

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER

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WELCOME TO THE ALUMNI

This weekend the students and university authorities of Dalhousie welcome back to the campus all those former students at the college who have left their Alma Mater to make their way in the world.

This group number among it many persons prominent in governmental, financial and educational circles, and others who, while they may not have achieved what the world calls fame, have nevertheless contributed their share to society and the general betterment of the whole nation.

It is a well known maxim that an educated citizen is a good citizen, and in fact, nobody can rightly claim to be a true citizen unless he has considered seriously the problems of the country and acted in a way best calculated to produce a better world for the next generation.

The alumni who return to Dal this weekend will notice a great number of changes on the face of the campus since they were students here, and even since they were here last year at the first Homecoming, but the spirit is the same and those who are proud to call themselves Dalhousians will ever strive to create a better way of life.

For some, who attended Dal when it consisted of only the Forrest Campus, the change will seem great. But for others who attended Dalhousie as short a time ago as 1947, the new Rink and the nearly-completed Arts and Administration Building, evidences of the growing appreciation of the increased needs of education, will be new landmarks on the face of the campus.

But despite all these superficial changes and the broad changes in curriculum over the years, the essential spirit of the university and its students remains unchanged. It is this spirit that makes a university what it is and not merely ivy-covered buildings.

Through the years Dalhousie has maintained the same high standards and the students of today will do well if they can succeed in honouring their University in their daily lives and making graduates of other universities envious of the proud boast "I am a Dalhousian", as have the former students of this university.

With such a heritage behind them, it would be ridiculous to consider that they could do otherwise.

Tales Told Out of School

Do you remember the stories of how Dr. MacMechan hated sweaters and chewing gum? Do you remember how Dr. Howard always made a student who had missed a question, recite the Latin alphabet? Do you remember the story of how Dr. MacKenzie used to vault the picket fence behind Forrest on his way to classes a minute before the last bell rang? Do you remember?

Everybody always said "Archie is always the same" and during the thirty years he was at Dal there was no more popular or colourful professor on the Campus than Archie MacMechan. His favourite phrase was "correlate your knowledge and verify your references," and it was he who once said "the boys at Dalhousie do not know a pretty girl when they see one."

He was always the most precisely dressed of men and this obsession was extended to his students. He hated sweaters, boy's sweaters that is, and any student who braved his classroom wearing one or without a tie and suit coat was speedily sent out again. It was this that caused the Gazette to comment somewhat bitterly back in 1916 on professors who were "paid by the university to lecture" and who dared to lay down rules of dress also.

This native son of Ontario became the most ardent supporter of Nova Scotia and Dalhousie. Back in 1898 he was asked one evening to make an address on the evening of the first game with Wanderers. Dalhousie hadn't done much winning for years and the game the next day was going to be a close one. He arrived—the correct minute late—and was introduced to a dense crowd. There was a light applause and then he rose and said. "Gentlemen, I do not wish to be rude and inhospitable but what I have to say tonight only Dalhousians can hear, and I must ask all others to do me a favour and withdraw." An awful silence followed. No one moved. He repeated his request. Another silence. Then half a dozen men rose and went out. The following speech was, as one listener put it, "a corker" and perhaps it made the difference the next day, for Dal won, by a narrow margin.

A very small man who always wore a large hat was Dr. John Forrest (Lord John as they called him). He would sit on the high stool in the teller's cage in the business office stuffing fees in one pocket and fishing change out of

Programme for Homecoming Week

THURSDAY, November 2nd

Evening—
 8.00 p.m. Alumni Smoker in Gymnasium
 8.00 p.m. Bridge for Ladies at Shirreff Hall

FRIDAY, November 3rd

Morning—
 9-1 p.m. Registration of all Alumni, Men's Residence
 Afternoon—
 2.00 p.m. Official Rink Opening
 3.30 p.m. Ground Hockey—Dal vs. Acadia
 4.30 p.m. Basketball Game—Dal vs. Q.E.H.

Evening—
 9-1 p.m. Homecoming Dance in Gym. \$1.50 for Students

SATURDAY, November 4th

Morning—
 Period for looking around Campus
 Afternoon—
 2.00 p.m. English Rugby Game at Studley
 2.00 p.m. Canadian Football—Dal vs Wanderers
 8.00 p.m. Inter-Collegiate Drama Festival—Dal Gym

SUNDAY, November 5th

Afternoon—
 3.00 p.m. Special Religious Service in Gymnasium
 4.15 p.m. Reception at Shirreff Hall

Students are invited to attend all functions.
 (Students must carry Council Cards for admittance to all functions)

the other. Once when three students were fined ten dollars for some misdemeanor they promptly brought it to him—in pennies. This rhyme was composed about him by the students.

"When Lord John goes down below
 He'll ride in a fiery chariot,
 He'll sit in state on a red hot grate
 Neath Satan and Judas Iscariot."

Three are a good many stories about Professor Bell and one which every student of Biology I remembers is this one. It used to be the custom of the old Majestic theatre to have a theatre night for the faculty and students. One evening as Dr. Bell was walking down the aisle, from the gallery above where the students used to sit, floated the cry, "There goes old photosynthesis." Then there's this one. Some years ago Dr. Bell (who's nickname was Bruley) was working in the Chemistry lab down at Forrest when two students who had been celebrating after that afternoon's football game entered the darkened building. Dr. Bell recognized the voice of one student and the other who was a visitor said:

"What's this?"
 "Chem, lab."
 "There's someone in there?"
 "What's he look like?"
 "A prof!"
 "Run like hell."

At which they both took to their heels. Dr. Bell slipped out the

side door and met them at the bottom of the steps, and the one cried "Run Bruley, there's a prof after us!"

There are a good many stories about Professor Murray Macneil too, who last year was made Honorary President of the Alumni Club. This one occurred when he was a student at Dal. A freshman came on the campus one year carrying a silver-headed cane which had been given to him for some meritorious deed or other. To the upperclassmen this was sheer affectation and they promptly took it from him. The police were called in to find the missing stick and they searched the entire building thoroughly and without success—for Murray Macneil had hung it out his window.

"Precisely so" was the favourite phrase of Dr. Eban MacKay, Professor of Chemistry at Dal for many years. He always handled the test tubes with great daintiness and care, but Dr. H. L. Stewart who lectured in the same room showed scant regard for those "pots" as he called them. It was he who boasted that "all music is nothing but noise."

One of the most awesome and dignified figures at Dal was Professor Howard Murray, who taught Classics. He was a great lover of parodies, and after reading one of the poems of Catullus to Leslis would conclude with a twinkle, "I who suffer untold ills
 Need a dose of liver pills."

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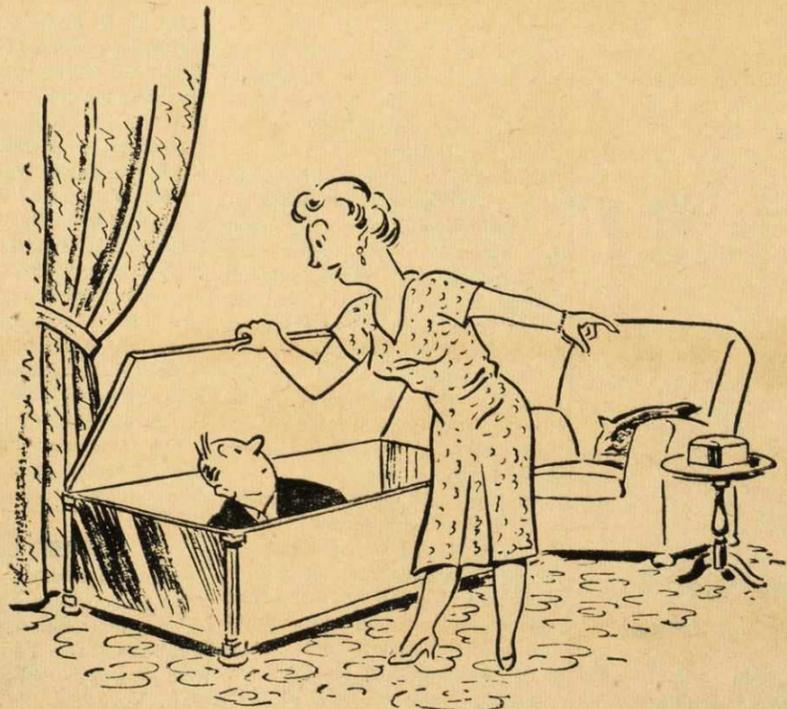
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"Darling, I said the Player's were in that little box over there."