

GAZETTE . . .

DAL DAZE . . .

Escaped Nutzi Prisoner Sent to "Alma Momma" For Steward Hearing

by J. CRICKET MCGOSH

"An escaped Nazi prisoner—who was posing as a graduate of the Dalhousie Medical School—has been captured in Cornwall, Ontario." —Press Despatch.

● TWAS APPROPRIATE that escaped Nutzi L. Buben Geschieten should be tried and judged at the university he'd professed as his Alma Momma. Dispatched to Dullhousie after his arrest, Geschieten was arraigned for questioning in the Manure Room (crude, isn't it?) of the Low Scull. With Hairy Zipper of the Glum Club elected judge, because of his familiarity with the European scene, trial of the Nutzi bad man got under way.

McGosh Menace to Society
"Does anyone recognize zee defendant?" piped Judge Zipper from behind a Glum Club program. "I do," gurgled fuzz-topped Dimple Harness. "We had him as a fencing coach last term. He was passing through the city, and our boys liked his looks, and we felt . . . etc., etc., etc." (yawn).

Hours later, Mr. Harness was carted away still raving, and Court Bugler Doggie Sour (of O.T.C. fame) rescued observers from Morpheus with a trumpet blast.

"What made you choose Dullhousie as your Alma Momma, Herr Geschieten?" yawned Jake Dime-daughter K.C.

"Twas through J. Cricket McGosh of the Dull Gazoot, whose weekly column was provided us in prison camp by I.Z.Z. Steward Relief," said the Nutzi who speaks fluent anguish. "Radio's contribution was a daily recording of Mrs. Amby Dextrous' morning chat. They thought it'd help our morale. But 'twas more than a feller's nerve could stand—so I tunneled my way to freedom. This McGosh is a greater menace to civilization than the entire Nutzi party."

"I demand that statement be withdrawn from the minutes," spake McGosh.

Glum Club on Defensive
"Ven you got zee Gazoot," asked Zipper, "did you read zee Glum Club reviews? Don't take zis Snortin Gourmand to heart. I sink he's got a grudge against me. Zee 'Dream of Love' was really a zing of beauty."

"Now what Mr. Zipper really means . . ." drawled court interpreter Ab Scoffman K.C.

"We know what Hairy means," piped understanding Cunning Itchybald, "and Jayan, Lozenge and I think his show was wunnerful—simply graaaaaaand."

Reactions to the Geschieten case were varied. Pedagogue G. Laffyville felt it would be nice for him to drop in at Marmalade Hovel for a drop-cake with the French Cirele; Prof. Masseur wanted the Nutzi's criticism of his new "system" in German II; Prof. Lorenzo Ricketts wanted Geschieten's views on an address by Indian expert

Sir Frederick Puckele, while Bleary Hinterland felt a committee should be appointed to look into the matter.

"Perhaps," said McGosh, "as Geschieten will be Herr today and gone tomorrow . . . he has one last request to make before judgment is passed."

"Yes," sighed the Nutzi, "throughout my entire confinement in prison camp, I had but one longing in my soul. I'd like to hear Crooner Gunther Rowthling sing 'Paper Moon'."

Gunther Rowthling Croons
As the zoot-suited idol (looking better fed, but no less beguiling than Sinatra) rose beaming to chant his ballad, the court room emptied quickly. When Mr. Rowthling had finished "sending" his listeners, staff and stewdents reappeared, led by aging Philosopher Blurbie Stewpot bearing a portable radio.

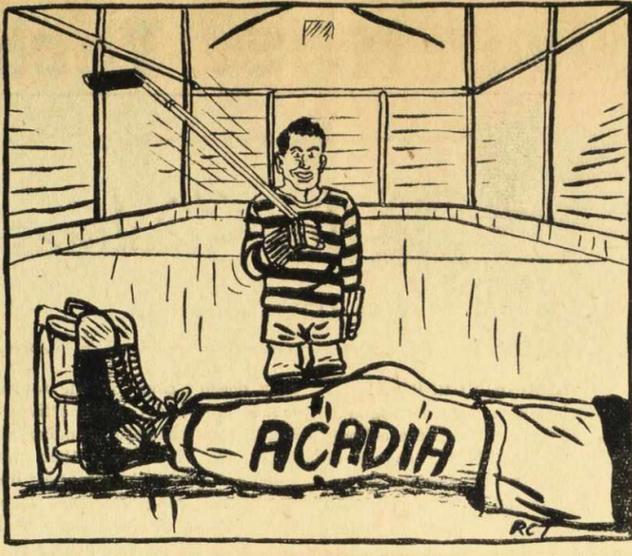
"Laadies and Gentlemen," grunted the oldster, "you're just in time to hear my transcribed commentary."

"No! No! No!" screamed L. Buben Geschieten. "First 'twas Mrs. Dextrous, then McGosh—and now Dr. Stewpot. I can't stand it—do you hear?" So saying, he swallowed a deadly arsenic capsule and slumped to the floor.

At this point biologists Ducksey Pullet and Ronnie Haze drifted into the room. "Oh I say," spake Ducksey, "we thought by the commotion there was a dance in here you'd want us to chaperone. How frightfully embarrassing! Come, Ronnie—I'll give you an oral quiz. Oh I say—is that fellow dead? Could we have him for an experiment?"

"Ve are zo zorry, Dr. Pullet," quoth Judge Zipper, "but ve plan to use zee corpse as a prop in zee Glum Club."

Which they did.



Forrest Flashes MED and LAW

● IN SPITE of the increasingly ominous threat of exams, which seems to be throwing its dismal cloak around the cavernous Medical retreats, the news this week does not restrict itself to Forrest activities, but to Studley. Thursday night saw a favorable representation of Medicine at the prodigious Junior Prom, affiliated, they say, with the Engineering annual effort.

When Acadia met her Waterloo at the Gym and Arena on Friday, Forrest halls were emptied so that these disciples of the scalpel could joyfully watch the Axemen go under. Congratulations to Griffen, who played a grand game of basketball, and to Bill Moreside, who in the evening did much to carry the Tiger hockey squad to victory.

Dougger Roy (as usual) is a busy boy these days. To those who don't already know, he's Chairman of the Munro Day Committee, which has been responsible for newer and greater innovations in this famous and exclusive annual holiday. The program consists of the proverbial Glee Club presentation in the evening, and the dance afterwards, as well as an afternoon of sports for all, a supper dance, and a beauty contest—the lucky winner being crowned that evening. It will be a day of Coca-Cola, Women and Song, brilliant with the accumulation of long organization, and the spirit that is afforded by the realization that it terminates the social year. So all you Meds new at Dalhousie come out and live and laugh while still there is time.

● WE WISH to congratulate the successful Law candidates in their recent election to the various posts on the campus, and we note with some measure of pride the Law school, which not so long ago was a struggling group of thirty-odd students, has now become the potent factor it was before the war. The Council will have Clint Havey and Al Blakeney at its head, while Dave Doig will preside over the D.A.A.C., and Gordie Hart will be president of the Dalhousie Glee and Dramatic Society. The students will have every opportunity to realize "A Better Dal with Clint and Al".

The return bridge game with the girls of Delta Gamma was a success in every way, and Chairman of the Bridge Committee Alex Hickman is to be commended on the way the party was handled.

Rumor has it that Alex was holding hands with a very pretty co-ed after the party on Shirreff Hall steps. Probably just little white lies, eh Hick?

We don't want to usurp Knowsey's domain, but we would like to know if Fred M. is really going to put up Pat Godfrey as his own choice for Campus Queen. Also, where does Tom Feeny spend his long winter evenings? I hope Tom has not forgotten his first love (the Law).

The Common Room, resplendent with new furniture, adds some comfort to our long hours of hard work. Also Contracts 3 class can recline, as Abe, Dunsie, and Boyd practice the latest in the field of bridge. We understand the boys are going to write a book "Better Bridge with Bigger Bids". Nice going, Law basketball team. We hope that you stay at the top of the interfaculty league, and come through in flying style in the playoffs.

Canadian Campus

While thousands of European students struggle to restore life to their bomb-gutted universities, Canadian students last week sat back smugly in their undamaged ivory towers and half-heartedly acknowledged their debt to their continental brothers-in-books. The International Students Service offered the opportunity for these Canadian students to repay their debt for peaceful campi, an opportunity which, in too many cases, was refused.

The classic example of this isolationist indifference came from the University of Manitoba where, under pressure of a few posters, about \$800 was extracted. Students frankly admitted they "didn't" want to worry about other university students when trying to get a new university in Winnipeg."

I.S.S. organizers for the most part, kept their thoughts and disappointments to themselves. Observers noted that men and women who had experienced Europe's plight were more liberal with their donations. They also noted a slightly selfish attitude among the average Canadian university student and paused to wonder "Is Canada slightly high-hatted?"

ORPHEUS
Mon.-Tues.-Wed
March 11-13
"MIRACLE KID"
"THE HIDDEN MENACE"
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.
March 14-16
"HOW DO YOU DO"
and
"DAYS OF BUFFALO BILL"

CASINO
An Odeon Theatre
Starting Saturday
"GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER"
with DENNIS O'KEEFE and MARIE (the Body) MacDONALD

CAPITOL
Mon.-Tues.-Wed,
March 11-13
"JOHNNY ANGEL"
with GEORGE RAFT
March 14-16
"TOO YOUNG TO KNOW"
ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE

OXFORD
Mon.-Thurs., March 11-14
"VALLEY OF DECISION"
with Gregory Peck, Greer Garson
Fri.-Sat., March 15-16
"FOUR FEATHERS"
and
"LEAVE IT TO BLONDIE"

... FEATURES

"Knowsey" . . .

Now at Dalhousie

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; an identification bracelet for a ring (same difference)." But Knowsey suggests that you add a few more links to your possession, Blair. It might be more economical in the long run.

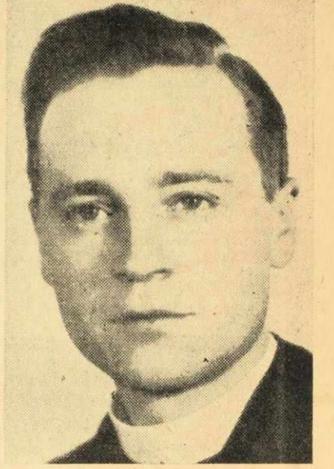
Math I is becoming a more popular subject on the campus than ever before. Hebba! Hebba! Hebba!

The Nova Scotian is quite the place—more alcoves than Shirreff Hall itself, plus drapes (to shut out the light of course), and soft music too. What more could the Juniors and Engineers ask for? Not only did our friend Jack Morrison admire the outside of the drapes, but also the inside. Nice texture, isn't she?

Harris' and Miller's motto seems to be—"If at first I don't succeed, I will try, try, try her again." But she is so unwilling.

"Let it rain, let it pour," but Jim Ross can still be seen waiting for his "Sacred Heart" on Tuesdays.

Muriel C. seemed to be in the mood for receiving a frat pin Thursday night—and a Phi Delta at that.



—Photo by Jacoby

● JACK BISHOP, S.C.M. Secretary for the Maritimes is now at Dalhousie, having spent some time at the other Maritime universities.

In addition to the usual records groups led by Dr. Bronson and Dr. Archibald, attended by some 70 students, a discussion group and a Tuesday Worship Service have been started this year. A banquet, which we hope will become an annual affair, is being held Wednesday, March 13th at 7 o'clock at the Belmont Hotel, Dartmouth, which all are invited to attend. The new executive for the coming year will be appointed, reports given, and suggestions offered for next year's program.



● WITH MUNRO DAY coming next week, the time has arrived for the presentation of awards in the Society. The lucky winners being: Morgan Award for Proficiency in Profanity 1 — H. Norman; Vic Clarke Award for Drawing Board Decoration — Tom Bauld; Royal Order of the Black Horse—D. Dunlop; Gillette Trophy for Ablest Use of Razor Blades on Ink Tracings—D. Parsons; College Spirits Award—given jointly to Menchions and Bauld, who indulged only in Black and Gold during the banquet; Short Circuit Award—Socket Page.

The various organizations of this society also announced their officers for next year. The Weaslers' Union reports a successful year under Sawyer, and re-elected him for another term. The Zero Club (composed of men who have received the mark of zero or less in practicals through the year) and the Horizontal and Vertical Clubs retain their usual membership. Lew Bell has been elected president of the Verticals, and Bill MacLeod to presidency of the Oblique Club.

A special prize should be given to Patton for the best boner of the year. It seems that this enterprising individual connected a bunsen burner to a water-tap, and then wondered why the match went out. The publicity department for the Engineer's representative in the Munro Day beauty contest has been put under the management of Zen (nothing but compliments) Graves, and Kipper, who carries a box of Kleenex in case any of the judges wish to wipe their glasses.



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