

2-1

Works
al Series

was unfortunately injur-
alfway through this per-
osition was played by
d Dohaney. Saint John
ead in the last period,
ied it up. Garey, Milne,
ed the battle with an-
but this goal, scored
bell had sounded, was

Line-ups:

Goal, Harrigan; defence,
Wagar, Plummer, Gau-
de, Lorrimer, Pike, Do-
nehey, Snow, T. Bliss,
Dickson, Malone.

Goal, Lynch; defence,
arsen, Milne; forwards,
e, Garey, Colwell, Lara-
s, Cooke, Heenan, Old-

—Joe Lamb, and Johnny

Game of
Team

Line-ups:

& Yorks led 2-0 at the
first period and had a
ore Varsity scored. Both
d one goal in the final

Line-ups:

& Yorks—Goal, Lynch;
erkins, Larsen, Milne;
Butler, Garey, Colwell,
wards, Cooke, Hoenan.

Goal, Harrigan; defence,
Plummer, Dohaney;
Kennedy, Snow, Lorri-
Malone, Thompson.

—Joe Lamb, linesman:
ord.

Line-ups:

week-end out at Royal
ew Brunswick's Mount
U. N. B. should have
ms entered and primed
It stands, our school
ampionships in Down-
and Cross-Country. A
m Saint John made off
earing crown last year.
ack team from Up the
ertainly be out to grasp
gle titles for themselves
ould, we believe, if all
The prize-giving will
on Saturday night and
be a dance held in con-
th said occasion.

ys are rushed with great
tione; we shall have to
ly what transpires, both
eld and at Royal Road.

s. Racing

ross Country Race.
ntramural.
ntramural.
—C.I.A.U. Meet (St.
Sauveur).

ntramural (Downhill).
ntramural D. and S.
—M.I.A.U. Meet.

ntative visit from Uni-
rsity of Maine team,
o Sugar Derby.

usually tell by looking
hat kind of a past she
have.

are people who keep
when the damn party is
d.

girl who used to have
cleaned now has them

SKETBALL
..... 67
..... 68

A Sap's Fables

—Slaight

DEAR DUKE:

STOP. I can explain everything. Abject apologies for not answering your last letter, but I have a reason that should satisfy even you. Here is my story.

Finally I realized that the time has come to take a wife. Now the problem was who to take her from.

They say my wife isn't all there, but I figure there is enough of her there to make it worth while. She'd been married twice before... what you might call a busy body. Later, I discovered, that I had been tricked into the wedding... wedding—that's a funeral where you smell your own flowers. I found out that the gun wasn't loaded. But love is a beautiful thing... It's too bad people have to get married and spoil it.

I never knew what real happiness was until I married... and then it was too late. Our first day together she brought in to me a pan of biscuits that she had baked with her own little hands. I just wonder who helped her lift them off the stove. She treated me like a pagan god, and was always placing burnt offerings before me. And so economical. She never sent my clothes to the cleaner but always removed the spots... herself... \$5 spots, \$10 spots.

But after a few weeks of marriage we were just like love-birds... always flying at each other. I always thought my wife was an angel and I wasn't far from the truth. She was always up in the air and harping about something. Before we were married I told her I could listen to her voice all night, but I didn't think I'd have to. She is so sure of getting her own way that she writes her diary three days in advance. Her motto is: "If at first you don't succeed, cry and cry again." But a wife is really a wonderful thing, though. She's a woman who will stick with you through all the trouble you wouldn't have been in if you hadn't married her in the first place.

I said before I married her that I would be master in my own house or know the reason why. Now I know the reason why. Finally the worm turned... and it's a good thing I did, too. Last night she took my clothes and threw them all over the floor. That was bad enough, but worse still... I was in them. I really told her off, and now whenever I speak, my wife jumps... all over me. However, today I displayed my mastery. Early this morning I beat her up. I got up at seven and she got up at eight. So you can see that I run things in my house... the washing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the dishwasher.—Clarence.

—from THE SHEAF.

ONE WEEK OF BLISS

This institution practices a custom old as Eve
Which is hailed with glee by predatory female,
So once a year with crafty cunning plans they boldly weave
To attack the campus on a major she-scale.

The objects of this grand campaign divide themselves in classes,
For there are always those who won't partake,
And every year show more resistance to the potent passes
Attempted by young Co-eds on the make.

But on the other side we find a vastly different type
Who retaliates in manner hale and hearty,
And willingly appears equipped with his collegiate pipe
In spirits high enough for any party.

And as the week progresses to its dark and dismal end,
The men who once were labeled strong and sturdy
Are still consuming quantities of fascinating blend
Obtained from Johnny Walker and from Ferdi.

Oh, they swear that there's no harm in just a Chokey-okee cheer,
Despite the fact that soon they're seeing double,
But the question that occurs to me most frequently I fear
When all is said and done with, "Is it really worth the trouble?"

WANTED FROM ALL SENIORS: ::

One Graduation Write-up for The 1950 Year Book which must be under 50 words in content. These should be handed in to the Class Collectors or to the Year Book Committee at once.

Also all Grads who had their photos taken at Harvey's Studio are requested to hand them in to the Year Book Committee by the end of February—which is the deadline for Grad photos.

Energetic Co-eds Wanted

The badminton courts are open to all veteran players and beginners on Monday evenings, Thursday and Saturday afternoons. Bird-batting lessons will be provided by Manager Pat Ryan. So, Co-eds, grab your sneakers and hike down to the gymnasium. The team will be going to Mount A. this year. As yet the team hasn't been picked, however, our old standby, Hartley

Miller, will be the centre of activity and sharp competition is in the offing. We still have a few birds left, so come down before they disappear.

A college education never hurt anyone who was willing to learn something afterwards.

BOTTLENECK



Photo by Duke.

A hot instrument was the one-lone telephone in the Girls' Residence during Co-Ed Week. Because of the heavy outgoing traffic the queues ran heavily to the pantry. The inmates shown above are (left to right): Audrey Manzer-Baird, Joan Bell-Van Atten, Nancy White, Jane Smith-Wright, Kay King-MacCallum, and Jean MacCallum waiting for Judy Waterson, to complete her call.

A Glimpse at
Old McGill University

"James McGill, James McGill,
Peacefully he slumbers there,
Blissful though we're on the
tear..."

Beneath the rare "Ginko" tree just outside the Arts Building, James McGill lies peacefully. Were James to return from his "blissful" state for the purpose of visiting Montreal he might not recognize Montreal as it stands today. The embryonic beginnings of a university, placed on the gently, southern slope of Mount Royal—that was McGill in its genesis some 125 years ago.

Now, approximately 8,000 students throng McGill's campus with its wide lawns, presently buried under winter's whiteness, its graceful trees, its grey-stone buildings and historic Roddick Gates. The university is financed privately and many of its buildings are named after famous men who have donated money or services to the institution.

Among these are the Redpath Library, the Redpath Museum, Moyses Hall, Duggan House, Molson Stadium, the Donner Building, Morris Hall, Purvis Hall, and the Roddick ("erotic") Gates. Since the war, and because largely of her swelled attendance, McGill has undertaken an extensive program of expansion, much of which is now completed. Most publicized of the additions has been the Radiation Laboratory and Cyclotron, an ultra-modern establishment staffed by students who are working towards their Doctorates of Philosophy.

Another of the post-war projects is Dawson College, McGill's annex, 30 miles from the mother campus. Dawson has its own lectures and entertainment, Students' Council, and perhaps because it is on the site of a former RCAF camp—its own gripes and grumbles.

McGill's Chancellor and Vice-

Chancellor, Board of Governors and Senate control most of the serious workings of the university. But for college life, the students depend on their Students' Society, the governing body of which is the Students' Executive Council. The President and the Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, the Presidents of the Men's and Women's Unions, and the Editor-in-Chief of the McGill Daily sit in on this council, which is assisted in solving its knotty problems by representatives of the various faculties. Out of their late-at-night sessions come such decisions as grants to many of the campus clubs, approval of the constitutions of new clubs, and other weighty matters.

Clubs, societies and the like run the gamut from the McGill Student Veteran Society, where the ex-servicemen can air their views, to the barn-dancing section of the McGill Outing Club, where city types can air their heels. There are literary clubs and language clubs, and sports clubs ad infinitum, till the harassed freshman wonders why he bothered to register in the ordinary courses. Canada's four main political parties come together periodically in a Mock Parliament and direct the usual hot remarks at one another.

The University has organized its sports activities under the newly-formed Department of Athletics, Physical Education and Recreation. Completion of a drive, organized by the McGill Graduates' Society for funds to build a war memorial in the form of a Swimming Pool and Rink Auditorium will enable undergrads to take an even more active part in sports.

With all this, and perhaps graduation too, students at McGill generally seem to find life an interesting and happy occupation.

University Debaters'
Annual Worth Studying

Ten, fifteen and twenty years from now, the speeches of today's leading college debaters will be front page news. They will be reported as delivered in Congress, in famous legal decisions, in social service work, on educational problems, from pulpits and in attack of, or defense of, the then welfare state.

This fact is incontrovertible, to tomorrow's leaders are today laying the groundwork of their destiny. This is one of several reasons why the 35th edition of the University Debaters' Annual: 1948-1949 (347 pages, \$2.50, H. W. Wilson Co., New York 52), is a collection well worthy studying. It's a verbatim report of seven traditional intercollegiate debates, plus one symposium-discussion, and one experimental type of cross-question debate featuring direct participation by the audience.

The subjects under discussion are another reason why the book is noteworthy. Briefly, the propositions discussed are: Aid to Education; Direct Election; Taft-Hartley; Planned Economy; Outlawing Communism; War with Russia; Marshall Plan; America and the Pacific; and Federal World Government.

These are all current, important problems whose solution, or lack of solution, will have great effect on the next generation.

This new collection is edited by Miss Ruth Ullman and each debate includes briefs and a comprehensive bibliography.

Intercollegiate debating doesn't command the newspaper space devoted to a football game. There are no big-time debate reporters as there are sports reporters. Yet, in a few years when the names of today's gridiron heroes are forgotten, we will be reading of the successes of today's better collegiate debaters.

Quite frequently they come from the less publicized colleges. As witness Miss Ullman's well selected sources for her latest volume. The colleges and universities represented are: Wabash College vs. Earlham College; Manhattanville College vs. Iona College; University of Michigan vs. University of Pittsburgh; Willamette University vs. University of Redlands; New York University vs. Bernard College; University of Texas vs. University of Oklahoma; University of Alabama (symposium-discussion); University of Hawaii vs. University of Missouri; and University of Maine vs. University of New Brunswick.

Woman is the animal which possesses the greatest attachment for man.

To Our
Advertisers
and Friends
A Sincere
Thank You!

The Co-Eds.

Stop the machines and half the people in the world would perish in a month.

When maidens sue, men live like gods.

A mere madness: to live like a wretch and die rich.

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character.