH SUSANNA"

MON. - TUES. - WED.
"UKRAINE IN FLAMES"
(Russian Documentary)
"TRIGGER TRAIL"
and
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TODAY - SATURDAY
"BROADWAY RHYTHM"
in Technicolor

MON. - TUES. - WED.
KAY KYSER, in
"SWING FEVER"
and
"BLACK PARACHUTE"

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A Hindu once held his arms above his head for twenty years.—A local college record, perhaps?

GARRICK

SAT. - MON. - TUES.
HENRY ALDRICH
"ALDRICH'S LITTLE SECRET"

TUES. - WED. - THURS.
"FOLLOW THE BOYS"
"BABY-FACE MORGAN"

CAPITOL

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.
CARY GRANT

"Once Upon a Time"

MON. - TUES. - WED.
Ronald Coleman
Madeline Carroll

"The Prisoner of Zenda"

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D-O-P-E

(Dalhousie Organ of Puerile Enigmas)

Question: Do you prefer Harry James or Frank Sinatra?

This, it was soon proved, was a d— foolish query. On examination it was found that Harry James and Frank Sinatra are mentioned in the same ecstatic breath. One charming doe-eyed freshette, who shall forever remain anonymous, uttered a gurgle of reminiscent joy and went on record (affidavits are on file at the Gazette office) as saying that she doesn't go to movies any more (not since "The Shining Future") because they don't bill Frank Sinatra and Harry James in the same picture.

When asked what she wanted for a half-dollar, she blushed and whined away. Frustrated, we sought refuge in Roy's, sinking our miniscule sorrows in coke.

Q.: What type of reading do you enjoy in your leisure hours?

The endless possibilities to this question had us reeling with delight, and happily we set out to find interesting and informative answers. Soon, we struck a snag, however. The great majority remarked sarcastically, "What leisure hours?" One freshman, encountered after a History session, revealed that instead of reading the required Chapter Fifteen of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" he was "just thrilled" with the rest of the work and was plowing through the two volumes clause by clause.

Engineers, we learned, after drafting hours, curl up happily with a Mister Glencannon or the newest issue of the Saturday Evening Post. High in their ivory tower in the Library, we ran to earth several post-grads doing some fascinating research on the table etiquette of our Elizabethan forbears. Flushed from the exertion of their quest, their answers were disturbing. Their private reading tastes ranged from Untranslated Homer, straight through the Bible, down to "True Confessions".

But the pay-off is this: Riding to class one morning, I sat next to a filly who was having quiet hysterics over a pulp magazine. The title of the story she was reading, I chanced to see, was "The Nude Corpse on the Burned Mattress"

TIGERS CLASH WITH IRISH TOMORROW, 2:15 p.m.

ON THE SIDELINES

by FARQUHAR and MINGO

Well, what is going to happen tomorrow? Will "Burnie's boys", youthful, inexperienced, but literally overflowing with the enthusiasm and resolve to win—or else, come through with the victory, or will it go to the St. Mary's squad, older and heavier, but equally as inexperienced?

Either way it promises to be a great, if not the greatest, exhibition of sheer fighting spirit this campus has seen in several seasons. Although they have seldom met on the field, due perhaps to the strange circumstance that each has always accentuated different sports, both Dal and St. Mary's have long eyed each other with contempt whenever the subject of city intercollegiate honours has been discussed.

For many the game will be merely the continuation of the bitter rivalry waged in the past between the local high schools. Here the boys are talking of nothing but by how large a score they will triumph tomorrow, and, we're told, the Windsor Street men have similar dreams of humbling us. Yes, sir, events are certainly shaping up for a real, genuine "grudge match".

Who do we think will win? Ah, shucks, girls, and fellows, we don't want to appear over-confident, but, strictly between you and us, our backfield is the fastest in the business, particularly Smith, Farquhar and Giffin. Bob MacDonald, too, although in the scrum, has been giving authentic imitations of a regular ball of fire in the practices and should be worth a lot of careful observation.

Little Bruce Burgess and Bob Wade have developed into tackling wizards, surprising all, themselves included, and it should be a real spectacle to see them throw the big fellows around. Not that the Irish are without their good men; in fact we suggest you watch Veniot, flying tackle; Sherman, fullback; Rounsfell and Fletcher.

O.K., gang, you know what the set up is now; your job is to be there and cheer. You all remember your yells and have plenty of power in your vocal chords. Use it. Make all the noise you can. Anyone able to utter an intelligible sound on Sunday ought to be ashamed to admit he (or she—women can make a racket, you know) is a Dal student.

For the first time in several years Dalhousie is forming a soccer team. With a nucleus of a few former West Indian players and augmented by several other enthusiasts, the team is shaping into a strong eleven. Since there is no league in the city now, only exhibition games will be played. Some of the lads turning out are: the Feanny boys, Jim McLaren, Gordie Simon, Doug Clark and others.

What you have all been waiting for! The Acadia trip: November 4. Yes, plans have been made that the Tigers journey to Wolfville on Nov. 4th to grind the edge off the Axemen. By the time that revered date rolls around the Bengals will have several games under their belt and will be in top shape to give the age-long rivals the works!

Let's have plenty of spirits for the trip. Acadia claims that they have a strong team to oppose us, but we figure that we have a stronger one. It ought to be quite a struggle, so make plans now to be there.

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SPORTS



Fielding Powerful Squad

For the first time in three years Dalhousie's Tigers march on to the rugby field to battle against the Irish from Saint Mary's College. The game is scheduled to get underway at 2.15 sharp, Saturday afternoon. Everybody on the campus is wondering how the new edition of the Bengals will fare in the first game of the year. Many new faces will present themselves to the fans and much untried ability will be put to the test.

This year's scrum will be lighter than in past years but with three frontliners like Feanny, Burgess and Forgan Burnie Ralston is confident that it will compare favourably with the others in the league. In the two lock positions Ernst and Hartling, two former Intermediate players, will be in there battling. Bob MacDonald, who was outstanding on last year's Cubs, will take care of the tail-up's duties and with his vim and fighting spirit will put lots of life into the forward pack. It is not definite yet that these particular men will be in there Saturday but from observation for the past week, Burnie thinks that they are very likely men. Ralston is quite proud of a new "find" this year in the West Indian gentleman, Feanny, who with his fast and tricky footwork fits in perfectly as the center-heeler.

Backfield Prospects
In the backfield, Adam Smith looks like sure-fire for the flying-half job and he has shown that he is capable enough for that position. Smith possesses blinding speed and a cool head which are two essentials for the flying-half spot. Bugs

MacKenzie will likely be at the picking quarter, and has the ability to get the most out of his scrum.

On the three-quarter line Farquhar and Giffen are sure starters but the other two are doubtful. Bell and Flynn have been doing well in practice as has Bob Knight. Diminutive Bryce Burgess is also to be reckoned with and Burnie Ralston has a job in his hands to choose two men from this galaxy. At the fullback post, Bob Wade, stellar rearguard of last year, will thrill the stands with his breathtaking tackling and long punting.

Coach Confident
With a fighting spirit such as the team has this year they are capable of taking all opposition and Burnie Ralston is very confident that his boys will roll over the Fighting Irish tomorrow. If the stands are filled with backers who have a spirit equal to the players then it is all the more certain that The Bengals will leave the field with the first win of the season under their belts and armed with a greater incentive to go on and cop the City Championship for Dalhousie. Let's see everybody out.

THE LINEUP

DALHOUSIE		ST. MARY'S
Wade	Fullback	Fletcher
C. Giffen A. Farquhar B. Burgess P. Flynn	Three-Quarters	Fraser Hyland O'Neill Rounsfell
A. Smith E. MacKenzie	Halves	Veinot Fennell
R. Feanny Bell A. Burgess A. Ernst A. Hartling B. MacDonald	Forwards	Sullivan Schouler Keene Waller McCoombs Wallace
Subs: L. Bell, D. Dunlop		Amirault, Jannigan

RUGBY FOOTBALL AIDS

(1st of a series by B. A. Ralston)

No. 1—The Art of taking the ball . . . Better ball handling.

There are two ways of taking the ball: (a) with the hands and arms when the ball is falling from a high kick, and (b) with the hands when it is rolling along the ground or bouncing low, but in neither case should the ball be grabbed. In taking the ball from a high kick the arms should be fairly close together, elbows not too far apart, thus forming receptacle into which the ball falls easily but yet cannot pass through and drop to the ground. In a high kick the hand must be above the level of the eyes and the player must watch the ball fall into his hands. The eyes must not be taken off the ball to watch the opposing players. When caught the ball must be brought into the chest by a quick, nursing movement, being careful not to let the ball hit the body first. If the ball is taken below the level of the eye it drops out of vision, and only good luck enables it to be taken. The proper attitude means much to the college player who hopes some day to be a star in the game he loves. Fundamentals mean almost as much in football as they do in tennis. Many players are born but by far the great majority of them are made. Given an even break from nature, a fair amount of speed and any youngster may develop into a good player. There is much to be gained from football. It is a character builder as well as a body builder. Glance over the leading figures in business, professional, and political life throughout the Maritimes and it will be a revelation in knowing that many of them were stars in their day. They loved the game for its own sake.

(Continued next week)

FROSH WHIPPED IN "SOPH" BALL

In an interesting part of the initiation week activities a softball game was staged after the Sophs had challenged the lowly Frosh to play. The game lasted for nine innings and was featured with many brilliant plays throughout. The final score was 24-17 for the Sophs who maintained their supremacy on the diamond as well as about the campus.

Highlighting the game was the unquestionable umpiring of Umpire-in-chief "Mike Waterfield" and his confederate, Seymour Black, who handled the bases. The Frosh were behind all the way and in an effort to stop the hitting rampage of their upperclassmen called on Sgt. Rogul of the U. A. T. C. to take over the hurling duties. On the first pitched ball from Rogul, Catcher Carl Giffen of the Sophs teed off and lifted a hard hit ball to the right field fence for a homer. Cunningham and Cook were outstanding for the Frosh while Giffen was the standout for the Sophs.

Lineups:
Sophs: Giffen, Harris, Miller, Dunlop, Clark, Farquhar, Knight, Chapman and Ferguson.
Frosh: Potech, Cunningham, Cooley, Smith, Miller, Cook, Sikel, Lightfoot and Burgess.

Schedule Drafted

Last Friday night the executive of the Halifax Services Rugby-Football League met and completed their arrangements for the coming season. The Navy and Fleet Air Arm definitely promising to field teams, a schedule was drawn up Oct. 14—Dal. vs. St. Mary's.
Navy vs. Fleet A. A.

- Oct. 21—Tech. vs. Navy.
Fleet A. A. vs. Dal.
- Oct. 28—St. Mary's vs. Tech.
Dal. vs. Navy.
- Nov. 4—Fleet A. A. vs. Tech.
Navy vs. St. Mary's.
- Nov. 11—Tech. vs. Dal.
St. Mary's vs. F. A. A.

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