

# FORGETS 'CHUTE -- TAKES BEAUT!!

**MYSTERY  
OF THE  
LOST LEGS**

— See Page 3

# Dalhousie GAZETTE

**PHAROS  
YEARBOOK  
PHOTOS  
FREE**

Vol. 79

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14th., 1947

No. 8

## ROOTERS UPROOT UPRIGHTS

### Fuddled Male Plunges From Hall Window

Shirreff Hall dwellers got the surprise of their lives Monday afternoon when an unidentified "stranger", clad in trousers, last week's shirt and carpet slippers, burst into the hall, raced through the corridors and ended his wild escapade with a daring half-Gaynor through the window of a second story dormitory.

The slightly "fuddled" jumper was nabbed on the first bounce by agile members of the city Gendarmerie. It was reported that he suffered a broken arm in his spectacular plunge to the earth, but no accurate report can be obtained. It is certain, however, that the frustrated paratrooper was suffering a slight nervous condition.

"Help me, don't let them get me, don't let them kill me". These are the expressions used by the wild-looking gentleman as he raced in the main entrance of the Hall, waving his arms above his head and shouting aloud. It is not known to date if any of the residents of Shirreff Hall have left for more private quarters, but if any persons are contemplating moving out, we have been assured that occurrences such as that which happened Monday are rare.

### A Hard Game Well Fought

The Dalhousie locker room Tuesday afternoon was a scene of loneliness. The table tennis forms gleamed greenly in the light from overhanging bulbs with their bare green shades. Here and there a locker door was ajar, and an occasional pair of shoes, or a sweater lay on the cement floor — evidence of the absence of their owners. Bits of tape, and bandage, and gum wrappers were strewn on the floor, and on one brown wall a football play was chalked with bold strokes.

As the afternoon faded into evening, the impression of loneliness grew and the anxiety of waiting became more intense. Hollow voices of former Dalhousie athletes seemed to echo through the empty spaces between the lockers, whispering the eternal question — "Did they win, did they win?"

They lost, one knew, as soon (Continued on Page 8)



AS 500 STUDENTS ATTEND MONSTER PEP RALLY  
— Guilty —

### Chess Club Holds Match

O. M. MacConnell, Nova Scotia Chess champion and President of the Bluenose Chess Club, played, and won all nine games of a simultaneous chess match exhibition with members of the Dalhousie Chess Club on November 11. The matches were played in the Common Room of the Men's Residence. Mr. MacConnell, who is also Vice President of the Canadian Federation of Chess, won the nine games in an hour and a half of play.

Vince Currie, Secretary of the Bluenose Chess Club was also present and instructed the club members on the procedure of simultaneous play.

Following the matches, Mr. MacConnell invited all those who are interested in Chess to become members of the Canadian Federation of Chess. He congratulated his embryo opponents on their keen interest and invited any who wished to take part in the Provincial Championship tournament now underway at the Bluenose Chess Club.

Members of the Dalhousie

Chess Club who participated in the play included, George Cross, Bryan Sherwell, Don Betts, Banning Hardie, Bob Jeffreys, Don Cross, Ruggles Pritchard, and Richard Bierkoff.

### TO HOLD DANCE

Complaints resulting from the absence of Common Room dances in the past few weeks have been pouring into this office fast and furious.



AS 850 STUDENTS SEE TIGERS DEFEATED  
— Anxiety —

### Pep Rally Said Best In Years

"Glory, Glory to Dalhousie."

That was the mighty cry from the throats of 500 rabid Dalhousie students last Monday night as Art Meats and the Dalhousie publicity organization ran off a monster pep rally, the greatest in the History of this school.

"Beat Dalhousie, Beat Dalhousie, Boys."

That was the challenge voiced by a vast number of St. Mary's students and tram car alumni of the Irish college as they held, in their own small way, a pep rally at the St. Mary's field.

There was no doubt about it — spirit was at a fever pitch at the two Halifax colleges.

The whole thing started when the Dalhousie publicity organization fostered a snake dance through the main streets of town. A temporary halt was called at the Court House on Spring Garden Road, where a mock trial was held and a dummy wearing a St. Mary's sweater was found guilty and hanged by the neck on a scaffold erected on a car of 1923 vintage, painted yellow and black.

"One, Two, Three, U Pi Dee."

That was the yell that went up as the milling students filed through the aisles in the Green Lantern Restaurant, past astonished customers, and then back to the Garden View Restaurant where an alleged cook got the surprise of his life as the company marched through his kitchen to the accompaniment of drum and bugle music.

"One, Two, Three — Heave."

That was the cry that went up at Studley field while the Dalhousie parade was downtown. It was the cry of an eager group of St. Mary's students, intent on

ripping down the Dalhousie goal posts. They did not escape unscathed, however. The Dalhousie gang sent a few students back early and they apprehended two of the marauders as they tried to escape along South Street. Taken to the gym, a short trial was held.

"To the showers with them."

That was the cry that went up from the angered mob, and into the showers went the St. Mary's unfortunates. Their mid-week bath was followed by a liberal application of yellow and black paint, and after their abject humility had been displayed to the students, they were released to go their separate ways.

The tearing down of the Dalhousie goal posts could not pass without retribution, however. A group of some 100 Dalhousie students embussed for St. Mary's field, where they took their revenge. Great strips of the fence along Quinpool Road were torn down, and as a last gesture of defiance, the mob ripped down the face of a full-scale attack by the stalwarts of the City Police Force.

When things quietened down, four students were in the city lock-up, but the eloquence of one bespectacled, former candidate for president of the students' council convinced the blue clad minions that the Dalhousie students apprehended were merely spectators of the affray.

# Dalhousie GAZETTE

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## STUDLEY DESERT

There is little need for Halifaxians to visit Death Valley for the sight of a desert. Studley Field is a perfect desert. In its present condition the best possible use for it would be to advertise it as a tourist attraction in a similar manner as do our neighbors in Maine who make a mint of money by showing off the results of their negligence, the consequent erosion of the soil. — Picture automobiles leaving Nova Scotia with flags and streamers bearing the words, "Desert of Studley."

It is a deplorable state of affairs when Dalhousie teams are unable to play their home games on our campus. A team captain is certainly to be commended when he refuses to permit his players to take the risk of serious injury. A casual stroll across the field would reveal the great number of jagged stones that lie on the surface. A melee of players generally results in the origination of a dust storm, and hidden-ball tricks are the order of the day.

Another serious aspect of our loss is that the Students' Council is forced to pay out goodly quantities of our money every time a game is played elsewhere. This year, for instance, when a Canadian football game is played at the Wanderers' Grounds one-third of net receipts is turned over to the Wanderers' Club. The remainder of the receipts is split between the five teams who form the league. In the past when Dalhousie had its home games at Studley, students were admitted on their Students' Council cards. If this (as it should be for Dalhousie home games) were done at the Wanderers' Grounds the Council would have to pay to the Football League the sum of fifty cents for every student admitted. If a thousand students, for example, were admitted the Council would have to pay out \$500.00. Supposing that there were 3000 spectators at this game, the total net receipts should be \$1500.00. Of this amount \$500.00 would go to the Wanderers' for the rent of the field, and then each team would receive one-fifth of the remainder — in this case, \$200.00. Thus the university would pay out \$500.00, and receive only \$200.00 in return. The result — a loss of \$300.00. — Why? — Because we have no field.

As it is, students, who on buying their Council cards pay for the privilege of seeing their teams must make further and unnecessary payments because the games cannot be played at Studley.

In a certain office on the campus are letters collected over a period of years which all have raised a cry of protest over the deterioration of the football field. Little if any action has been taken by the people responsible, and it would appear that little is to be done in the future. In any case, a protest is too late. The field is ruined, and it is likely that three year's work and care will be necessary to recondition it.

It is a sad misfortune that in the very year when two winning football teams have appeared they are unable to play on their home field. This is a serious matter, and the GAZETTE feels that the Students' Council should take immediate steps to rectify it rather than leave it in the hands of people who apparently are not greatly interested.

## EDITOR'S MAILBOX

October 25, 1947

Having witnessed many of the foot-ball games played by Dalhousie this term, I take this opportunity to commend the teams on their excellent showing. May every success be their's in the matches which are still to be played.

Dalhousie, with its record registration in the 1947-48 season, can expect to go ahead with ever

increasing momentum in all its activities. Although history speaks well for the university, the year 1947 promises to beat this fine record.

A. R. Frazer, C.L.U., Manager, Scotia Branch, The Maritime Life Assurance Co.

### NOTICE

Students Veterans Association have announced that Dalhousie Student Veterans will parade on Nov. 11. It is proposed to have the Dalhousie band also in the parade. Dr. Kerr will speak at the cenotaph.

## MILLSTONES

by McStoop

The othe day we see a strange face; it is the strangest face we ever saw. This is because it belongs to Roscov Seedle, who comes here from somewhere in Europe South, where they have strange faces— at least, that's Seedle's excuse. He puts up a loud moan when he sees us.

I am entering this country not long ago, he says, and I am very mixed up; it is all this damn free speech or somethings that is mix' me up.

We encourage him to proceed, since the subject is one in which we all take an active interest. He proceeds, and one gathers that free speech is a bad thing.

### THE CUSTOMS IS CROOKED

I am entering this country, he says, and I am thinking how are things here anyway. What with this capitalism and all which Comrad Tito tell us about I am thinking that the people here are all misery and destructions. But not so; I find smart man who looks like a policeman. This one I am afraid of but he only looks in my trunks and says like this: O.K. So I enter this country. I see no miseries; all is being happy and fat and not like Comrade Tito says. There are houses, there are shops where they are buying. I buy food, and to see if it is being poison I give it to a kiddie on the street. But the kiddie does not drop dead so it is not being poison. And I see everywhere that only a few people run away when a policeman come— so I think that they are not being scared of the polices, no. Everythings looking so good, and not like Comrade Tito says. But aha! it is when I are arriving to Dalhoosie University that I discover the evils Comrade Tito are speaking of.

At Dalhoosie everybodys are telling me that here are free speeches; here they can get on the platforms and say: the government, he is no good— AND NOTHINGS IS HAPPEN TO THEM!!! So, I are entering classrooms, and the professors saying you say your own opinions, that is what he wanting.

I see newspaper the Gazette and Advertiser, which always is not coming on time but late. I enter. They say to me: here, we have free speeches— we say what we please if it is true— AND NOTHINGS HAPPEN TO US!!!

So I am saying Comrade Tito is biggest damn liar and am settling here and working for Gazette when I discover what Comrade Tito is meaning all the time. What if they do not eat in Inner Obrotchnna, they are now used to dying; if they are trodded on, they do not mind any more? But they happy by not having free speeches which is greatest eveil of all time.

I work for Gazette; they say cover Glum Club show; show it is stinking and I saying so in Gazette. One of the professors I am not liking and I am saying so in the Gazette, and why. The football team he is lose game, and I saying they not good no-how. The Board of govners they coming here and I saying throw them in the pond for fun, and how. The church here at the corner— it is a colour I do not like and I saying paint it gold and black. The prime minister of the

(Continued on Page 8)

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## MED HOP, CO - ED FORMAL HELD

### Dal To Meet St. Mary's in First Debate

St. Mary's is in for a hard debate when they meet Dalhousie's new threat in debating circles. Bob Kaill and Malcolm Graham, our representatives, were chosen last Tuesday night in the Munroe room of the Forrest building. Over a dozen students tried out in the debating trials which lasted three minutes each.

The topic "resolved that Canada should adopt a program of universal military training" is also the topic of the coming debate with St. Mary's.

The Law boys have done it again. In a debate held in the Arts building last Wednesday night, Law defeated Delta Gamma by a small margin. The Law team of Don Harris and Bill Cox upheld the affirmative of the resolution "that the Maritime Provinces be united as a sovereign state. The Misses Dot Cullen and Dolores Sodofsky represented Delta Gamma.



FUN AT THE FORMAL

—At the Hall, Phapsody in Blue created the "dreamy mood."

Two of the year's favorite dances took place on Studley Campus last week, the Med Ball and the Snireff Hall Formal. The event to which the Hall girls have been looking forward for the past month...the Hall Formal, was held on Thursday, November 6. The next night the spotlight was switched to the gym, where it fell on the Med Ball.

At the Hall dance, the girls and their escorts were greeted by a reception line headed by Miss Mowat, and Helen Beveridge, the house president, then proceeded to the dining room where Cec Roberts' sextette was playing.

The decoration committee struck an original note, and used the theme "Rhapsody In Blue" to create that "dreamy" mood.

The main question which the Freshettes were asking each other was "which Professor are you dancing with?" But in spite of their qualms, both the Freshettes and the Professors seemed to have a fine time.

When our trusty spotlight was focused on the Meds and their molls the next night at the gym, we found many happy faces and many skirts "just below the patella." Many who arrived at the gym with the New Look have since been ostracised by the Forrestmen. Remember ... "Meds men Like the Old Look."

### ROOKIE COP ROUTS ROOTERS SHOWS LACK OF VOCABULARY

After accusing Dalhousians of being "not as good as you think you are" during last Saturday's ground hockey contest at Studley Field, a rookie patrolman of the Halifax Police Force singled out two supporters of the Dal team and accused them of "yelling" at him.

### Successful Dance Held At King's

A successful "Hockey Dance" was held in the King's College Common Room on Thursday night which proved to be "tops" in entertainment for the large crowd in attendance.

Informality reigned supreme in every sense of the word and the dancers really cut loose for an evening of fun and frolic they will not soon forget. The many chairs which lined the four walls of the dance floor were ever vacant, except during intermission, as the couples chose to hold the floor rather than give way to tired feet.

The absence of a vocalist in the orchestra was not missed as the majority of the crowd sang or hummed their way through every selection rendered by the ever popular "Dennie Burchell" Orchestra. The music of this group would have done justice to a "name" band as they allowed the gayness of the evening to be felt in their every rendition.

The feminine of bachelor is lady in waiting.

Gerald: "Professor Smith, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?" Professor Smith: "Rabbits do not bark."

Gerald: "This biology book is wrong then. It says that Rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

The patrolman, mounted on horseback, approached the two alleged "yellers" from the opposite side of Studley Field, and when asked, could support his claim on nothing except that he heard "yelling," and childishly asserted that it was directed at him. "Anybody would think you came from Water Street instead of a university," said the rookie cop. On being asked what was wrong with persons who, because of circumstances, found it necessary to live on Water Street, he ignored the question.

Because of the presence of ladies among the large crowd assembled at the Gym Store entrance, the young rookie was then reproached by one of the "offenders" for using obscene language during his bitter accusations against Dalhousians in general. The stuttering officer, reaching for a justifiable explanation, diverted his attention to a booklet and pencil and commenced to take names.

The first accusation, that Dalhousians are "not as good as you think you are," was made early in the game, when a group of team supporters were ordered in no polite terms to move back off the playing field. The regulation ground hockey lines were clearly indicated a number of feet ahead of the spectators, but not desiring the imprint of a horse's hoof on their own, they moved.

She: Ah, you Arabians are such intense lovers.

He: Of course, we do everything in tents.



—Just Below the Patella. MED HOP LEG ART

The shot of these beautiful legs were taken by our photographer after hours of deliberation at the Med' fall dance last Friday. The Gazette staff is offering a prize to the person who can provide definite proof of ownership. Either call in person or contact Robin MacLean of the Gazette before Saturday Nov. 29.

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days" said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you suppose yer could spare me a bite?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Trank yer" said the tramp and slouched off. A few minutes he was back.

"What do you want now?" asked the lady.

"Could I have a few words with George?" asked the tramp.

Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing.



PARSONS — CHRISTIAN NUPTIALS  
— T-Squares for Two —

### Unique T-Square Arch Of Honour At Wedding

By Les Page  
Engineering Correspondent

On Friday afternoon at 4.00 o'clock, amid Engineering yells St. Andrew's United Church witnessed a unique fall wedding when Rev. Dr. J. A. MacKeigan united in marriage Elizabeth Christian and David Ralph Parsons. Mrs. Parsons is the only daughter of Mrs. Olive M. Christian of St. John's, Newfoundland. Dave Parsons is the son of W. Ralph Parsons, also of Newfoundland.

Given in marriage by her cousin, John Williams, the bride wore a green garbardine suit with matching ribboned hat and accessories. Her corsage was of white carnations.


Mrs. Howard Moores, a cousin

of the bride, attended the ceremony as matron-of-honour. She wore a grey suit with matching accessories and a corsage of pink carnations. Herbert Johnson, also of Newfoundland, was the best man.

Mrs. Christian, mother of the bride, who arrived in Halifax to attend the wedding, was attired in a grey suit with black accessories. Her corsage was of roses.

Through the courtesy of Professor H. R. Theakston, the afternoon drafting classes were dismissed and the students were in attendance, armed with T-Squares, with which they formed the arch-of-honour.

# HACK HATCHETMEN ; WIN TITLE



**SPORT REPORT**  
BY BOB TUCK

Late and loud came the noises of joyous celebrations Tuesday night as the Irish of the Willow tree made merry in Corrigan's Cosy Corner. That very same afternoon they had sallied forth from behind the dubious protection of a long wooden fence and had defeated in righteous combat the proud University of Coburg road. Sure, and it was a grand victory. Of course they had a certain amount of help in accomplishing their glorious task, but was not that most probably due to the generous intercession of patron Saint Partrick who surely hovered over the field on that great occasion? Besides, the Dalhousians were a dirty band of heathens — look at all the penalties they got!

The celebrants gave little heed to the hurt feelings of the Dalhousians. A weary band of these, trudging their way back to their lair with nothing left to lick but wounds (except for a few who had designs on the physical well-being of the referees). Nothing remained of the once throaty bellows that had swept across the Wanderers Grounds that afternoon but low and ominous growls, that pledged eventual retribution. There were the undaunted few however, who let roar with the old refrain of "Glory" to show that spirits, if not hopes, were still flying.

Nevertheless, from anybody's standpoint it was a good game (with the possible exception of the referees). Until that last touchdown it was as close as the pages in a book, and as exciting as some recent ones we've read. Both sides made spectacular gains on scintillating plays, and St. Mary's were fortunate enough to keep most of their yards. Dal was in a somewhat similar situation to the man in the fable, who tried to chop down a certain tree. Whenever he knocked off one chip, two would grow in its place. And on the occasions when St. Mary's were penalized, the ref. probably thought he was stinging Dal again, but had got so mixed up trotting back and forth that he didn't know whether he was coming or going.

It's becoming increasingly evident that one of the teams of the year at Dal is the English Rugby squad. Without any too much notice these lads embussed for Acadia last weekend and calmly lifted the City League crown from the collective heads of the Acadia Hatchetmen. With the idea of "We did it before, and we can do it again" in mind they went ahead, and proceeded to outplay and outscore the much abused Appleknockers. The Acadians were the pre-game favorites by virtue of their home field and the fact that they had taken the initiative by roaring from behind to tie Dal. So all honor and all praise to the new Intermediate City Rugby champs. And if they beat St. F. X. they will take possession of the Provincial Title as well.

The curtain is down on the Canadian football season. Despite the jolly tars and the Willow Tree Notre Dame, it was a good season. One of the unwashed rabble called up the Gazoot Office and poured out a lot of blarney to the effect that Dal should do something about getting a football team. In a game without referees we could easily chase his team right out of Halifax. As far as Windsor Street, anyway.

## DAL TIES SHIPYARDS

Continuing their season of exhibition soccer games, the Dal botters played to a 1-1 tie in a contest with Halifax Shipyards at Studley Field last Tuesday afternoon. Since the Shipyards could only field nine men, Riggs of Dalhousie was loaned to the Yard team in order that the scheduled game might be played. The game itself was a fast-moving tilt, with the play at times ranging from one end of the field to the other.

Sammy Palnick opened the scoring in the game when he banged in Dalhousie's goal in the first half. Palnick, after taking a pass, beat Allen, the Shipyards goalkeeper, with a hard shot from close in. The Shipyards squad knotted the count early in the second half when Ford scored after taking a neat pass from Don Constable. The play was fairly even throughout, although the Tigers did miss several good scoring chances.

Palnick, St. Helene, and Bierhoff were the standout performers for Dal, while Constable and Ford were the pick of the Shipyards. However, the team play of both sides was especially noticed.

Dalhousie — Bierhoff, Rosenfelt, Bastien, Grossac, Harrison, St. Helene, McCulloch, Hennesy, Louisy, Palnick, Gange, Riggs, and Segal.

Shipyards — Allen, Joudrey, Goves, Peacock, Pike, Constable, Ford, Turpin, (Riggs).

Ignorance has it's value — producing about nine-tenths of the world's conversation output. . . .

Wisdom: Knowing what to do.  
Foresight: Knowing when to do it.  
Skill: Knowing how to do it.  
Virtue: Not doing it.

Queen Elizabeth was a fat woman. The demands of the Spanish Ambassador she stoutly resisted.

"Is my dress too short?"  
"It's either too short or else you're in it too far."

## Tigers Win At Wolfville

The deadlocked winners of the Hairax intermediate English Rugby League played off at Raymond Field Wolfville on Saturday with the result that the Tigers finally dethroned the Acadia Hatchetmen. The score was 6-3 for the visiting Gold and Black. The Tigers displayed all round superiority over their opponents, and it was more than the Acadians could do to cope with the Dal finesse and power.

From the opening whistle Dalhousie proceeded to take over control of the play and displayed superiority in both scrum and backfield play. The Tiger's six man scrum pushed and heeled well, and the backfield, led by stalwarts like Cochran and Hart, rolled up long gains. Dal tackling was also accurate, and Acadia attacks were quickly mowed down. Rosie MacMillan, moved back to fullback, got away many long boots, and invariably came cut best on kicking exchanges. Robertson plunged over from his picking quarter position to score late in the first half, and Dal was never headed.

The game was still in doubt however, until Quigley took a pass at centre field after a line run, and raced the remaining length of the field to score. Altogether, the play encompassed 80 yards. It was the first try that Quigley had ever scored, and it was one of the most spectacular and important ones of the season. MacMillan missed the convert. Acadia fought back desperately but the game had been won and lost.

For the new champs, besides the scorers, Hart, MacMillan MacCullough and Cochran were outstanding while Demont, Morrison and Phillips led the Hatchetmen.

## TRACK TEAM WINS AT ACADIA

Dal's Frosn tracksters returned Acadia's visit of last week and made a clean sweep of their series, piling up 28 points to 25. However Dal only won the meet when the Acadians were disqualified on the 880 relay. An Acadia runner dropped the ball out of the lane, thus disqualifying them from the event.

440 relay (Dal) Tracy, Poulis, Kenway, Harris - 48.6

Shot Put-Saunders (Acadia), Dockerill (Dal), Tamlin (Acadia) 32.10 %

Broad Jump - Crowell (Acadia), Martin (Acadia) 19.05

Mile - Marshall (Dal), Johnson (Acadia), Richardson (Acadia), 5.14

880 Relay - (Dal) Tracy, McConnell, Rogers, Harris 1.41.4

## Ground Hockey Squad Suffers First Loss, 1-0



The Dalhousie ground hockey team met with its first defeat of the year when it lost to the Acadia co-eds here on Saturday, and stepped back from the lime-light, with the score 1-0, after two twenty minute periods, thus handing over the Provincial Title to the Valley team.

Acadia's single goal was scored by Lois Lockhart three-quarters of the way through the first period, aside from one which fell through at the nets. The ball was kept in play beyond the three-quarter line of the Dal side, with quite a bit of heavy play near the Acadia posts. The game, definitely hard fought, showed the keen spirit of Dal's determination. Several times the Dal forward line made desperate attacks on the Axettes defense in an attempt to drive in a goal, but though they succeeded in driving past the fullbacks, each time they were stopped by the brilliant defensive put up by the Acadia goalie, Sylvia Matheson. The Acadia team was still smarting from the 3-1 defeat given them a week before by Edgehill, and therefore they were out for a victory.

Nancy Jones drove in several shots on goal, Janet Cameron, Gwenn Lugar and Gloria Teed also played outstanding hockey. As neither Mount A. nor U.N.B.

have hockey teams this year, Acadia automatically takes the Maritime Title.

## NOTICE

There will be a general I.S.S. meeting for Dalhousie students on Tuesday, November 18th., at 12 noon in the Basement of the Arts Building, to meet the new Executive of the I.S.S. and our delegate to the National Conference in Toronto.

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# DAL OUSTED AFTER BITTER BATTLE

WILSON CARRIES FOR TIGERS AT REDLAND

## TIGERS HAVE MARGIN IN PLAY-LACK PUNCH

St. Mary's battled its way into the finals of the Halifax Canadian Football League playoffs Tuesday afternoon when they downed the Dal Tigers, 17 - 11, before 3,500 fans at the Wanderers' Grounds. A generally superior attack and the better tackling of the Irish doomed the Tigers to their second defeat of the season. The Tigers, however, fought hard in their final, but couldn't match the skillful performance of Johnny Youg, Frankie Graves, and the charging St. Mary's forward wall.

The Irish started out fast, and racked up 7 points before the game was 6 minutes old. After Don McNeill had punted into the Dal end zone for a rouge, the St. Marians marched 40 yards to score the game's first touchdown.

### Pass Play Clicks

A hard-running ground attack, with Buddy Hirdhfield and Youg doing most of the ball toting, carried the ball to the 10 yard line, from where Youg fired a flat pass over the center of the line to Graves for the score. Youg converted and St. Mary's led 7-0.

Dal got its first point when Bob Wilson's punt netted a rouge, and midway through this second period Wilson booted a 22 yard field goal to bring the score to 7-4. The Irish struck right back, however, going 67 yards in four plays to chalk up their second touchdown, just before the first half ended. From their own 33 yard line, Young sprinted to the St. Mary's 50 and a penalty gave the Irish a first down of the Dal 35. Young then connected with two passes, hitting Graves on the 15 and Hirschfield on the 2. From there, Young bulled over on a quarterback sneak to make the score 12-4.

### MacDonald Scores

Early in the third quarter Dal scored its lone touchdown. Bob to Pete MacDonald gave Dal a MacDonald returned McNeill's punt to the St. Mary's 26, and two running plays brought the ball to the 6. Paul Lee's pass first down on the 4. On third down, Bob MacDonald smashed over for the 5-pointer. Wilson

converted and Dal trailed by 2 points. Towards the close of the period, Dal picked up a rouge when Wilson got off a 45 yard kick into the Maroon and White's end zone.

### Irish Work 66 Yard Play

Trailing by only one point, the Tigers were fighting hard in the final period to put over the winning touchdown. But suddenly the Irish broke through to score the game-clinching marker. With the Irish in possession of the ball on their own 28, St. Mary's ate up 82 yards in two plays. Young dashed to the St. Mary's 44, and from there St. Mary's pulled off the most spectacular play of the entire season. A four man reverse lateral, with Charlie Campbell on the scoring end, took the ball 66 yards to pay dirt. Young's attempted conversion was wide, and the game ended a few minutes later.

The refereeing was decidedly on the queer side, but Dal seemed to get the worst of it very definitely.

Youg was the standout performer of the contest, with Graves, Hirschfield, and Pete Conners also turning in noble efforts for the victors. Bob Wilson turned into a triple threat man for the Tigers and was Dal's brightest star. Bob MacDonald, Pete Mingo, and Don Rogers also showed well for the Orange and Black.



Here we see Dalhousie on the verge of receiving another ten yard penalty for rough play as Wilson of the Tigers and offensive star of the game is tackled high by Al Mann of the Irish. Slinking up in the background is "Jess" James of the refereeing James's. He left his trusty pig at the hitching post and is striding on afoot.

## Basketballers Split Twin Bill

Dal's cagers broke even in another pair of exhibition contests last week, bowing to the Dal grads on Thursday, and then defeating Danny Seaman's Liverpool quintet for the second time this year in a return game at Liverpool Friday. The two contests, especially the one with the Grads, were excellent games for so early in the season.

Thursday's game, won by the Grads, 61 - 48, was much closer than the final score would indicate, for until the closing minutes, when the Grads put on a drive, the game was fairly even. The Tigers, doing most of their scoring on set shots, found the seniors' zone defense very puzzling, and could not operate their fast break against it with any consistency. Dave Stothart rang up 24 points for the Grads to pace the scorers, while Syl Gossa, meshed 18 to top the Tigers.

In the game with Liverpool, which was held in conjunction with the opening of the Liverpool Community Club, Dal came from behind a four-point deficit in the last three minutes to chalk up a 45-to-35 victory. This was a see-saw affair in which Dal's speed was held down by the small size of the court. Because Liverpool's

superior height controlled the backboards, most of Dal's points came via the rebound method. But just when it seemed the Tigers were doomed to defeat, the Gold and Black suddenly caught fire and dropped in 14 points in succession to take the decision. Foch Seaman, with 14 markers, led the scorers in the very tight contest. Dee Shaw bagged 13 and Scott Morrison, a steady performer all night, to lead the Tigers.

## SOCCER TEAM PLANS FINAL GAMES

Here are the remaining games that are scheduled for the soccer team:

- Dal vs Aquitania Nov. 14, 2 p. m.
- Dal vs Mt. Allison Nov. 15, 1.30
- Dal vs Acadia Nov. 22, Raymond

All the games with the exception of the Acadia tilt will be played at Studley's Dust Bowl. The game with the Axemen will take place at Raymond Field in Wolfville.

## MUSIC APPRECIATION

During an enthusiastic two hours last Tuesday evening, several students met at Shirreff Hall for the regular weekly meeting of the Dalhousie Musical Appreciation Club. These meetings have been held regularly since college began with a marked success. The Club, open to all students who are interested in music appreciation, holds regular meetings every Tuesday at 8 p. m. At each meeting one of the committee members gives a short description of the composer and works to be played that evening. At half time refreshments are served consisting of cocoa and cookies. The meetings last about two hours, and anyone interested in the organization is cordially invited.

One of the math profs. telling how he liked his assignments, said they should be like women's skirts — long enough to cover the subject but short enough to be interesting.

## Campus Roundup

By

JOE LEVISON

Frank Leahy down at "Poles' Heaven", otherwise known as Notre Dame has our profound sympathies. We learned with considerable shock the other day that Mr. Leahy is down to two hundred players as a stockpile for his first team. At that rate Notre Dame may be defeated anytime in the next few years.

The game that would let the dope... heaven would be a clash between versatile Notre Dame and triple reversing, trigger timed Michigan. The Michigan squad uses the trickiest shift and backfield formations in college football, and in a recent game they completed 100% of their forward passes. That's real class. Unfortunately Michigan and Notre Dame are in separate sections and this makes meeting between the two power houses unlikely.

Of course you all know that the reason for American college football teams having so much power is the fact that they give sports scholarships to fellows with sufficient muscle and ability to play football. One of the smaller colleges in the southern states gives a total of sixty scholarships in major sports of the school, Football, Basketball etc. The bigger schools like University of

Life Of A Sports Scholar by a day by day account of George Savitsky, 258 pound tackle for the University of Pennsylvania and last year first string tackle for the All-American team. George spends most of his day with the team, reviewing plays, conditioning, shooting the breeze in the local coke shop and reading the papers. When he is not doing this he acts as life guard and swim instructor in the Pennsylvania pool, and also in the summer time at the occasional summer resort in the two months between the end of school in spring and the resumption of football training in August. Gad, the life of Reilly. All that school and no potatoes.

But back to Dal where men are men, scholars are scholars, and the football players cram where they may. It is very nice to sit here in the Gazette office, writing the Campus Square Down, and see the rebirth of college spirit here. There are few to the soul than to sit here the morning after a big snake dance, and reminiscence about pained Santamarians, irate tram conductors, startled diners in the Green Lantern, etc. In another year or two Halifax will be synonymous with "Little South Bend", Nova Scotia, the home of "Notre Homme".

Canadian Game Suits Crowd Obviously the following statements will give rise to cat calls and boos by the Rugger faithful but it should be obvious to all that the advent of the Canadian game here at Dal is one with the rise of college spirit. The Canadian game apparently suits the spectators to a "T" and gives plenty of room for mass demonstrations. Hallelaloo and other ruckus dear to the college heart.

## Forum News

There is a good future for capable young Canadians in the teaching profession today. This seemed to be the majority opinion of the members at the Citizens' Forum last Wednesday evening. The lively discussion was added to by the presence of Profs. A. S. Mowat, Grant, and L. Richter.

The program opened with a movie on the function of the Home and School Association in England, and a short picture of Jose Iturbi playing several piano selections. After the regular weekly Citizens' Forum, refreshments were served, and the discussion began. From a general discussion of the teaching profession the group proceeded to the task of answering the Forum questionnaire. When asked if they thought that community attitudes are chiefly responsible for the difficulties of the teaching profession, the Forum replied that they thought so. Some suggested that perhaps more publicity on the occupation might help make an enlightened attitude amongst citizens and school boards of all districts. The second question

was, "Would you advise a young person, possessed of the necessary qualifications, to enter the teaching profession today? Opinion seemed to be that it remained up to the individual but that under the present trend the future looked very bright for eligible prospects. When asked about taxes the Forum seemed divided between making the whole thing Provincial or leaving the situation as it is.

The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, November 19, when the Forum will discuss "Is our immigration policy satisfactory?"

### Optomistic Students

In a pool conducted in the Gazette office prior to the Dal-St. Mary's game last Tuesday, 14 optimistic Dalhousians voiced their opinion as to the outcome of the contest, with an average score of 14 points for Dal, 7½ for St. Mary's.

The highest anticipated score of 26-3 for Dal was registered by Jack Lusher, while Ken Phelps, only supporter for the Irish, thought St. Mary's would win by a score of 17-5.

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# FEATURES

## CLARIFICATION

The Editorial Board of the Gazette wishes to make the following known to its readers in respect of last week's issue of the Gazette. In the makeup of the pages devoted to Remembrance Day there were a number of errors which were not obvious until the finished form was issued, when it was too late to make any changes. In this manner some material appeared in more prominent type than the rest, and gave some of our readers the impression that the Gazette was reflected solely in this material.

The Gazette realizes that there must be many opinions on such a matter, and wishes to state that there was no intention to offend any of these opinions.

While it mourns the sacrifice made by our young men in the war, the Gazette intended to show the evils of war in the hope that there might be an awareness of the dangerous world situation; only through a general effort can a future war be averted. Such a war is not inevitable. In no way were these reflections intended to cast any doubt upon the achievement of the war dead and of the veterans; by whose efforts alone we still exercise the liberties for which they fought and died.

## CO-ED NEWS AND VIEWS

Alas, my fine feathered femmes; inspiration and information are nil for yours truly this week. That middle term spread is appearing below les yeux, darkened by sleepless nights of thinking—26—26—26, everywhere is 26. And your guess is as good as mine?

Shirreff Hall formal has come and went. By the sounds of things 'twas a gala event; at any rate, gala-er than in previous years.

On glancing through a McGill Daily, we noticed a picture of a gal-amorous looking drum majorette, described (among other things) as the only drum majorette for a college band in Canada, which of course is incorrect. Just goes to show you, we're not so dumb!

We are seeing 82 thousand "Flash Gordon" jackets on our men friends. Pretty snazzy, don't you think? But we can't let them show us up like that. Let's get out our knitting needles and do something about it. After all, we're from Dal too.

## EXIT

He became aware of the rain-drops tinkling against the remaining pane of glass in the dark opening which was the window. The acid smell of brick-dust and gunpowder filled his lungs, and the terrible darkness seemed to press against him. He coughed, the sharp sound echoing through the empty ruins. "Strange", he thought "that coughing should hurt his face so much". Slowly as in a dream he raised his hand to his jaw to probe for the cause of the pain. As he felt his mangled feature, child-like, he whimpered. He cried, softly, and salt tears mingled with the drying blood. The dull ache began to throb and fill his whole being with a pulsing horror and he thought that he would like to pray but he'd tried it before and just then merciful unconsciousness claimed him. The rain continued to beat against the brave little pane of glass.

He awoke with the dull, grey dawn. Rain still fell and he was cold, and hungry. He looked around him. There was the gun in the corner, the barrel twisted, the ammunition mags partly buried under the rubble. Occasionally little avalanches of red dust spilled down from the pile of pink bricks and plaster which had once formed a partition in the two-room building. Streams of water ran down from the shell-emashed roof, and the rain kept up its incessant hammering at the little glass-square, the survivor of the eight panes which had originally made up the window.

Inch by inch, he turned on his side, and raising himself on his arm, looked over the pile of debris. Where the south wall had once blocked his vision, he could now see straight down the hill to the valley where he knew there was help. If only they'd come up and get him. God, how his leg

hurt. Funny, he thought, yesterday, or last night, or last year, or whenever it was, my face hurt, but now it's my leg.

It was quiet in the little house. Too quiet. Only the rain drops, splashing on the little pane of glass interrupted the silence. He had once more passed into insensibility.

Three times during the day he returned to the world of pain and horror, and each time he crawled a few feet closer to the gap in the south wall. Then, as he rested, the realization came that with the advent of evening, the enemy would start to shell again. He peered at his watch, which, miraculously, was working.

### "EXIT"

It was late; too late. Desperately he tried to pull some of the debris over on top of himself. Anything for protection. He screamed hysterically as he tore at the pile of brick and timbers with his bleeding fingers.

Then he heard it. A thin piercing scream developing into a full-throated roar. The shell hit the house with a blinding, searing crash.

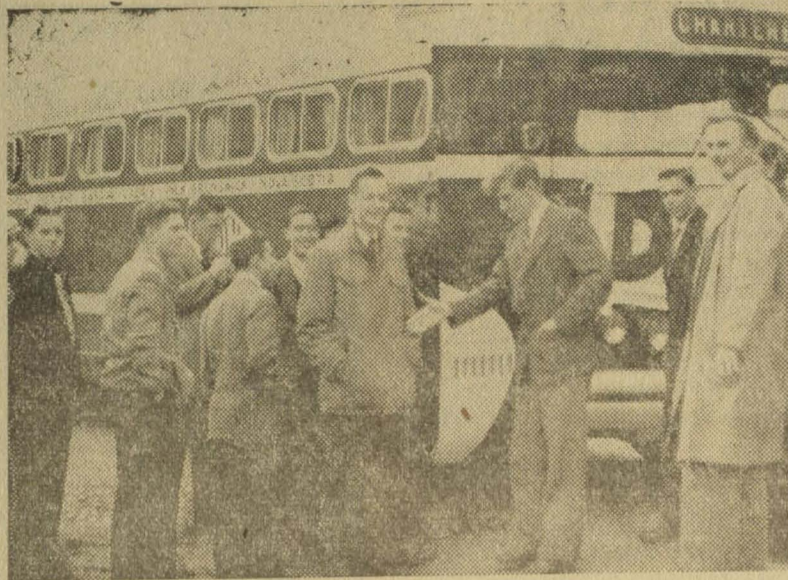
The rain continued to fall, with a soft murmuring sound. The last tinkling sound had stopped.

Nowadays a man must have more than chicken feed to run around with a chicken.

"Well, there goes another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the drain.

Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know things like that cause me to worry."

Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother; I went over to his apartment. Now let his mother worry."



Boys getting on the bus.

## ENGINEERS INVADE LIVERPOOL

Thursday, Nov. 7 was a lovely crisp autumn morning for the people of Halifax but it was a sad day indeed for the inhabitants of Liverpool, for this was E-day, the day of the Engineers annual trip. When sane people were just considering whether to get up and go to classes or not, a group of 30-odd Engineers met in front of their beloved shack and took their places in the Mackenzie bus, which was appropriately decorated. The first attempt to "get out of town" led us in a blind alley. Our courteous driver, a Cape Bretoner by birth, asked a passing gentleman; "How in hell do you get out of this hole?" The 96 miles to Liverpool were covered in no time and the transit men were in high spirits on arriving at their destination.

The people of Liverpool were frantic. Daughters ran to the safety of their mothers arms and the boilermakers ran after the daughters. Brown, Cameron and Bezanson had pretty good luck — it must be nice to be able to run so fast. Dinner was digested at a local Cafe, where Brown took some angular photos of the scenery.

After dinner the group was conducted through the Mersey Paper Mill and found the tour highly interesting. The kindness of the Company in permitting the tour and in supplying the guides was greatly appreciated. Four of the groups were feared lost in the digestors but a quick call to the gateman showed they were safe in the bus.

The trip home was without accident. Peifhany was an animously voted President of the Horizontal Club and several new members were invited. As the bus entered Halifax the driver was given three rousing cheers.

And so the bus bumped into the shack and another trip was over.



# Hi There!

right now your grades  
are good...

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Harder indeed! Life was never a lenient school-master. And making the grade in life demands all a man can muster in the way of knowledge, ability and forethought.

Especially forethought! The sort of forethought that prompts a man to start charting a life insurance program early in youth. The sort of forethought that enables a man to realize that whatever the experiences life holds for him — earning a living, getting married, raising a family, having earning power cut off — he is better equipped to meet them and enjoy them when he has behind him the security and protection provided by life insurance.

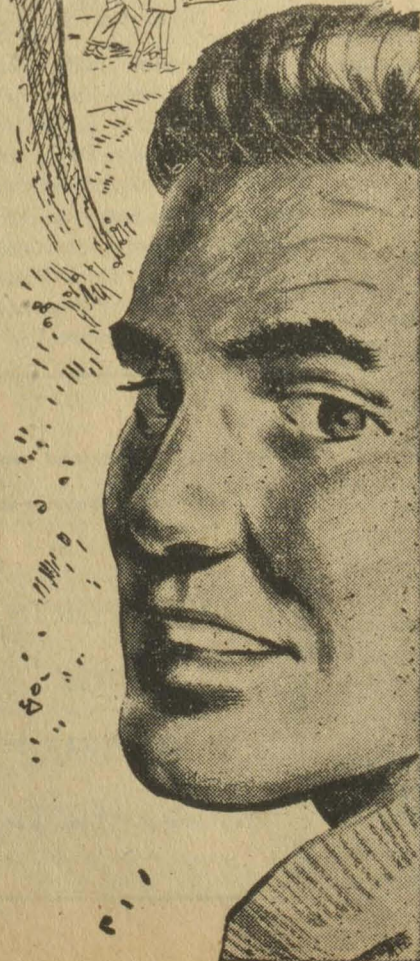
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# NUMBER 7 STATIONARY HOSPITAL

On Monday, November 3rd, a meeting of the former staff of the Dalhousie No. 7 Stationary Hospital was held at the Nova Scotian Hotel. Many of the original members of the unit were there and enjoyed the evening reminiscing about their experiences during the First World War.

This unit was formed due to the great desire of the medical faculty of the University to serve their country in the war. An offer was made to the Government in 1914 to provide the medical staff of a casualty clearing station, but it was not until a year later that it was accepted.

The University provided space for a barracks and an orderly room in the building formerly occupied by the medical school. Within one month the recruits were enlisted and the school was transformed. The Maritime Business College provided their kitchen and dining room for mess facilities, and when it became generally known that the Hospital had been accepted applications for positions in it came rapidly from all parts of the country. Thirty medical men and over eighty nurses applied for the staff which required but twelve medical men and twenty-eight nurses.

## RELIEF NEEDS

The many years of misery that have passed and not yet ended have made us immune to mass suffering. The many appeals we have heard for relief have created a mental resistance to the effort required to make us think with any intelligence on relief problems.

The result becomes evident on our campuses during the annual I.S.S. campaign, which raises money to be used by World Student Relief in Europe and in the East. (Although I.S.S. is not fundamentally a relief organization, when relief needs are greatest, they receive most attention, with the result that the International Student Service is in grave danger of being swamped by the new, slick, and Communist, International Union of Students.)

This result is that our students, if they think at all on the subject, develop a hazy impression of the entire welter of European needs, and many of them think that the recipients are sitting back and selling relief shipments on the Black Market.

These articles are, quite frankly, timed for the I.S.S. Campaign early in 1948. They will introduce you to the mechanism of World Student Relief, to the needs, which are enormous, and to the means of meeting them, which need your help.

G. B. Payzant

## What Is The Way

Unseeing eyes look vainly for the Way,  
For Truth that hides behind translucent panes;  
"What is the task of life?" they seem to say,  
"Disclose it now while life with us remains."

And searching for the way, men live in hope  
That guiding lights will pierce the frosted glass;  
With scarred and twisted hands they vainly grope,  
Then fall back in the seething human mass.

In spans of time the human life is brief:  
It flits across the earthly human stage  
And disappears, according to belief,  
To live again in some eternal age.

And those who live on Earth with lifted eyes  
Are oft forgetful of their mortal way,  
And placing hope on faith for Heaven's prize,  
They cease to live, and blindly ever stray.

The happiest of men are those who turn  
From selfishly anostrophizing God;  
Who seek to aid Him, thinking but to earn  
A place with men upon the Earth they trod.

On the 16th. of December 1915 the Unit was inspected by General Benson, G. O. C., and shortly after orders were received to proceed overseas.

On New Year's Day, 1916, the Unit sailed from St. John and arrived in England on the tenth of January, and on the evening of the same day went to Shorncliffe where they took over the administration of the Military Hospital.

On the 18th of June the Unit left for France and operated a hospital at Le Havre and then at Harfleur for some months. No. 7 then moved to Arques near the Belgian border but were soon forced to evacuate the area. In the town of Etaples they were subject to a severe bombing raid but out of 1547 men buried the next day only a few were from No. 7 Unit. They were stationed at Rouen temporarily and then at Carmier in a stationary hospital when the Armistice was declared. In March they returned to England and arrived in Canada in April.

The Unit was commanded by Lt. Col. John Stewart who was later transferred to London where he received the C. B. E. It is on record that the No. 7 Stationary Hospital was recognized as the most efficient unit operating in the war theatre of North France.

### NOTICE

All photographs taken by GAZETTE photographers at any student function may be purchased from the photographers at a reasonable price.

"It looks like rain" said the amiable waiter, serving the demitasse of coffee. "Tastes like it too," remarked the student. "Bring me a cup of tea."



## Shooting The Man

By "Bull"

Well, now, this is a new column and it isn't a good idea to go out on a limb on first acquaintance — she might slap your face — but things keep coming to our notice, things we can't overlook. The other day we were sitting quietly in our bull pen paring our toenails when we saw a scrap of tissue paper four inches square, on the floor. It was, of all things, a contribution ..... a contribution from a person with a mind, a mind that needs house cleaning. We will quote from the efforts of the contributor—  
**Things That Make Life Worth Living**

"Cheek to cheek (at the Shirreff Hall Formal) were Scott Morrison and Janet Cameron...". Well, we'll grant you that friend Cameron has prominent cheeks, but why should that make life worth living ?

We just know that every student on the campus will be glad to hear that "the team of Don Woodward and Marilyn Hebb is going along in top form .. and whats more, he likes her cooking".

Its not every Dalhousie co-ed that can cook, most of them don't have time.

### Warning To Girls, Women and My Friend Elsie

This again is a quote from our contributing friend.. "The Kings Kollege Kover Boy, Gordon Coles has been tossing his smile of iate at the beauteous blonde Zelda MacKinnon. Watch it gals, you may be next." We'll bet Zelda doesn't know a thing about all this.

To anyone who might find it of interest we make the announcement that "Ukie Velcoff is applying himself vigorously to female pursuit." Where is significance in that ?

### Glad Tidings To Weary Mothers Department

We were struck between the horns with these edifying bit of news — "Still free, is the ever-loving James "Milker" MacLeod. (Honest, Elsie, I don't know a thing about that "Milker" business). Rumor has it that he did a fine looking chick for the Med dance, one hour before it started ... such an operator."

(Continued on Page 8)

## Of Time And The River

by Lew

A floating log defines the River's flow  
As on its guided course toward the sea  
Its muddy-coloured waters swell and grow  
To greater strengths, untamed and ever-free.  
The hush of night accents the mighty roar,  
The proof of strength, omnipotence sublime;  
The steady voice proclaims that evermore  
The rushing torrents shall flow on with Time.  
What is the secret of its constant toil?  
Why moves it seaward, swift and steadily?  
If Time were held would waters cease to boil?  
From where?—to where?—and why so constantly?  
This friend of Time, indifferent to Man,  
Deserves respect—it seems to have a plan.

"Name five things containing milk?" "Ice cream, butter, cheese and two cows."

"Hello, room clerk, does Joe Doaks live in room 202?"

"Yes."  
"Well, come up and pick him out — the rest of us want to go home."

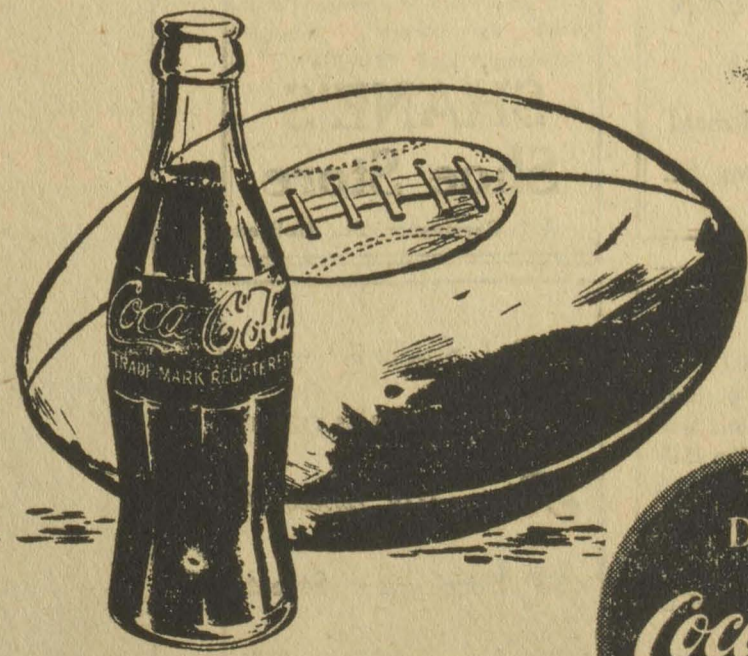
Scotch Lass: "Oh, Jock, doesn't that popcorn smell nice?"

Scotch Lad: "Aye, it does that. I'll turn around and drive a bit closer."

Moe: "Who's the girl with the French heels?"

Joe: "She's my sister, and the guys aren't French."

## Time out... Have a Coke



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# Student Opinion Divided on Library Hours

A recent survey taken up on the campus by Gazette researcher Patsy Pigot, revealed that the student opinion is divided as to whether the Library should remain open during the supper hour. Nineteen students approached, thought that the present hours were alright as they were. Joan Patterson definitely stated that the Library should not be open at supper time: "Nobody studies at that hour. If they study or have classes all afternoon, they should go home and get something to eat, and rest their weary bones." Most of the students who considered the present hours as the best, believed that students would rather have the longer eating hours.

But twenty-five other students thought that the Library should be open all day. Not everyone has their supper at the same time, and no one takes two hours to eat, especially if they eat in Residence. People coming from Labs just miss getting there before it closes, and as a consequence have to return at night to pick up their books, often at great inconvenience. Students who live on the campus usually have their meal at six o'clock, or before. If the library were open when they finished they would get a whole hour's work done. Eva Powell, speaking for the Hall girls: "It would help a lot if it were open before six-thirty, for if we want to go out at night, we can go over and get quite a bit of work done before we have our fun."

Bernice Parsons, taking the part of the Librarians said: "We take time out to rest, so should they," but then why could not a couple of students take over the two hours, replied another co-ed. All other University libraries remain open all day, and some until eleven o'clock, two and a half hours is not a good night's work, so let's see our library open all day.

The next thing we know they'll expect the girls to wear the old fashioned high laced shoes. And then their shins will find them out.

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## A HARD GAME (Continued from Page 1)

as the first face appeared at the head of the locker room stairs — Tom Belliveau, a tape pasted across his nose, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, walked woodenly across the floor and sat down heavily on a bench, his head between his hands. Others followed in funeral order, Bob Wilson, Bob MacDonald, big Bert Cull and Don McKeigan. The room and its atmosphere became heavy with the odor of sweating bodies. Hardly a word was spoken as the weary football players undressed and tramped to the shower room.

Cyril Morgan, who played the hardest game of football in his life Tuesday, stood by his locker muttering to himself — "some day — I'll get that guy Shaw where I want him — he'll squirm."

Doug Jaggs stood perfectly still by a ping pong table, his helmet still on his head — slowly, with a baffled look on his face he sank to his knees and fell to the floor. The tension had gone, and he just passed out. He was alright, though, and after a few moments he got to his feet and began to take off his boots.

Wearily the players stripped tape and bandage from their wrists and ankles, and put on their street clothes. Coach Bill Burkhart weaved among the lockers talking in a low monotone to the players. Finally, Burkhart and Bob MacDonald climbed the stairs and walked out of the gym. As if it was a signal the other players drifted out of the building, until finally none were left.

Canadian football at Dalhousie was over for this season. The team had lost the game to St. Mary's but in doing so they had risen in the estimation of the students, it was a hard game, well and cleanly fought, and next year is another year.

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## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE SHOOTING THE MAN (Continued from Page 7)

Hurray, Hurray Hurray  
"Jonny Bustin arose from his sick bed (the poor bed) to escort the winsome Joyce Cameron to the Shirreff Hall formal."

**Snide Remarks By The Writer**  
This column marks the return of a so-called "dirt column" to the pages of the Gazette. It had not been intended to carry one, but we have been over-ruled by the student body...this is the result. Now, we have been in retirement — they had a good crop of corn last year and I have been enjoying my rest. "How green was my silage" is the title of a book that I have been dreaming about. Elsie and I are getting old, but we can find enough time for this little thing if it pleases the students. No slight is meant in our manner of using a contributor's material — it is just a means of getting the stuff in here. Further contributions will be welcomed — just throw them in the Gazette office, in an envelope marked "Bull".

## CAMPUS ROUNDUP (Continued from Page 5)

Since things go in cycles here probably the popularity of the

English game will be enhanced after a few years but there can be little doubt right now that the Canadian game in this school has really caught the institution by the shirt tail. (N typographical error here).

friends of George Mattison may we assure them in closing that Mr. Mattison is normal in all respects.

## MILLSTONES (Continued from Page 2)

country I am not liking — I am printing that he is so and so and what. And then it comes to me all these peoples who are not liking so I say to them it is free speeches and you can do also free speeches if you wanting so. So, they take me to polices and am lock in a barred prison and are feeding bad food and saying bad things and professor is expelling me, and prime minister prosecuting me, and church excommunicating, and Glum Club they are throwing snakes and stuff in window. Football team, they are waiting till I come out. I going back to Obrotchnna. Free speeches damn bad things.

## Friday, November 14th., 1947 Anti Politics Petition

Originated by a minor element on the campus a petition has been drawn up and circulated, gathering the names of a number of students who feel that last week's issue of the GAZETTE presented too much politics. Two stories appeared last week on the first page.

Commenting on the petition, Lew Miller, the GAZETTE Editor, declared; "I feel that a petition is highly unnecessary. If students are dissatisfied with any particular aspect of the GAZETTE we shall be only too willing to conform with their wants."

Another Editor declared, "It must be the Conservatives who started it. They are likely sore because they weren't even mentioned."

**PUBLIC LECTURE**  
Dr. Ernest Weeks of the Department of Reconstruction in Ottawa will give a talk on "Canada, European Recovery and the Marshall Plan."

The lecture will be held on Thursday, November 20th., at eight o'clock in the Engineering Common Room.



"There's a good type for the fraternity!"  
"Perfection . . . check! Let's make our opening bid with a Sweet Cap."

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