

THE AURTHURIAN LEGENDS

Chapter 2

MORTE DE MUNRO

A solemn assembly of the King's council was held during the third moon of the year of our Lord 365. Presiding in the absence of the King was Friar Porkington: present were such knights of the round table as Sir Lack Mac (or Mack), Sir Breezy O'Reilly (a representative from Scotland, bearing a proposal from the King of Scotland to unite the Treasuries of the two countries), Sir Firebox, Sir Earnest Spitoon, Sir Jake Ronkin, Sir Jack Raspberryaisle, and Sir Mack Brewgall. The meeting was called to discuss further nefarious events at Dullhousie Forest.

"Gentlemen", began Friar Porkington, "we have all heard of the quaint local customs of the inhabitants of Dullhousie Forest. Nay, we have more than heard of them—we have had to tolerate them for uncountable years. But we have allowed them to continue in their ignorant ways. Now we must take action. For these ignorant people have initiated an entirely new custom to their Forest—something which they call Munro Day. It is a day on which they purport to commemorate the life of the King's worthy Treasurer of fifty years ago.

"What is wrong with that?" interrupted Sir Raspberryaisle. "Nothing, of itself," answered Porkington condescendingly, "But they have made of this 'Munro Day' a day on which all manner of weird celebrations take place, not unmingled with many grave malpractices."

"Don't believe it," quoth Sir Mack Brewgall.

"But we have definite proof of this, Mack Brewgall," replied the Friar with a leer. "You see, I took it upon myself to send to Dullhousie a special investigator of our vaunted organization, the Gasnoop, to find the truth of the situation. Allow me to introduce our researcher to you. Gentlemen—Sir Stickey Sowit."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Sir Sowit.

"Will you please relate to us the story of your findings at Dullhousie, Stickey?" asked Friar Porkington.

"Certainly," answered Sir Sowit. "First, gentlemen, I shall tell you how I was enabled to penetrate into Dullhousie Forest unnoticed, to give you an inkling of affairs there during a Munro Day. Through the resources of the Gasnoop, I obtained the disguise of a fifty-gallon barrel, of mead, called brew by the Dullhousians. As this barrel, I slipped slyly into the Forest, and deposited myself unnoticed beside the many other such barrels."

"What incidents happened then I may best relate to you bit by bit, as I saw them while moving from shack to shack in the Forest. Hovel, in the basement of which, disguised as a piece of dirty paper on the floor, is the district Gasnoop headquarters. In this Hovel were a group of the behind-the-scenes Dullhousie politicians, imbibing heavily of some monstrosity called ginger ale, I believe.

"Overpowered by the smell of this filthy liquid in the Hearts Hovel, I moved away to the Men's Reticence Shack. Opening the door and rolling in, I was greeted by a steady gurgle and an occasional clink, as of tea-cups. As soon as the occupants saw me in my disguise, they snatched at me

savagely, making a great noise. This being the Men's Reticence Shack, however, only gurgles and clinks were allowed to be heard, so that the Dullhousians arguing over me were expelled from the shack, and me among them."

"With these
"Pardon me," interrupted Sir O'Reilly (of Scotland). "When did you say these Munro days are held, Sir Sowit?"

"I didn't," replied Stickey, "But they are held once a moon, I believe. There is one there tomorrow, in point of fact."

"Thank you," said O'Reilly, edging slowly toward the door and almost colliding with Sir Mack Brewgall. "Thank you very much, Stickey."

"You're welcome," Sir Sowit (Continued on page 8)

SOUND TRACK...

....(With all due apologies to another paper called the Gazette we herewith inaugurate a new column to appear in each issue of next year's Gazette subject to the approval of the editors.)

ON THE CAMPUS: D.A.A.C. happily looking at an offer from "Newfie" to play a series of three hockey games. Talk has it that an unknown bigwig has put up a guarantee that is very sizeable. More credit is due to the varsity hockey team than it is getting... Rumors flying that the Gazette will become a bi-weekly paper next year. Should provide a lot more of interest than has been possible this year. Incidentally, interested parties have been investigating a possible change of firm to take care of the Gazette. Might be an improvement... Munro day appears to have lost all the former spirit. Even at that police seemed very busy holding people in hand. Next year:—dull?

MOSTLY ABOUT PEOPLE: Lew (Gazette) Miller soon to tie the knot, and will probably be joined by many others during the summer months ...D.A.A.C.'s Joe Levison reportedly mulling over offers from CJCH to do inter-period commentaries from the Forum in the coming year.. Jack (Boud) Boudreau deserves praise for smooth running of Munro Day although not as much can be said for the show.. Dalhousians little worried about exam time as mass migrations to Acadia seem to show. Dal gals doomed to obscurity in the crowds of Acadia co-eds to arrive here next year... Hockey team reported to have enjoyed their trip to Acadia and will probably have as much fun on the way to Newfoundland... John (Dear Ruth) Pauley rushed to the hospital with emergency case of appendicitis.. Hall girls getting warned about the bad habit of using the convenient alcoves... Boys also please take note... Joan Myrden taking in an ample supply of visitors while in hospital... Editor Miller, apparently has put in bid to manage next years football team.. Frequented shrines announcing that with exams approaching the business is falling off Ron (Pharos) Coldwell reports that the Yearbook is showing satisfactory progress... out before the exams we hope...

"MY PEOPLE, THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL,"

Based On Fred M. Hechinger's Article in The New York Herald Tribune

One of the most hideous examples of the destitution arising from the aftermath of a long and terrible war is the D.P. camps where daily, men, women, and children are forced to live under conditions which are unfit even for cattle. These people living in dilapidated military barracks which mock the fine architectural structures of our cities, are virtually prisoners of post-war conditions. By legal right they are free, democratically free. Free also to beg with ironic humility for work in the land of their enemy, free to help the Germans rebuild their cities, still stained with the blood of these same people. These "prisoners" are not locked in from the rest of the world; but locked out by those people who brought them the victory—locked out by the selfish, indifferent, scornful people of the western world.

The inmates of these D.P. camps have not given up the hope of finding a place in society where they may be treated as human beings, not as cattle. The former Physics professor learns mechanics because it is more useful. The former farmer learns watch-making because it is more useful. These people have not lost faith in their ambitions, in their hopes. What they do not realize is that though he may be ready to start life anew, the unsympathetic world is unwilling to grant them a new life.

The squalor of the camps is incredible. In a room built for two Nazi soldiers eight people

"live". Living in such rooms as this, where there is little or no sanitation, cooking facilities, privacy, or sleeping accommodations means that children are men and women before they are ever children—there is no age of innocence. Yet these homeless people endure this squalor because they trust in the promise of future happiness, future of freedom and property, have refused to turn to Communism for aid and protection.

Persecution, insult to injury, is quickly undermining the hope and moral of these people. Fraulein propagandists and a few drinks have often incited American soldiers to assault and violence. What chances have these D.P.'s, scapegoats of German Nationalism, to defend their miserable status. In such cases the D.P.'s have developed persecution complexes. Only the worldly wise are able to recall the good deeds of the Yanks who freed them from German bondage and philosophy, their philosophy being only too ironic.

If the account of these D.P. camps arouses no feelings of compassion, no resolutions, no shame then surely none can ignore the earnest hope of the little boy who repeats the quotation inscribed over the entrance to the Statue of Liberty—

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore
Send these, the homeless, tempest-lost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

"Now there's a pretty picture"

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

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"