

FRESHMAN

Until two more should come to make up a real game, the Lunenburger and the Dartmouthite sat playing bridge. The fact that they had already spent two hours playing bridge, that one had skipped a class, the other two, meant nothing to them, for they were real enthusiasts, and deserved credit for their opinion that bridge is a game to be played, and class work a game to renig at. I wish I had their nerve; I'd be with them. But the thought of an attendance record has on me the effect of Limburger on atmosphere; the sight of one professor with a pencil in his hand will permeate me with an odour of work and respectability such that before now I have been mistaken for a freshman.

As I say, they played Dutch Bridge; and that to Bridge, is ginger-pop to forty-rod; and Dartmouth felt upon him the necessity of conversation.

"Talking of ferry-boats," said he, "ferry-boats, professors, and such, what do you think of the freshman class?"

"Not bad," admitted Lunenburger. "But there was only one freshman class I ever admired. For nerve, spunk, pluck, ability and women, I never saw it equalled. It was never hazed, never could be hazed. Why, we razed the Senate and got away with it; we—"

"Oh—your class?" asked Dartmouth.

"Sure," said Lunenburger. "Who else? But there is one freshman this year that I admire. The ambitions that man calls his own could never have been acquired. They were a gift. He had been in the city two days and not registered yet, and he had decided, for a start, to play on the first Rugby team and to rush a senior Delta Gamma."

"He went to three dances, with the sole object—he didn't dance—of meeting a senior—' But she must be pretty,' he told me—and asking her to sit out three dances; then he planned to ask her, if she liked him? And if so, would she attend the Majestic with him next evening? Curiously—he thought it was curious—the first part of his proposal was unanimously turned down by the senior class. I pointed out to him that the girls might prefer to dance; and suggested that he come down a notch, and try a Junior."

"From the first he played football, or tried to; and my stock went up with him as it looked more and more as if I would make the first team, while his chances were about inversely proportional. I told you he had nerve; but what is that when you can't work your hands and feet? He couldn't kick, he couldn't learn to kick; he couldn't catch a ball or run, and to cap it he must have weighed all of 110. He was game to tackle anyone, but generally he looked like a golf ball on cement paving, and bounced as far."

"He had the nerve, but he could not play football; and he had the sense to quit after three weeks. But he 'hero-worshipped' the rest of the team and almost respected me. I know, for I was in his room about a week after he dropped football, and he had pictures—my gosh! he had the whole team individually and collectively in every picture that had been snapped or posed for the season; and he wanted me to

sit down and give him a life history and commentary on the whole fifteen. He wouldn't talk anything but football except when he began to dream—out loud—of the senior he would pick out: but mostly he talked football. It got to be like dodging Archie's eye in class: I met him no more than I could help. "How much would the whole team, with two pairs of boots and a pair of socks on between them, weigh?" or some such fool question he was forever springing on me.

The Wednesday after Thanksgiving I was downtown heading for the Shanghai for supper, when I saw the freshie about a block ahead on Barrington, waiting for a Belt line car to go by before he crossed over. I saw a girl start across ahead of him, in front of the car; and then I heard him shout something that I couldn't make out. The girl stopped and looked behind her; but he had made a jump, and hit her squarely just in time to get her out of the way of an automobile passing the street car and doing about 25. He knocked the girl for a field goal, but the car made a touchdown of him; when I got there with a doctor five minutes later he was still in the Land of Nod. The doctor felt his pulse, listened to his wind, and didn't look cheerful.

"What a pity!" said the girl—she wore a Delta Gamma pin—"What a terrible shame—poor kid!"

"The freshie moved a little and then counted aloud—' twelve, fourteen, fifteen! What an ugly one that is!'"

"Delirium," said the doc.

"Delirium? Were those devils?—and the freshie sat up—' They look it. Where's my cap? Darn it, I thought that ugly one with the red hair was Red Southerland. Yes, I thought that was the football team; that's why I stayed still. Gimme my cap!' And then he saw the pin on the girl's coat. 'Are you a senior?'"

She laughed and said "Yes."

Darned if that kid didn't up and take her home; and I heard him say as he went out the door:

"Do you live at Shirreff Hall? My name's Bill. Gosh, you're a peach!"

She sure was; and I never saw her so pretty as she looked with the black eye the pavement gave her, and the flush on her face. And he looked like the day you got your pass in Latin.

"Yes," said the Lunenburger to the Dartmouthite, "if the rest of his class is like him there have been two remarkable classes at Dal—his and mine. It's your lead."

Shirreff Hall Girl Sues for Breach of Promise

In the Supreme Mute Court of Dalhousie

Dora Dumm, blonde, (plaintiff)

vs.

Otto Nobetter (defendant)

Case as reported in 303 Rifle Reports.

This case was tried before Mr. Justice Dentz-Fogg without a jury at the Fall Sittings of the Civil Court. Mr. Ivan Offlecase was counsel for the plaintiff Mr. A. Pierre Atbar for the defendant.

The plaintiff is suing for breach of promise and also for damages suffered for not being allowed out nights for a whole week due to the defendant's negligence. The defendant counterclaims for the loss of a fraternity pin the property of the defendant which was loaned to the plaintiff by the defendant and now wrongly withheld by the plaintiff.

The first witness called by Mr. Offlecase was the blonde plaintiff herself. In her evidence she disclosed that she was five foot three, weighed one hundred and nine and three-quarter pounds in her stocking feet, liked chocolates, polar pies and Red Payne and odored Bing Crosby and men with kindly faces and cute moustaches like the judge's, was a Freshette, came from Ecum Secum, and Shirreff Hall was now her home.

The Judge: "Did he have a mortgage on your home?"

A: My Lord, no, er I mean no, my Lord.

The Judge: Then under what right could he take your home?

Mr. Offlecase then explained that what the witness meant was that the defendant had expressed the desire to escort the witness to her temporary domicile under the cover of darkness.

The plaintiff then went on to say that the defendant, Otto Nobetter had taken her to a dance at a Fraternity House on the following night.

The Judge: Didn't the music keep the babies awake?

A: What babies?

The Judge: The babies in the hospital where the dance was.

A: The dance wasn't in a hospital but at a Fraternity House.

The Judge: Pardon me, I thought you said a Maternity House.

They left the party about 12:55 a.m. and the defendant took the plaintiff for a drive in his coupe. Somewhere along the St. Margaret's Bay Road the plaintiff felt that it must have been a long way from home because it was so dark, they stopped as he had to change a tire.

The Judge: Do you mean to say that the defendant undressed in the presence of you, a lady?

A: He didn't undress, he just started to change the tire with all his clothes on.

The Judge: Oh, I thought you said he stopoped to change attire. It appeared that the defendant encountered difficulties as he had no light and the plaintiff said that he had used vulgar, uncouth, coarse, abusive, and disgusting language, and he went so far as to suggest that the tire was of canine parentage, and he also told the plaintiff to go to a place of fire and brimstone when she said "now count ten, Otto." (The defendant later denied this and claimed that all he said was "Shucks, I got some pitch of a tire," and that he told the plaintiff that she had better go to Halifax, but that a car passed then and she couldn't hear the last syllable.) Whereupon the plaintiff, unaccustomed to such treatment, burst into tears, causing even the

hard-hearted defendant to be touched so that he left the tire and undertook to console the plaintiff by tender words and deeds. This took about an hour or so. Then they decided to finish the tire, so the plaintiff held a cigarette lighter while the defendant did the work. She said she only touched his ear twice with the flame and all he said was "Gosh your nose is warm, honey."

They drove back to the Hall but before parting he gave her his frat pin to keep close to her heart in memory of him. She declared that he also intimated that they were really engaged and were fiance and fiancee if not soon man and wife. When asked just what the defendant said to make her think this, she replied that he said "Toodle-doo, Cuddles, I'll give you a ring tomorrow." The witness then stated that she only waited on the step for a second. (A subsequent witness Miss Katt, whose window was over the front door contradicted this and said that she distinctly heard a fourth.)

When the plaintiff got in she found that it was 3:23 a.m. and that Miss McKeen seemed a little annoyed as she had told Miss Dumm to be in at 1 o'clock sharp. The result was that the poor mistreated plaintiff wasn't allowed out another night that week all because of the carelessness of the nasty defendant in not bringing her home in time. Consequently when Otto called up to ask her to go to a show she told him why she couldn't go and just whose fault it was too. Evidence was then introduced to show that he had wilfully, cruelly, and thoughtlessly taken out Ginger Pye, a redheaded waitress from a downtown cafe. The plaintiff has not spoken to the defendant since.

In cross examination by Mr. Atbar, the plaintiff admitted that she at one time had a date with a married man. When she was asked to tell about it her counsel objected on the grounds that the evidence was irrelevant. The Judge, however, overruled the objection as such evidence was found to be interesting, even if not strictly relevant to the case at bar. In fact it proved so interesting that his lordship fell off the bench in attempting to bend forward so as not to miss a word the witness said.

When the plaintiff was asked what she did with the defendant's fraternity pin, she said that she couldn't understand the letters on it as they were all Greek to her, so she used the pin to fasten a couple of sheets of Latin composition together.

The defendant was then called to the witness stand and said that

he was taking Medicine. (The Judge: Before or After Meals?) Among his studies was Pharmacology. Counsel for the defense then had some difficulty persuading the judge that pharmacology had nothing whatsoever to do with agriculture. Mr. Offlecase, in cross-examination asked the witness if he considered what he had said when he was changing the tire as the proper way to talk in the presence of a lady. The defendant's counsel then explained that his client couldn't be expected to know any better as he came from Cape Breton and besides it had not been proved that the plaintiff was a lady.

In summing up his case, Mr. Ivan Offlecase said that he had been at the bar a long time before he had taken the case. This doubtlessly explained the odor of alcohol pervading the court room. He urged that the judge find for the plaintiff as it was apparent that she had greatly suffered both from the defendant's breach of promise and from not being allowed out at nights due to the defendant keeping her out so late. Mr. Atbar then asserted that the defendant had suffered damage from the failure of the plaintiff to return his pin as he wanted to give it to another girl, and that the defendant had not proposed marriage to the plaintiff, and that it was her own fault that she stayed out too late.

After asking the plaintiff what nights she would be free and what kind of shows she liked, the judge adjourned the court, saying that he would reserve judgment and weigh the evidence carefully before coming to a definite conclusion.

*From the leaves of the
Dalhousie Gazette*

Shirreff Hall: "Would you like to go for a nice long walk?"
Pine Hill: "Gee, I'd love to."
Shirreff Hall: "Then don't let me detain you."

Physiology:

The following is an alleged answer made by a certain medical student in an examination on "the spine" . . .

"The spine is a bunch of bones that runs up my back and keeps my ribs together. The head sits on one end, and I sit on the other."

Med. - I did not say that all lawyers are crooks, but you must admit that your profession does not make angels of men.

Lawyer—No. you Meds certainly have the advantage over us there.

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