

Gift of Rare Gaelic Books Acquired by Dalhousie

Judge George Patterson, M.A., LL.D., of New Glasgow, a loyal alumnus, has added to the bequests of himself and his family by enriching the Dalhousie Macdonald Memorial Library with a splendid collection of Gaelic Books, some of which have a direct connection with the history and literature of the Province. This and similar collections, such as the unique gift of Dr. K. G. T. Webster, are building at Dalhousie a central repository of Celtic and Scottish literature which may well serve as a nucleus for material relating to Old and New Scotland for which Dalhousie, by inheritance and tradition, will provide a natural home.

Of a long and interesting list, the two volumes of most interest to general readers and collectors are an "elegantly" bound and printed edition of "The Poems of Ossian" published, along with an "inferior" edition, in 1807. Around these poems has raged a battle of criticism and scholarship not yet ended: the source, authenticity, and literary merit of these translations, paraphrases, or forgeries from the Gaelic have engaged romantic lovers of "the Celtic twilight" and no less doughty a champion than Dr. Samuel Johnson, who made them the occasion of further diatribes against the Scots, and threatened Macpherson, the author-translator of "Ossian" with a stick. It is interesting in this connection that one of the most valued possessions of Dalhousie is a first edition, rare in the original binding, of Johnson's Dictionary.

The other outstanding volume is "The Book of the Dean of Lismore", also connected with Macpherson, who may have picked it up in the Highlands, in 1760 and brought it to London, whence it went to Edinburgh, where after surviving various losses and dangers common in the history of early ballad material, it was first edited in part in 1862. It is a collection of Gaelic poetry current in the South West Highlands in the early sixteenth century, and was compiled by the Dean of Lismore, James MacGregor (a name later to be well-known in Pictou County, N. S.) and his brother.

Other valuable books are translations into Gaelic of the Bible and the Psalms. The Bible was not completely translated into Gaelic until after 1800, the alleged hope being that the Highlands should be encouraged in the use of English.

Of the more recent works, special interest attaches to collections made and published in Pictou by Rev. James MacGregor, and in Glasgow of poems collected in Canada by the Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair. With these are many volumes of Gaelic verse, and of prose translations and commentaries.

All in all, the collection is one of which Dalhousie, with its ancient and honourable Celtic lineage, may well be proud.

Commerce Corner

It is hoped that this column will become a regular feature in the Gazette, but we need a reporter with a versatile pen and a nose for news. Those wishing to volunteer for this interesting assignment please contact Lloyd McCallum, telephone 2-3822.

Sixteen Commerce stalwarts limped off the football field last Thursday at the short end of a 9-0 score after a spirited encounter with Arts and Science. The team, now undergoing a rigid schedule of training is confident of defeating their next opponents.

Commerce students are reminded that society fees are now due and may be paid either to the Treas., Fred Laphen, or to your respective class representative.

In closing, a belated, but none-the-less warm welcome is extended to our new Professor of Accounting, Professor Berman.



The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

HONORIS CAUSA

Little Mamie wasn't smart, but, she tried with all her might, To learn to read, to figure and to write, By perseverance and adherence, she passed her lower grades, Her matriculation subjects, she managed just by shades, By very loving parents, then, to university, But a famine in the forehead forbade her a degree. Little Mamie had the figure, fine looks and oomph, And her curtailed days of school, ended in triumph, She got a fine degree, an unqualified success, But these letters went before, thus—M R S.

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Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! Our ruggah boys have emerged triumphant again. The motto for the boys of the grande olde game should be Per Ardua Ab Acadia Stulta. Everything is loused up at dear old Wolfville, things are about as stupid as they can be. Their ruggah team was not in good shape (or were they) as they lost the dyke because of several breaks and panes.

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This, of course proves we were wrong again about the English football. Anyway, seriously, the ruggah boys had a lot of fun and played under very adverse circumstances. This corner admires the love of the game shown by the members of the Dalhousie English rugby team—congratulations (any way they can hold their liquor).

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It's about time, now, after three years, that our friends from the MIAU start thinking about Canadian football. What do they want the game to do to prove itself? In three years it has drawn crowds, brought a great spirit to Dalhousie, and aroused province-wide interest through broadcasts and also, the raves of the press about the quality of the football.

* * * *

It is no secret that Dalhousie is aiming for College competition. Next year the Tigers will have a field of their own, in fact, one of the finest playing surfaces in the country. As usual, we expect great competition from St. F.X. and Acadia (if they can keep within the bounds of reason) along with the New Brunswick universities. All right, boys, we've seen your protest against progress, now come in and get your feet wet.

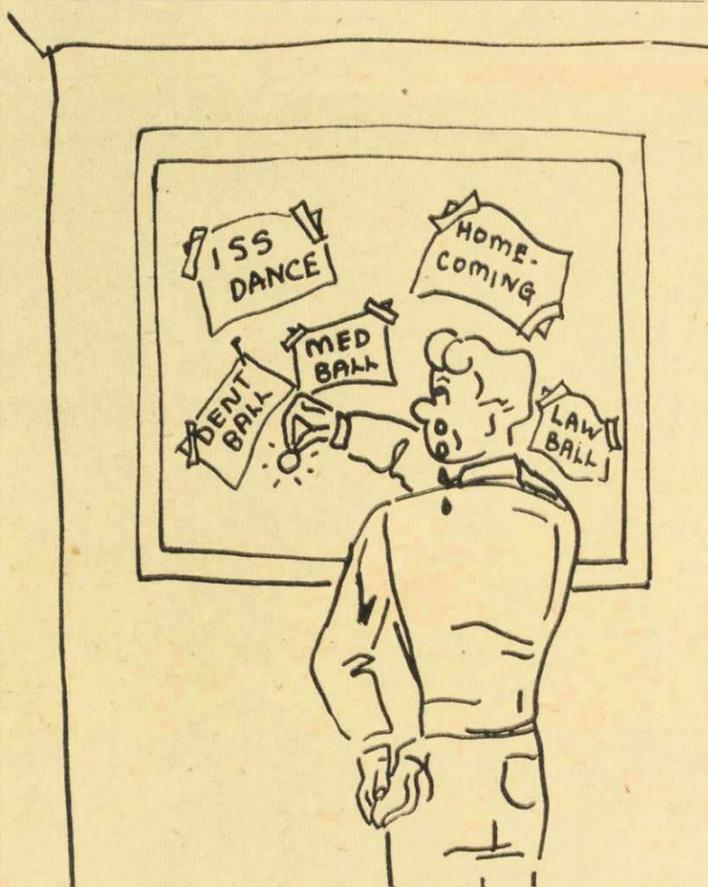
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We note that Physical Director Vitamin Vitalone received a great roar of approval when he was introduced at the alumni smoker, and he well deserves it. The football team has shown great progress under his care and the basketball team is coming along by leaps and bounds (no pun). This corner predicted last year that the cage Tigers would cop the Intercollegiate crown this year and although the Xmen have a powerful aggregation the chances are good that Dal will come through. It should be interesting and the new stands should be full.

* * * *

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The Inescapable Cold; Its Beginning, Middle and End

Cold is a word with a world of meaning. It can be used in varying doses to describe any person, place or thing on the face of this earth. More abstractly, it is the type of weather we endure most of the year, and it is the stare especially reserved for mothers-in-law.

As a descriptive, "cold" is used and abused by the majority of the earth's people. Then this versatile word "turns Turk" and abuses us. It becomes a thing.

A common cold is commonly known as . . .

I confess I have not had much experience with common colds. So far, every cold that has seen its way fit to attach itself to me has been a 'proper' cold.

A proper cold is of the throat tickling, nose blocking, eye-watering, Kleenex-busting variety. It is off to a gala start with a seared throat effect. You check back and remember that you have not accidentally swallowed lye or razor blades and say to yourself "I must be catching a proper cold."

Closely in the wake of the throat condition comes the bottleneck stage. During this period, your head aches and makes a general nuisance of itself to such an extent that you must keep reminding yourself that to cut it off means the end of your life.

An even more morale breaking influence concerns the apple-cheeked healthy, and usually female individual who looks at you and says, "Have you another cold?" She really means, "Does T.B. run in your family?"

So you think of nice-sounding names like "Everglades" and "Shady Rest". In a moment, you realize that your lot would be the Morris St. Hospital, so you have another pull at the bottle of Passmore's Three Minute Aid.

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