



## Students! All Out For Elections, Tues., March 6

### The Big Month

or WHY SO MANY TAKE ENGINEERING FOR A YEAR

With a transit on his shoulder, his manly chest bared to the elements and softly humming "Oh All the Boys Have Left the Bay", the "perfect profile" of the Dal Engineer broke into sight on the fair horizon of Truro. Elaborately equipped with compasses, maps and a natural mating instinct, it was not long before the engineers fought their way over the Salmon River Flats (area 7.86 acres), crossed a bridge (176 feet long), traversed a field, vaulted a wire fence and sauntered nonchalantly into Truro.

The way they came back is a different story. Waters came back supported by Kinley, Kinley came back supported by a strict upbringing and a fear of God, 'Newfie' Clarke, not having enjoyed the advantages of a Christian upbringing, didn't come back.

#### Ingenious Draftsmen

Some of the St. Mary's boys, finding diversion at the camp, in the form of apple jack, cards and apple jack, were quite content to sit by their fires; but the Dal boys, scorning such dull evenings, demanded song with their wine, and women with their song. Unfortunately the proximity of the Debert camp seemed to throw a damper on such activities and had it not been for Anne (I say this with reverence) of the bowling alley and the girls of the five and ten, many the poor lad would have had little inspiration for his work and would have been doomed to nights of crying in his beer. As it was, the ingenuity of the engineers was tried to the utmost, and even brains like Stewart failed to see how two girls, "Smithy", Tilley, Shields, Blakeney, Chapman and Stewart could pile into one seat at Dirty Joes.

These two girls, better known as Helen and Rosie, were exposed to merciless attacks from Graves, Skinner and company, who would periodically tear themselves away from their books, rush to the house top and give forth with the mating call of all true sons of Adam.

But much to the surprise and pleasure of the Dartmouth boys, those aforesaid wolves, Skinner and Graves, seemed to lose much of their effect when off their own tramping ground. Even a numerous display of D's, large and small, failed to impress the Truro lassies, who had no interest in higher education, and soon associated with the "D" a none too complimentary name.

The more adventurous of the group, Bloomer, "Newfie" Clarke, and Ralph Clarke sojourned to the woods for a little corn boil—and were these boys allergic to corn!

#### Much Work, Little Effort

On the whole the camp proved a success. Almost everyone managed to get through a maximum of work with a minimum of effort. On those pleasant September days the boys would gallop wildly over the green fields, measuring an angle here, taking an elevation there, and finally after a hard days work they would trudge sadly home, scab up their work and proceed to brag of their amazing accuracy. We have cherished memories of days spent eating cow-corn under the shade of a leveled instrument; or Howard peacefully reclining while Gray attempted to read a compass which got more attraction from his glasses

#### IN SYMPATHY

To Professor D. C. and Mrs. Harvey, The Gazette, on behalf of the student body, extends its sincerest sympathy on the sudden death of their son, William. Prior to his enlistment in the R. C. N. V.R., Bill Harvey attended Dalhousie for two years, taking an ardent interest in Glee Club and other campus activities.

### The Backward Bow Of Robbie MacCleave

Wherever collegians gather to absorb the wisdom of America's Oldest College Newspaper, inevitably one hears the question, "Does anyone read that Rufus Rayne stuff?" usually followed by "Who's the queer that writes it?" We do not endorse the above terms; spoken without consideration, they are perhaps inappropriately mild. Such is the disturbance created, however, we shall offer the puzzled non-readers some enlightenment on the second of these queries.

Robert J. MacCleave came to Dalhousie too few years ago. The Registrar at the time, Professor Murray MacNeil, was noted for his faith in human nature and for his kindly attitude to freshmen; sensing that here would be the logical choice for the 'Typical Freshman,' he allowed the boy to register against what we hope was his better judgment. And indeed, at first the confidence was not misplaced. MacCleave rose rapidly in the weird Gazette-Sodales circle, until in 1942 the leaders thereof considered him ready to become Editor-in-Chief of the Gazette. But from this point on the MacCleave saga reads like the story of the fallen angels. In one of his first efforts he printed a sketch of his birthplace as the model for the new Navy building

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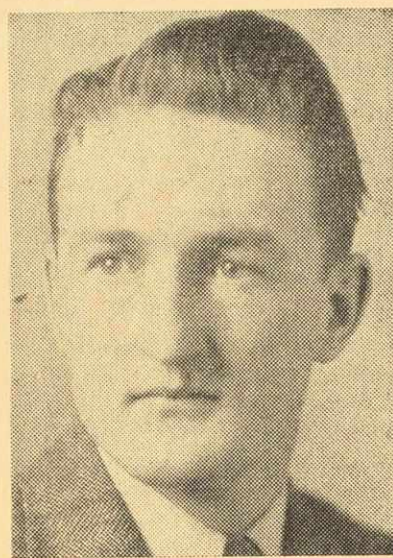
than it did from magnetic north; of 'Choppie' lounging on the front steps, clad in his orange and pink pyjamas quietly celebrating the birth of a nephew; of the road signs, which Smithy and Kinley hid under the bunk house; of Blakeney and Chapman, fighting over Coleen; and of Edsall trying to convince Shields and Waters that if they didn't go and get an instrument Prof. Copp would never believe they did their own work.

Suddenly the camp came to an end. We tore madly about, tearing up obsolete turning points, getting notes up to date, throwing out bottles, then finally all packed and cleanly shaven, we departed from Truro much wiser, very tired and glad to leave.

### 'Packed House' at Forum as Martinites Sutherlanders Exchange Verbal Tirades



He wants your vote



... So does he

With the Chem. theatre packed with enthusiasts and hecklers from both camps, (chief among whom was modest ex-serviceman Morrison), Dalhousians heard the long-awaited speeches from Presidential candidates Sutherland and Martin.

A quick poll of opinion afterwards indicated that both the above gentlemen will rule the Students' Council next year. Each is as fully qualified as the other, if not more so; in particular, each supports the Common Room plan and the collection of Year Book funds at the University office. Though this was not so plain, the two did disagree here and there.

Through all speeches ran the ap-

peal for more support of Dalhousie functions, and close co-operation between students, the Council, and the University; though such appeals are chronic at Dalhousie, it is to be hoped that the next Council will succeed where others have failed.

Don't forget that this year the voting will take place in the Gymnasium, Tuesday, from nine to six. Let's have the full count of seven hundred and eight ballots.

#### LIST OF NOMINATIONS FOR COUNCIL ELECTIONS

##### COUNCIL:

President—Fred Martin, Larry Sutherland.  
Vice-President—Alex Farquhar, Don Smith.

##### GLEE CLUB:

President—Harry Zappler, John Meakin.  
Vice-President—Elizabeth Reeves, Erma Geddes.  
Secretary—Gordon Harrigan, Alfred Cunningham.

##### D. A. A. C.:

President—Don Harris, Blair Dunlop.  
Vice-President—Alfred Cunningham, Robert Wade.  
Secretary-Treasurer—William Mingo, John Nicholson.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCE REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Representatives—Connie Archibald, Virginia Phillips, James Saunders, Alex Stewart. (One girl, one boy to be elected).

Junior Representatives—Lois Rattie, Mary Farquhar, William Mingo, Don Harris. (One girl, one boy to be elected).

Sophomore: Don Kerr, Zelda MacKinnon.

Engineering Representatives—Dick Currie, Robert Wade, Charles Smith. (Two to be elected).

Law Representatives—Clinton Harly, Thomas Feeney.

Medical Representatives—Bruce Miller, James Frazee, Gordon Sears, Kenneth MacLennan. (Two to be elected).

Commerce Representatives—Blair Dunlop, Arthur Corkum.

Dentistry Representative—Gordon Pentz (acclamation).

### FRESHMAN LOOKS AT DALHOUSIE

When I first came to Dalhousie I knew nothing about Engineering. I still know nothing about it, but I have learned to recognize an Engineer when I see one. It seems to me that they fall into two main classes—the ones that go to their Geology Lab, and the one that don't. However, the former are such a minority, perhaps this division is not a fair one. On Tuesday afternoons Don MacLeod has quite a struggle getting the others to go up with him. I particularly remember the day when he sneaked up about 2:25, found a hard set of problems on the board, reported this to the drafting

room and then headed the general rush for the gym store.

Another type of senior is the one who likes to annoy you when you are working. I consider the fellow who bounced my big piece of art gum off the ceiling; a cad, but he is really not half as bad as the lad who rubbed his finger over my tracing to see if the ink was dry. It wasn't!

Many people have told me that Engineers are illiterate. This statement I would like to emphatically deny. Why I have seen them at different times reading whole pages, Continued on page 2

### The Big Night

WHEN DRAFTSMEN WERE ALL FULL OF SPIRITS

Here, good people of Dalhousie, is the story of the Engineers' banquet of 1945. For those who are so unfortunate that they do not belong to the Engineering Society, we will try to present a fairly detailed picture of how "the Boys from the Draughting Room" spent last Friday evening and so on into . . . Preparations for the great affair were handled by an exceedingly capable committee, who for two or three weeks beforehand laboured with all the details that are required to make a successful banquet.

About 5.30, an hour before any engineers were expected to show up, Gus and Looie walked into the dining room, each with a suitcase which appeared to be very heavy. They carefully carried their precious loads over to a large table that was off by itself in one corner of the dining room. On top of this table was a huge, gleaming object which was either a large bath tub or a small swimming pool (Proc later found out it wasn't a swimming pool). Soon the suitcases were unpacked and Gus and Looie started emptying Lime Rickey and stuff and things into the pseudo-bathtub. A furious debate as to whether the ice should be added now or later, was in progress when in walked Mac, our photographer, to record the appearance of the bathtub in all its splendour for posterity. Sharp on the stroke of 5.27, Skinner, all by himself, walked into the dining room and asked, "How is everything going, if you know what I mean, gentlemen?" Soon everything was going fine. After it had been duly sampled, and pronounced perfect by the two-man refreshment committee, members of the society began arriving thick and fast. Those presiding were confronted by many faces which looked familiar, but who said, "No this is only my first". Our large Miller inquired, "What in h— do you call this stuff? I want a drink". Proc came back many times, and each time claiming that this was against his principles and he really didn't need it anyway. Smitty kept up his fine reputation and disappointed no one. When the members of the faculty arrived, two or three of the boys volunteered to take the job of keeping their glasses full. After fifteen minutes these boys were worn out. One of them wandered off muttering, "I wouldn't have believed it possible".

#### The Bear Facts

Our chief was entertaining Professors Coffin and Bowes with the story of how he beat a bear over the head with a transit in the north woods. Things soon came to a standstill, except for Society executive members, who were dashing around, audibly wondering what had happened to the guest speaker, who had not yet arrived. After some frenzied telephone calls and more dashing around, our guest arrived, the hoards gathered around the many tables sat down, and the banquet itself began. It was a most delicious repast. A few of the freshmen still remember it. The ing catastrophe. The difficulty must aux champignons (pew). During the banquet, a large cat, in the family way, walked straight over and sat down beside "Blower" Currie, who promptly reprimanded it, and extolled the virtue in staying

in at night. The cat seemed quite unmoved at all this. Proc's newly acquired amorous spirit managed to annoy a few including Mike and Burgess. About half-way through the meal, Saffron, who had been seen reaching under the table at frequent intervals, reached under to find nothing to reach for. Having gotten over the initial shock at this discovery, he dived completely under in order to more carefully investigate the cause of this seeming catastrophe. The difficulty must have been corrected, because he soon emerged beaming from ear to ear. The boys at Dunlop's table were quite stunned at his learned lectures on the physiological relations between the camel and the butterfly. Meanwhile at the head table, Burgess was telling Professor Coffin about the types of mathematics used in various fields of chemistry.

#### Toasts and Speeches

The toasts and speeches were, on the whole, the same as in other years. After the toast to the King, proposed by President Carl, South Shore Kinley rose and proposed the toast to the University, which he said he loved. This was responded to by Dr. Coffin, who claimed that the story that Prof. Theakston had told him was unfit even for this gathering of intellectuals. Next Looie got up in his toast to the profession; he raved on with masterful oratorical power about the future possibilities for engineers. When questioned as to who wrote it for him he declined to comment. Professor Bowes responded to this by speaking at length about a maid who went swimming and the country lad who was watching her. Wade proposed the toast to the faculty, and in doing so apologized for the students going to asleep, etc. Professor Copp responded nobly by claiming in a loud voice that he had been cheated, that he hadn't got enough to drink. In introducing Professor MacNeill, the president of the Society conferred upon him an honorary life membership in the Society, in recognition of his long-standing interest and friendship with the engineering students of Dalhousie. Professor MacNeill proposed the toast to the graduating class, "—the first class about which I can say nothing". Art Saffron responded by pointing out the fact that there are "— only 19 of us left of 66".

#### L. D. Currie Speaks

The guest speaker, the Hon. L. D. Currie, then addressed the engineers on minerals and mining possibilities in Nova Scotia. The talk was very general, and not too technical. It was interesting even to those who

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