



The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

If you are passing the gym, anyone of these days, and hear a loud buzzing sound, it won't be the floor polisher or Mr. Campus (2nd), 1949 O'Brien sawing up empty rum kegs for the Dalhousie boilers. No, the sound will most assuredly be that of the Dalhousie Amateur Athletic Association still engrossed in a sound sleep. While they sleep the athletic situation is going to pot, but good.

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This is certainly not to be construed as a reflection on Physical Director "Vitamin" Vitalone's effort with the Canadian football Tigers, whose efforts have caused lifted eyebrows from the skeptics and glowing smiles from the alumns. The first lache occurred when some unthinking person at King's told two potential football stars that they were not allowed to play for the Tigers—in contravention of a gentleman's agreement reached by the two athletic bodies two years ago where King's were allowed, among other things, interfaculty privileges in return for their good will in encouraging athletes of Varsity calibre to turn out for Dal teams (remember these are registered Dal students).

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The DAAC snorted, awoke, and said, "That's not very nice", and then resumed their snooze. Then came the English Ruggah boys. Our personal opinion of the English game is that it should be kept on and encouraged. The physical director thinks there is room for both games and we agree—it is especially valuable for interfaculty play where the competition is razor keen, even the Roundup turned out last year, and enjoyed it too! However, let's not be foolish about it. With our Canadian Football effort, we can only support one ruggah team—preferably of the intermediate class. It is our opinion that those responsible for the entry of the two teams this year have dealt this particular game a severe blow. The DAAC foolishly assented to two teams, intermediate and snior, and failed to give competition, even to that bucolic collegiate, Acadia.

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There is no harm in being beaten if one puts up a contest, the Dal ruggah teams failed to do that last week. We are assured the situation will improve, although skeptical, we hope so. This is not all. Our somnulent DAAC has come up with a prize one for the coming hockey season. Surely it was demonstrated last year that Dal, without a rink, cannot compete with the other Maritime Universities, all of whom, have artificial plants. All credit to those enterprising institutions that have secured them. You guessed it—we are going back for more; we will provide the other institutions with nice weekend trips to Halifax to investigate the mysteries of the Olympic Gardens. Everything is against us, especially that slick rule put through the MyAU about those dastards (don't louse this up Mr. Printer) who play, alone, on outside teams. We are against it.

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It is rumoured that we are going to have a rink built. Fine, but let's wait for it. The word Dal now connotes competing teams in the athletic sphere, why ruin it?

Dent Notes

Many thanks to Mr. O'Neill for his fine write-up on our doings at the clinic. It was excellently done and left little to be said. That's just the trouble—there is nothing to be said. We were scooped by a Lawyer. Ah well, probably 'tis best that way. Just as well to have someone else tell us how good we are rather than telling it ourselves, even if it is true.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Reg Sanson upon the recent birth of a daughter.

The big news this week is the annual ball to be held this year at the Lord Nelson. The dances of previous years have been such huge successes that it has been decided to share our blessings with the students of other faculties on the campus. Yes, it's true, you can be at the Dental Ball even though you are not fortunate enough to be a dental student. But the number of tickets to be sold is limited, (naturally—they always are) so get yours now. The date—Friday, Oct. 28th. The time—9 p.m. Place—Lord Nelson, Dress—formal, and the price is only \$3.00 per couple.

No kidding though, gang; last year the ball was terrific and we had a wonderful time — they tell me. I don't see why the dance shouldn't be just as good or better. So come along—we'd love to have you.

Letter from Sylvester

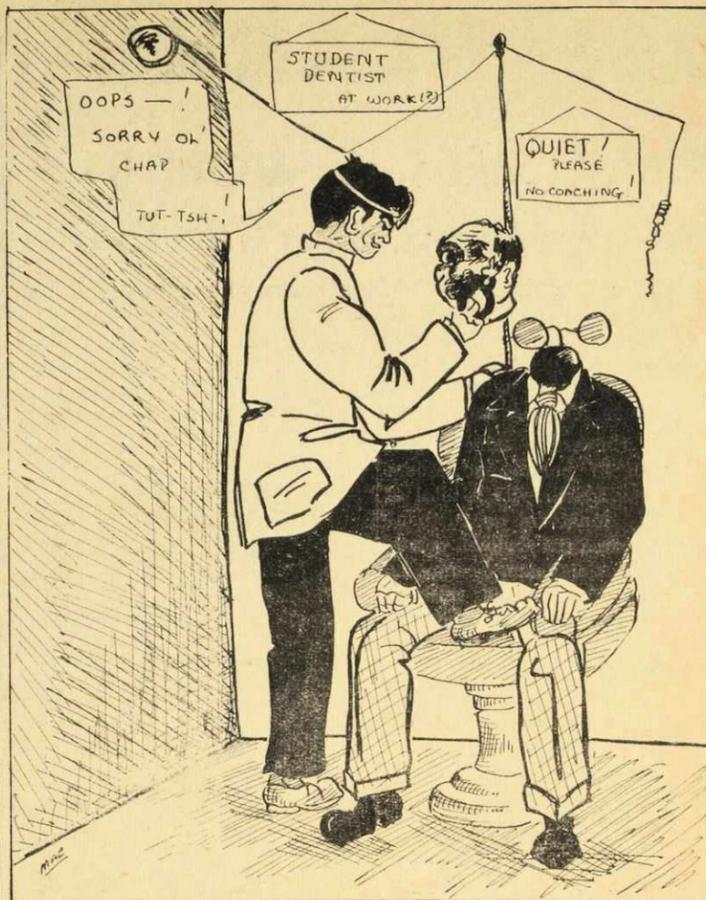
Dear Ma,

Arrived safely in Halifax yesterday and slept comfortably in Franklyn Park. This morning I went searching for a room, and found a very nice one in a sort of quaint location. It overlooks Pier 21. My room is very cozy, I can even get my trunk inside if I stand it on end. The architect forgot to build in a closet, but there is extra space under the bed anyway. Oh, yes, I have a very handy desk—the door has no hinges and fits over the bed perfectly, although the doorknob is a little troublesome. When I get the oil for the lamp, things will be just fine.

I discovered that Dalhousie is a very peculiar place when I went to the Registrar this afternoon. There was a long line of goggle-eyed freshmen, boys and girls, standing in the corridors, fidgeting. A voice said, "Hmmm, not a bad crop of freshettes this year, and I'm a Soph, Heh, heh!" Wherever I looked, there were signs reading, "AH Frosh report to Room 3." A hand grabbed me by the collar, and a gruff voice roared, "That means YOU". On the way to Room 3, I met many groups of obviously insane people. They were not Frosh. They kept muttering, "Ec. 87, that's Ec, 22 now. Ec. 22 is Poli Sc. 14, but so is Phil 18—and they all come at 11:00 on Tuesday. Maybe I can substitute Music 2. . . . No, that's no good for my grouping. My Gawd, maybe I'd better switch to engineering." . . . Obviously deranged.

In Room 3 sat the chairman of the Sophomore Initiation Committee, Der Fuhrer. "Fill in these forms," he ordered. After two hours, I handed him the completed forms and massaged my writing hand. Being very weary from such exertion, I decided to eat supper and retire early.

Someone directed me to an eating establishment filled with those insane souls I had encountered earlier on my way to Room 3. As I sat munching a slightly pallid piece of pie and sipping on a beer—root beer—a furtive stranger sitting beside me grasped my wrist and whispered, "I see you're new around here. Well, here's a bit of advice: Keep away from Sherriff Hall before you get bitten by the alcove bug and become enslaved. You'll never pass an exam if that happens. It's even worse than the



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D.A.A.C.	\$ 6,276.83	\$ 2,478.00
Glee Club	\$ 2,863.41	\$ 1,500.00
Gazette	\$ 5,490.00	\$ 2,000.00
Personal Service	\$ 1,680.00	\$ 1,100.00
D.G.A.C.	\$ 896.05	\$ 36.00
COUNCIL		
Mulgrave Park	\$ 5,475.33	\$20,871.50
Homecoming	—	—
General	—	—
Publicity	\$ 911.00	—
Sodales	\$ 277.00	—
Delta Gamma	\$ 383.67	—
		\$27,985.50

Glee Club, Bridgitis or Gazette investigate tomorrow, with caution, Gossipitis." naturally.

Sherriff Hall of course must be a prison, but what is an alcove bug. Well, Ma, this matter intrigues me greatly, so I think I'll

Until next time,

Mama's Boy, (and Papa's) Sylvester

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Come and talk it over with the Resident Staff Officer—Major J. N. Cram

at the C.O.T.C. Office in the Dal Gym, or Phone at one of the numbers listed on the C.O.T.C. Bulletin Board in the Gym.

Remember that the quota for 1949-50 is limited, so apply early.