

# FORGETS 'CHUTE -- TAKES BEAUT!!

**MYSTERY  
OF THE  
LOST LEGS**

— See Page 3

# Dalhousie GAZETTE

**PHAROS  
YEARBOOK  
PHOTOS  
FREE**

Vol. 79

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14th., 1947

No. 8

## ROOTERS UPROOT UPRIGHTS

### Fuddled Male Plunges From Hall Window

Shirreff Hall dwellers got the surprise of their lives Monday afternoon when an unidentified "stranger", clad in trousers, last week's shirt and carpet slippers, burst into the hall, raced through the corridors and ended his wild escapade with a daring half-Gaynor through the window of a second story dormitory.

The slightly "fuddled" jumper was nabbed on the first bounce by agile members of the city Gendarmerie. It was reported that he suffered a broken arm in his spectacular plunge to the earth, but no accurate report can be obtained. It is certain, however, that the frustrated paratrooper was suffering a slight nervous condition.

"Help me, don't let them get me, don't let them kill me". These are the expressions used by the wild-looking gentleman as he raced in the main entrance of the Hall, waving his arms above his head and shouting aloud. It is not known to date if any of the residents of Shirreff Hall have left for more private quarters, but if any persons are contemplating moving out, we have been assured that occurrences such as that which happened Monday are rare.

### A Hard Game Well Fought

The Dalhousie locker room Tuesday afternoon was a scene of loneliness. The table tennis forms gleamed greenly in the light from overhanging bulbs with their bare green shades. Here and there a locker door was ajar, and an occasional pair of shoes, or a sweater lay on the cement floor — evidence of the absence of their owners. Bits of tape, and bandage, and gum wrappers were strewn on the floor, and on one brown wall a football play was chalked with bold strokes.

As the afternoon faded into evening, the impression of loneliness grew and the anxiety of waiting became more intense. Hollow voices of former Dalhousie athletes seemed to echo through the empty spaces between the lockers, whispering the eternal question — "Did they win, did they win?"

They lost, one knew, as soon  
(Continued on Page 8)



AS 500 STUDENTS ATTEND MONSTER PEP RALLY  
— Guilty —

### Chess Club Holds Match

O. M. MacConnell, Nova Scotia Chess champion and President of the Bluenose Chess Club, played, and won all nine games of a simultaneous chess match exhibition with members of the Dalhousie Chess Club on November 11. The matches were played in the Common Room of the Men's Residence. Mr. MacConnell, who is also Vice President of the Canadian Federation of Chess, won the nine games in an hour and a half of play.

Vince Currie, Secretary of the Bluenose Chess Club was also present and instructed the club members on the procedure of simultaneous play.

Following the matches, Mr. MacConnell invited all those who are interested in Chess to become members of the Canadian Federation of Chess. He congratulated his embryo opponents on their keen interest and invited any who wished to take part in the Provincial Championship tournament now underway at the Bluenose Chess Club.

Members of the Dalhousie

Chess Club who participated in the play included, George Cross, Bryan Sherwell, Don Betts, Banning Hardie, Bob Jeffreys, Don Cross, Ruggles Pritchard, and Richard Bierkoff.

### TO HOLD DANCE

Complaints resulting from the absence of Common Room dances in the past few weeks have been pouring into this office fast and furious.



AS 850 STUDENTS SEE TIGERS DEFEATED  
— Anxiety —

### Pep Rally Said Best In Years

"Glory, Glory to Dalhousie."

That was the mighty cry from the throats of 500 rabid Dalhousie students last Monday night as Art Mears and the Dalhousie publicity organization ran off a monster pep rally, the greatest in the History of this school.

"Beat Dalhousie, Beat Dalhousie, Boys."

That was the challenge voiced by a vast number of St. Mary's students and tram car alumni of the Irish college as they held, in their own small way, a pep rally at the St. Mary's field.

There was no doubt about it — spirit was at a fever pitch at the two Halifax colleges.

The whole thing started when the Dalhousie publicity organization fostered a snake dance through the main streets of town. A temporary halt was called at the Court House on Spring Garden Road, where a mock trial was held and a dummy wearing a St. Mary's sweater was found guilty and hanged by the neck on a scaffold erected on a car of 1923 vintage, painted yellow and black.

"One, Two, Three, U Pi Dee."

That was the yell that went up as the milling students filed through the aisles in the Green Lantern Restaurant, past astonished customers, and then back to the Garden View Restaurant where an alleged cook got the surprise of his life as the company marched through his kitchen to the accompaniment of drum and bugle music.

"One, Two, Three — Heave."

That was the cry that went up at Studley field while the Dalhousie parade was downtown. It was the cry of an eager group of St. Mary's students, intent on

ripping down the Dalhousie goal posts. They did not escape unscathed, however. The Dalhousie gang sent a few students back early and they apprehended two of the marauders as they tried to escape along South Street. Taken to the gym, a short trial was held.

"To the showers with them."

That was the cry that went up from the angered mob, and into the showers went the St. Mary's unfortunates. Their mid-week bath was followed by a liberal application of yellow and black paint, and after their abject humility had been displayed to the students, they were released to go their separate ways.

The tearing down of the Dalhousie goal posts could not pass without retribution, however. A group of some 100 Dalhousie students embussed for St. Mary's field, where they took their revenge. Great strips of the fence along Quinpool Road were torn down, and as a last gesture of defiance, the mob ripped down the St. Mary's posts and fled in the face of a full-scale attack by the stalwarts of the City Police Force.

When things quieted down, four students were in the city lock-up, but the eloquence of one bespectacled, former candidate for president of the students' council convinced the blue clad minions that the Dalhousie students apprehended were merely spectators of the affray.