

Rory's Letter

Feb. 29, 1953

Dear Pa,
Remember you told me to write home if I ever got in any trouble up here at Dalhousie, Well, pa, I aint in any serious scrape cause I been doing just what you say. I've been staying away from all them fast college girls (Pa, does that include nurses?) and I haven't been drinkin any likker except what you send up to me, but still i got piles (by the way if I use this word again I'll have to use hemorrhoids cause now that I am in 1st year Medicine I gotta be professional) of trouble.

It all started when a fella asked me to go to a Frat party at one of the Medical Fraternities. Well, I told him that I didn't know any girl to take, so he said that he would get me one. They call that a blind date up here pa, and that sure is putting it kindly. So as you can figure out for yourself I didn't get in any trouble at that party. But still, that was the start, cause after I went to a couple of these here parties a guy asked me if I would take the Pledge. Well, I was never so surprised since he didn't look the least bit like that preacher home who tried to get us to take the Pledge. I know how you shot him like a dawg for trying to rob us of our way of making a living, but honest pa this fella here was real nice and he wasn't trying to scare hell out of anybody. In fact I felt real bad after I pucked him in the eye. I guess that all the fellas over there at that Frat must be Temperance men too cause they never ever invited me back. I tried to tell the guy I hit that I was sorry he said that, and that I wouldn't hit him any more if he kept his mouth shut, but nobody will talk to me any more. Pa, that's my first trouble, I'm kinda lonesome.

Now the second thing was about putting an apple on the professor's desk in the morning. You said that a little "apple-polishing" never hurt anybody. The first day we had a class I got the biggest apple that you sent up to me and I shined it up right pretty and put it on the Professor's desk. He walked right in, smart as a cricket, picked up the apple and just sort of laughed. He didn't even ask who put the apple there. Just to

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Book Review

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN--

Exhumation

The Oxford Dictionary defines the adjective "incredible" as "That which cannot be believed".—Bruce Hutchison has called Mackenzie King the "incredible Canadian". I can only conclude, after considering his book and history, that he meant that Mr. King was a Canadian who could not be believed, who could not be trusted.

To Mr. Hutchison, King's handling of the conscription issue showed him to be a great hero — I suggest that Liberal Heroes are not necessarily Canadian Heroes. In this one issue Hero King trampled the will of the Canadian people to keep his seance Chosen Party in power.

He created a five division field army and failed to reinforce it. This meant that the men in the half-manned unit had to do double duty and run twice the risk—Many who cracked under this extra strain got long prison sentences for desertion. Meanwhile the conscripts (King votes) languished in Canada and deserters from among them were pardoned.

What if a few Canadians suffered and died? Many votes were assured an Incredible Canadian.

—The Observer.

make sure he knew it was me, in the middle of the period, I stood up and told him that I hoped he liked the apple since it was from my pa's farm near Mabou. I felt good for the rest of the period about that, but on the way out after class the fellas started callin me names, and pa, they don't call it "apple-polishing" up here. Some guys hate to see another guy get ahead even up here at college.

I guess that's about all, except that I was at a meeting the other day and this big Doctor was tellin us all about tumors. He talked just like the MacDonalds from up Iona way, so I asked him what part of Cape Breton he was from. He didn't like that pa. He didn't like it one bit. He huffs hisself all up and tells me that he is from Glasgow, in Scotland. Thats overseas somewhere near England, pa). Won't the MacDonalds be some peevd pa, when I tell them that foreigners talk just like they do! Funny thing though pa, this fella didn't look much like a foreigner.

Bye for now. I'll see you as soon as the spring thaws set in.

Your loving son,
Rory.

P.S.—Keep those logs rollin pa cause we dont want any holdup now they got the bridge at Canso started, and change the oil on the bagpipes if were gonna march across with Angus L. when he cuts the ribbon on her, at the head of them 500 pipers.

After Classes Meet the
Gang at Joe's and Tom's
**DIANA SWEETS
TEA ROOM**

The Students' Recreation Centre



Margaret McMurdo

This year the Medical Society decided to break tradition and elect a charming young lady from the fair sex in our Medical school. Queen Margaret was the young lady chosen to carry the banner for the Meds on Munro Day.

Marg, as she is known to us, was born on the Island (need we say more) twenty-two short years ago. She graduated from Prince of Wales College in 1951 and last year she continued her Pre-Medical course at Dalhousie, and this year we find her in first year Medicine.

At Prince of Wales she was a very popular girl and was active in all student affairs. She was elected Class President in her final year. Last year she lived at Sherriff Hall and took an active part in Campus activities. She has studied for several years and is an accomplished pianist and vocalist. Last year she was a member of the Sherriff Hall Girls' Chorus and sang on Dalhousie On the Air. She is interested in sports and is a valuable defenseman on the Varsity Hockey Team.

Since Margaret is in her first year Medicine, pressure of studies has limited her extra-curricular activities. But because she is an attractive girl, a good student and a good sport, the Meds have chosen Margaret McMurdo as their candidate for Campus Queen.

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Medicine And Music

by Gordie Crandall

If you hear the Anvil Chorus pealing forth from the bone fracture ward, or the strains of "Coney Island Baby" drifting out on the ether waves of the operating room, there's no need to go looking for the Toronto Symphony or the Mills Brothers; probably a group of our own musically minded medical boys.

You bet we have talent! Proof? Just keep reading.

What quartet has dominated the old barbershop contests on Munro Day for so many years? The Med quartet. Three of our present internees were in the last winning combo: Jim Brander, Tiny Good, and Ralph (Strike) Strickland. "Ah!" you say, "Who won last year?" Yes, the Pine Hill quartet, but one half of this fine group is medical material — Don Carson (third year) on bottom bass and Bert Davis (third year) as top tenor.

The hot and the hep? Study the record of Fred Prince (second year). This boy plays a real alto sax, tenor sax, baritone sax, clarinet and probably other instruments. He was leader of the "Gentlemen of Swing" at Acadia University, leader of the orchestra at the Digby Pines Hotel for three seasons, and is currently playing with Don Warner.

Bob Read (second year) also reaches for those high notes; his instrument, the trumpet. Bob also played with the Acadia dance orchestra, is presently temporary director of the Halifax Youth Band, and has been leader of several hot jam sessions at the Dalhousie Variety concerts.

Is the name of Irving Koven familiar? It must be. Just run down to Hubbard's some Sunday afternoon and listen to the strains of a ukelele coming across the sand dunes as Irv leads the crew in "Five Foot Two".

Yours truly (gotta get this plug in) started tinkling the ivories in highschool, played in Moncton with several orchestras, then Acadia and the Digby Pines Hotel, and currently at the Olympic Gardens with Eddie Gelines.

FLASH: Sam (Tom Edget) and Alfred (Hugh Kirkpatrick) are well on the way to reviving the old song and dance hits. Their specialty—"Hard Hearted Hannah". There were overwhelming ovations and applause at their first stage appearance in the Nova Scotian ballroom.

Come on Students

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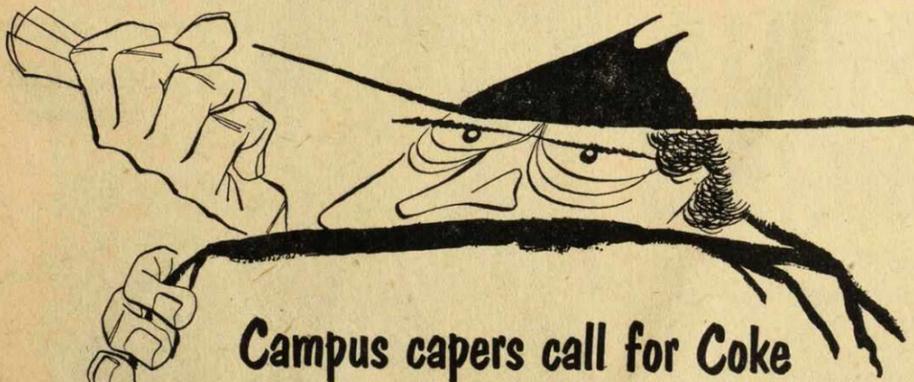
Come Sing to Me

The following songs, (some old, some new) appearing in the Detroit Medical News, are dedicated by a general practitioner "to our dear friends, the specialists—and others".

1. Surgeon—
"Why Not Take All of Me?"
 2. Pediatrician—
"I Cover the Waterfront".
 3. Dermatologist—
"Every Little Breeze Seems to Whisper Lues".
 4. Plastic Surgeon—
"It Doesn't Seem Like the Same Old Smile".
 5. Psychiatrist—
"You Tell Me Your Dream and I'll Tell You Mine".
 6. Endocrinologist—
"Grandfather's Clock".
 7. Obstetrician—
"Bali H'ai".
 8. Geriatrics—
"Dear Hearts and Gentle People" and "What's the Matter with Father?"
 9. Orthopedist—
"Dry Bones".
 10. Cardiologist—
"My Heart Cries for You" and "Be Still My Heart".
 11. Proctologist—
"Cheek to Cheek".
 12. Roentgenologist—
"I'll Be Seeing You".
 13. G. U.
"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" and "G. U. Are Wonderful".
 14. G. I.—
"Follow the Swallows".
 15. Anaesthetist—
"Put Me to Sleep With an Old Fashioned Melody".
 16. Eye Specialist—
"I'm Looking at the World Thru Rose Colored Glasses".
- And we must not forget:
Interne—
"The Sheik of Araby".
Resident—
"Look for the Silver Lining".
And finally, a heart rendering ballad dedicated to the patient: "My Bill".

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