

Announcement

This is an announcement; let there be no mistake about that. We are plugging nothing, we have nothing to sell. We do not want your souls, empty bottles or your services. Particularly the last. We emphasize the fact again, we have nothing at all to sell. We have nothing to buy. It happened this way. The Features Editor — not a bad feller when sober — comes over and says: "We have some room for a story, and no story. Write one, on anything. Make an announcement."

We don't know what an announcement is, but we look at the news pages to see. Well, the news pages say that Alec Farquhar is back. Fine and dandy. They also say that Leon Disputin is back. Don't know him. Doesn't pay to these days, does it?

We took the above to the Editor and he said go on. So we are going on. This is an announcement. A little while ago a feller came in with a story, and asked if we wanted it. It said something about a man who went to Africa from Dalhousie, and worked among the natives of the upper Congo as a missionary. But the Editor says there is no story in this because the students do not want anything to do with politics; only straight news about University events.

Well, we said, what are we going to do? But the Editor don't say anything. Just make an announcement or two. Straight University events. Well, the we look at it, most events of interest are simply not written about, anywhere. But since this is an announcement it doesn't really matter. The important thing, the Editor says, is to get the story in the first paragraph. That's what we're doing, isn't it? Another guy just came in with a story; apparently some nut jumped out of a Hall window. This happened last term, he is told. So he goes out again. This feller who jumped from the Hall window must've been really off his rocker. Guess he saw one of the girls.

Editors Note: PAY NO ATTENTION TO THIS JOE COLUMN: WE'RE JUST STUCK FOR SPACE.

NOTICE

Faculties or Societies wishing to have weekly columns in the Gazette should contact the Features Editor fairly soon. Such

Editor

FROM THE BLIND

In the early morning's
Thinly spread mist
She leaves her nest
To skim the water,
Then wings her way at a height
Beyond the rim of the lake,
Though well within the missile's
Sighing whisper:

(Two hushed words of a hunter's vespers,
And through the rushes pulsed a steady sight.)

Absorbed in the sense
Of freedom unrivalled,
Unknowing, or unregarding,
Of the watchful eyes,
She judges her glide
And graceful sweep,—
Taking in the beauty
Of upright commandments:

(And a mind is the vortex of a whirlwind
Shaping into stones the wisps of willing dust.)

The sigh is a command
Forcing her to stop,
She steals her wings and takes
An earthward plunge.



CAMPUS FACE - LIFTING

To many people Dalhousie closes the day of Convocation. There are, however, a few students who learned differently. We, under the fatherly guidance of Professor Theakston, sought to make a living and, incidentally, to lift the campus' face in the process of the former endeavour. Which was the more nearly achieved is still doubtful. Those who have surveyed the campus with a critical eye this fall are doubtless deeply concerned about the standard of living of the summer workers. If one reflects the other these workers would be in a sorry plight. However, in spite of the extent to which Dalhousie suffered we were able to report a fairly happy summer and that never since the ice-age has grass been known to grow so fast. When it is considered that we were faced with the problem of disposing of tons of lush fodder as well as conducting a number of horticultural experiments in that little plot of ground behind

columns must be typed, (can be done in the Gazette office) and not exceeding two hundred words. They must be handed in at the Features desk on Saturday before the date of the issue they appear in.

the Homestead you must admit that we did no mean job. It has been rumoured that, thanks to the verdant growth on Dalhousie campus this summer, the butter-fat production for this county has been at least tripled, which should be one in the eye for those misguided souls who think that Canadians have a right to use that cheap but adequate commodity, oleo-margarine. Also, those who appreciate the good walking in the grove surrounding Shirref Hall owe us a vote of thanks. We staged a major lumbering and clearing project in that area under the heat of the mid-August sun. Further details may be had from the writer or from any of his humble associates.

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DALHOUSIE IS NOT RED HAMMER AND SICKLE FAILS TO MAKE CAMPUS FLAGPOLE

by P. Juniper McClod

Shortly after Xmas I was startled — to put it mildly — to see frantic reports in the local "press" announcing that N. S. students had joined communist federations. Looking into this matter. I got in touch with the Pres. of the C.C.U.F. This official blandly said that: (a) he was not in the C.C.U.F. and (b) he did not go to their meetings, and (c) he thought everybody should be at least fascist. I left him at (d) and (e) without hearing what they were, as I was afraid of the thought police. Finally I found McDog of the Council having a two-by-three at Joe's; brushing aside three or four sweet young things. I sat down beside him, and ordered a four-by-five, which costs a nickel extra. Damn extortion.

"McDoug, I said. "What is all this Redness that I hear about? Why have we come to this?"

"What's all this?" he seemed equally surprised. "What on earth are you talking about, anyway?"

Sadly I shook my head at this symbol of student gov't and told him that Dalhousie had joined a Red federation. I spoke to him of the widespread annoyance which would herald such an action. I spoke of the fuss the "press" was making. I asked him what was going on anyway.

"Oh, yeah. I remember now," he said. That's what we sent Porkington and O'Lumus to Winnipeg for. That's nothing to do with the rest of us. Besides, that was all passed at a forum. Nope, don't know nothin' about that."

I wandered on and found a journalist from Radical Bay speaking to Bernstein Crates, another member of the student Council Crates apparently did not want to be quoted, but the enterprising journalist was slowly persuading him to make a statement.

"Honest, I don't know nothing about it. It was all McDoug and them fellers who done it. Lemme up." Crates was visible perturbed, possibly because the newshawk was sitting on his chest twisting his ear. "Ouch," said Crates.

"Well," said the worthy journalist. "I think you had better say that 'while you are not fully cognizant of the exact nature of our step, I feel that it is a step in the right direction.' How's that?"

"Fine," said Crates. "Ouch, any step is better than no step.

Lemme go."

Not wishing to be involved, I left and slowly wandered up to Studley, and entered the Arts Building. Shouldering my way through a mob of professors, gloating over their exam results, I hastened towards the office of the Gazette. Knocking down the last three professors I arrived at the door, and slipped inside. Within was Peeps of the Outer Circle Society, consuming pretzels and water in large quantities. When asked why the water, he replied: "Because, just because."

Having asked him why all the reds, etc., and having removed the pretzels to a safe place, I sat down to listen.

"No reds here. Merely a little diversion. The N. F. C. U. S. wants to make the front pages, that's all. All the reds are busy trying to get into the Liberal club; more profitable. Have no fear, the Outer Circle has fully enquired into the situation, and has informed the authorities that there is no danger."

After that I dodged out, and made my way through the lines of thought police, who were probably waiting for Peeps, and snuk into the Gym store. People were busy buying little flags, one red with a hammer-and-sickle motif, and the other portraying the Union Jack — just to be on the safe side, I guess. The Glee club were recruiting for their new play, "DearJosef," due to appear on Labor Day, and Sodales signs advertised a debate on the reso-

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