

... FEATURES



Law Notes

Now that all the marks are posted, the Law School is settling back to a normal hectic existence, and as usual, nothing in particular happens that is interesting enough to write about.

While poking around the musty interior of the north end of the Forrest building, one might assume from the crowded appearance of the Law library that last week's exam. results were a bit on the low side. Such a person might get a shock when he poked his rosy nose into the Common Room where loud cries of "seven no trump" cut the smoke ridden room,—obviously most of our number are satisfied or adamant over said exam. results.

Another prospective lawyer has put his neck in the matrimonial noose. Hughie MacPherson made the fatal step last week, and now he is cavorting around Boston with the little woman with the good graces of the Dean—and the congratulations of all of us.

Law hockeyists had a bit of tough luck in their first start, but with practice and a few more games, they promise to be strong contenders for the interfac title.

We would like to extend our deepest sympathy to Von Hartigan in his recent bereavement.

CATHEDRAL COMMENT

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

On Saturday a wedding of interest to Cathedral residents took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, when Nursing Sister Jean Chisholm, R.C.N. of Antigonish was married to Hugh MacPherson of St. Andrew's, N. S. Leo MacIntyre acted as best man. The reception was held at the Nova Scotian hotel. Among the guests were Prof. Feeney and Dr. Hancock of the Law Faculty, Alex Hart, D.K.S.V.A. president, and Hugh's many other friends at Cathedral barracks.

Our attention has been brought to the group of tiny polio patients in the clinic situated directly behind Hut 2. George Thorne has suggested that the Cathedral's two dollar-a-day men adopt the kids (starting pay day). The idea has met with unanimous approval, and a committee will be formed.

From last Saturday's Halifax Mail: "Angus Roach, Cathedral barracks, reported to police that he was in a local restaurant between 12.30 a.m. and 1.30 this morning when someone walked off with his chinchilla overcoat".

(Ed. Note: On returning to Cathedral, Mr. Roach found his



The first society meeting of the new year was held on the 16th. A discussion was held on the advisability of changing the name of the banquet from Boilermakers to Sievemakers, the latter vessel being just as efficient under the new (dry) regime. The motto of the banquet will be "Building bridges, drinking fruit juice, anything else and they're liable to boot youse." The banquet is free this year, however, and as the President mentioned, if eight gentlemen pool their four bitses and invest them wisely, almost anything can happen.

Congratulations to Don Hebb recent host to the stork. Mother and daughter are doing fine, and father is expected to recover.

The present shortage of paper towels is liable to result in some very smudy plates in the near future if a few jokers in the neighborhood don't stop using three-yard lengths to dry their fingers. It will take a lot of stretching to make the present supply last until more is available, and if everyone doesn't ease up on the wastage there will be some very grubby little pinkies around come March.

Cheers to the interfac basketball team, who smeared the strong molar mechanics team last Saturday.

Dent Notes

For the first time in several years the Dental school has entered interfaculty sports—with teams in both hockey and basketball. It is gratifying to note that there has been nearly 100 percent turnout for the games thus far, either as participants or supporters. Keep up the good work boys, for although we have not yet been winners, who knows—a little more conditioning will do a lot.

More good news for the Dent school was on hand the past week when a report was received from

(Continued on Page 8)

coat resting in its usual spot. Perhaps it walked off by itself!

Peasant Games Winner At Dal

C'est impossible! (Balzac)

We were sitting in the gym store. Things were quiet—very quiet. We weren't feeling our best, a direct result of a blast from the editor about neglecting the small people on the campus. Glumly we watched a fly drowning in our coffee.

We paid little attention as a beautiful blonde entered the store, other than the usual social amenities, such as licking her shoe. She seemed overwhelmed by our charming manner and proceeded to relate to us the story of her life. Amazing!

"Perhaps you haven't noticed my muscular legs", she said, brushing my hand aside and hitching up her skirt. Mopping our brow we replied that, as a matter of fact, we had. Pulling her skirt primly down (much to our chagrin) she informed us that the muscles had been developed by years of mountain climbing.

"You see," she said, "I am Swiss—a yodeler, in fact."

Aha! Here was a story! "A yodeler," we asked, "you mean you sing those cowboy songs?"

She replied that we were in error on the fine point of the yodeler's art. It seems that the real yodeler's don't sing songs at all. In Switzerland, especially in the Alpine regions, the peasants call their mountain goats by yodelling. A good yodeler's greatest ambition is to win the annual Peasants' Games which are held at Geneva each autumn.

"You may be interested to know," she said, "that I am Olga Tell, winner of the yodelling trophy in the Peasants' Games of 1937. I was quite young at the time." (You must have been we thought.)

Being ever on the alert for news we asked Miss Tell for a demonstration of her prize-winning yodel. She was hesitant but at last agreed that I could visit her apartment that night and listen to her yodelling practice. Seems she's rehearsing for the big opera to be put on by the dramatic society in a few weeks' time. We couldn't help but wonder if the director had heard of this unorthodox behaviour, but we let it go.

Sharp on time we arrived at her apartment and got down to business. This was to be our big story and we had to get it from all angles. Loosening our tie, we asked for a few samples. "You mean of my yodelling?" she asked, blushing. "Of course," we said, slyly.

It was obvious that Miss Tell didn't want to let fly with a yodel right there in her apartment, overlooking Granville street and neighbours on every side. She explained, however, that a yodel, Swiss style is like yelling "Oh-Deer-Old-Lady" with a big long "oooooy" on the end of it, that you held the tone, and wiggled your tongue up and down throughout.

"Like this?" we asked, and did it in detail, complete with tongue-wagging. She indicated that we were all wrong. Then without further urging she threw out her chest (very nice, too) and did it. For a moment we sat transfixed as if we had just heard the trump of doom. Then our mind began to visualize great droves of mountain goats stampeding up Barrington from God knows where. It was a yodel from way back.

"Tell me something," we said, changing the subject, "Do the young men in Europe have a tendency to make more passes at a girl than the young men over here?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe they do. It is more a matter of course with them over there. They make passes just because it's a matter of course."

"But see here," we said, "that's not a nice thing to say for the newspaper."

"Maybe not," agreed Olga, "but you don't think for a moment," (here she inched along the divan toward us) "that I am going to sit here and yodel all afternoon for the newspaper, do you?"

Diary Of Samuel Heeps

Jan. 20: I rose early and went to my barber's where his new assistant left me almost bald. Afterwards, over a pot of ale we did discuss various, and sundry things and he did bring to my attention the fact that Shane, the scientist, has of late developed a most offensive habit of carrying worms about in his coat pocket. Then he went on to tell me of the discourse of Atwood the grocer who is much displeased with the King's regulation concerning prices of meals—this Atwood person, it would seem, is always looking for profit. After a full day spent in the company of athletes, Levine, Morrison, Giffen et al, I home and to bed where my wife and I had some high words upon my telling her that I would fling the dog which that talkative Smith had given her out of the window if he dirtied the house any more.

Jan. 22: Up late, being awakened by the arrival of Monsieur Pppler who was in a great state of excitement about the harsh criticism of a concert which had appeared in the weekly journal. Further he informed me of the fact that Milord Wadlyn had been seen speaking in an amorous fashion to Linda, the gypsy-eyed girl who is the employee of a tooth-puller. Much annoyed by his folly I arose and went to scold the unwise Wadlyn, only on my way I met Robert Taylor, looking very ill because of indulgence in the dispensing of his brother Laird Taylor, the apothecary's assistant. He did take me into the Gymn Inn where we did drink with the ever-inebriated Sir John Pawley, whilst we all discoursed on the mystery of Milord Crowell who late has been extremely secretive about his affairs of the heart. Then home where I sat late, reading.

Jan. 24: To the soldiers barracks nearby the Cathedral where I did hear much of a mock wedding during the week in which the lately departed Captain Dunphy and Milady Prouse were married in all good humour. Remained here drinking with friends Oakley and MacDougall, then home.



COCA-COLA LTD.
Halifax

Coke = Coca-Cola
"Coca-Cola" and its abbreviation "Coke" are the registered trade marks which distinguish the product of Coca-Cola Ltd.