

## VARSITY VETS VOLUNTEER

### EX-SERVICE STUDENTS SPAWN SPECIAL SERVICE

Harassed housewives shed your worries. No longer need you be bothered by diaper dampness, plugged plumbing, window washing, or supper-shopping. The stalwart student vets of Dalhousie University have once again shown initiative in the sponsoring of their latest brainchild—the Odd-Jobs Agency. I quote their latest ad:

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**FOR PROMPT, COURTEOUS AND CONFIDENTIAL**

**SERVICE**

The germ of the idea was fertilized by an acute feeling of hunger, due in no small part to the government's generous (?) allowance of \$80.00 a month for vet and wife. The embryonic stage was nursed along by a second-year Law student, formerly of the West Novies, and now, in its post-natal stage, it has proved a huge success.

The above has already brought strange and unusual requests, indicating that the slogan, "YOU NAME—WE DO IT," has been given a literal interpretation by helpless housewives and frantic families.

One frantic father-to-be phoned in begging for a mid-wife. (Ed. note. His case was ably handled.)

One slick chick, revenge per-meeting her mind, desired an escort for a dance that was also to

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## DRASTIC MEASURES DEMANDED

This week's topic: "Canada and the U.S.S.R."

Measures reaching far beyond the grasp of private builders were urged by the Dalhousie Citizens' Forum Group at its Tuesday evening meeting this week, when it discussed the question "Can We Build More Houses—Faster?" The chairman was J. E. Millie. The housing emergency, the Forum declared, cannot effectively be met by private enterprise—even before the war, construction companies had no been able to provide adequate low-cost housing to meet the

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## S. C. M. Plans General Meet

The first of a series of speakers for the Students' Christian Movement has been announced. He will be Professor F. M. Page, M. A., Associate Professor of Psychology. Professor Page will speak on "Personal Relations".

This speech will be the initial offering of the S. C. M. in connection with a Christian conference to be held at Dalhousie. It is the aim of the conference to try and aid students in finding out what place Christianity and active religion can have in their lives.

The program for the conference is almost complete and the plans have been laid with special consideration to the needs and interests of students. The University Christian Committee in Toronto has been contacted and the conference is a direct result.

Professor Page should be of great interest to all the students of the University and the choice of such a man as the first speaker will give some implication of the ideas and aims of the conference.

Students interested will have an opportunity for discussion and private interviews with such speakers as Professor Page which will be definitely beneficial.

It is the hope of the committee that the conference will be a

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## Gazetteers Get in Gear

In the cold grey mist of eventide, in the deep subcellar of Ye Ancient and Honorable Arts building, all was a pregnant silence in The Gazette Office. Something—was about to hatch. Here with fiendish glee, and gleaming fangs, the minions of the Gambol committee planned the ghastly fate of their fellow morons—(that is, those who planned on going to the Gambol). This will definitely be the "DO" of the year—So spake Ye Ole Bard.

More, mad, moronic, mysterious, Machiavelian, mirth will be inflicted on said patrons than since Herman Goring wore a size 14 girdle.

So take warning all ye who have any semblance of intelligence, don't miss the best struggle of the year. There will be spring filled stretchers available for th victims of Pes Planus 3rd degree.

Don Warner's mellow men will provide liting strains of Pan-like music to which all covers will gleefully beat the boards into dust. Sans Wine, Sans Locker, Sans End.

So now, as the committee crawls twitchingly into their respective cages, they look back with glassy orbs, and intone the ancient incantations of, "Alpha Cholera Swiverhip", or, Come to the Gazette Gambol.

## Kings Presents...

### Dal Students Take Part

Among the outstanding artist students featured in the second concert of the Ladies' Musical Club series was a number of talented Dalhousie musicians. Members of the student body in attendance on Tuesday night, Nov. 12th, were gratified by the excellent performances rendered by Terry Monaghan, whose artistic interpretation of Saint-Seans' "Mon Coeur s'oeuvre a ta Voix" drew resounding applause from the audience; Frances Saulnier, in her rendition of the "Rondo" for violin by Kreisler; and vocal artist Marjorie Coady, singing Debussy's "Air de Lia", from "L'enfant Prodigue".

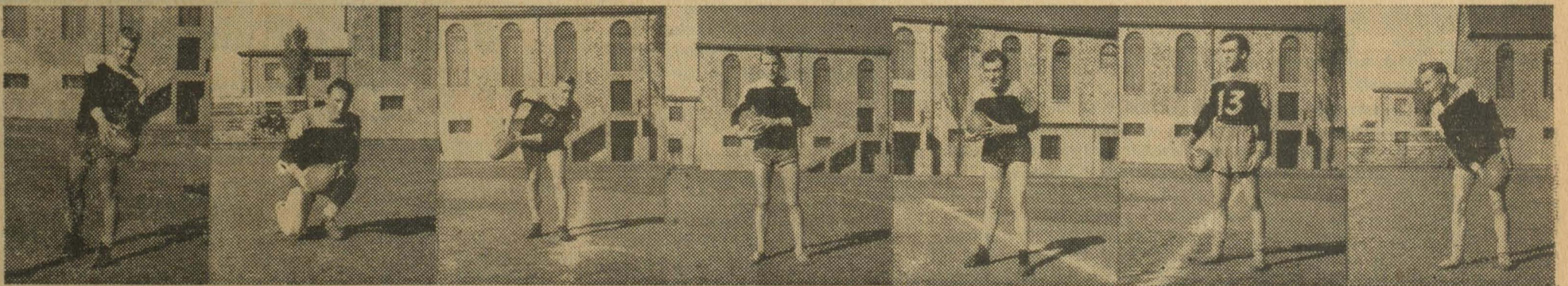
Of additional interest to Dalhousie music lovers were the performances of two former students, Lorna Roome, violinist, and Neal Van Allen, pianist. Miss Roome delighted the audience with her fine presentation of Lalo's "Symphonic Espagnole", and the familiar "Dancing Doll",

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The King's College Dramatic Society has announced that it will present three one-act plays at the School for the Blind Auditorium on Tuesday, Nov. 19th. The programme will open with Noel Coward's well-known comedy, "The Family Album." This will be followed by the more serious "Intruder", by Maurice Maeterlinck, and the final presentation of the evening will be Stark Young's "The Twilight Saint." These plays are under the able direction of Prof. C. L. Lambertson, who has directed amateur theatricals in Toronto, and the casts will include several actors already well known on Studley campus.

Due to the limited capacity of the auditorium it is advisable to purchase tickets well in advance. These may be had from Phinney's the King's office, and from many of the King's students. The change of date should be noted by all those already holding tickets.

## Introducing . . . . The Senior Tigers



LEW BELL

REG McCULLOCH

ALEX FARQUHAR

JOHN PRIMROSE

JOHN MACKEIGAN

BOB MACDONALD

BUGS MACKENZIE



DOUG MACDONALD

VINCE MORRISSON

CYRIL MORGAN

HEC POTHIER

FOO GRANT

BOB McQUINN

KERRY DUNPHY

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST STUDENT PUBLICATION

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Co-ed Sports	Features	Jack Lusher
FRAN DOANE	News	LEW MILLER, P-3
Literary	Proofreader	MARY FARQUHAR
ART MOREIRA	Office Mgr.	DON MORRISON
Rewriter	BILL OGILVIE	DON MORRISON
VIVIAN LUSHER	Business Manager	DON MORRISON
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**CONTRIBUTORS AND REPORTERS THIS WEEK:**

Frank Gould, Bob MacDougall, Fuzz Foster, Pete Hannington, Ralph Macdonald, Ted Shields, Dave Jamieson, Liz Reeves, Pattie MacKinnon, Ann Duffy, Molly Schwartz, Windy O'Neil, Bob Tuck, Fran Doane, Nancy Jones, Russ Hamilton, Jack MacCormack, Geoff Payzant, Homer.

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## LIVING MEMORIALS

Last Monday, throughout the world, in huge cities and in tiny villages, crowds gathered, to stand with bared heads, in homage to those who fell in the First and Second World Wars. In Halifax they gathered before an impressive pile of granite, and at Dalhousie they gathered not at all. The reason? Because Dalhousie, as yet, has no Memorial dedicated to her fallen sons, save a series of brass plaques.

The almost universal sentiment following this war has been, "no more useless piles of masonry and sculpture—let our War Memorials be living, useful buildings." We are still awaiting such a memorial either at Dalhousie or in Halifax.

Last year much time and money was expended to determine, by means of a plebiscite, what Dalhousie students considered a fitting memorial. The results of this plebiscite were as follows: first, a men's residence, second, a swimming pool, and third, a rink. All useful functional buildings, but buildings to which we object.

First, a residence, while certainly the most essential building on the campus, seems to us to be the responsibility of the University authorities. A residence was needed here long before the war, and thoughts of raising part of the necessary funds from student contributions seem another epic in the old story of "passing the buck".

The swimming pool and rink are definitely student buildings, but they are not fitting War Memorials. What must be had is a building which will serve as the centre of all student life at Dalhousie. A Student Union building is the obvious answer.

Cultural life in Halifax is almost non-existent. What does linger on is uncentralized, and practically unsupported. Instead of Dalhousie, as the largest and most influential University in the Province, acting as the community centre for Halifax's cultural life, it is almost unknown to most Haligonians. There must be some way to bind together and integrate Dalhousie's life with that of the community in which it lives.

To come to a practical suggestion, The GAZETTE strongly urges that action be taken on a Dalhousie War Memorial. It is absolutely essential to "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT!" Humankind is notorious for tightening its pursestrings as its ardour cools. Already certain elements in the population of this country advocate war with various and sundry other nations. Perhaps they have shallow memories—or perhaps they have not suffered as those who served have suffered.

The GAZETTE further suggests that Dalhousie and the city of Halifax co-operate in the raising of funds and eventual construction of a building which will serve as a LIVING Memorial to the dead of both city and University.

Finally it suggests that this building should take the form of a Civic Auditorium—Student Union Building—a building which would include an Auditorium, rehearsal rooms, exhibit and lecture rooms, and at least eight offices to house the various student activities.

If we, the living, are to honor the dead, we must honor them in our lives, not by standing once a year before a granite pile or graven image. WE MUST PAY HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN WITH LIVING MEMORIALS!

**THE GAZETTE ADVOCATES ACTION.**

(The editors invite comment from the student body on this very controversial subject—and will attempt to publish all letters which remain within a reasonable degree of verbosity.)

## EDITOR'S MAIL

**CAN WE TRY SOCIALISM?**

Dear Sir:—  
Mr. Lew Miller, in last week's Gazette, asks: "Why not try socialism?" This question implies that should socialism be found wanting after a fair trial, we could casually return to the present system.

It seems obvious, however, that a state cannot change the

basis of its economy every four years with the same facility with which we alternate Liberal and Conservative governments.

Socialism implies a fundamental change in both our political and economic systems; to say that this would be a "trial" is to ignore the lessons of the past.

Socialism would inevitably give

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## CORNERSTONES CRUMPLE : COLLEGE COLLAPSING !

It all began several years ago. Began, that is. It began when somebody laid the first cornerstone. At Dalhousie, that is. Anyhow, what happened is so. The cornerstone was NOT ark-tuk-turkally and engineerikally perfect. That is, it was not without blemish. So.

All during the summer a bunch of guys, Engineers, that is, were surveying. Their surveys were all wrong. Why is this, they mused. (Yes—dear children—Engineers can muse . . .) Now these Engineers were all outstanding in their line—and could usually be found outstanding in the line waiting for the store to open (CENSORED, that was). Anyhow—they were outstanding—and being so they mused they must be right and the cornerstones wrong. Something must be done. The whole University was on the verge of collapse. (This is known as alliteration—and is a legitimate weapon used by all good journalists, even unto Editor So'lowmas).

From the library of applied dynamics and practical weaseling a rush, long distance call went out to Pres. Auto of Stoodgy Campoos. The HIGH COMMAND was in an uproar. Communiques went out right and left—also up and down. The GAZOOT was called in in an advisory capacity. Its capacity was much larger than expected, however, and it was soon called out. The news leaked out all over the floor. The GREATEST was coming. The great Sliderool MacTsquare was on his way. He was about to undertake the reconstruction of Stoodgy.

At a press conference the famed Arkitekt from Yukon U. stated, "Kilroianus erat hic . . . hic . . . hic."

Asked what changes were impending in the arkitekture of the Campoos, he slyly drew a five hundred pound, Bigger and Better than Ever, guaranteed quick results, Atom Bomb from his hip pocket, and whispered hoarsely, "There will be some changes made".

Taken on a conducted tour of Cathedral B-r-r-r-acks (open every day except Sunday, admission only 10c) he informed GAZOOTERS Fuzzter and Ghoul that he planned to redecorate the interior in pre-Paleolithic cave style to promote that "homey atmosphere", and at the same time to completely eliminate the exterior.

The Men's Residence posed another sort of problem. "Anyone with half an eye can see this structure has possibilities" quoth MacTsquare, "but what does he do with the other eye and a half?"

The interview was nearing its climax. MacTsquare asked your reporter if he would have a bottle of B— with him. Whereupon he poured five quarts down our neck, and politely asked if we felt the draught. However, knowing how to cross a street, we replied, "No tanks, we get our water from a tap."

MORAL: A stitch in time may mean that those wartime trousers will last two weeks instead of only one.

Henry—How is Smith?  
Jerry Flat on his back.  
Henry—Why, I saw him dancing with a dizzy blonde last night.  
Jerry—So did his wife.

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Bachelor of Music	Pharmacy
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**Residences**

Women students live in Shirreff Hall — one of the finest Women's Residences in the Dominion. Residence is provided for first year men in the University Men's Residence. Other men students live in either of two affiliated institutions or in selected and approved homes. Special arrangements are being made to accommodate married and single ex-service students.

Meals for all students are available at the University.  
For full information write to THE REGISTRAR.

THE COUNCIL . . . . .



# Meet The Council

The Students' Council, as an executive, manages the affairs of the organizations of the Student Body. The council is elected at general elections held in March, at which all students are eligible to vote. The members, so elected, hold office during the following academic year.... The President and Vice-President, representing no faculty, are elected by all Dalhousie voters. There are five representatives from Arts and Science, two from Engineering, two from Medicine, and one each from Law, Dentistry and Commerce.

## Articulate Six Chosen For '46

November 7—Chosen to represent Dalhousie University in Inter-Collegiate debating this year are Clint Havey, Al Blakeney, Bob MacLellan, Whitney Dalrymple, Mark Yeoman and Phil Arlett.

The subjects chosen by the dozen contestants ranged from "The Abolition of the Privy Council" to the speech by Clint Havey which denounced the present system of choosing debaters for the Intercollegiate team.

The chairman, Jim Saunders, permitted each aspiring debater to speak no longer than five minutes, and the trials went on without pause from 7.30 p.m. until almost 9.00.

The judges, Prof. C. H. Mercer agreed with the address given by Mr. Havey in that an open forum method should be used to select members for the senior debating team. It was pointed out that in the trials, such as they are, a debater has no opportunity to display his full ability.

## Shirreff Hall Holds Formal

On opening the massive oaken door of Shirreff Hall, the initial male arrival was greeted with such gleeful expressions from the chorus of sixty-odd female voices that he quickly retreated to the shadow of a sparse bush to await reinforcements.

While the shadow of the sparse bush gathered a host of hesitant he-men, beautifully gowned coeds muttered, "Will that man ever get here?"

Finally the foremost of the fearful flock said, "Well, gang—Well, let's—let's wel just let's", and this time the hungry expressions did not frighten them (ostensibly at least) from avoiding the reception line where they were greeted by Miss MacKeen, the Keeper of the Keys of the Hall, and the House President, Chris Irving.

The beautiful voice of Jean Parker and the music of Don Warner's sextet suspended the throng in the realm of fantasy until the ringing of the curfew tolled—them to go home.

A Freshman Representative, appointed by the outgoing council, and a member-at-large, appointed by the incoming council, bring the number of Council members to sixteen. The Secretary-Treasurer is an officer appointed and paid by the Students' Council.

As you no doubt noticed, \$13.00 of your fees at Registration were earmarked "Students' Council Fee". The distribution and proper expenditure of this money is the responsibility of the Council. It is used to finance the D. A. A. C., the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society, Pharos, the Dalhousie Year Book, Sodales Debating Society, the "Dalhousie Gazette", Delta Gamma and D. G. A. C., and other Council sponsored activities. Each society presents a budget, its proposed expenditures, at the commencement of the academic year. The budgets, having been picked over item at a time by the six man executive of the Council, are further rehashed and voted upon by the entire organization.

The Council exercises general jurisdiction over the activities of societies which it finances. No society can be constituted within the university without the sanction of the Student government.

The Council is the official medium between the Student and university authorities, and between the student body and the general public.

Upon the broad shoulders of the Council also rests the responsibility for the conduct of students "on or beyond" the campus.

Business of such momentous nature as is today considered within the confines of the Murray Homestead has been the duty of Dal Students' Councils since 1912. Meetings are open to all students.

While your Council members orate weightily and apply their keen minds to the problems at hand, the drudgery of minute-taking and book-keeping is done by the ever-faithful Secretary-Treasurer. Although not a member of the Council, Murray Rankin is to be highly commended for his aid to the Students' Council.

A tram driver charged a lady full fare for her son who was wearing long pants. At the next corner he charged a little boy in short pants only half fare. Then at the next stop the driver let a lady on the tram without charging her anything. She had a transfer, you dopes.

## SCALPELS AND STETHESCOPIES FORGOTTEN

November 8—Sharp at the stroke of nine this stormy evening, the Medical Society threw away books and instruments and romped gleefully to the Gym to open their campus activities for the year. Accompanied by the feminine pulchritude of Shirreff Hall and sundry other places, they danced to the music of Don Warner and his new, enlarged seventeen piece (UNIONIZED) sextet.

Dancing continued until intermission, when a sing-song was enjoyed and Roy's coke bar was rushed. The parched throats of all and sundry were in need of relief after the exertions of the previous rhythmic gyrations.

The post-intermission dancing was interrupted for a few enjoyable minutes while maestro Warner and his cohorts gave an exhibition of music and dancing from darkest Africa to the tune of "Ugh, What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?"

The dancing continued until Father Time reared his unwelcome, hoary head and bade all a pleasant good night and "Come again next year".

# Back Stage At Twelfth Night

Shades of Broadway in the Gym this week as the Glee Club goes into production of its first major production of the year—Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Lights, gas costumes, Elizabethan characters everywhere.

Howard Norman and his stage crew busily banging in nails, painting scenery and themselves as they prepare eighteen

scenery changes.

Bill Mingo tearing madly around Halifax leaving in his wake a string of posters: "Dalhousie Glee Club presents Twelfth Night, November 22, 23. Premiere for students November 21."

Director Pigot coaching his dramatic proteges in last minute instructions.

Fairlie Prowse industriously setting make-up in order through a maze of powder and smoke.

Elsie Cruikshanks looking for usherettes.

Gordie Hart issuing orders here and there.

George Hawkins talking his way through Halifax high schools telling them all about the big show.

Frank Padmore and his concert orchestra rehearsing numbers to play between acts.

Don Dunlap supplying the press and radio with all the necessary advertising details.

The pre-production plans for a show represent a great volume of organization. After the cast was picked work really began and they have been rehearsing for weeks. The stage crew have been busy painting, planning, setting up the scenery which is the background of the show. The advertising and publicity men have much to do in interesting the public in the production. Make-up and costumes have to be ordered, seating arrangements must be planned, invitations issued and many other details capably handled.

So you see—show production is not all footlights, applause and glamour—it represents labor, thought and time and when the curtain rises next Thursday night, the production you see is the result of many hours spent in making arrangements for the scenes behind the scenes.

## Canadian Art Exhibition At Dalhousie

There is a Canadian Art, and it is interesting! That's what the Engineers will tell you. Why? Because last week on the walls of their Common Room, there was hung a selection of the 1945-46 Exhibit of the Royal Canadian Academy.

The Exhibit was brought to Dalhousie by the Halifax group of the Maritime Artists Association, for the enjoyment of Halifax.

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# Music, Mirth & Free Smokes

"What,—you weren't there?"

Let no one say this to you on the morning following the Alumni Smoker which will be held on November 18th. It will be one of the highlights of your campus career—an event to be fondly remembered long after the kindly portals of Dalhousie have passed you into the stream of unrelenting Time.

## Little "Black Book" Coming

The Dal Students' Directory, under the capable management of George Hawkins and Bob Blois, will be available to the student body about the first of December. Because of increased enrollment a record amount of 1700 copies is to be published.

The delay in publication is not the fault of the Directory staff, but that of the student body; since most of the information in the booklet is obtained from the Student Council forms, which were filled out during registration. Unfortunately these were not filled out by some, and only

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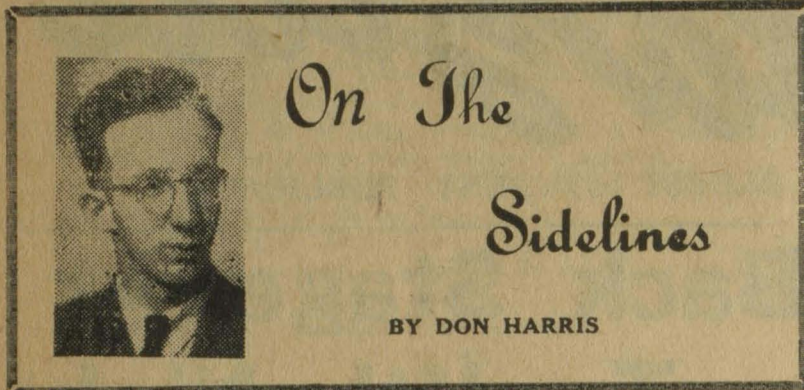
# COMING EVENTS

Because of suggestions made by numerous Dal students it was decided to publish a weekly summary of coming events. It is not practical for The Gazette staff to be in search of coming events, thus it was that in last week column it was suggested that sponsors who desire publicity for their events notify The Gazette office no later than Tuesday noon. There was no notification of any events for the coming week. If you should desire this column to be continued, please notify us of the event you want publicized.

- Tuesday, November 19th  
King's College Dramatic Society presents three one-act plays.
- Saturday, November 16th  
Open House at Shiffett Hall—8.30 p.m.
- Every Tuesday at 9.00 p.m.  
Citizens' Forum at Murray Homestead.

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# CO-EDS MAINTAIN WIN STREAK



## On The Sidelines

BY DON HARRIS

"WE DIDN'T WANT YOU FELLOWS TO COME UP HERE; WE DON'T WANT YOU HERE NOW; WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN HAVING YOU HERE IN THE FUTURE, NOR ANY OTHER DAL TEAM" \*— welcome to McGill a la Major Forbes version. With this message of good tidings, Major D. S. Forbes Director of Athletics at McGill, greeted the Dal tennis team upon their arrival in Montreal last weekend. This was only the beginning, however, as Forbes warmed to his subject—YOU CONSIDER US UP HERE AS CANADA; WE DON'T CONSIDER YOU AT DAL, OR IN THE MARITIMES, AS CANADA. YOU ARE FOREIGNERS TO US! \* \* \* and so on into the \* \* \*. Forbes got all this out at his first meeting with the Dal team, and to make sure that they understand him clearly, he did a repeat performance on the following day, and this time he included an audience of McGill students, not being very proud.

Dal didn't mind getting trimmed by McGill, even though they would liked to have won, but they certainly did not expect insult added to injury, which the ever ready D. S. Forbes provided with, it seems, the greatest of ease. Further details of his generous treatment of the Dal team may be found in the letter to the D. A. A. C. from the Dal Tennis Manager, which facts have been verified by the other members of the Dal team and by some members of McGill's student body.

It is too bad that ill-feeling should be created between our two universities, mainly because of the apparent ignorance of one man, who seems to have completely forgotten the meaning of the word 'sportsmanship', as testified in his treatment to a visiting team. Granted that he was not pleased at being forced into a match with Dal, common decency called for at least some feeble attempt at courtesy, even if it hurt. Apparently the very thought of the word courtesy is detestful to this great and noble character—Major D. S. Forbes, or at any rate, so he would have us believe.

I think, and hope, that Major Forbes is speaking only for himself and not for the University of McGill, even though he is listed as an official representative of that university. It does not seem reasonable that a large Canadian university, with such a fine reputation as that of McGill's would ever see fit to exhibit such a prime example of ignorance and ill-feeling towards another university, as did this worthy person. He went out of his way to make things uncomfortable for his visitors in every way, aside from calling them foreigners.

He gave them false information regarding practice opportunities and the schedule and time for the meet, whether intentionally or not, although it would seem the former, according to his attitude. He did just about everything he could do to give his own university a bad name, and this is unfortunate, since we at Dal have been informed of the earnest desire, on the part of McGill University, to promote good relations between universities, especially on the part of their Board of Governors. However, most people will judge them upon the actual showing made by their representatives, and Major Forbes has certainly done his bit to blacken the good name of McGill in this part of Canada.

We are not just squawking because we were trimmed, but because we are very angry and disturbed at the thought of such a person being the official representative of an accredited university. We are not making a mountain out of a molehill, either, since Dal's tennis manager received an official apology from some representatives of the McGill Athletic Union, on the last day of their stay in Montreal.

It is too bad that Major Forbes has had his education so sadly neglected or else he slept through the course on good sportsmanship. He certainly set a new low in that department.

I hope that the members of McGill University will understand our anger at this treatment, and realize that we do not hold it against the University, but only against our good friend, Major D. S. Forbes. He may rest with the knowledge that he has won himself a place in the memories of Dalhousians, a memory that will not soon be erased, nor will the effects be forgotten by either him or by us. That I promise him. Some people remember Pearl Harbour; we at Dal will remember Major D. S. Forbes! ! !

## Welcome To McGill

The President, Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Club,  
Dear Sir,

In view of the unfortunate chain of events which marked the visit of the Dalhousie Tennis team to McGill University it seems highly desirable that a complete report should be presented to the D.A.A.C.

On arrival at Montreal the team was received by Major Forbes, McGill Athletic Director, in his office. He first of all explained for our benefit the nature of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union, the sixty-year-old league of universities with whom McGill plays most of its intercollegiate sports. It was in stressing the self-sufficiency of this arrangement that he referred to Dalhousie as being outside Canada and our visiting tennis team as foreigners visiting a foreign country. In no uncertain manner he assured us that McGill considered our present visit and any future visits as neither necessary nor desirable.

He referred to the Montreal Indoor Tennis Club as being "exclusive and snobbish", so that playing of the matches there was a great concession on their part and, having requested this concession, he would not ask any more favors of them in order to obtain practise facilities for us. As only two McGill students were members of the club and permitted to have only one guest once, he could offer no solution in this direction. Finally he emphatically stated that these were the only indoor courses in Montreal. This left us with one solitary outdoor court at McGill—but it rained every day.

We learned subsequently that 1. The Montreal Indoor Tennis Club is not the only indoor club in Montreal.

2. There are more than two McGill students who are club members and they are not limited to taking one guest once. One student informed us, too late, that he was an intermediate member and could have taken us to the club on Friday morning and until three o'clock Friday afternoon. It was in the presence of this student and several other McGill students that Major Forbes reasserted something already said: "We didn't want you fellows to come here in the first place, we don't want you now and we are not interested in having you at any future time—nor any other Dalhousie teams."

This state of confusion and lack of courtesy continued almost to the end. Although the wire accepting our challenge stated that games were to start at 11 a.m. on the 11th of November, and although Major Forbes told

## Dal Girls Clip Acadia Team 3-2

Despite heavy showers, Dal. co-eds edged out a 3-2 victory over Acadia ground hockey team here on Saturday, chalking up another win to this year's flawless outfit.

Both teams found it impossible to carry out any amount of forward passing, so that as a result there was a great deal of "golfing", and many hard shots from one end of the field to the other. The ball changed hands many times, due to the fact that the players, on attempting to dribble it, often slipped in the churned-up field.

us that the courts were ours until 4 p.m. and longer if necessary, this did not prove to be the case. Jack Spencer, the tennis manager, told us on arrival that the games would begin at 10 a.m. Even then, as Major Forbes suggested, it might have been possible for us to have practised for an hour or more before the matches began. At 8 a.m. on Monday, however, Spencer telephoned us that the games were to start at 9 a.m. and finish at 3 p.m.

With our last hope for practise removed, we counted heavily on being able to play our doubles matches first so that two men could accustom themselves to the courts while risking only one match instead of two. McGill, however, had informed their players that the singles games would be played first, and only their first and second players were present, the others having been instructed to come along later. I could not help pointing out that the same consideration would have been appreciated by the Dal team. At this point Jim Duff, McGill's number one player, sprang into action and co-operated to the extent that all McGill players were soon notified and on hand to play the games as we had suggested. Unfortunately, Blair Dunlop had begun his single with Jack Spencer before this arrangement was completed.

The Dal team is unanimous in its feeling that our reception and treatment at the hands of a few individuals cannot be taken as representing the attitude of McGill students in general. On the contrary, the vehemently expressed opinions of many students assured us that they were just as indignant as we were.

On behalf of the Dal team, I should like to thank every individual who tried to assist us in any way, and we are especially appreciative of the action of the member of the McGill Athletic Union who apologized for the lack of consideration and courtesy on the part of those supposed to organize the tournament.

Yours very truly,  
IAN RUSTED,  
Dalhousie Tennis Manager.

Professor Burns Martin of King's College would like the names of students who would be interested in the formation, after the New Year, of (a) a voluntary class in Gaelic, and (b) a Celtic Club for the discussion of subjects relating to the Celtic peoples.

### ORPHEUS Theatre

Fri. and Sat.  
"WHIRLWIND HORSEMEN"  
and  
"AFRICA SPEAKS"  
Mon., Tues. and Wed.  
"KILLERS OF THE SEA"  
and "TRIGGER PALS"

Dal. took the lead from the beginning, with Nancy Jones, ex-Edgehillite, scoring for the home team. The Acadia team staged several gang attacks on the Dal. goalie, but Jean Mitchell put up a good show and, with the aid of the full-backs, kept back the numerous shots.

During the second quarter, the play went from goal to goal and Nancy Jones again scored for her team. Ginger Fraser, Acadia star, made several attempts on the Dal goal and succeeded in bringing her team into the running, with one point to their credit.

The second quarter was much the same as the first, with Joyce Hart chalking up another goal for Dal, and Acadia's Alex Corey boosting their total points to 2.

The final quarter was a hard fought one, with the Dal goalie blocking numerous tries, as the Axettes attempted in vain to tie the score, which, at the completion of the game, was still 3-2 for Dal.

Line-up; Acadia: Bertie Leslie, Sandy Stirling, Alex Carver, Ginger Fraser, Lois Lockhart, Pat. Churchill, Alex Corey, Gerry Strong, Barb. Zinc, Pat. Andrews, M. Bowers.

Dalhousie: Joyce Hart, Frannie Doane, Pat Snuggs, Nancy Jones, Marg. O'Neil, L. A. Hayes, Pam Stevens, Jean Mitchell, Mary Primrose, Priscilla Raymond, Elizabeth Mahon.

## Girls' Ground Hockey Trims Edgehill 3-2

Dalhousie Co-eds kept their undefeated record intact last Tuesday, when they took their second game from Edgehill by a score of 3-2, at Windsor.

The game was a repetition of Saturday's match, with pouring rain and a muddy field making precision plays and organized passing impossible. The game was fairly evening matched with Dalhousie's stronger defense making a stonewall barrier to the Edgehill forwards in the first half; while in the second half her forwards kept the ball almost constantly within the Edgehill 25-yard line.

Dalhousie scored early in the first period on a shot by Nancy Jones. Pressing the advantage Dal. made the score 2-0 on a beautiful corner shot by Pat Snuggs. Edgehill counted soon after as Joan Morrow rapped the ball in after Edgehill was given a penalty shot within Dal's goal circle.

At half time the sun returned, making the game a bit faster. Dal ended her scoring on a goal by Pat Godfrey. Edgehill forwards almost scored on several occasions, on break-away plays, but miraculous stopping by Dal's fearless goaler saved the day, on all but one occasion, when Jane Cox tallied the final score, making

(Continued on Page 8)

### Open House

WHERE: SHIRREFF HALL.  
WHEN: SATURDAY, 9 to 12.  
WHY: SO EVERY GAL CAN SEE PART OF THE 6.728 MALES SHE'S ENTITLED TO.  
HOW: EASY — JUST FIND ONE OF YOUR 6.728 (MALES TAKE NOTE — YOU TOO CAN ASK A WOMAN!)  
P.S. WARNER AND THE BOYS WILL BE THERE. (That's a plug, Warner).  
P. S. AGAIN REFRESHMENTS.

### CASINO

AN ODEON THEATRE

Starting Saturday

"THE THRILL OF BRAZIL"

STARRING

EVELYN KEYES,  
KEENAN WYNN  
and  
ANN MILLER

### Oxford Theatre

Fri. and Sat.  
"SUSPENSE" with Belito,  
and "IN FAST COMPANY"  
with East Side Kids.  
Mon., Tues. and Wed.  
"DRAGONWICK," starring  
Gene Tierney, Walter Huston.  
Thurs., Fri. and Sat.  
"JANIE GETS MARRIED"  
with Joan Leslie and "FLYING  
TIGERS" starring John Wayne.

# McGILL REPULSES DAL TENNIS

## CAMPUS ROUNDUP

By WINDY O'NEILL

One rousing huzzah for the officials of the U. of B. C. who refused to give Tim Buck permission to speak to their students. Mr Buck is head of the infamous Labor-Progressive Party, alias, Communist Party, alias, Military Information to Russia Society. Even though Uncle Joe will get awfully mad, we think that it would be stretching the concept of democracy too far, to allow traitors and would-be traitors to trespass on, our citadels of learning. What a nerve this guy has!

The Dalhousie Shakespearian Players are presenting the Twelfth Night some time this week. We suggest that provides a glorious chance to prove the authorship of the drama. After the performance, the graves of both Bacon and Shakspeare should be visited and the one that's turned over, is it.

Two reporters from the University of Saskatchewan paper, by padding themselves in the most opportune places and donning feminine attire, crashed a strictly "hen" weiner roast, held by the "unfair sex", at that seat of learning. The girls freely discussed numerous males, of the campus, and provided the two with an extremely confidential story. How much, any Dal man would like to place a dictaphone in Shirreff Hall after he has taken his pretty home—although it would not meet with the approval of an anti-vivisectionist.

JOTTINGS: The other night a Cathedral Barracks man said times are so tough that he has to go there and drink up all his beer so he can cash in the bottles—we like the one about the fight manager, who said his boy, a welterweight, had been hit so much that he swelled out into a heavyweight—a hula dancer is just a shake in the grass—a good line is the shortest distance between two dates—a peeping-tom is just a window shopping wolf—a person who writes on a wall that a certain person "was here", is not all there.

## Attention All Water Addicts

Dalhousie is once again planning to enter a swimming team in intercollegiate competition. Try-outs for the Varsity team have started at the Stadacona Pool. A capable coach has been secured and large turnouts are expected at the workouts, which will be held every Monday at 5:30 to 6:30, and every Thursday from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m.

A new sport is also being introduced to Dal at the Stad Pool, —water polo, and all are welcome to come out to the Pool and have a try at the game. No previous experience is required, and the game will be played during the above-mentioned hours.

Found: A single strand pearl necklace. Owner may have same by applying to Don Warner.

Found: A Waterman's fountain pen. Owner may have same by applying to GAZETTE office.



## Gold And Black Lose 7 Matches

McGill University took the Canadian Intercollegiate Tennis Championship Monday as they swept all seven events from their Dalhousie challengers. As it turned out they had little to fear from their Maritime antagonists, who almost had to move heaven and earth to get the chance at the title. The Dal players had the disadvantage of playing on strange courts and a 500 mile air journey behind them.

In the singles division, Jack Spencer began by waltzing through Blair Dunlop, who he had always found tough before, and Colin Ramsay defeated Bernie Creighton 6-2, 6-3. Duford of McGill edged Fred Fennel 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, and after a shakey start Duff rallied to take Dalhousie's star, Bill Moreside 2-6, 6-4, 6-2. In the final singles event Breen Marien overcame Ian Rusted 9-7, 6-2.

Dalhousie fared even worse in the Doubles Department, supposedly the seat of their greatest strength. In the first match McGill's Jack Spencer and Duford repulsed Ian Rusted and Bill Moreside by scores of 6-4, 6-3. Duff and Morien made a clean sweep of it for McGill by defeating Dalhousie's Blair Dunlop and Fred Fennel.

about nine girls turning out. As the coach wasn't there, regular team practice couldn't be carried out but the girls practised individually. Regular practises will be on Mondays from 5.30 to 6.30 with the boys' swimming team. Anyone wishing to attend these practises should get in touch with manager Elsie Cruickshank.

# Meet Dal's Senior Basketball Squad

The "Gold and Black" senior basketball squad will take to the floor some time next week in the first scheduled game of the Halifax Senior Basketball League. This year, Senior games will be played on the floors of Dal Gym and the Stadacona Gym, with the likelihood of most games on the Dal floor being played on Saturdays.

Under the guidance of Coach Ken Chisholm the Tiger squad has been undergoing strenuous workouts during the past few weeks, and last week the senior representatives of Dal were picked, although one or two more players may be added to the team lineup this week.

Meet the boys, six of whom are freshmen—

**BLAIR DUNLOP:** Dal's six-foot, nineteen-year-old converted guard. Blair was originally a Yankee boy, hailing from the vicinity of South Bend, Indiana, but then he saw the light and came to Canada, where he started to play basketball at the tender age of 13. Until this year he was a forward with St. Andrew's Intermediates and for the last three years, with Dal Tigers. Blair, who has spent his spare time in Commerce, is in his fourth year, and will occupy the position of guard on this year's edition of the Tigers.

**GORDON ALGIE:** A 5' 10 1/2" 22-year-old Moncton, N. B., product, who has put in nine years at the Grand Old Game. Gordie started off quietly, playing with the Maritime Juvenile Champs, Moncton Y.M.C.A. Gordie committed one error, putting in one year with an Acadia Varsity team, which won the N. S. Intermediate Title. Gord then performed one year with the Dal Tigers, in 44-45, and, at the same time, took up medicine, where he is now entering his third year. He will also hold down a regular position as guard.

**CARL GIFFEN:** 20-year-old, 5' 11" Haligonian, with a big appetite, to quote the boys. Giff, like Dunlop, played with St. Andrew's Intermediates, and then with the Dal Tigers for the past three years, a total of six years of basketball. Carl took his early schooling at Queen Elizabeth, and then, like many other hopefuls, tried pre-med at Dal. Two years later, unlike many others, he entered Med school, and is now in his second year. Giff, too, will hold down a regular position as guard with the Tigers.

**EDDIE ROGERS:** Another member of last year's Dal Tigers. Eddie is 21 years old, and measures up to a full 6" in height, which altitude he achieved in the

environs of Yarmouth, N. S. Eddie learned to play basketball about the same time he learned to walk, at the tender age of ten. He left his mark in Yarmouth, playing with the Maritime Inter-scholastic Champs. He too, had to learn the hard way, spending three years at Acadia, the N. S. Intermediate Champs, and then proceeded to Dal for an education in Law, also playing for the Dal Tigers. Eddie was high scorer in last year's Basketball Tournament. This 2nd year Law student will hold down a centre position for Dal.

**RUGGLES PRITCHARD:** Ottawa's gift to the Dal Tigers. "Rug" is 5' 9", and is old enough to vote, in Saskatchewan, having achieved the mature age of 18. Rug is rather inexperienced at the game, having only played for five years, which included playing with Ottawa Glebe Collegiate, Dominion Junior Champions in '44-45, Ottawa Senior Interscholastic titlists last year. Rug is registered in Pre-med, and is a Freshman at Dal. He will play at guard for the Tigers.

**HERTZ LEVINE:** Montreal's humble offering to the "Gold and Black". "Hertz" is 5' 11" and is really fresh, meaning he is only 17. He has a fair record, throwing a basketball around for six years, which included playing for Montreal Y.M.H.A. Juveniles, City champs for two years. He then moved into Junior company with the Y.M.H.A. and this team reached the Dominion finals last year. Hertz is a freshman in commerce and plays Centre for the Dal Tigers.

**GEORGE KELLY:** 22 years old, tipping the tape at 5' 10". George is another "Herring Choker"—to the uninitiated, he comes from Saint John, N. B., and has had eight years of basketball behind him. George played for Saint John Capitols, Maritime Juvenile Champs, and then advanced to Saint John Juniors, who reached the Dominion semifinals in his year with them. After doing a spell in the Navy, George played for the Saint John Intermediates, N. B. champs, last year, and then came to Dal this year as a freshman in Commerce. He plays right forward for the Tigers.

**DOUG SARANTOS:** A 5' 10" army veteran, this 28-year-old forward has been playing basketball for about 10 years. He is a Halifax boy, having played with Y.M.C.A. intermediate and senior teams in the city, and with the Army Engineers, City Intermediate Champs, in 1939. Doug rolled up an impressive war record, although he doesn't men-

tion it. He received the Military Cross at Dunkirk. Doug is taking first year pre-Med, and plays right forward for the Tigers.

**HERB ROSENFELD:** The other half of the Montreal duo on the Dal team. Herb is a 5' 8 1/2" eighteen-year-old, with three years of organized basketball experience. He put in one year with the Y.M.H.A. Juveniles, Montreal city champs, and took his schooling at Baron Byng. Herb is a left forward, playing in that position for the Tigers, and is enrolled in his freshman year in Arts.

**SCOTT MORRISON:** Another Haligonian who came up to Dal by way of Queen Elizabeth High. Scott is only 18 and is 5' 10 1/2" tall, although he looks taller. He, too, has only had three years' basketball experience, playing for Queen Elizabeth and Halifax Y.M.C.A. juniors, N. S. champs last year. He is a left forward for the Dal Tigers, and is registered in Science in his first year at Dal.

## D.G.A.C.

The highlights of the past week were the ground hockey matches with Acadia and Edgehill, both played under the rainy skies and on a muddy field.

The Dal team proved to be better "water rats" and copped both games with a 3-2 score. Every member of the team did her bit to bring on the victories, and exceptionally fine playing was shown by right inner, Nancy Jones and the Tigers' goalie, "Turk" Mitchell.

Only one game remains to be played, that is the return match with Acadia. This is expected to be the closest of the season and if it proves to be another one to Dal's credit our team will be the unofficial champions of the Dal-Acadia-Edgehill-H. L. C. series. This game will probably be played on next week and all those with cars who are able to drive up are asked to get in touch with the manager, Pam Stevens.

In the basketball world, the grads have picked up a team consisting of Ann Saunderson, Margie MacPherson, Norma Sherman, Virginia Phillips and Kay Smith, and are going to stage exhibitions games on Tuesday night with a couple of teams picked from the regular players. We should have some good basketball—the grad players were all stars on the Dal team.

The first swimming team try-out was held last Monday, with

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# L I T E R A R Y . . .

## LEST WE FORGET . . AN OUTSIDE VIEW . .

### - A Remembrance Day Story

By LEW MILLER, HALIFAX

The wavering flame of the candle cast light upon the weary face of the young officer who sat upon a ration box and, with another box standing on its end for a desk, wrote slowly and carefully.

Dear Mrs. Graham:—By the time you receive this letter you will have been informed of the sad fate of —

"No—That won't do," he muttered to himself. He tore the sheet from the pad, crumpled it into a ball and, threw it on the dirt floor, where several other attempts lay.

"Dear Mrs. Graham," he began again.

A sleeping soldier who had been lying near the officer's feet began to groan and mutter. The lieutenant gazed at him for a moment. "Poor kid. — Poor kid", he said, and then he reached down and gently shook him.

The soldier rolled quickly and started to rise. "What's the matter? —What's the matter?" He was frightened.

"It's all right, Clark," the officer said calmly. "You were only talking a bit.—Go on back to sleep.

The soldier grinned sheepishly and after rearranging his pack to make a more comfortable head-rest, he settled back on the floor.

The officer looked at what he had written; "Dear Mrs. Graham:—" The "crump" of a mortar bomb shook the house, and dust fell from the rough timbers that formed the ceiling of the cellar. The young soldier sat up. His wide eyes stared at the officer. The officer smiled reassuringly and the soldier settled back again. Another "Crump". The officer ducked involuntarily. The soldier sat up again. The shadow of the officer fluttered eerily on the stone wall.

"That was close," said Clark.

The officer grinned again. "A miss is as good—"

"—as a mile," Clark interrupted and concluded. He tried to smile, and then he began to cry. The explosions shook the house at frequent intervals.

"Ah, come now, (Clark. I know it's been a bit rough, —but we've come through all right. Just calm down now. — It won't be long before we go out for a rest." He firmly held the soldier's arm, endeavouring to reassure the man whilst hiding his own fears and doubts. "Pull yourself together now."

The cellar door was opened and a sudden current of air swept the flame from the candle.

"Mr. Rowles" a voice called. Are you awake, Sir?"

"Is that you, Sarg?"

"Yes, Sir.—Thought you might like a spot of tea, Sir."

"Wait till I get this candle lit." A match was scraped against the ration box. "Damned matches are a bit damp." In the darkness a bright, bluish trail showed where it had been struck. On the second attempt it burst into flame and the officer transferred the flame to the candle. The candle flame, small at first, grew steadily and then remained at a constant size. He blew out the match and flicked the useless stick into a murky corner.

The sergeant approached with two mugs of tea. "Here you are, Sir." He looked at Clark and then said, "Here, Clark, I brought this for you." The lieutenant knew that the sergeant had lied, for it had been their custom to have their nightly "spot of tea" together.

The sergeant took off his helmet and unbuttoned the neck of his glistening rain cape. The officer asked, "Still raining pretty hard?"

"Pouring Sir."

What's Jerry pounding now. "It's the crossroads again. Seems to give it a go quite regular."

The sergeant had noticed the crumpled paper on the floor and the pad on the upturned box.

"Lucky's mother, Sir?"

"Yes," the officer replied. "Yes,—wish I didn't have to write it, but—well it's got to be done."

"Sure was a tough break,—Lucky getting it. Damned good man, he was."

"Yes, Sarg, he was a good man. There's been a lot of damned good men. There will be more too." His voice was husky. The sergeant sensed the bitterness



and tried to change the subject.

"Any further word of us going out for a rest, Sir?"

The lieutenant smiled. "Yes, thank God. The "Old Man" said morning. The Runner just came a little while ago.—I guess you'd better tell the men. I'll give further orders when I get them from Company."

"I'll tell them right now, Sir. They'll be glad to hear it." The sergeant was pleased. He turned and walked toward the cellar door.

The officer cupped his hands around the candle flame. "Thanks for the tea, Sarg."

"Oh that's all right, Sir." As

Strictly speaking, it is no concern of mine what the average outsider thinks, or would think about Dalhousie, in passing through the place. It may be of interest to some, however, to hear a few of the comments of one unfortunate who took the campus unawares, so to speak, at a time when no campus should admit outsiders—on Tuesday morning.

he departed from the cellar into the rain, he shouted, "I'll be back later."

The "crumping" of the shells and mortar bombs increased in intensity. Dust fell steadily from the ceiling and occasionally little bits of mortar fell out of the wall.

Lieutenant Rowles stared at his letter pad for a few moments and then he lowered his forehead to his hands, his elbows and fore-arms making a triangular support with the ration box.

"A good man". Yes, Lucky had been one of his best men; always at the right place when he was needed, fearless, happy, thoughtful and lucky; or he had been until that last night.

He couldn't forget that last night. Lucky and he on a reconnaissance patrol, their approach to the canal, the flare bursting overhead, the German orders being shouted, their dash across a field, the fluent rattle of the Spandaus, and then Lucky faltering and gasping for breath. He remembered aiding Lucky to the shelter of an irrigation ditch, and he would never forget how warm and sticky Luck's blood had been, nor would he forget his expression of surprise. That fatal flare had shown him everything. He had watched helplessly, listening to Lucky's choking struggle for breath and he was numbed when the struggling ceased.

He remembered how frightened he had been when he ran from the place, his mouth dry, his heart pounding. He ran straight, like an animal before a forest fire. He didn't look back. He ran without thinking. He ran until he gained the protection of a corpse and he flung himself on the damp ground, panting for breath and sobbing from relief and fear and loss.

He was aroused from his reverie when the cellar door was suddenly thrust open and the candle was again extinguished.

"Sir", the Sergeant was excited. "Sir", he repeated. "There's a Runner here from Company. Jerry's started a big push on our right. We're to stand to and he ready for anything."

(Continued on Page 8)

lifted up his voice and wept, and asked for the Arts Building. I decided he needed a talking to.

"My dear chap," I said, "I've been trying to spare you that ordeal, but if you insist we'll go to the Engineers' Building."

He refused my kind offer and threatened to report me to the President. This speeded up the old reactions, and we posted in haste to the Arts Building, and climbed the flight of stairs which led to the brazen gates of the great emporium of knowledge which dominates the lives of some twelve hundred students. Before the door I turned and warned him, but he was, like C. Smith, adamant. The doors swung open, and we entered.

A motley group were standing in the Hall of the building, chatting and trying to look as though they were not smoking. A glaring bulletin board was covered with lurid signs of one kind or another, especially the latter. Incontinently he went closer and peered at one monstrosity, and found himself looking at a picture of a quite unabashed young lady, to which was attached the legend: Do you want your body burned by the atomic bomb? Come to the C.C.U.F. or else . . ." Apparently that chap Kilroy had been around, too.

There was a tug at my sleeve—the fool wanted to know what the C.C.U.F. was. I began to explain about Russia and things when a fellow called Seabiscuit interrupted:

"I'm an expert on them, sir. Studied 'em for years; almost got caught once, too. That was when they organized a dope ring, and I was disguised as a professor—they were afraid to do anything."

"But what are they?" "Get last weeks issue of The Gazette. Wrote a monograph on the beasts myself."

Before the idiot could look at any more notices or listen to any fools like Seabiscuit, I steered him into The Gazette office. The approach was difficult; dogs were

(Continued on Page 8)

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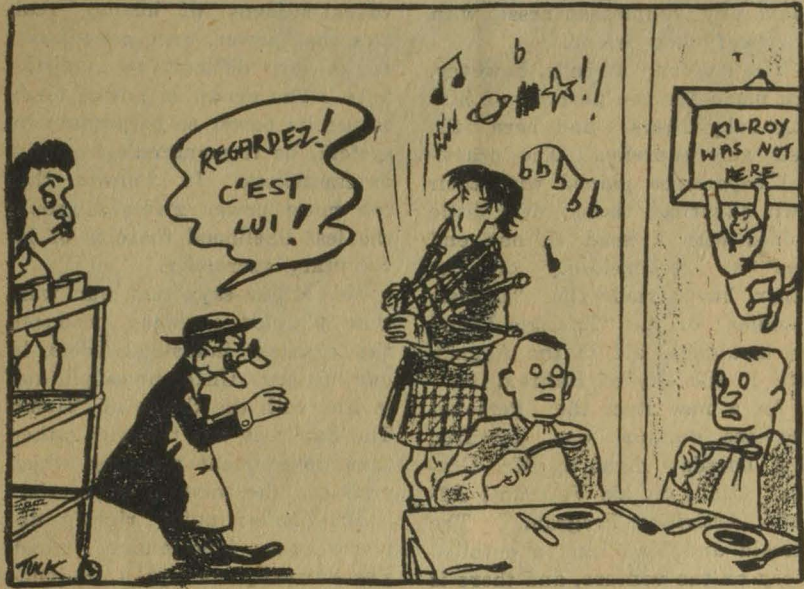
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# ... FEATU R E S



## The Case Of The Wailing Bagpipes

Across the mist-enshrouded moore of Studley there comes an eerie, forlorn wailing as of a lost soul in torment. Strangers passing by on the Highroad bless themselves and hurry past with many a furtive glance into the funereal gloom. Beginning with low, discordant shriek and then trail off into a murmuring chant of tortured notes. The pupils of Mr. Walker's Residence School for Young Boys are terrified. Their traditional school spirit is chilled by the mysterious sounds. No more does the football team exercise at 7 o'clock in the morning, for it is still dark and who knows when the wailing monster may strike from the gloom.

Each night without fail the sounds were repeated. Gathered in their chill, uncomfortable garrets the King's students discussed the enigma and various theories were evolved. Some schools of thought were of the opinion that the noises were produced by a strange Cape Breton musical instrument, constructed of cow-hide and hollow reeds, called Bagpipes. This theory gradually increased in popularity, and a ways and means committee suggested that the perpetrator of the noises was a member of the student body who became bewitched at nightfall. They advocated that search parties and posses be formed and that they diligently search the grounds for the menace of the shadows.

From the garrets, a window, latticed by the pale glow of the moon, squeals and shivers open and a raucous voice gives forth with a derisive cat-call. (This to draw the attention of the spectre while the searchers surround it.) Vague shadowy forms dash from every doorway into the night in search of the elusive piper. Much later, as dawn and the kitchen staff steal onto the scene, the searchers, disgruntled and baffled, return to admit failure, while the horrible wail of the pipes mocks them from the depths of the woods surrounding Shirreff Hall.

Night after night the mystery continued. The searchers caught glimpses of their quarry only to have him slip away into the fog. Bear-traps and snares were tied but to no avail. The piper ignored these attempts to catch him, and continued to ravish the nights with brutal stabs and darts of noise.

Finally, tired of their efforts to trap the mad musician, the student body hired the French Surete for assistance. It was fortunate that they did so for on the staff of the Surete there was one Inspector Sac-Pipe, who was an authority on that type of musical instrument much used in Normandy, which is made with goat-skins and hollow rods and closely resembles the Cape Breton instrument. On being told of his mission, the Inspector said, in his own native tongue, "J'irai".

With the use of those cunning methods known only to the French, the famous inspector tracked down the scoundrel of the night, and saving his entrance for the most dramatic moment, tramped into the dining hall, dragging his captive behind him.

There he stood, the villain, bony knees protruding beneath a short, dirty, weed-entangled kilt. His matted, filthy hair hung over his face. The weird instrument with which he tortured Mr. Walker's Boys was clutched under his arm. With a gesture worthy of some great tragedian, Inspector Sac-Pipe flung back the hair from the monster's face and pointing dramatically said, in his own native tongue, "Regards, c'est lui".

Great was the surprise of the students, for the mysterious specter was none other than an erstwhile divinity student, George (Mc Bagpipes) Burchill. At a meeting of the governing body it was decided that the offender be allowed to live if he abandon his nocturnal excursions for something less irritating. One suggestion was that he take up checkers.

But we are interested only in the solving of the case rather than the punishment of the culprit. As Inspector Sac-Pipe returned to his native Paris, he was heard to say to the President, in his own native tongue, "Il ne fait rien."

"Walter," Roy yelled in a rather reproving tone, "why did that man down the counter get up and leave so quickly?"

Walter raised his hands helplessly. "I dunno. I told him the frankfurters weren't cooked yet,

that he'd have to wait for them."

Roy asked what was wrong with that and Walter said: "I dunno. I went to the kitchen. Accidentally I stepped on the cat's tail. The cat yelled and when I came back the man was gone."

## Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Nov. 13. This morning I began a practice which I find by the ease I do it with that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trimme myself with a razor, which pleases me mightily. At breakfast I was informed of a most malodorous state of affairs by my serving girl from the hall. She was pleased to tell me that Miss Fairlee Prowse has again added infamy to her name by putting another engagement to her already over-long list. So to bed, alone, as my wife after bathynge must needs sleep by herself.

Nov. 14: Up and walked with my boy (whom, because of my wife's making him idle, I dare not leave at home). Walked first to the Hall, to Mrs. Turner. She was dressing herself by the fire in her chamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which indeed is the finest I ever saw, and she not a little proud of it. Here she did trust me to the extent of telling me of her dis-satisfaction with the conduct of my Lord Foster who, as she says, has been acting in a most ungentlemanly fashion toward one of her wards, a young girl called Anne Tompkins, whom it has not been my privilege to meet.

Nov. 15: Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and did discover three or four fresh instances of Sir R. McDougall's old cheating dissembling tricks, he being as false a fellow as ever was born. Thence to dinner at Atwoods', where I was shown a fine rarity, of fishes kept in a glass of water that will live forever; and finely marked they are, being foreign. Here whilst conversing with Sir Roy I was grieved to hear that a gay young blade called Flynn, calling himself rather Sir Peter, has been guilty of forcing his attentions on that young (too young, I am told) Miss Jean Parker, whose music so pleased me at the last festival. Hence home and to bed, having got a great cold I think by pulling off my periwig so often.

# LAW

Well, its here . . . the big "do" of the year . . . the Law Ball. By the time you read this the legal lads will be setting aside all those dull and dingy volumes on the walls of the Law library, and donning "the one with the press in it" in preparation for the evening's festivities.

No doubt many of the less dignified of our number will be found indulging in sweet (and powerful) nectar to boost up courage for the ordeal. Of course, such people as these constitute the minority of the Law School, and of course do not write for The Gazette . . . hic! ('scuse me).

However, it should be a gala affair for all those of you who are fortunate enough to attend.

The Law football team is still up on top, and, I might add, intends to stay there. Dave Churchill-Smith, coach, manager, star, etc. of the team, says his boys are in fine shape.

Law intends to make its mark in Basketball this year. The team has already held practices and has a game planned with the Varsity squad. Better get going if any of you other faculties don't want to be shown up!

course in laboratory technique due to their success in quantitative analysis. But who turned that water on with the air hose open—Kilroy?

The basement of the Med. Library has been the scene of much activity lately. It seems that Pharos is collaborating with Rogues' Gallery and "Who's Who."

Sufficient has been said for this week but as MacArthur said: "I'll be back."

"I say," called the English omnibus driver to the passengers below. "Is there a macintosh down there big enough to keep three young ladies warm?"

"No," came an eager voice from below. "But there's a Macpherson doon here that's willin' to try."

## MEDICINE

The Medical Society ascended to new heights of accomplishment last week. At the regular monthly meeting sandwiches and coke were served, a film on surgical anatomy shown with the evening ending at the Med. Dance.

Best wishes to Chuck and Pat on their trip to the National Convention. Good show and lots of fun, but Curly was glad to be back.

We hear Kilroy and Aggie are quite chummy—he left his calling card in her hypophyseal fossa last week!

The Hallowe'en parties at each of the Robie Street wig-wams were very successful. Charlie, Jim, Eppie and Harmony paid a visit to 348 to look the situation over. It seems that the Phi Rho's can do interior decorating on the side and are masters of the pumpkin pie art too.

Hoppy, Phyl and Boud. are planning to conduct a summer

HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE!  
HEAR YE!

Come To The  
**Gazette  
Gambol**  
November 29

## Pause for Coke



**OUTSIDE VIEW**

(Continued from Page 6)

everywhere\* and reporters were using awful language. There was a haze of smoke over the place, and strange sounds issued from doorways to the left. A chap with a raucous voice was taking a dim view of something which might have been breakfast food, and others were holding forth on other topics, and my companion looked slightly tired. We pushed our way into the office, and I lost him in there. I heard voices asking him loud questions such as "What the Hades do you want?" and "What are you doing tonight, honeq?" Guided by these I found him and dragged him out. "Another hour of this," I thought, "and he won't be writing any damn articles about us."

He looked so awful, however, that I took him to the Murray Homestead, not wanting to trust him to the Gym store again, and tried to wangle a cup of coffee for him. I had left him in the doorway, but when I returned he was gone, and I heard voices raised in the room where the council meets. It was all right; the council was out to lunch, and it was only a class he had wandered into. I removed him, and heard his views on Dalhousie, which I meant to pass on, but they were not nice—so I won't.

\*Cf. McGosh, J. C. The Prevalence of Dogs at Dalhousie.

**DRASTIC MEASURES**

(Continued from page 1)

needs of the majority of Canadians, and under present conditions they are even less able to give every Canadian a home.

Today, all building materials should be channelled into the construction of housing or of such essential community services as hospitals and fire stations. Factories, retail stores, places of amusement and such buildings should be considered non-essential until the needs of every citizen for dwelling places has been met, said the group.

Dissatisfaction with the housing results of private enterprise was clearly demonstrated in the list of suggestions approved by the Forum as possible methods of meeting the housing shortage. The group called for construction of large apartment houses to be rented at low cost, construction to be subsidized by the government in order to keep rents within the reach of the average Canadian with his less than \$2,000 annual income. This Dominion-wide program would be under the supervision of a national housing authority, and local construction would be undertaken by locally-formed committees. Meanwhile building of luxury single family houses should be suppressed, and all possible present housing facilities, such as disused military barracks, vacant dwellings and summer homes should be utilized.

Next week's Forum deals with the Problem of Soviet Russia, and among the speakers on the CBC broadcast will be Dalhousie's Prof. H. L. Stewart. A special film, "Inside Russia", made by John Grierson, will be shown at the Homestead at 9 o'clock, before the broadcast. All members have been urged to collect a co-ed in order to bring more feminine representation at the meetings.

**DAL STUDENTS**

(Continued from page 1)

Poldini-Kreisler. Liszt's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" was chosen by Mr. Van Allen as his contribution to the evening's program, and the brilliant selection was well received.

The remainder of the program included vocal and instrumental numbers by students from Mount St. Vincent, the Halifax Conservatory of Music, the Maritime Academy of Music, and by the New Glasgow Community Orchestra, all of which maintained the Ladies' Musical Club's high standards of musical entertainment for the Halifax public.

**LEST WE FORGET**

(Continued from Page 6)

"Damn", said the officer. "Come on Clark. Get a move on". His voice was hard and firm. He fumbled for his equipment, adjusted his pack. The chin-strap of his helmet was damp and stiff. He had stretched it up over the front of his helmet. He had started for the door when he thought of his pen. He groped for it, found it, screwed on the top and put it in his pocket.

He stepped from the cellar into the rain that lashed at his face, into the mud that gave with every step, into the night that was brightened by explosions and fires,—forgetting for the moment the unfinished letter on the ration box in the dark cellar.

**VARSITY VETS**

(Continued from page 1)

be attended by her boy friend. The stipulation was that the escort be tall and broad-shouldered—to avoid any unpleasantness with the beefy boy friend.

The majority of calls, however, are made for the purpose of hiring baby-sitters, and here the vets rule supreme. The practical experience gained with their own offspring, those dear little spines with a head on one end and no responsibility on the other, have made the "Diaper-Daddies" of the "Triangle Club" an invaluable aid to the Agency and to the city of Halifax.

As a new item the Personal Services Bureau was featured last Tuesday night by Mr. Graham Allan, on his Veteran's Affairs Activities Program. The Herald and Mail ran a detailed story on the venture, and there is a rumor prevalent that it will be used by C.B.C. on a nation-wide hook-up.

The Dalhousie Gazette takes this opportunity of offering to the undertaking, and it strongly urges the student body to aid the boys in their new project by word of mouth advertising.

**Dal-Edgehill Game**

(Continued from Page 4)

it 3-2 for Dal, in what was the best game of the ground hockey season so far.

Line-up: Joyce Hart, Fran. Doane, Pat Snuggs, Nancy Jones, Marg. O'Neil, L. A. Hayes, Pam Stevens, Jean Mitchell, Laurie Brown, Pat Godfrey, Joan Myrden, Beth Tilley, Pat MacKinnon.

**LITTLE BLACK BOOK**

(Continued from Page 3)

haphazardly by others. However, by dint of much labor, the desired information has finally been gathered and the Directory will soon go to press.

The Directory lists the name, address, telephone number and faculty of each student, the presidents of the various student organizations, and the work done in the past and to be done in the future year by these groups.

We offer congratulations and thanks to the editors for the quality and amount of work they devoted to their task.

**MUSIC, MIRTH**

(Continued from Page 3)

graduates are expected to attend the function arranged by an Alumni committee, the nucleus of which includes the Chairman, G. R. Smith and members, W. D. Outhit, Gordon B. Cowan, Gerald Redmond and H. R. Wyman. Don't Miss It—The Alumni Smoker—Nov. 18th, at 8.15 in the Gym. Come and be merry.

**CANADIAN ART**

(Continued from Page 3)

fax citizens. The Exhibit was made up by the National Gallery, and represented many different types of painting—from a few done in the spirit of the early Canadian landscapes to those thought of as Canadian Art.

During the year, the Association, of which Dalhousie is a member, plans several other Exhibits—including one on Canadian War Art, the Annual Maritime Art Exhibit, and—of special interest to Engineers and Sociologists—an Exhibit of Maritime Town Planning.

**S. C. M. PLANS**

(Continued from page 1)

great success. Such a venture, with the welfare of the students so wholly at heart certainly should be.

**EDITOR'S MAIL**

(Continued from Page 2)

to the state more power than it possesses at present. The most casual student of history realizes that power, once concentrated, is very difficult to re-distribute. The group in power tends to use its power to perpetuate its system, be it monarchic, socialist or capitalistic. It follows that the more power given a group, the less likelihood there is of its voluntary surrender.

Mr. Miller says that our wartime planned economy produced the greatest industrial boom in our history. Unfortunately (and in line with the theme of "Homo The Sap") it was the war rather than government planning which produced the wave of prosperity.

Mr. Miller quite rightly deplores the inflationary trend. Paradoxically enough this inflation has, to a great extent, been caused by the labor unions, whose socialist affiliations are well known.

Thinking people recognize the evils of capitalism. But if we are ever to stop the pendulum's swing from one extreme to the other, those same people must face the more disagreeable features of socialism.

JACK MACCORMICK

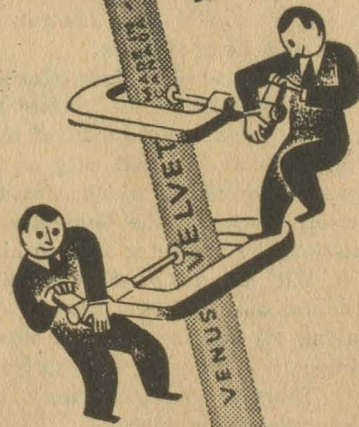
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