

GAZETTE . . .

DAL DAZE . . .

McGosh Advises "Uncle Rex" On Santa Claus, New Anthem

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

It was New Year's Day and as McGosh entered the ménage of W. Fibbin MacFrenzy Monarch, an admiring hush fell over the august assembly of well-wishers. Here was "the distinguished author, traveller and lecturer" in person, who besides being influential in U.N.O., D.D.T. and The Let's-Adopt-The-Codfish-As-Our-National-Emblem Club, was a graduate of Dullhouse and had hobnobbed with famed Blurbie Stewpot and other products of gentility.

MEET . . .



BOB MCCLEAVE

● FEELING THAT such an occasion as the last issue of the Gazette before Christmas merited an extra great character study to brighten its hitherto uninspiring pages, ye Fatuous Ed., with many a puff and pant climbed the winding stairway to the lofty eyrie of the Great (viz. top floor, North Pole Bay). Here we found him, still a couchant (at four o'clock in the afternoon), murmuring in drowsy tones—"Eighteen hours of sleep every day, that's my ambition. Ah! Eighteen, etc. etc." That is his ambition, and you can hardly blame the guy when he studies all day, and then acts as City Editor of the Herald until all hours of the night. Maybe we had better go back a little first. Bob was born in Moncton in 1923 and attended school there, and in Rexton, Richebucto, and finally Digby, which he left with his Grade 12 and an entrance scholarship. The same fall he entered Dal—and that year leading the Freshie-Soph class—he won the Alan Pollock Scholarship.

It was in his second year that Bob's lengthy and intimate association with the Gazette began—as a reporter. The following year he was appointed Editor-in-Chief (all present reporters duly take note). After that record was a downhill one. First, the task of Features editor was unloaded on his shoulders and then it was unloaded again, and finally this year he has completed a full cycle, and is occupying the only position on the Staff lower than that of a reporter—namely that of Business Manager. He has spent one year on the Council, as representative of the Senior Class. An ardent sporting enthusiast, his favorite sports are playing poker and punching a typewriter.

Quebecers Support Santa Claus "Cricket, my boy," said MacFrenzy Monarch or Uncle Rex (as your observer knows him), "I have always respected you as an outstanding sportsman, gentleman and scholar. I want your mature advice on a sticky problem."

"Your insight into character is only exceeded by your good looks, sir," said McGosh with characteristic modesty. — "What's cookin' MacFrenzy?"

"Do the good people of Quebec believe in Santa Claus?"

"Yes, Uncle Rex, they're behind the old codger 100 percent."

"Well, as they always back the right man—there can be no doubt of his existence. Although personally I've often been sceptical as to how such a fat man as Santy could squeeze down so many narrow chimneys. Pat II, my canine friend and adviser, doesn't share my doubts, so I filled his stocking with a King-size teething ring. He's been getting his wisdom teeth. Planning to run in Prince Albert next campaign. Keeping up tradition, you know."

"Frankly, Uncle Rex," said McGosh, "I think Santa is a myth." "Funny," quaked the P.M., "I always thought he was mister."

Dr. Chasm on Moral Values At this juncture, psychiatrist General Chasm filtered into the room with a copy of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" tucked under his arm.

"Moral values are all relative. We must erase the veneer of pretence and hypocrisy . . ." he was haranguing to Lady Poopingham of Little Poopingham-on-the-Poop, a chunky full-bosomed dowager who was touring the "colonies" as part of her charitable work.

"But my deah doctah," tittered Her Ladyship between nibbles on a drop-cake. "Do you mean we should abandon ourselves to the dictates of passion? . . . Although it does sound exciting, doesn't it?"

"Exactly, Lady Poopingham," said Chasm, who had just burned a large hole in Uncle Rex's mahogany desk and kicked the P.M.'s lacquey in the hind-quarters. "Never could stand the blighter," he volunteered, tweaking Her Ladyship on the second of her three chins. "I have an intense dislike for parasites and conformists."

At this outburst, Uncle Rex paled noticeably and repaired hastily to a dark corner, beckoning McGosh to join him.

"Pat II and I have been debating about a new national anthem," he mumbled. "I feel that 'God Save Our Gracious King' is a splendid personal tribute after my 18 glorious years at the helm. But, as I will be stepping soon into the history books of posterity, perhaps a theme 'On the Banks of the St. Laurent' or 'Howe come You Do Me Like You Do'—would be more appropriate."

McGosh Offered Judgeship

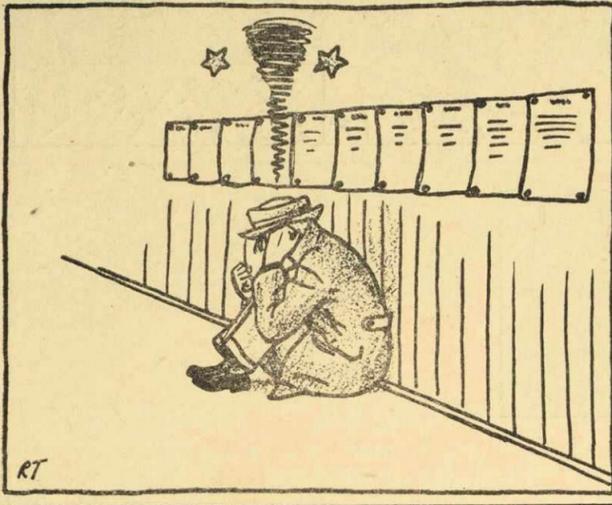
"And don't forget the immortal lines from 'Mairzy Doats,'" said your chronicler, "about 'a kid llsley ivy too, wouldn't you!'"

"Bully show, McGosh!" piped MacFrenzy. "Your counsel as always has been invaluable. Which would you prefer me to respectfully advise His Majesty to award you—The O.B.E. or C.B.E.?"

"Oh, a judgeship in P.E.I. will do the trick, thanks, Uncle Rex."

"Roger, my boy. And now I must abed. Pat II also looks drowsy . . . had an all-day session

BLUES IN THE GYM



● WELL ANOTHER year is over, another set of exams are finished, but old Knowsey is still with you, yep, I'm too stupid to flunk! So let's start the New Year right with some of our choicest gossip which concerns . . .

Zen Graves, who has blazed a trail right from his house to the deepest part of—Bedford, where he has found a little squaw by the name of Betty H. It seems that during one of these trips Zen lost his Gold 'D'. Is the elusive amoeba at last caught or will he escape as he has done on so many previous occasions?

Surely you've heard of "Gotta be this or that" Elsie. What do Bill and Jim think about it all; anyway, "What is this thing called love?"

One of the news editors on this illustrious issue has had a bit of "blond trouble" and is now free, white?, and 12.

After years of waiting wee Berney Creighton has finally found a freshette to his size and liking. Nice going Lilo, a more handsome couple I've yet to see.

Knowsey advises Nancy W. to question Jamie on his behaviour on New Year's Eve. But don't get mad Nancy, after all, New Years only comes once a year. (I think).

. . . That big, handsome, blond, bruiser, Robert K. is on the prowl again. His objective seems to be a certain New Glasgow lass. Could it be K-K-K-Kay.

As a parting shot for the New Year I leave this poem to console all the love-sick morons on the campus,

"You meet a girl and you surrender Though God knows why, you're kind and tender; You're husband, lover, sister, brother, Companion, banker, father, mother; You try your best to be worthy of her, You make mistakes, but she knows you love her; You're hers completely, and you show it; And what thanks do you get? The gate I know it !!!"

with the Fire Hydrant Commission."

OXFORD

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday "ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" with Cornel Wilde - Evelyn Keyes

Thursday - Friday - Saturday "DILLINGER" and "LAKE PLACID SERENADE"

Med Notes

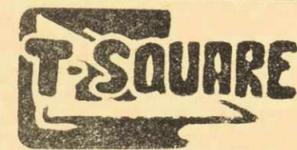
● ONCE AGAIN the senescent halls of the Forrest building are full of the white coated students of Medicine, who after their holidaying in various locales, seem to have stood up to the obligations of New Year's well enough. Of course this writer does notice the shaded glint of fatigue in the heavy-lidded eyes of the mechanical movements as if something had happened during the Christmas recess that could be qualified other than restful.

Getting down to a serious refrain, the staff of the University has been still further reduced as 1946 begins, by the absence of Dr. and Mrs. Saunders, who have been obliged to spend a year in the South due to the illness of the former. The anatomy department will miss their absence greatly and looks forward to their return.

Med Basketball

The medical basketball representation in the Interfac. league is running in to heavy opposition already, with the league still in its infancy. In spite of the efforts of veterans Giffen and Morton, the Meds bowed to a strong Commerce team, but with a more enthusiastic turnout this faculty could repeat the success of the football season. So, boys, it's up to you . . . !

Comes January 18, and the bloom of the Medical year arrives with the annual and famous Ball and banquet. With the latter occurring at the Nelson, and the former at the Scotian, a superlative degree of levity is well expected to be reached; and as 'that extra touch', the Med Society is planning to supplement that issue of the Gazette and the fullest effort of the student is required to make this successful. Remember that your time is valuable, and that many hands make light work, so everybody help.



● CONGRATULATIONS ARE in order for Prof. and Mrs. Bowes on the new arrival at the Bowbery. The two hundred cigars expected to arrive at the Drafting room are a bit overdue, but hope has not been abandoned yet.

The Dartmouth Pinball Busting Society, with 'Personal Magnetism' Smith and 'Boot Target' Wilson, report a very successful season so far this year. The only casualties reported as yet are the pinball machines, many of which have suffered dislocated bumpers.

SOCIAL NOTES

Messrs. Bell and Hines spent an enjoyable few days at Amherst and Truro respectively, visiting friends. Huba Huba!! . . . Mr. D. Dunlop was host at a delightful party at the American Grill 4 A.M. New Year's morning. The floor show was supplied by the Halifax Police Force . . . Sundry Drafting Room characters are going tsk tsk at the activities of Skinner, who always seems to be going off with some girl or other . . . This week's example of Engineering ingenuity: Dunlop, who can fit just anything under a piano . . .

... FEATURES

"I HAVE BEEN FRISKED"

Student Questioned by Police at Early Hour as Probe in Crime Wave Continues

● SOONER OR LATER about one out of four people will come most seriously into contact with the law, that is, the enforcement part of the law, and not such things as wills, deeds, contracts, or even torts.

There is always something awe-inspiring in the meeting with a policeman. Nice fellows they undoubtedly are, but one has the feeling that perhaps they suspect you of delving in some dirty work sometime, and that quite suddenly they will ask "what were you doing on June 16, 1937" which is double-barrelled, for whether you answer it or not, they still think you are a liar. So you tend to shy a bit away from them, and hope for the best.

But, as was started out with, it can always happen that you are questioned as either being witness to a crime or perhaps the criminal himself. It is just as well to know a bit about answering the police questions, and from experience with them on that score, the author will attempt to draw a few conclusions.

Perhaps the first rule is to be deferential and courteous, with an enthusiastic light in your eye for answering questions and a quick-thinking brain. The other morning for example, a chap who looked something like anyone pictured in a campus who's who, or even the series of features on this page on things you're apt to bump into at Dalhousie, was walking down the street at an early hour, after he had seen his girl friend home from a fraternity dance. A car drew up alongside him filled with five earnest looking policemen, armed to the teeth with guns and whistles and handcuffs and billyclubs, and snarls.

A not very hectic situation, you say. No, actually it cannot be pictured as that, but it is under such

Wanted . . .

Feature writers . . . and contributors to the feature page . . . Feature page deadline in future will be 12 noon on Tuesdays. Copy submitted after this time will not appear in that week's Gazette.

Campus Communique

● STARTING OFF the New Year with a big bang is the news that the annual Studley Ball (annual since last year anyway) comes up tonight. The once drooping Arts and Science Society now goes into these things in a big way and assures the GAZETTE that everyone can have a good time to the tune of \$1.25 and the tunes of Don Low. P.S.—We hear that there is free food, too . . . Along similar lines we see the advance propaganda of the Meds re their yearly banquet and ra- (whoops! we almost said rat race) at the Scotian. More on this next week. Needless to say the damages are much worse and completely out of the range of Freshmen . . .

Burning question No. 19: When is Stewart going to settle down? Before Christmas it was Nita taking lessons on the slide rule, during the holidays there were Roomers of another friendship. Then comes the new year and a scientific Newfie . . . Wanted: A comb and a scooter . . . Please send offers to G. Van Beek.

ORPHEUS

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday "THE BODY SNATCHER" with BORIS KARLOFF "Wagon Wheels Westward"

Thursday - Friday - Saturday "SHADOW OF TERROR" "CHEROKEE FLASH"

situations as that in which you may meet the police. Not with your hands dripping with blood or money from the crime, but simply walking along a street and minding your own business, because there is nobody else's to mind.

The following conversation took place:

Police—Come over here, lad. I want to talk to you.

Fellow—Ah, you minions of grasping capitalists. Pray, what do you want with me?

Police—Have you a registration card?

Fellow—By George, by a strange coincidence I haven't. And it seems that I really haven't got a paper on me with which to identify myself. Do you want my name?

Police—No, that's hardly necessary. What are you doing out at this hour of the night.

Fellow—Well, I'm glad you asked me, because I was just wondering that myself. It really is too cold for walking, yet on the other hand . . . Offhand, I would say I don't know.

Police—Where do you live?

Fellow—I frequent an institution of higher learning, known as— College.

Policeman (one of the four in the car, great big husky chap with a voice like an adolescent bull frog)—Frisk him.

Police—Have you got anything on you?

Fellow—No sir.

Police—Well, let me see. (He runs his hands briefly over the student's body, pulling out \$2.50 and a dance program, with Greek letters on it).

Fellow—Oh yes. Did you know that that letter is Pi, as in the circumference of a circle, and that one is Beta, which is part of the word alphabet, and that one is Phi, as in on you.

Police—(handing back the dance program). Keep right on walking, boy, and don't let us see you again tonight.

Fellow—I can assure you it won't happen again. (Saying which he disappeared in a cloud of gas).

The following rules from this actual happening from real life (it could happen to you) are therefore intended to guide you:

- 1. Always tell the truth;
2. Don't argue about property and civil rights with a policeman when he tries to frisk you. This chap was a lawyer but he deliberately kept himself from arguing on the privacy of the person. Remember, the police have black jacks which cause internal tinglings without leaving external markings.
3. Always carry your registration card with you.
4. Don't carry any money.

To be serious though, there is a bad crime wave going on in the city today, and it behooves everyone to assist the police in anyway they can. Mostly by staying off the streets early in the morning, I guess.

—R. J. McC.

CASINO

An Odeon Theatre

Six Days Starting SATURDAY, JAN. 12th

"MADONNA OF THE SEVEN MOONS"

starring

PHYLLIS CALVERT STEWART GRANGER PATRICIA ROC

CAPITOL

FRIDAY - SATURDAY January 11-12

"THE SPANISH MAIN"

with PAUL HENREID MAUREEN O'HARA WALTER SLEZAK

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday

"JOHNNY ANGEL"

with GEORGE RAFT