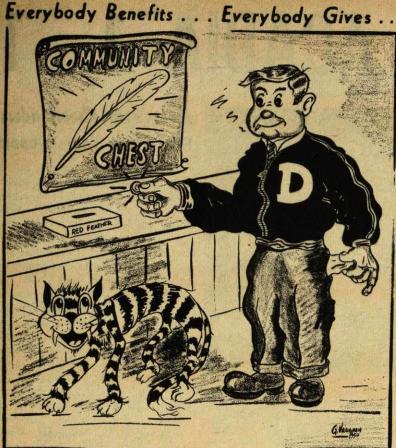
DALHOUSIE GAZETTE



T-SQUARE

The annual trip for 3rd year Engineers is being planned for October 19th. The boys will tour the Trenton Car Works during the afternoon, and will spend the evening in Truro

Committees have been formed to look after the annual banquet and the Engineers' Ball. The Boilermaker's Booster will be held in the Gymn next month, and if it half as good as last year it will be the dance of the term.

The rugger team is shaping up well under the capable guidance of Terry Goodyear, and it looks like the boys will field a strong team.

Notice

one ruined reputation. If any one course. finds difficulty in meeting these requirements, he is advised to Mans' Law Ball Committee and seek the counsel of I. M. Satan he was responsible for a most sucwho is found in the ether at any cessful evening last Saturday at time and is always on call.

LAW NOTES

There have been two meetings of the Law Society this Fall. At the first meeting it was decided that the Law Ball would be held at the Nova Scotian Hotel on Friday, October 27. Three days later the Society convened again, and acting this time as the Senate (the sober second thought) rather than the House of Commons, they approved the date. Things have changed since President Jess Wentzell has begun his study of Constitutional Law. Incidentally, Secretary Moira Segar takes the minutes on the fly leaf of Domin- behind, footsteps. I looked around ion Law Reports. Adds tone, I presume.

Hec Pothier nominated Ian Robertson as chairman of the Law at me, and then stared at the Ball committee, then moved nom- ruins. Due to conditions absolutely be- inations cease, which was carried. yond our control, we regret that A vote was called and Ian was deuntil further notice the Gates of clared elected with a majority of Heaven will be closed to all those three. He carried the women's who are not personal friends of vote, which made the difference. St. Peter. While we realize that Other committee members are this will cause severe inconveni- Don Good and Kevin Griffin, who ence to our many patrons, we have resembles an unbound volume of been advised that there is always a very early English Report. Hec plenty of room in the basement Pothier, rugger's Satchel Paige, apartment of this cosmos. The was elected football coach. He only rent that is collected involves was nominated by the chairman one fresh skull during the year or of the Law Ball committee, of

> Gil Jordan headed the Poor Mulgrave Park.

THE AIR RAID SHELTER

War had finished, the bombing | by T. B. ROGERS

At last my chance had come to see what change it had brought about London, the old city of my childhood memories.

I got off the train at Euston and from there took the underground to Leicester Square. Then I walked up Regent Street, looking in at the big shop windows as I went by and thought of the things I would like to buy but curbed my desires and walked on.

had ceased!

The day had passed uneventfully, and seeing all the things I had wanted to, I wandered aimlessly about until I found myself going along a dingy, fog swept street. I drew my coat about me as the damp mist clung to my cheeks. It was getting dark, the street lamps glowed, and I could hear the water dripping from the sloping roofs of the closely built houses. Suddenly I noticed a gap in the buildings and on approaching it I found myself looking over a wall into the cellar and remains of what must have been a considerably large house. All that masonry rising out of the basement like tall trees in a wilderness, casting weird shadows over the floor. Here and there in the wreckage of the building I could see scattered timber beams grotesquely twisted and burnt.

By now the fog had lifted and I suddenly noticed in the yard before me an air raid shelter, undamaged. I thought that whoever was in the shelter when the house was hit, had had a lucky escape, when I heard approaching me from and saw a neatly dressed man walking towards me. On reaching the wall he hesitated, looked

He stood still for a minute, turned towards me saying, "An awful mess don't you think?"

"Yes," I replied, "must have been a powerful bomb to have done all that damage?"

He paid no attention to my question, and rather took me aback by saying in a gruff tone, 'From the country, aren't you?"

I replied in the affirmative and was just going to query his question, when he continued, "I could tell, just by the way you were looking at the wreckage of the house. You see, people here in London don't take any notice nowa-days, it is a thing of the past."

I smiled and agreed that being a countryman I was not used to seeing the ravages of war. "I wonder who lived here," I asked. He looked over the fallen bricks and timber, in a distant voice he replied, "As it happens I did. You see my family and I lived here."

A sudden chill went down my spine, I said nothing, he carried on. "Yes, I lived here for the past twelve years. We had just settled down when the war began, it didn't bother us at all, until the local authorities said that every one was to have some form of an air raid shelter against the dangers of bombing. We built ours in the back yard." Here he paused and pointed over the wall to the shelter I had seen before.

"Did you use it much?" I asked him.

The old man turned his wizened face towards me and grimaced, "Yes, we used it a lot, why don't you come and have a look at it?" I hesitated, but before I had was left were the gaunt pieces of time to reply he led the way down a flight of steps to the right of where I was standing, beckoning me to follow. The light given by the street across the road was enough for us to pick our way over the fallen masonry towards the shelter.

> We had gone half-way when the old man stopped, turned round and said in a whisper, "You have never seen one as close as this before, have you?"

"No," I replied, and holding my arm he took me across the other half of the basement and there in front of me in the gloom, as white as a tombstone, was the air raid shelter.

On a closer examination I saw that it was made of concrete, and to one side was a little door. We stood still for a minute and

he Lord Nelson Hotel

then I said; "It looks rather cold and bleak."

He turned his head, "From the outside, yes, but inside it was different. We had it as comfortable as you could wish. Beds for everyone and a wireless, cooking equipment and many other things. But now it is just a skeleton, the only thing that remains of our property, an empty shell." Here his voice trailed away and on looking at his face I saw the expression of anguish and sorrow.

"What happened during your first air raid?" I asked

"Oh, we all rushed into the shelter. And regularly every night when the German planes came over, I took my family into the shelter and there we would stay until morning. After a few months went by we became rather lax in going into the dugout immediately, and then there was one evening when the siren went and there seemed to less activity in the sky than usual. Well, you know what it is, the children were in bed, and we didn't think it necessary to go outside into the cold night air in order to get into the shelter till the all-clear went. We sat and read for a time, the children slept, when suddenly it seemed that the bombs were falling all around us, the guns were firing.

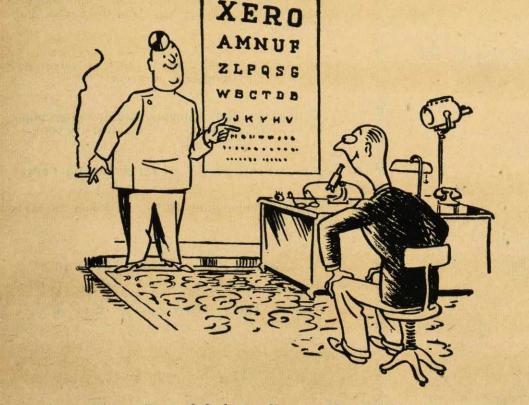
"Then there was that whistle, gradually increasing in volume, as if it were coming for this very house. Next was a blinding flash."

He finished. He looked at me with staring eyes, his face the colour of chalk.

"What happened to you and your family?" I asked.

"We were all killed," he replied.





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