

## Otherwise Quiet . . .

AN OTHERWISE QUITE WEEKEND HAVING been spoiled by the Glum Club celebrations in the Gym on Sunday afternoon, where Payzant's peccadilloes were whopping it up on *Chamber-Pot*, the Unicorn woke up on Monday with a worse hangover than was usual. He dimly remembered insane cackling coming from the Arts building, where MacBrewgal (of the internationally known Dew) and Word (of no distinction at all) had been laughing at their own show for Munro Day.

Monday dawned, as it always does, with the dull prospect of a long week ahead, and the Unicorn stretched and went out. In the gym store he encountered the usual crowd of the bobby-soxer variety recovering from the effects of Sadie Hawkin's week, and hastily retired back to the Gazette office. There he saw the famous G. S. McCurdy pounding Hell out of the local Citizen's Christian Temperance society or something of the sort, who had stopped a benefit hockey game because it interfered with their digestion of the sermon. Silly excuse, the Unicorn thought; These damned puritans.

Inside the office the Gazette staff were receiving offers of bribes for the forthcoming Council elections. There were big bribes and little bribes. The big ones, of course, take precedence over smaller offers. The Gazette seemed to be doing a roaring trade. The Unicorn had come to appreciate the way in which the Gazette handled these matters. Their motto was "No Credit" — painted on the wall in 72 pt. Gothic caps. The ward bosses milled around the door, plugging various men for various functions, all with a small contribution for the Gazette's "cut fund."

The procedure is quite unique. After taking their money, the Gazette hoof the ward bosses out of doors, and then burn all as the old Gazette song goes.... "We will lock ourselves in to the office,

While the ward bosses pound on the door,  
And with glee we will gather their pages of blather  
And burn it all on the floor."

Journeying thence to a meeting of the Low Society in the Low School, he heard the chairman C. Ham. Psmith exhort the future leaders of Dalhousie to observe their duties to the Low society and, in particular, to see that there was a supply of beer and other condiments on hand at all times to relieve the pangs of the ice-presidents of the Low society, and so on. Another item on the agenda was the election of the Campus representative to represent the Low society at the forthcoming competition. It was announced that the boys would probably get left out, since no female candidate low enough (ha, ha!) could be found. Nevertheless, said the low society. Find us a candidate. And so they did.

The Unicorn returned to the Gazette and sought out the Editor, who was busy dodging the Editor-in-Chief; finding him in the Gym store, engaged in sending Deadwood into hysterics with filthy jokes, he drew him to one side.

"Er...my boy," he began. "How about this Campus Queen business? What is it, exactly?"

"Well, sir," said the Editor. "Once a year they hunt around and pick out women. If they find a small number of good-looking women among the hundreds here, they line them up on the stage and represent them to the outside world as "Typical Co-eds." Then they pick out the one who is far above all the others, and she, as the most typical co-ed, becomes Campus Queen."

"Hmmm."

## DENTS

The Dents are back again. First of all we extend our sympathy to Mr. & Mrs. Peter McCarron on their recent bereavement.

Kay Stacks (the sole female dent) was elected queen of the Mardi Gras. Congratulations Kay. She has also been chosen as the Dent's Munro Day queen.

Bud Taylor has forfeited one of his graduating pictures to Bev for the price of three dollars. Bud insists that one must have a financial understanding before the romance blossoms too far.

Last week Lois Tanner was visited by two friends from "Lower Solobovia". Looking around for dates she signed them up with a couple of Dents. Hardy, White and Cook took up the challenge. Their only comment: operations succeeded according to plan.

Plans are being laid for the annual Dent banquet. Joke?

G. I. Say, whatever happened to those old fashioned girls who fainted when a boy kissed them?

She: Whatever became of the old fashioned boys who made them faint?

(Editor's note: While I was at the Sadie Hawkin's Dance at the gym I noticed the floor was very slippery but the editor of this column seemed to be having a hard time keeping on his feet. Was it the floor that was too slippery Phil or had someone slipped something to you? Don't take it too hard - it is better in small doses.)

## CLASSIFIED ADS

Note: A demand from several students for this type of advertising has prompted the GAZETTE to introduce this column. For information re rates contact either the Editor or Managing Editor.

### WANTED

A student vet is willing to pay \$5.00 for the information that will lead to his acquiring a small furnished apartment at the end of the term. Information to be forwarded to A-1, Classified Ads, c/o GAZETTE.

### LOST

One slide-rule lost in the vicinity of the Science Bldg. Monday, February 16. Finder please phone 3-5754. Reward.

## RELIGION or RELIGIOSITY

by Sherburne McCurdy

In the last two weeks Walter Callow, in conjunction with the local hockey management, completed arrangements for an All-Star hockey game between the stars of the local teams on the one side and those of the Cape Breton League on the other. The proceeds of the game were to be for the Walter Callow Veterans and Invalids' Club. The game was to be held on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15th. Due to objections raised by some of the more righteous citizens of Halifax, the game was cancelled.

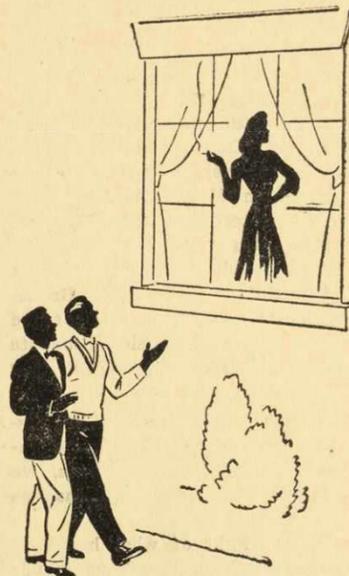
It is probably a fair guess that one seventh of the wounded veterans at Camp Hill Hospital received their wounds on a Sunday. On the basis of that assumption it seems to me not unreasonable that efforts directed towards the betterment of their lot should not have to be confined to the other six days of the week. The game of war is one that is played seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day. It may even be remembered that the most crucial day of the battle of Britain was on a Sunday, September 15, 1940. I recall hearing a minister on that evening asking his congregation to thank God for the bravery and determination of R.A.F. pilots. Why then should a project, designed by one of the inmates of Camp Hill to improve the conditions of his fellow sufferers, be cancelled because some of the good burghers of Halifax, led by their clergy, cannot find it within their Puritan consciences to approve of a Sunday hockey game?

The occasion for these remarks lies in the cancellation of a proposed hockey game between the local All Stars and those of the Cape Breton League. Walter Callow of Camp Hill sponsored

the idea, intending that the receipts should go to the Walter Callow Veterans and Invalids Club. Mr. Callow's attitude and activities are highly commendable and deserve more consideration from physically healthy Halifaxians than has been accorded in this instance.

It is quite possible that many of those people disapproved of the proposed game would be quite happy to go out on a car drive on Sunday afternoon, provided the roads weren't too icy. The same people would probably listen to an appeal from the pulpit on Sunday morning for funds for the Children's Aid or a like society with no compunction whatever. I wonder if the objectors to this scheme would send a dollar, or more, to the fund for which the game was proposed? I dare say many would not. Why pay out cash when your conscience has been soothed free of charge? One would think that the best way to voice a personal objection to such a breach of the Sabbath would be to refuse to patronize the game. In that way the sensitive conscience would remain clear without the rights of others having been infringed upon. I leave it to the reader to decide which is the more Christian of the two alternatives, that of preserving the sanctity of one conception of the Sabbath day by objecting to the game, or that of upholding an age-old tradition among Christian people of helping one's fellow man. "How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days."

Editor's note: The Editorial board of the Gazette wish it to be known that they endorse wholeheartedly the opinion represented in this article.



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"Mmm . . . a perfect Sweet Cap silhouette."

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