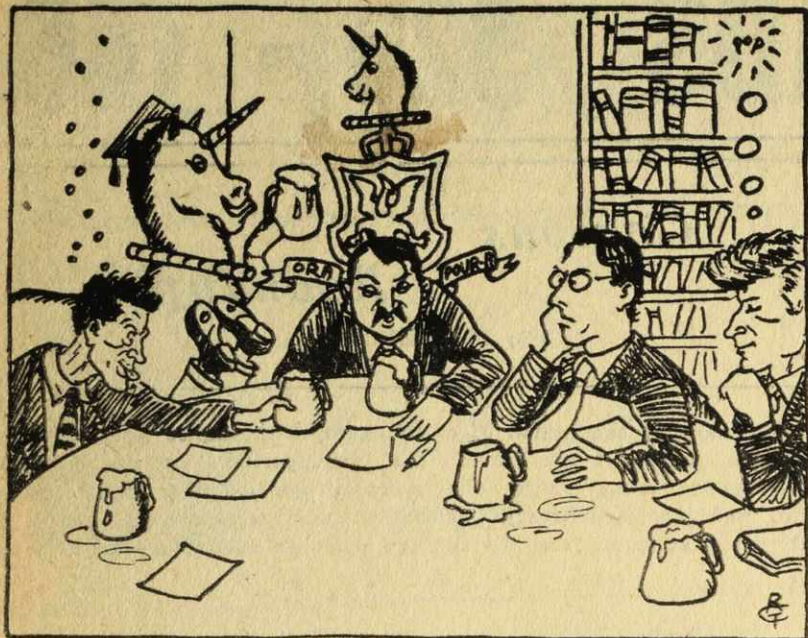


A WEEK IN PARADISE



DALHOUSIE UNICORN COMES OUT OF RETIREMENT AFTER CENTURY OF REST OUTER CIRCLE SOCIETY HONOURED

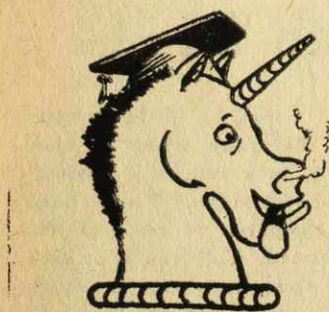
THE UNICORN — the Dalhousie Unicorn, of course — shook himself in his Science Building tower retreat: it wasn't the cold so much as the smoke from that filthy chimney. He had stood it for twenty years, and now he was getting out. After all, he was an old gentleman, and he deserved a certain amount of comfort. Those students, forgetting the precepts of former generations had adopted a tiger and dropped him, so why should he stay? Where did a tiger come in, he wondered; there wasn't one on the coat-of-arms. Why use a low animal like a tiger, when they could have the scion of one of the oldest families of unicorns instead. A tiger, of no birth and breeding ...

Full of thoughts like these he jumped over to the Library roof and slid down the drainpipe outside the President's window. He hadn't used it for thirty years, so it is not surprising that the pipe broke, and dropped him the rest of the way to the ground. He picked himself up, his mouth full of snow and blasphemy, and trod slowly down the path. He would get that old brandy out of the Archives basement, and drink it all, and then go somewhere where they appreciated unicorns. Suddenly he stopped, and listened; a sound penetrated the cold air, and he turned. The Arts building loomed up on his left, and from the basement window came light and sounds as of a deep bass voice singing a song about a one-eyed man named Riley. He turned, and went to the window, and inside he saw a sight that he had not seen for thirty years—students making

somewhat, when there was a knock at the door.

"Pink elephants, yes." Said an Editor. "Horned horses, NO!" He took a quick one. The Society took a quick one also. They all forgot their manners and started. With great presence of mind, the Editor rose, and, having discovered their visitor's name, address and class, he introduced him to the amazed members. The Editor continued, reminding the Society of the distinguished position their visitor held in the annals of Dalhousie, and his exalted place on the Coat-of-Arms. The Unicorn rose to address the group, and reminded them that it was over thirty years since he had last addressed students.

"Gentlemen," he began. "I am rather hesitant to break into what obviously is a reserved gathering, but in my cellars in the Archives I have some fine brandy, which I thought..." And so it came about that the Outer Circle Society, complete with stenographer, was seen trooping across the campus late one night, led by what looked like the Unicorn from the Dalhousie Coat-of-Arms. Hideous were the tales told after dark by those generously endowed with imagination, of necromancy and sorcery in the Gazette office, how bats



merry. His eyes filled with tears which rolled down his distinguished nose, and a lump came up his throat, and he watched for a few minutes, and then turned and went up the steps into the building.

The ancient and questionable Outer Circle of the Dalhousie Gazette had been having its annual preparation meeting for the Gazette Gambol, and both the preparation and the result were, in the vernacular, pretty hot. A stenographer was paid to come down and remain sober, and take down the wild ideas which the celebration brought forth. They were getting on



flicked to and fro outside the Arts Building, and strange shapes were seen around Studley. Actually this was a lot of bull. The Outer Circle were not even in the Gazette Office then. They were in the Unicorn's secret cellar in the Archives, getting progressively more sozzled, and planning bigger and better Gazette

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In the summer of 1945 the R.C.A.F. unit of which I was a member was stationed in Flensburg, a small German city on the border of Denmark and Germany. The war was over and we were impatiently awaiting repatriation. It was with great pleasure, then, that our education officer accepted an invitation from the University of Copenhagen for a number of our group to spend a week as their guests at the University. I was one of the fortunate ones who were included in the group, so on a beautiful Sunday morning we set out for Copenhagen by truck. As it was about three-hundred miles away it took us all day to get there. When we arrived at about seven p.m. we were greeted by the Pro-Rector magnificus (Vice-Chancellor), Professor L. L. Hammerich, Ph. D. and were then served what probably was the most delicious dinner any of us had had since we left Canada.

After dinner we set out to have a look at the city but returned to our quarters before long. We all discovered we were too full to walk. Upon returning the next morning we found that we were to have a busy week. That morning we attended a lecture on the system of government in Denmark, given by Dr. Paul Anderson and followed by lantern slides of Copenhagen. After dinner we went on a sight seeing tour around the city in two open topped buses provided by one of the local bus companies. That evening we visited Copenhagen's version of Toronto's Sunnyside. The following day we attended a series of lectures on Danish history and geography and heard an interesting comment on the Danish view of the Battle of Copenhagen. I might add here that their views were somewhat different from those of current British history books. Then came a visit to the National Museum and the Houses of Parliament. In the evening, we heard an address by Harold Laski, then prominent as the man behind the scenes in the British Labour Party.

Wednesday was taken up with lectures on Danish art and literature, and a visit to another

museum. That night came the great event of the week. We were invited out to a private ball given by one of the city's wealthiest and most prominent men. We were all provided with the opportunity to select partners for the evening, which we did with alacrity. After enjoying ourselves immensely we set out for our quarters in one of the above mentioned buses. We were nearly home when, to our amusement, we discovered a huge dog, belonging to our host, under one of the bus seats. We turned back, delivered the dog, and returned home without further ado.

On Thursday morning we arose, somewhat sleepy, but happy nevertheless, heard a lecture on Danish education and then went out on an excursion into North Sealand. On this trip we visited Fredriksborg Castle, one of the most beautiful and richly decorated buildings I have ever seen. Despite our weariness on Friday we were able to attend Lectures on Danish economics and Social Legislation. Here we received an eye opener and discovered that we in Canada lag far behind our Danish friends in this respect.

Saturday was given over to a brief survey of Danish agriculture. We learned that a Dane is not permitted to run a farm until he has first attended one of their agricultural colleges. This may be one of the reasons why their production per acre is so much greater than ours. A tour of one of Denmark's best agricultural areas ended with a visit to the country home of the Danish Premier. Here we were courteously received and provided for in a manner most gratifying to our hearty appetites.

Thus ended one of the most pleasant weeks I can recall. After the desolation of war-torn Germany it was truly a week of paradise.

In closing I would like to say that if a copy of this paper should reach the University of Copenhagen, I would like to take the opportunity of thanking those people once again for their great kindness to us and of wishing them every success and happiness in the New Year.

Sherburne McCurdy

"Well, I'm all set for the Prom . . . Perfection . . . Check!"
 "Yeah, Joe's shirt . . . Bill's tails . . . and my Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."