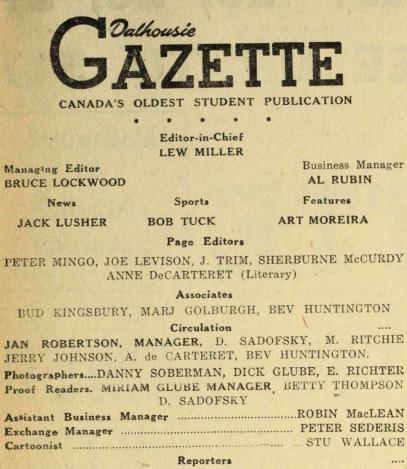
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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE



PATSY PIGOT, BOB McQUINN PHILLIP SIMON - Dent Society.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1948 No. 16 Vol. 79

# CHILDREN IN EUROPE

"Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." Matt. XVIII, 5

Those of us who remember the homeless waifs in other parts of the world who mysteriously appeared during mealtimes will not soon forget them. Remember the imploring eyes that watched every particle of our food, the eyes that made us choke on the food that we needed in order to fight. Remember their eyes -- large, frightened eyes that seemed not to know the meaning of happy laughter -- the eyes of children who know not the meaning of security and love. Of what significance is the catchword, "Four Freedoms", to them? Freedom from Want - and they starve. Freedom from Fear - and they fear the morrow. Freedom of Speech - and they are too young to be heard. Freedom of Worship -- and they are forced to wonder at the idea of the goodness of God.

It is much too easy for us, in the warmth and comfort of our homes, to be so wrapped up in our own selves that we forget their needs. But if there is any spark of goodness in us we shall not hesitate to help them now. If we must think of ourselves, however, we cannot hesitate to help them. The world is not so large that we will not be affected by their suffering, and their diseased minds and bodies for a cancerous growth that must be remedied ere he body of the world is endangered.

As we pause to read this, children are dying. Perhaps the small amount of change in our pockets would mean the difference between life and death for many of them. Even as we hesitate another innocent life has passed. And by the time the aid we offer will have reached destitute countries, hundreds more will have passed beyond human aid. We cannot ignore these children. We must not hesitate. Their eyes are upon us.

# Aunt Fanny's Column

Published weekly for all the little boys and girls at Dalhousie school for children. Dear Children:

This week I was browsing through an old copy of a magazine published in a University, it was called, I believe, the Harvard Lampoon. In it I came across a story, written in the authentic tradition of most western universities, which reminded me of a recent incident which occurred at our little school. For very little reason, I have called it:

Payzant's Pecadilloes

You see, the other night I was sitting in my suite, in something of a brown study. As a matter of fact I was wondering whether or not I should have my study done over in robin's egg blue. But I was rudely jolted out of this pleasant revery when the door burst open and a large number of youths in gray flannels and tastefully rumpled blue blazers burst into the room. They were headed by my friend Geoffrey Pazant. "Listen", said Geoifrey!

At a gesture from him, the boys grouped themselves in platoon formation, came to attention, and tilted their chins toward heaven. An ominous humming sound filled the room. I watched in horror, as Geoffrey tapped his foot upon the floor, chanting, with the air of a man possessed: "One ..... two ..... three"

Immediately the group burst, or rather, oozed into song. Quietly, almost whispering at first, then coming to a thundering crescendo;

"Boppem... boppem... boppem... Cet out and under .... Get out under .... Sometimes I wonder .... Who's kissing her now, I wonder who's showing her how How, how, oh tell me how Do you get your clothes so clean? I always wash them with Soapine, S-O-A-P-I-N-Even though my mammy,

Waiting for me, praying for me, My dear old Mammmm-ih,

I'd give the worldto ... see her tcday,

When I get to that

Calif-for-ni-AY.

Where the sun keeps on shining all day,

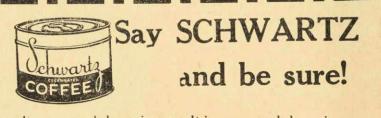
Oh what a beautiful mornin', The what a heautiful day Glory, glory to Dalhousie, I'm the sheik of Dalhousie Till the last white sheep is passed. We are poor little sheep who have lost our way, Bah, bah, a-a-ah. Three white sheep, Three white sheep, They all run after the farmer's mother. She cut their tails with a something or other, Three blind sheep." The singers stood at rest and beamed. "Rest, men", said Geoffrey, "Smoke if you've got 'em." He turned to me with enthusiasm. "Well", he said. "Well? Don't you think they're terrific?"



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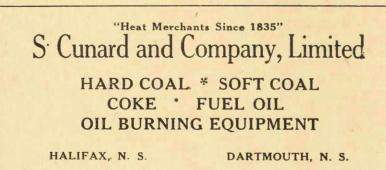
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## EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

### "NUFF SAID"

#### Dear Sir:

Well now isn't this a far ery from the "nuff said" letter of January 30, which described me as a misinformed student of current affairs?

Now that distortion and misinformation have been met and countered with TRUTH, FACTS. and FIGURES, you feel the matter is ripe for debate. Where your pen has failed you feel that your tong te might succeed. Is that it? I regret that out of sheer principle I must decline the challenge. After all I don't think it reasonable to give anybody an unlimited number of chances to prove their point. During the 53 months that I spent in the forces this fact was consistently and monotonously driven home "Remember," they used to say, "you have only got one chance. After that, brother. you've had it." And, brother, vou have!

IN CLOSING THE SUBJECT let me simply say this. I have presented some of the facts; there are many more equally indisputable, equally undeniable. It is for YOU ALL to decide wherein lies the path of justice and fair play.

#### Yours,

## Loris V. Blofield.

Editor's Note: This sort of column-debating could go on interminably with little other re-(Continued on page 8)

"Terrifying would be a better word" I said. "But what are thev? "Wha does it all mean?" "It's the Octet", cried Payzant.

"Hottest thing in Dalhousie today. We call ourselves the Pecadilloes."

"I'm happy for you", I said politely. "What was wrong with the Glee Club?"

"No, No," he said. "The Pecadilloes are something en irely dif-(Continued on page 6)

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