



**Sam Peeps--**

(Continued from Page Two)

mysterious object wrapped in an old Spectator. He did blanch like a damsel when he saw us and endeavoured to conceal the object behind him. It chanced to fall and All-fed-up-with-Harris and I picked it up and examined the object, which proved to be an oil-painting. This picture depicts Vaintoe, lying prone in a gutter, with one arm wrapped about a post and the other clinging to a vine. It ap-

pears to me that some one hath seen him in his cups recently when he is proceeded to Marmalade Hovel and endeavoured to scale the building by ascending the vines which grow up the walls. But as he hath grown corpulent of late the vine collapsed, depositing him in the gutter. Some person must have seen him thus and described the scene on canvas for all to see. I suspect that Miss Canna 'See'er may be the object of his attentions, for methinks she is a marvellously bewitching wench, though a deni-

**T-SQUARE**

Chief news this week concerns inter-fac sport, or the lack of it. The rugby games have been conspicuous by their absence, the scheduled tilts with Law and Arts & Science having been postponed during the past ten days with monotonous regularity. The reason is, of course, that the Kings authorities are understandably chary of teams tearing up their field while it remains in a soft and sticky condition, and so far the weatherman has not been co-operative. With snow taking the place of rain as a playing hazard it looks as though the ruggah boys will have a hard time completing their schedule.

The same sort of situation has occurred before and no doubt will occur again, until something definite is done. Added playing space would seem to be the only adequate solution.

The Engineer's basketball entry stands to be the most smartly this season. At a meeting of the Society last Tuesday it was voted that the team be equipped with new black and white shorts, to be worn with white T-shirts. Such sartorial splendour will undoubtedly raise morale, and (we hope) the scoring tally.

If the efforts of the organizing committee are any indication, the Boilermakers' Dance in the gym. toight (Friday) should be a roaring success. If you haven't already made plans to be in on the fun, don't forget there's still time . . . tickets on sale at the gym. door for only 1 (one) rasbucknik.



**The Campus Roundup**

by Windy O'Neill

For a long time, there has been something smouldering under our elephantine skin. Every once in a while, our generation feels the sting of a rebuke thrown at us by some old dodger of the passing fathers—yes, and usually, one who, in an unchristian manner, in direct defiance of Biblical authority, has deliberately extended his life beyond three-score-and-ten.

What an inane race we have begotten! Oh! the paucity of the times! What's to become of the world in their hands? What's the matter with our universities, they're teaching socialism, communism, and atheism! These statements all have been uttered — and with a dangerous pinkish flush from protesting, old hearts. There have been many signs, of late, that this generation is beginning to resent that attitude.

How about the old boys, themselves? How did they do? In our humble opinion, out of the admittedly sparse knowledge we have gained from our errant university, we think the words 'hypocrisy and over-confidence' signify their times; 'cynicism and fear' signify ours.

Did you ever see a tintype of a graduating class taken around the turn of the century? It looks like a still shot of a game of musical chairs, with each beau showing his handsome person in the best perspective. Although never yet seeing it, we suppose that if one's ears jutted at a graceful slant, a rearview would be the only permissible angle. Did you ever hear of hip flasks, Stutz coupes, coon coats, and swallowing goldfish? In the old days, in the courting swim, a handlebar moustache was the only thing—wear one and your girl would be tickled with you.

Then about world affairs: the different empires of our predecessors liberated the backward native populations of the world and gobbled up their lands, and kept gobbling until there was no more to gobble. Then they started to gobble each other—result—World War I. This all proved that our side were great men, winning the 'war to end all wars'. Then, as anyone who reads Lord Keyne's great book will see, they gave a just peace, which had a great deal to do with World War II. The question of how such grossly unfair terms, from our Christian nations to another Christian nation, could work out, has driven many historian to the needle.

Our magnanimous forefathers, espically those of the privileged groups, gave their fellows a fine economic deal, with a ten-hour-day, a five-dollar week, and as many job-seekers outside the plant as there were workers at the machines. The inevitable result of this was the labour union and the welfare state. In their age, we say the rise of science and materialism. Anything that couldn't be pried apart in a test tube, just wasn't important. The result is, they have thrown the atom bomb in our lap, without enough religion and philosophy to manage it.

Sure, the times are sparse, and the passing generation thinks we are rebellious and cynical, but look at the heritage we have been handed. Probably, the best thing to do is to grin and bear it. We tried that, but all we can manage is a sneer. Don't worry, old fellows, with the fear for the world that you have given this generation, we'll do all right; so if it's criticism and not advice you're giving, either keep quiet or pass on.

*Around the Campus with Egbert . . .*



**Egbert says**

*"And I thought Chairmen had it easy"*



Egbert has worked hard for four years to get the top job on the campus . . . only to find it means more work and less leisure.

One thing he latched onto quickly though was that the best way to stop moaning those leaky-pocket blues was to stow away those spare sheckels in a savings account at "MY BANK".

Don't leave them in your jeans . . . lay aside those extra beans!

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**For It Is Not To Reason Why**

The room was strewn with the first snowfall of notes—notes in everybody's writing but my own. Bed and chairs alike were laden with books and papers. The whole effect was very deceiving. It looked as if a worker rather than a drone inhabited aforesaid room. The only sound was the never ceasing tick of the clock — "Forever, never, Never, Forever". As each minute passed I grew more and more desperate. I couldn't imagine myself getting through that pile of work on time. I longed to hurl a book at the clock, stop time, leave the sheaf of notes and the burden of work and go out and dig ditches. Some peculiar kind of reasoning kept me at my work.

My hand passed across my brow and the weight of my father's words lay heavily upon me. I looked back over the past two months and felt like Wee Willie looking for lost time in a bird's nest. I gazed with horror at my desk, overladen with books, coffee cups, and a solitary can of Carnation Milk. How I envied those "contented cows". There was no sound now—the clock must have stopped, and I was entriely alone in my misery. There was nothing but Silence — myself — the books and the notes. The words left the page, went between my eyes, and returned to the page, but my mind remained a blank. Then and there I made my usual resolution that I would never let myself get into such a state again—but I knew I would.

After about an hour of this hopeless state of affairs I gave up the unequal struggle. I managed to get my numbed body out of the chair and started to heave, with such strength as I had left, the great mass of literature off the bed, and I crawled in. A last look around the room revealed such a state of hopelessness that I sank down among the pillows with a groan. Oh Death, where is thy Sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory

**Notice**

A meeting will be held in Room 20 of the Engineering Building at 8.00 p.m. on Monday, November 28, for all those interested in either employment or training with the R.C.A.F. next summer.

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