

Correspondence

To the Editor of The Martlet:

Through your columns I should like to bring before the class of 1910 a matter which I think ought to be considered by every outgoing class from McGill. I refer to the idea of a class memorial, the leaving behind of some tangible and permanent memento which shall not only mark the existence of our class, but which

shall be useful to the college, ornamentally or otherwise.

I bring the matter up at this particular time in order that suggestions may be made and steps taken in time to carry out the enterprise properly. It is something which cannot be done in a hurry, but will require a good deal of thought and work put upon it.

A. A. DOBSON.

Life at Dalhousie

A survey of my first paragraph on "Life in Dalhousie" showed me that I was, to all intents and purposes, contributing to a Tourists' Guide, by describing "Picturesque Halifax." Yet in spite of the undoubted hostility of gown towards town in that city by the sea, if my reminiscences are at all representative, the Dalhousie graduate has for Halifax a love rivalling his love for his Alma Mater.

The athletic situation contributes much to this feeling. Football is the one game arousing general interest, and in this practically all our games are home games, as instead of taking part in an intercollegiate series, we have in the past found our strongest opponents in teams representing the army, the navy, and the Wanderers.

If we remember the city better by reason of our association with its athletes, more especially do our minds revert to the field where all the games were played, and to which, on many a fine Saturday in October and November, we all wended our way. Halifax society was there, too (we were not Halifax society), and in externals at least, they had us beaten to a standstill, the uniforms of the military officers almost surpassing in gorgeousness of colouring the leaves of the

maples surrounding the grounds. Standing in double tiers around the field were the immaculate "Tommies"—at least, the "Tommies," in their immaculate uniforms. Here I must digress, for the sight of these English soldiers of the King was a joy forever; whether massed around the football field applauding a good play by friend or foe, or in groups of six or eight, by twos, slowly pacing along the edge of Barrington street, or with his chum stepping smartly along, or with his servant girl, strolling carelessly, the redcoat was the same athletic figure; a constant object lesson the plunger, careful of mind and careless of body.

To return to our football field: Rising sheer from the eastern end is the citadel with its obsolete battlements. Lacking the grandeur of our own mountain, its nearness to the field makes it an ideal spot for the impecunious or artistic spectator. But no student, however well described by these adjectives, could remain away from the north stand, where our sharp (and execrable) yell responded to the more sonorous "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the Wanderers or the plaintive song of the sailors.

Now, a word about the game itself. It is Rugby; but you look in vain for the