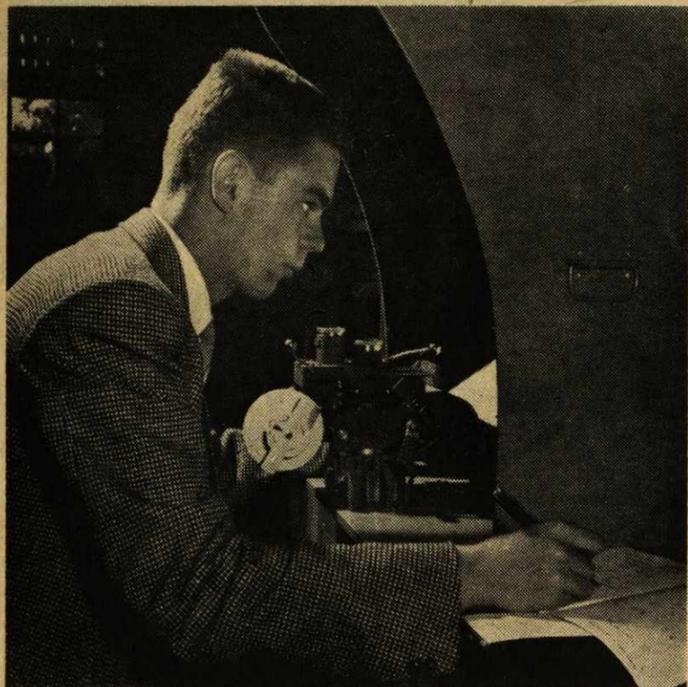


T U R E S



Pictured above is Ian MacCulloch using the new Microfilm Machine recently installed in the Dalhousie Library.

Microfilm Machine Installed In Dal Library

Dalhousie has always prided itself on its policy of keeping abreast of the newest advances in educational methods of teaching and another move in this direction was made this summer when the Dal Library installed a microfilm machine. This step was taken following a recommendation by the School of Graduate Studies to the Library Committee in the hope that it would not only be of aid to the students but help to alleviate to some extent the serious shortage of space that hampers library expansion. The machine will be of particular value in regard to the many papers and periodicals the Library receives and which will now be photographed on arrival and the film stored in one quarter the space required for the paper bound edition. When a student wishes to look at any article he will ask at the desk for the film and then reel it off on the microfilm machine until he reaches the desired part.

Present plans call for the photographing of many of the earliest

newspapers published in Canada, which are now scattered between the Provincial Archives and the Dominion Archives in Ottawa, thus affording easy access to much material of great historical value. Other films will be acquired from universities across Canada, the majority of whom also possess the machine. In this way copies of early editions of books, or books that are out of print, or other publications that a certain university may have, will be available now to Dal students.

At present the Library has only one film, a record of the major events of the past hundred years as recorded in the pages of the New York Times, and presented to the University by that paper. It goes back beyond the years of

The Lancashire Ghost

Many weird stories have been told in society circles, dealing with everything from vampires and ghosts to things of the unexpected. As they travel from person to person the story has the tendency to become elaborated and more often than not loses its atmosphere. If a weird tale is to be any good it has to be short and to the point. For example the one that was told to me in Lancashire village a few months ago.

It appears there was a well-to-do family who lived nearby in a large fine house, which was the pride of the nearby architect. The owner, Mr. F—, has a passion for collecting antiques. One day he came home with a very old wooden stickback chair. Having no room for it downstairs, he thought that it would be a good idea if they put it in the children's nursery. A few months elapsed and the old chair was forgotten until it was found necessary to have an extra one in the kitchen. It was duly brought down from the nursery and placed at the head of the table where they had their meals.

The next day Mrs. F—, was preparing the evening meal when she happened to glance at the chair, and there sitting in it was a very old man. The woman looked away

the American Civil War and includes such stories as the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the Gold Rush of '96 and the Russian Revolt of 1917 headed by Kerensky. That particular story concludes with the hope that Lenin and Trotsky will be able to form a strong enough government to rule. A humorous touch tucked away in a corner is the story of a Bachelor's Club which came to light when a law was proposed to tax bachelor's. The aim of this club was to promote gallantry towards the fair sex and to discourage matrimony."

Dreams

I wandered to a far dreamland
Across the misty seas,
In the clinging dark and drifting sand
Only the wind hears my whispered plea.

I was searching for another mind
A soul aflame with love
But nothing was there but the stars and the wind
And the sigh of a dying dove.

M.E.N.

EUROPE - 1950

thinking that she had imagined what she saw and went on with her work. A moment later she looked again at the chair and there as before was the old man. This time she became frightened, and as it was time for the children to come home from school she put on her coat and went out to meet them.

After walking home with her two daughters, Jane in her teens, and Jill aged five, they had supper, the elder girl sitting in the old chair. The mother never mentioned to them about what she had seen, and supper was duly finished. Jane went out for the evening and Mrs. F—, and her youngest daughter retired into the adjoining room, they being the only people left in the house. About an hour later the mother asked her daughter Jill if she would go into the kitchen in order to fetch something. A few moments later the little girl came back and went up to her mother and said, "Mummy, there is an old man sitting in the chair in the kitchen."

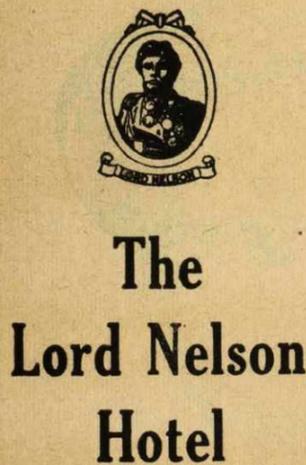
Now there you have a short concise tale which, whether you believe in ghosts or not, is very convincing. The mother saw the old man in the chair and said nothing about it to anybody. And yet daughter Jill goes into the kitchen and sees the old man sitting there.

Explanations are many, and yet, one must be correct. T. B. R.

in Paris. Nothing would have made me miss that, for Paris is all and more than they say it is. There was only one thing against it. Everyone spoke French! In all the countries we had seemed to be able to find someone who could 'spika da Englis'. No one did in Paris. We had four wonderful days there, visiting the Sacre Coeur, climbing the Eiffel Tower, dining in the sidewalk cafes or in the evening going to the Cafe de la Paix. One evening as we were returning to our hotel, in one of Paris' famous horse and buggies, we decided to ride along the Champs Elysees which we had hitherto been unable to see. So, striking a bargain with the driver, mostly in sign language as it turned out, for he couldn't speak a word of English, we drove magnificently along the Avenue at midnight.

Paris brought the trip to an end and the following week we sailed on the Samaria from England. We were with the elite this time. We had moved from E deck to D deck. It was a wonderful trip, as pleasant as the other was terrible and when we landed at Quebec nine days later we were all a little sad for it meant that the tour was really over. We all had a wonderful time, seen new things and made new friends but, as in the old saying, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

J. T. M.



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