

... FEATURES

FLOUNDER'S DAY-TODAY

To-day is December 6th. Perhaps you do not know that in days gone by this was a holiday on the Campus. Yes, December 6th was Flounder's Day. Other Universities have Founders' Day, but Dalhousie with the assistance of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Dept. had Flounder's Day.

From what data we have been able to obtain it would seem that on December 6th, 1882, a hapless student, George Kelligrew, gathered together some flounders and threw them into the teeth of a howling Gael. The howling Gael was Angie MacKay, dean of men. As this was a little out of order Professor MacKay was somewhat discomfited, and in 1883 he returned the compliment by surreptitiously slapping the student Kelligrew in the eye with an old flounder that happened to be lying around the men's residence.

By 1886, this custom had become general, and in 1901 the senate decreed that December 6th would be a School Holiday called Flounder's Day. Each year the student body and the faculty met in fierce battle which lasted from dawn to dusk. Every form of devilish weapon was utilized for flinging flounders. In 1924, Casualties stood at 75 wounded and 186 smelling fishy. (At that date this constituted the whole student body). In the same year those trenches were dug which are now referred to mistakenly as the C. O. T. C. trenches.

It was in 1932 that Flounder's day came to an end. The sun rose on a peaceful campus. Quiet prevailed. But wait; what is that, stealthily crossing the football field? On closer inspection it is seen to be a truck, loaded with over-ripe flounders and manned by a group of professors. Silently they back the truck up to the Gym Store window, and quickly shovel the flounders in on the unsuspecting students. Screams of sheer terror assail the early morning air. Boys and girls are buried beneath an avalanche of fish.

Chuckling over their coup, the professors turned to make their retreat and saw with consternation that they were cut off from their home base, "The Lodge." Right in their path was a group of students gathered about a huge engine, of the type used by the Romans against their enemies. A raucous voice cried "Fire!", and a cloud of fish flew through the air knocking the professorial legions to the ground. Quickly it was noised around that students had won the day, for the professors were all unconscious. Just in the nick of time the day was saved. The president dashed up to the scene, took one look at the debacle, declared the victory forfeit, and banned Flounder's Day forever. The students had used canned Salmon.

Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Nov. 29 Up betimes and spent the day at preparing for the great ball which was to take place this night. On entering the grand ballroom I was seized by villains and very roughly handled, finally being able to escape. However, later in the evening, after much had been drunk by all and sundry, this vengeful spirit changed to one of gaiety and a most joyous time was had by all the guests. Albeit I did see some most disturbing occurrences. I was most distressed by the appearance of a young lady who was wearing a very low-cut dress and did surprise many of the local young blades. I did notice that later in the evening she had a falling-out with her gentleman friend. I was later informed that she was Lady Jean Bowers. Further, Sir Jack Bowen was much impressed with a certain "Borrowed Blonde" at the dance. Rumors were brought to me that Master Howard Norman is either involved in a secret romance, or has become a woman-hater. Lady Noelle is still wondering. I did observe with some feeling of wonder that Lady Marg Goldberg did much to make Frank Gould happy on his last week-end at Dalhousie. So, weary and no small whit drunk, to bed.

Dec. 2: Up and to the office, after seeing My Lord Frank Gould off on the Stage-Coach to Manchester. Meeting MacDougall's wife at the office I kissed her at which she was much incensed. I could not but note that despite her protests she takes it well enough. Hence to the Gym Inn where I did hear a most delightful story. A certain young pseudo-actress of the town, who has been leading a double life of late, was heard to be carrying on a scene somewhat similar to the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet at the hall. I was informed of some of the conversation, to wit: She: "wait, I'll be right down." He: "Well, hurry up." She: "I can't come down, someone heard me". He: "OK, I'm going." We wonder which of the two love-lorn swains it was. Much amused by all this, after a glass of port, I to home and bed.

Dec. 6: Up at dawn and had my maid comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering and other things that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a suddaine fit cut off all my beard which I had been a great while bringing up. To the office where I did fall to boring holes through the wall that I may see into the great office without being observed. On peering through one of these holes I did see Sir Gordon Reid, the King's representative looking much dis-shevelled with a woman's lip-paint on his surcoat. Much distressed I home and to bed.

Med. Professor: "Suppose the patient had a broken leg, was very pale, and showed no pulse." What would you do?" First Year Med.: "Doc, I'd bury him!"

MED NOTES

Now that there is apparently a lull in the Rusted vs McGill battle, attention in Med school is centering around the case of the Nova Scotia Government vs Gus MacLeod. The cause of the disagreement being the disappearance of 30 gals. of clear glistening fluid from the Pathological institute. The mere fact that Gus a P. E. Islander, was present in the building on the night of the crime, is sufficient evidence to indict him at least on a charge of "res ipse loquiter". Apparently Gus plans to have a good supply of Xmas Cheer on hand this year.

Words of praise are in order for Dr. Uppie Moffatt for his clear sonorous diction, and in all, a stirring performance in the recent play production, Twelfth Night.

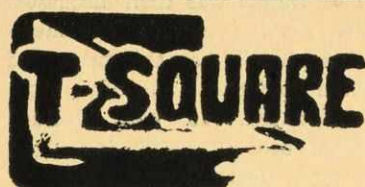
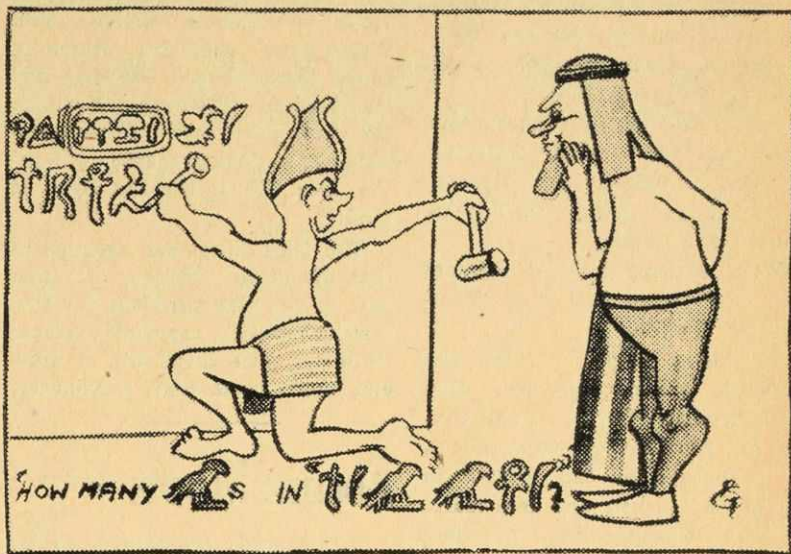
Bouquets are also in order for the Med Interfac Basketball team on winning their initial game Presenting the same team which has reached the playoffs in the last three years, they held a comfortable command of play, although the score perhaps does not indicate it. When this team becomes bolstered by some of the first year men, it promises to be a strong contender for the interfac crown.

It is sufficient to say that exams are here. Merry Xmas and stuff.

LAW NOTES

"Ora et Labora"—pray and work, or is it play and work? However, whatever it is the latter part of that descriptive epigram now comes out for its semi-annual appearance. With exams in the not-to-distant future, the Law Library is being used more and more for the purpose for which it was intended. The sight of frantic students nervously fingering over pages with mechanical precision in the race against time is enough to astound the most energetic Arts student. Right now it's a question who will win the race, the "frantic students" or the Grim Reaper.

Those with an eye to the future are planning big things for Law School debaters in the new year. The annual oratorical bat-



Since this is the last column before Christmas, we would like to take this opportunity to wish all and sundry good luck in the exams and a Merry Christmas. Happy New Years will be tossed out after the coming of same.

A large vote of thanks is due Professor MacKenzie for not assigning a plate in Mech. 4, for the last week of classes. If this practice were followed in all drafting courses (Ed. note: and in all other courses) exams would not be the nightmare they are to so many poor draftsmen who find themselves forced to work almost to the hour of the exam on their plates.

While we are on serious topics it should be reported that many Engineers have objected strongly to the use being made of the common room by various groups, to the

title with the Saint John Law School is coming off some time in January, and in February Osgoode Hall debaters are coming down here to show us how it is done up in "Canada". Better brush up on the rhetoric over the holidays boys, trials will be held soon after we return.

ADVICE TO DAL BEAUTY FANCIERS: Remember what Ruskin said: "The most beautiful things in the world are the most useless".

exclusion of many students who use the room for studying, eating, sleeping, and in these crowded times, drafting. It is the feeling that since the room is used as a study room as well as for its original purpose, and the Engineers have no other place to go during their free hours, whereas meetings could be held in the Studley Common Room, the Munroe Room, the Morse Room, the Homestead, or in one of the Cathedral study rooms, the WEL-COME mat should be carefully guarded during the weeks immediately before exams.

SOCIAL NOTES: Lost: by Willett—one girl friend. Replacement desired. FOUND: by Flynn odd shoes on his feet. Will swap with a freshman. NEEDED: by Vail and party—snowshoes, to be used in completing Geological Survey.

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