

... FEATURES



CATHEDRAL COMMENT

"Lord bless they chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race."

George Thorne's suggestion, that Cathedral's men adopt the group of tiny Polio patients in the nearby Clinic, seems to have carried considerable weight and during the past week a committee was formed. George will act as chairman and Gerry Foster as treasurer. Others on the committee include Gerald Hawkins, Eugene Merry, "Boots" Brown, and Paul Harding.

The grapevine informs us that one Cathedral character, supposedly to study Astronomy, arises at 6 A. M. daily. By coincidence the nurses next door arise at the same hour. We trust that Vince Cunningham knows the difference between Astronomy and Anatomy.

It has also been brought to our attention that Angus Swoonburg is being pursued by several Dal girls. We feel it our duty to inform them that said Swoonburg is the ringleader of the Booby Hatch Section, famed for their criticism of campus co-eds. (remember girls!)

We were on hand at the Millionaires' Ball long enough to spot four lovely nurses from the Children's Hospital in the company of

Law Notes

Highlight of the week's events was the monthly meeting of the Law Society last Thursday. The most important business, other than electing a committee to edit the forthcoming Law edition of the GAZETTE, was the announcement that playing cards are not to be thrown around the tables in the common room, as such activities are seriously thwarting the smooth operations of the school. Such dastardly crimes are, it seems, no longer to be tolerated.

It is hoped by the members of the Law school that some action will be taken on the matter of abolishing the inter-provincial bar transfer fees for veterans just out of law school. As was ably pointed out at the meeting, these fees are bringing great hardship to many would-be lawyers.

Orchids to the interfaculty hockey and basketball teams who are keeping the colours of the Law School flying high in the leagues.

Rumor has it that the recent pictures taken by the Pharos photog. have thrown a jolt into some of the legal Casanovas who, it appears, had a mistaken idea of their physiognomy until they saw the prints.

Cathedral men. They would have provided real competition, had they been allowed to enter the contest.



The Engineer's Art Appreciation group had a delightful meeting in Math 34 last week. The meeting was the result of (Freshmen take note) a remarkable example of Cabinet Projection, two cabinets full of pictures being projected from the Archives to the Geology building. If they stay there much longer they will probably be used to house Geology specimens—it was thought that a specimen of calcite was already there, but it turned out to be Herb Johnson's bridgework left by mistake.

A spirited interfac. hockey game with Kings resulted in a 4-2 victory, and Graves playing the role of Chichornia. How he got the shiner seems rather hazy, but Shacksters are having very unkind thoughts towards the little College.

Social activities were very (Continued on Page 8)

Dent Notes

This corner takes time out to present a few bouquets to the Students' Council, the D. A. A. C. and Mr. MacCormack for the great work they have done in arousing increased interest in inter-faculty sports on the campus. Not for many years have the schedules in hockey and basketball been run so wholeheartedly. Those games aren't only a great asset to the individuals taking part but also in fostering closer associations and tie-ups between the various faculties on the campus.

INCI-DENTALS:

Coaches Dalton and Dorsey of the Dent. hockey and basketball teams are trying hard to encourage "good conditioning" among their teams—the Major especially is all for it.

One of the Dexter twins is still in love, but after two years this corner can't tell which one it is.

The second year Dents. send their best wishes to Helen, and assure her that they are taking a keen interest in Kings' activities during her illness.

BULL FIGHT

He stood in the middle of the huge amphitheatre—perspiration streamed off his face and he reached up to wipe his brow with the shabby sleeve of his yellow and black jacket. The sun blazed high in the sky, and not a zephyr destroyed the calm of the hot southern afternoon. As he gazed up at the silent thousands seated in the stands he pondered on the quirk of fate which had placed him here, in Mexico City, in the bull ring, soon to be face to face with a bull which came from a long line of fierce bovines and which was rated as the most ferocious of this year's herds.

His reverie was shattered as a sustained and tremendous roar went up from the eager throng who had come to the bull-fights to see the world's champion bull-fighters in action. Turning, he saw a gate open at the far end of the ring. To his eyes it was as if the very jaws of hell had opened to turn loose their ferocious spirits. Then he felt the hair stand up on the back of his neck as he saw the mountainous creature with which he was to match wits—death to be the stakes.

The proud beast ambled into the sunlight, blinking and bewildered. Its horns, with their wide spread gleamed in the blinding heat like polished swords. Its eyes, red-rimmed and fierce rolled in their huge sockets till they came to rest on the colorful figure of the matador. Fierce hate showed in the beast's eyes as it began to move toward the yellow and black figure in the centre of the enclosure.

The erstwhile matador stood transfixed, returning the bull's steady glare as best he could. Nervously flicking his cape he stood waiting the charge which he knew the beast would soon initiate. There would be no need to infuriate this beast with stab wounds from the small wooden darts which were usually instrumental in goading a bull to anger. This magnificent animal was quite angry enough. "Damn, double-damn, if that writer could have left out that bit about me knowing something about bull-fighting, I would be safe and sound at Dalhousie right now," he muttered. "But, no; he had to blow off that our bull-team, namely me, was as good as any in Mexico. You'd think the squash-rackets controversy would have been enough to put him in his place."

The thunder of hooves on hard-packed earth caught his attention and he looked up. There was the bull, almost on top of him. Desperately he jumped aside and the ferocious beast roared past, missing him with an upward lunge of its horns by mere inches. Now was no time to ponder on the folly of sports-writers—this was life, and life was real. He stood in an approximation of the approved matador's stance and waved his tattered cape in the general direction of the ponderous beast which seemed to move about with all the grace of a ballet dancer.

Again the proud bull lowered its head and lunged forward—again the matador stepped aside, but this time he tried one of the tricks of the game which he had read in the book. He held his ground until the last minute and then gracefully side-stepped the charge, flinging his bedraggled cape into the air with a gesture of bravado. The express-train rush had been avoided. After a few more moments he gained confidence and actually played with the bull, avoiding its vicious charges with dexterous cape-handling and dance-like steps. A chance of winning the tournament, although slim, still existed.

After a few more passes, the shouts of the crowd indicated that in order to win the coveted championship he must really do something out of the ordinary. Wiping the salt sweat from his eyes with the cape he decided to try the most daring feat of all. It was the "Pass of Death". Taking his white handkerchief from the pocket of his ill-fitting black and yellow satin breeches he waved it at the crowd, bowed toward the Royal box and turning, placed the handkerchief on the ground and knelt on it with his back to the bull. Then he waved his cape violently. He heard the thunderous rumble of the on-coming beast. Closer it came, and closer; his heart pumped painfully.

Then came the realization!—In the book the author had mentioned that the last matador to try this trick had been instantly killed, impaled on the bull's horns and smashed against the board side of the coliseum. Desperately he tried to get to his feet and avoid the murderous charge. But he was too late. The bull was on him. Pain stabbed through and through him, birds sang, and bells Bells? . . . Bell? Looking about him wildly he realized it was the class bell ringing and he was being prodded in the back by a pencil. "Come on, chum," said a voice, "class is over."

Diary Of Samuel Heeps

Jan. 27: Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain and did bring to my mind that Milord Graves had only yesterday fallen out with Captain Markey of the King's Guard and received a mighty clout on the right eye for his troublesome manner. My wife being now more fully waked than is her usual manner she did inform me that the greater part of the students at the King's university had been taken with the plague and I could not but laugh at her clever allusion to the stout body of William Lovett, who it seems has recently contacted chicken-pox. Up and to the Gym Inn for supper and then after hearing nothing but talk by wits such as Milord Carrol, I home and to bed.

Jan. 28: Up betimes and to the birthday party of the missionary McNaughton wherein there was much mirth unbecoming to a man of the cloth. Truly I did see a woman of some standing in the community, whom I shall not name, fill a bowl with spirits, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it for a health to McNaughton, it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman Naughton, life. During the party I did hear it said that the mysterious lady whom Milord Crowell has been hiding is none other than the lady of the beautiful blonde tresses, Lady Jackie Climo. Then, late in the evening, home and to bed.

Jan. 30: Up in the afternoon, and at my multiplication-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet withal in my arithmetique. To-day from my teacher I did hear that the ever-scheming rogue, McDougall is once more chasing some young lady from the University. I am resolved that the man has no breeding. So, angry, to bed.



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