

... FEATURES

MEDICINE

—To the Forgotten Man—

I had thought this week to write a few lines exposing medicine to you, our cadet comrades-in-arms, the pre-meds of Studley. But rather than wring poor comedy from the chosen profession, I can better say, "If you are a pre-med, stick to it."

I am a veteran of two months in med school and my enthusiasm will cause some of my class to smile wryly. But, it's true, medicine is worth it!

I feel even now that much of the discouragement that I felt in my pre-med years could have been eased to some great extent. Particularly, after coming back after an absence of six long years. The Great Divide between the grim abstraction of Chem. 2, Chem. 4, Zoology 2, and Physics, and the pre-clinical realities will soon be crossed. It is not easy and, perhaps, I sing my hopeful song from the steps of the scaffold, but it's worth it!

I would like to stress that for the veterans especially medicine is the place for your knowledge of men, your respect for individual personality (whether he be saint or sinner, batman or Brigadier). It will certainly demand your staying power, your faith and your heart but, it's worth it." The pride that is stirred by the name of the regiment, the squadron or the ship will be rightly invested in this, your med school.

We all, consciously or no, join in saying: Come into medicine, it's a tough fight but the company is fine and IT'S WORTH IT!!

NOTICE. Temporary help will be required by the Post Office to deal with Christmas mails, and employment is available to students who are free during this period.

Preference will be given to ex-service students, but it is expected that positions will be available for others. Remuneration .70 cents per hour.

Diary Of Samuel Peeps

Nov. 20: Up betimes, about 4 o'clock, waked by a damned noise between a sow gelder and a cow and a dog, nobody after we were up being able to tell us what it was. At this early hour I did see the fair Lady Pat MacKinnon creeping into her room in a most stealthy manner. On enquiry I was disturbed to hear that she was just returning from an "Open-House" at the Hall, which she attended with that gay young blade, Blair Dunlop. It doth truly seem that the young people have developed a most unseemly fashion of exchanging Rings, it being reported to me that Lord MacKenzie, of sporting fame had given his ring to some fair and unprincipled damsel of the town. In the afternoon to the fields, for a walk, where I did meet, or at least perceive, the gay Miss Harrington and the most notorious Highwayman, "OOP" Gillis desporting themselves in a very affectionate fashion. Much disturbed by this, home and to bed.

NOV. 21: Home, and there find my wife making tea, a drink which the apothecary tells her is good for her cold. It is an infamous brew and, I fear, unhealthy, but she pays no heed to me. During our discourse she let me know that our daughter had again been annoyed by a young scholar from the King's College who called himself "Slim". I was greatly angered at this and hence I did set the soldiers on his trail. Further, my good wife did inform me in a joking fashion that my old friend Milord Foster had, as is the custom these days, given his ring which he received whilst serving with Nelson, to the fearfully young Miss Anne Tompkins. This "Fad" is past all reasoning. Did hit my wife in her large, noisy mouth, the better to quiet her gossip, and so to bed alone.

NOV. 22: Up at 7 o'clock and, as is my habit, to the Gym Inn, where I did see various things of note, including the most indecent view of the past year. Captain Dunphee of the King's guard did give Fairlee Prouse a mighty buss on the mouth, which caused quite a commotion. I did hear further that Captain Dunphee, because of his miserly habits, must needs accept money from Miss Prouse when he did take her to the Lawyers' Festival. Home, and found the man MacDougall come again to my house, and with my wife in our great chamber. Much vexed, I to bed, showing no civility to the man.

SAM PEEPS.

MIRTHLESS MYRON a MONSTROUS MYTH

LAW

On Monday morning, a bunch of bedraggled specimens of humanity shuffled up the Law School stairs. These were the boisterous Law students of a former week, reduced to infirm wrecks by the weekend's festivities. The reason for all this? . . . Why the Law Ball and consequent celebrations of course.

However, when the clouds cleared, and eyes were again turned to Salmond, Ames, The Law Reports and such interesting fiction, the legal lads were unanimous as to the success of the said Ball.

Now that Law has won the interfaculty football title, sports enthusiasts are looking for a repeat performance on the basketball floor. The Law team already has one victory over the Dal Intermediate under their belts and will spare no pains to keep the record up.

In closing, we caution you not to pay any attention to verses like the following:

He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill hard by his own stables;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

**GAZETTE
GAMBOL
Friday
Nov. 29**

Every university has its legendary hero. Dalhousie is no exception. In the annals of Dal sports there will be found no story to compare with that of Mirthless Myron, the mad, myopic, matman. He was, in the days when Gold "D's" were solid, the champion wrestler of all Lower Canada.

Myron's father had been, in his day, A Big Man On The Campus (he weighed 310 pounds). Naturally Myron followed in his father's footsteps and at the age of 26 he reported to Dalhousie as a freshman. Myron was big. He never laughed or smiled. People called him "Mirthless" Myron. He was interested in wrestling and in no time he became college champion.

Finally the great inter-collegiate wrestling tourney for 1882 was arranged. Teams came from all over Lower Canada. There were huge, brawny men from Arcadia, Saint F. Z., The School for the Deaf, and The Honourable Company of Royal Artillery. When the semi-finals were over, it was discovered that the finalists were to be Mirthless Myron, representing the Gold and Black, and Arnold Armpit, The Artful Arcadian.

The night of the big event saw the gym full to overflowing. Thousands waited with bated breath as the contestants prepared for the contest. A great roar went up from the Dal fans as Myron meandered into the ring—a greater roar went up as he tripped over the ropes and fell onto the hard floor of the gym. His arm was broken. Arcadia carried away the championship for 1882.

In 1884 Dal hopes were high. Mirthless Myron was sure to win. Alas! Misfortune again dogged our hero's footsteps. While putting on his shorts he suffered a charlie-horse, and Arnold Armpit again carried off the crown.

Gloom descended on the student body and plaster of paris descended on Myron's leg. Myron, never a dramatic person, was moved to say, through clenched teeth, that next year he would win, no matter what happened.

March, 1885, saw Mirthless Myron in excellent condition for the great wrestling match—his last chance, for this year he was to graduate. There were those who claimed that they saw him smile but this was not generally believed. Everyone knew that Myron never smiled. That was why he was called Mirthless Myron, the mad, myopic (his eyes were bad) matman.

The night of the great bout saw the stands (or bleachers) at the rugger field packed. Because of the great interest in the match, it was decided that it be held outdoors in an improvised ring. As Myron walked through the crowd and climbed into the ring a breathless silence was maintained. (Myron must not be rattled, he might have another accident.)

As Myron flexed his muscles and stalked across the ring toward his opponent, excitement ran high. Suddenly the Artful Arcadian, Arnold Armpits had died from a violent attack of chronic housemaid's knee. Quickly he was carried from the ring to the dressing room and very few people noticed the arrow quivering in his back. (The MicMacs, in 1885, were still holding spring camp in Dartmouth. Subsequently Mirthless Myron was declared champion and it was explained that Arnold Armpit's had died from a violent attack of chronic housemaid's knee. Although some people were inclined to cast discredit on the story of Arnold Armpit's death, there was still great jubilation amongst the fans. At last the wrestling crown had come to Dalhousie. Little did they know that in 1887 wrestling would be outlawed in the college.

Prodded by this interesting story of a former Dalhousie great, we looked him up the other day, and found him working as a bouncer at the Dalo Cafe. When interviewed he said that he received the job, not because of his education but because of his Dalhousie sweater with the large felt "D" on it. This served as his uniform.

Cathedral Comment

"Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race."

From the misty recesses of a cubicle, midst text books and semi-moronic madness, comes the mighty voice of Cathedral. We gaze into our crystal ball and—

Well boys, Awful Awdree seems to have really declared war on hot plates. However, on her recent tour of inspection, none were uncovered. All clear George, come out from under the bed.

It appears as if Professor Pooney, or is it Fanny, had a difficult time at Norman's after the ball. Luckily, Mrs Funny was present and saved the loss of blood.

"Men of thought and men of action, clear the way."—Rusty Milne was elected to the General Works Committee and Neil MacLean to the Dance Committee, at the recent D. K. S. V. A. meeting. Leo McIntyre was elected to attend the Annual Student Veteran (Continued on Page 8)



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