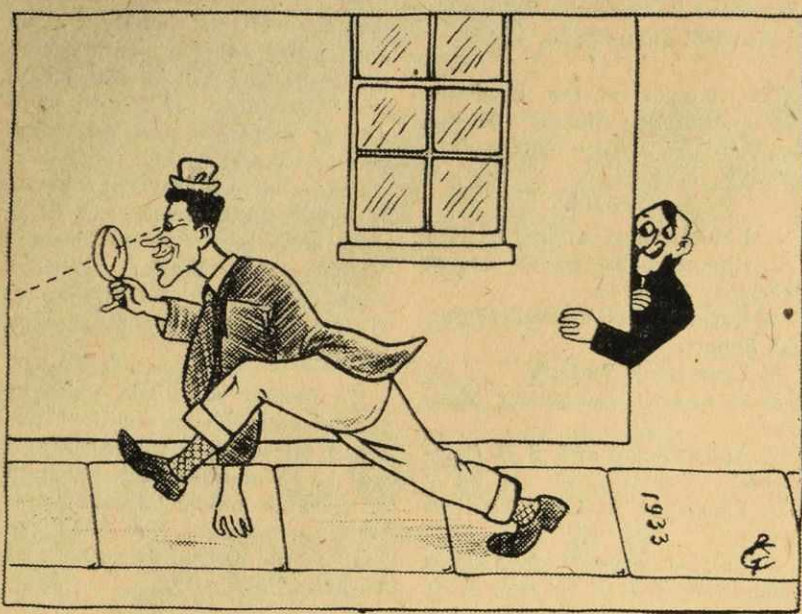


... FEATU R E S



HITLER AT DALHOUSIE?

(JACK LUSHER)

One long year and half of another have passed since the end of the late world war. One long year and half of another have passed since the end of the late Adolph Hitler. One may easily find proofs for the latter statement in the written opinions of our wiser heads—in learned circles it is generally accepted that Hitler is dead—dead and beyond recall! One would think that in the presence of this established belief there could be no dissenters—but there are.

A handful of determined men believe that the ill-fated Adolph is still alive and in hiding. One of the leaders of this minority is Joseph Erdlu, the Gazette foreign correspondent. No one can doubt the fact that Joe (as he is commonly called) is foreign—his home is the small town of Esperanto, situated on the border of Afghanistan and noted for its numerous Yak-rustlers. The only proof we have that Joe is a correspondent, however, is contained in a bundle of letters from a girl in Great Turk's Head, a suburb on the Bey of Iran. She is suing her husband for divorce and has named friend Joe as correspondent. During his stay in Halifax Joe has been very energetic in student activities at Dalhousie. He has been at one time or another, President of the D.A.A.C., leader of the Dalhousie Amalgamated Girls Fife and Harp Band, Spymaster for the Administration and sometime reporter for the Gazette. Rumor has it that he is entertaining the possibility of enrolling in the college next term.

During the lapse of time between Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, Joe reported to our humble abode with a story that shook the writer into a semblance of activity. With the air of the man who releases the fleas in a certain theatre that we could name, Joe said, and we quote: "Adolf Hitler is an Arts Student at Dalhousie!"

After recovering our composure we questioned the man to some extent, for such a statement cannot be treated lightly. It seems that Mr. Erdlu, who at one time had sold some rare Yak's hair to a certain A. Hitler, realized that under the painter and Hitler the Dictator were one and the same person. So, when it was noised around that A. Hitler was deceased, Erdlu was naturally sceptical. After all, Hitler still owed friend Erdlu the sum of four and twenty pfennigs for the Yak hair.

In passing we note that this Yak's hair, which comes in a repulsive shade of brindle is used to fill in otherwise scanty moustaches.

Joe explained that on December 26th, whilst sniping butts on the senior walk (Cold, cold work) he had come face to foot with Adolph who was also searching for stray fags. Before Joe could capture him, however, the devilish Adolph escaped in the direction of the rookery down on the corner of South and Oxford.

Then and there we decided to investigate further this astounding tale. If, on December the 29th, you had been in the air vent in room 3 you would have found a certain lack of space. We chose the air vent as our vantage point because from it we could see all the Arts students who came in search of examination results. We soon spied the object of our search—no doubt about it, the man was Hitler.

Joe leaped from the air vent (no mean feat) and with a resounding cry of "Yoiks! Tally-ho! Huzza!" bounded off in pursuit of the moustached villain, followed closely by the writer. After a long chase during which we appeared thrice in a showing of "Blue Skies" at a certain cinema, we saw our quarry hole up in a room marked "Gentlemen". Not being sure of our status we observed the sanctity of the wash-room and waited outside. In a short time a man came out but he was no Hitler. (No moustache).

The time came for some concrete action so we rushed into the tiled room, to find that our prey had escaped. We wept unashamedly and time and again we cried out in unison. Then Erdlu, slippery sleuth that he is, shouted in exultation and pointed at the wash basin. In it were some short brown hairs. "Yes," said Erdlu, "but they are not ordinary hairs, they certainly are not. They are Yak's hairs and each one is tagged and numbered." Picking a half-inch piece of hair from the sink Joe sighed, and said "Yes, we almost had him; this is one of the very hairs which I sold to Hitler the painter 'way back when. Obviously he shaved his moustache to make his getaway!"

So you see, gentle reader, that this is a crisis in which each and every student, must assist. The fiend must be captured before it is too late. Think of the face we would lose if in years to come, Adolph Hitler should appear on the news-front with a Dalhousie degree. To all of you, man and

Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Dec. 24: Did lay in bed to a late hour and then up and to the city. In a new shoppe opened by the man Woolworth I did encounter my acquaintances McKeigan and Dunphee, the athletes, purchasing some baubles for their ladies. It being a mighty cold day I did make my way to an Inn wherein I did encounter several scholars, all drunk and talking loudly of the examinations at the college. Much out of temper with these noisy youths I to home where I spoke sharply to my wife who was at the making of mince pies. So to bed.

Dec. 25: Up betimes and to church and there saw a wedding which I have not seen in many a day. Strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition. It being a holiday, I did partake of good wines from my cellar in company with good friends MacDougall and MacKinnon and so to bed.

Dec. 31:—(New Year's Eve). Did spend the day visiting various and sundry of my friends about the town, and in the evening did stay in my rooms discussing on serious subjects with

Milord O'Neil, drinking good ale and eating quantities of salt fish until early on New Year's Day. At 4.30 in the morning we did hire a carriage and delivered Milord O'Neil at his home.

Jan. 1: (1947) Up early, disturbed by a great pounding at the door, it being a courier with news of the night's festivities. First of these was Lord Bernie Currie, loudly complaining that at the great ball he had the misfortune of losing one of his prized bottles of rum. Walking into town with him, I did hear that Boris Funt from the college was at the great ball—some said that he and the Christmas trees shared honours. Again there were the usual reports on the conduct of Lady Jean Bowers. She was present at the great ball with Mr. Robert Pond and did refuse him the usual midnight kiss—a truly modest young lady albeit she has given evidence of infidelity. On proceeding home I dropped into the Apothecary shop of young Noonan, he suffering mightily from mal de tete. I cannot help but note that this form of illness is fast reaching plague proportions. Sad, and sick at heart at all this bad living, I home and to bed.

PASSING PARADE

(Continued from Page 3)

on Math. 87.—That was my best subject, too."

This from a student with reputed anarchist leanings: "Examinations will have no place in the future state."

One veteran student said: "I'm going back to the army. You don't need no brains there."

And this from the last: "What the hell. Forward my mail."

Through the efforts of International Student Service, 180 Greek women students who had suffered the hardships of both an aggressive and a civil war were sent to the summer camp of Moni Pendeli for recuperation.

woman, in this ill moment we say "be alert." Of each new man you meet or see ask this question:

"Did he have a moustache before the beginning of the Christmas holidays?"

I Aint No Duck

The dean
He stuck his finger out
and pointed it at me
and sed
in fashion quite devout
you're flunking bad
i see;
and then he shook
his index digit
underneath my nose
and sed that he was hurt
and shocked
at what
my grades disclose;
and then
he sed with wrinkled frown
my lad,
my lad,
look here
you must bear down
and so i gathered up
my pluck
and sed
i can't,
i ain't no duck.

Book Club Busy

"This is our biggest year," said Miss MacKay, librarian of the Dalhousie Book Club, "but we would like to see more students."

Miss MacKay and her capable assistant, Miss Lindsay, pointed out that the Book Club was originally founded to take the place of the non-existent Halifax Public Library, so that the Public as well as the Student body could have access to the better books. Now, however, the Club caters only to students and members of the faculties of Dalhousie and King's.

The librarian, who supervises the Book Club in addition to her duties with the cataloguing section of the main Dalhousie Library, believes that every student should climb the extra flight of stairs above the main library and browse around. She pointed out that there was a wide variety of authors available amongst the current material in the collection—titles run the gamut from Hutchinson's "The Unknown Country" to an omnibus of Damon Runyan stories.

"You would be surprised at the number of faculty members who took out books on farming," remarked Miss MacKay, "and many students get their weekend reading matter here."

In estimating that there were some 575 recent editions in the collection, Miss MacKay made it a point to add that the Book Club is eager to receive suggestions from Students regarding new books to be ordered.

"Our older books pass into the regular library at the end of each year," she said, "and our new purchases are based to quite a degree on suggestions from readers who make use of the Club."

Both Miss MacKay and Miss Lindsay urged that students make a habit of using the Book Club—might be a good idea, Mmmm?

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