



Students! All Out For Elections, Tues., March 6

The Big Month

or WHY SO MANY TAKE ENGINEERING FOR A YEAR

With a transit on his shoulder, his manly chest bared to the elements and softly humming "Oh All the Boys Have Left the Bay", the "perfect profile" of the Dal Engineer broke into sight on the fair horizon of Truro. Elaborately equipped with compasses, maps and a natural mating instinct, it was not long before the engineers fought their way over the Salmon River Flats (area 7.86 acres), crossed a bridge (176 feet long), traversed a field, vaulted a wire fence and sauntered nonchalantly into Truro.

The way they came back is a different story. Waters came back supported by Kinley, Kinley came back supported by a strict upbringing and a fear of God, 'Newfie' Clarke, not having enjoyed the advantages of a Christian upbringing, didn't come back.

Ingenious Draftsmen

Some of the St. Mary's boys, finding diversion at the camp, in the form of apple jack, cards and apple jack, were quite content to sit by their fires; but the Dal boys, scorning such dull evenings, demanded song with their wine, and women with their song. Unfortunately the proximity of the Debert camp seemed to throw a damper on such activities and had it not been for Anne (I say this with reverence) of the bowling alley and the girls of the five and ten, many the poor lad would have had little inspiration for his work and would have been doomed to nights of crying in his beer. As it was, the ingenuity of the engineers was tried to the utmost, and even brains like Stewart failed to see how two girls, "Smithy", Tilley, Shields, Blakeney, Chapman and Stewart could pile into one seat at Dirty Joes.

These two girls, better known as Helen and Rosie, were exposed to merciless attacks from Graves, Skinner and company, who would periodically tear themselves away from their books, rush to the house top and give forth with the mating call of all true sons of Adam.

But much to the surprise and pleasure of the Dartmouth boys, those aforesaid wolves, Skinner and Graves, seemed to lose much of their effect when off their own tramping ground. Even a numerous display of D's, large and small, failed to impress the Truro lassies, who had no interest in higher education, and soon associated with the "D" a none too complimentary name.

The more adventurous of the group, Bloomer, "Newfie" Clarke, and Ralph Clarke sojourned to the woods for a little corn boil—and were these boys allergic to corn!

Much Work, Little Effort

On the whole the camp proved a success. Almost everyone managed to get through a maximum of work with a minimum of effort. On those pleasant September days the boys would gallop wildly over the green fields, measuring an angle here, taking an elevation there, and finally after a hard days work they would trudge sadly home, scab up their work and proceed to brag of their amazing accuracy. We have cherished memories of days spent eating cow-corn under the shade of a leveled instrument; or Howard peacefully reclining while Gray attempted to read a compass which got more attraction from his glasses

IN SYMPATHY

To Professor D. C. and Mrs. Harvey, The Gazette, on behalf of the student body, extends its sincerest sympathy on the sudden death of their son, William. Prior to his enlistment in the R. C. N. V.R., Bill Harvey attended Dalhousie for two years, taking an ardent interest in Glee Club and other campus activities.

The Backward Bow Of Robbie MacCleave

Wherever collegians gather to absorb the wisdom of America's Oldest College Newspaper, inevitably one hears the question, "Does anyone read that Rufus Rayne stuff?" usually followed by "Who's the queer that writes it?" We do not endorse the above terms; spoken without consideration, they are perhaps inappropriately mild. Such is the disturbance created, however, we shall offer the puzzled non-readers some enlightenment on the second of these queries.

Robert J. MacCleave came to Dalhousie too few years ago. The Registrar at the time, Professor Murray MacNeil, was noted for his faith in human nature and for his kindly attitude to freshmen; sensing that here would be the logical choice for the 'Typical Freshman,' he allowed the boy to register against what we hope was his better judgment. And indeed, at first the confidence was not misplaced. MacCleave rose rapidly in the weird Gazette-Sodales circle, until in 1942 the leaders thereof considered him ready to become Editor-in-Chief of the Gazette. But from this point on the MacCleave saga reads like the story of the fallen angels. In one of his first efforts he printed a sketch of his birthplace as the model for the new Navy building

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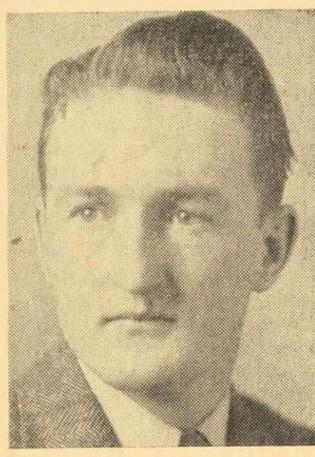
than it did from magnetic north; of 'Choppie' lounging on the front steps, clad in his orange and pink pyjamas quietly celebrating the birth of a nephew; of the road signs, which Smithy and Kinley hid under the bunk house; of Blakeney and Chapman, fighting over Coleen; and of Edsall trying to convince Shields and Waters that if they didn't go and get an instrument Prof. Copp would never believe they did their own work.

Suddenly the camp came to an end. We tore madly about, tearing up obsolete turning points, getting notes up to date, throwing out bottles, then finally all packed and cleanly shaven, we departed from Truro much wiser, very tired and glad to leave.

'Packed House' at Forum as Martinites Sutherlanders Exchange Verbal Tirades



He wants your vote



... So does he

With the Chem. theatre packed with enthusiasts and hecklers from both camps, (chief among whom was modest ex-serviceman Morrison), Dalhousians heard the long-awaited speeches from Presidential candidates Sutherland and Martin.

A quick poll of opinion afterwards indicated that both the above gentlemen will rule the Students' Council next year. Each is as fully qualified as the other, if not more so; in particular, each supports the Common Room plan and the collection of Year Book funds at the University office. Though this was not so plain, the two did disagree here and there.

Through all speeches ran the ap-

peal for more support of Dalhousie functions, and close co-operation between students, the Council, and the University; though such appeals are chronic at Dalhousie, it is to be hoped that the next Council will succeed where others have failed.

Don't forget that this year the voting will take place in the Gymnasium, Tuesday, from nine to six. Let's have the full count of seven hundred and eight ballots.

LIST OF NOMINATIONS FOR COUNCIL ELECTIONS

COUNCIL:

President—Fred Martin, Larry Sutherland.
Vice-President—Alex Farquhar, Don Smith.

GLEE CLUB:

President—Harry Zappler, John Meakin.
Vice-President—Elizabeth Reeves, Erma Geddes.
Secretary—Gordon Harrigan, Alfred Cunningham.

D. A. A. C.:

President—Don Harris, Blair Dunlop.
Vice-President—Alfred Cunningham, Robert Wade.
Secretary-Treasurer—William Mingo, John Nicholson.

ARTS AND SCIENCE REPRESENTATIVES

Senior Representatives—Connie Archibald, Virginia Phillips, James Saunders, Alex Stewart. (One girl, one boy to be elected).

Junior Representatives—Lois Rattie, Mary Farquhar, William Mingo, Don Harris. (One girl, one boy to be elected).

Sophomore: Don Kerr, Zelda MacKinnon.

Engineering Representatives—Dick Currie, Robert Wade, Charles Smith. (Two to be elected).

Law Representatives—Clinton Harly, Thomas Feeney.

Medical Representatives—Bruce Miller, James Frazee, Gordon Sears, Kenneth MacLennan. (Two to be elected).

Commerce Representatives—Blair Dunlop, Arthur Corkum.

Dentistry Representative—Gordon Pentz (acclamation).

FRESHMAN LOOKS AT DALHOUSIE

When I first came to Dalhousie I knew nothing about Engineering. I still know nothing about it, but I have learned to recognize an Engineer when I see one. It seems to me that they fall into two main classes—the ones that go to their Geology Lab, and the one that don't. However, the former are such a minority, perhaps this division is not a fair one. On Tuesday afternoons Don MacLeod has quite a struggle getting the others to go up with him. I particularly remember the day when he sneaked up about 2:25, found a hard set of problems on the board, reported this to the drafting

room and then headed the general rush for the gym store.

Another type of senior is the one who likes to annoy you when you are working. I consider the fellow who bounced my big piece of art gum off the ceiling; a cad, but he is really not half as bad as the lad who rubbed his finger over my tracing to see if the ink was dry. It wasn't!

Many people have told me that Engineers are illiterate. This statement I would like to emphatically deny. Why I have seen them at different times reading whole pages, Continued on page 2

The Big Night

WHEN DRAFTSMEN WERE ALL FULL OF SPIRITS

Here, good people of Dalhousie, is the story of the Engineers' banquet of 1945. For those who are so unfortunate that they do not belong to the Engineering Society, we will try to present a fairly detailed picture of how "the Boys from the Draughting Room" spent last Friday evening and so on into . . . Preparations for the great affair were handled by an exceedingly capable committee, who for two or three weeks beforehand laboured with all the details that are required to make a successful banquet.

About 5.30, an hour before any engineers were expected to show up, Gus and Looie walked into the dining room, each with a suitcase which appeared to be very heavy. They carefully carried their precious loads over to a large table that was off by itself in one corner of the dining room. On top of this table was a huge, gleaming object which was either a large bath tub or a small swimming pool (Proc later found out it wasn't a swimming pool). Soon the suitcases were unpacked and Gus and Looie started emptying Lime Rickey and stuff and things into the pseudo-bathtub. A furious debate as to whether the ice should be added now or later, was in progress when in walked Mac, our photographer, to record the appearance of the bathtub in all its splendour for posterity. Sharp on the stroke of 5.27, Skinner, all by himself, walked into the dining room and asked, "How is everything going, if you know what I mean, gentlemen?" Soon everything was going fine. After it had been duly sampled, and pronounced perfect by the two-man refreshment committee, members of the society began arriving thick and fast. Those presiding were confronted by many faces which looked familiar, but who said, "No this is only my first". Our large Miller inquired, "What in h— do you call this stuff? I want a drink". Proc came back many times, and each time claiming that this was against his principles and he really didn't need it anyway. Smitty kept up his fine reputation and disappointed no one. When the members of the faculty arrived, two or three of the boys volunteered to take the job of keeping their glasses full. After fifteen minutes these boys were worn out. One of them wandered off muttering, "I wouldn't have believed it possible".

The Bear Facts

Our chief was entertaining Professors Coffin and Bowes with the story of how he beat a bear over the head with a transit in the north woods. Things soon came to a standstill, except for Society executive members, who were dashing around, audibly wondering what had happened to the guest speaker, who had not yet arrived. After some frenzied telephone calls and more dashing around, our guest arrived, the hoards gathered around the many tables sat down, and the banquet itself began. It was a most delicious repast. A few of the freshmen still remember it. The ing catastrophe. The difficulty must aux champignons (pew). During the banquet, a large cat, in the family way, walked straight over and sat down beside "Blower" Currie, who promptly reprimanded it, and extolled the virtue in staying

in at night. The cat seemed quite unmoved at all this. Proc's newly acquired amorous spirit managed to annoy a few including Mike and Burgess. About half-way through the meal, Saffron, who had been seen reaching under the table at frequent intervals, reached under to find nothing to reach for. Having gotten over the initial shock at this discovery, he dived completely under in order to more carefully investigate the cause of this seeming catastrophe. The difficulty must have been corrected, because he soon emerged beaming from ear to ear. The boys at Dunlop's table were quite stunned at his learned lectures on the physiological relations between the camel and the butterfly. Meanwhile at the head table, Burgess was telling Professor Coffin about the types of mathematics used in various fields of chemistry.

Toasts and Speeches

The toasts and speeches were, on the whole, the same as in other years. After the toast to the King, proposed by President Carl, South Shore Kinley rose and proposed the toast to the University, which he said he loved. This was responded to by Dr. Coffin, who claimed that the story that Prof. Theakston had told him was unfit even for this gathering of intellectuals. Next Looie got up in his toast to the profession; he raved on with masterful oratorical power about the future possibilities for engineers. When questioned as to who wrote it for him he declined to comment. Professor Bowes responded to this by speaking at length about a maid who went swimming and the country lad who was watching her. Wade proposed the toast to the faculty, and in doing so apologized for the students going to asleep, etc. Professor Copp responded nobly by claiming in a loud voice that he had been cheated, that he hadn't got enough to drink. In introducing Professor MacNeill, the president of the Society conferred upon him an honorary life membership in the Society, in recognition of his long-standing interest and friendship with the engineering students of Dalhousie. Professor MacNeill proposed the toast to the graduating class, "—the first class about which I can say nothing". Art Saffron responded by pointing out the fact that there are "— only 19 of us left of 66".

L. D. Currie Speaks

The guest speaker, the Hon. L. D. Currie, then addressed the engineers on minerals and mining possibilities in Nova Scotia. The talk was very general, and not too technical. It was interesting even to those who

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Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869 "THE OLDEST COLLEGE PAPER IN AMERICA"

ENGINEER'S HEAVEN—OR, CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

To understand the most collectively individual individuals on the campus, to learn why their "herd instincts" and loyalty to the group are so evident, we must study the Engineer in the place of his choice, his shrine and sweatshop—the draughting-room.

Arts '49, as he drooped wearily (or so it appeared to the virile Engineer) to "Jumbology I", his required Science class, on the crisp morning of Today he would devote himself to a study of the daily life and customs of the Engineer, and thusly further his search for the fundamental truths, to draw infinitely closer to the infinite, or to waste his time like the other Arts students.

He finally reached the dizzy heights of "Copp's Kingdom", and was scanning the room for bridges and beer, when a file of men in navy blue, with rather large notebooks carried uniformly under the left arm, burst from an unnoticed northern door. As each man came into view his head and neck tilted back smartly, his eyes looked heavenward and sparkled (as at Climo's), and his step faltered. "Some naval tradition," muttered McQueen, "but why did their mouths water?"

His interest aroused, he ventured on into the hushless maze of stools, tilted tables, numbered drawers, large flat pieces of wood locked to upright posts, with a few gum wrappers strewn about, but no beer bottles, old or otherwise. The walls are suitably decorated with photos of previous classes and the various trophies offered by Dalhousie for interfaculty sport. To his bewilderment, McQueen finally noted a high concentration of Varga girls pinned next to the ceiling on the western wall, "a psychological problem, no doubt", he mused, as he meditated on a particularly shapely specimen enclosed in a glass case with a note in a scrambled hand, "I consider this a very neat job". He toddles off to "Jumbology I" o

That afternoon, troubled by the mystery of the closed northern door, McQueen returned to find the room beyond occupied by engineers, toiling silently. At the head of the room a slavedriver, whip in hand, stood scowling on a small spidery creature pictured on the blackboard, with "Do Not Erase" as a caption. Thus challenged, he flings the whip aside (striking one Proctor a telling blow), and scrubs vigorously at the tiny figure, but to no avail. Then his fury breaks upon the class, "Gentlemen", he begins, "this is a concentration camp, not just a slave galley. The evil that men do, lives after them; if you copy, in the words of the poet, 'You're a skunk'. Remember, the lost joke will always be on me". At long last, appeared

by thoughts of employing the transit girl held in highest esteem by all Engineers, he left chuckling, "I guess I was born thirty years too late".

McQueen settles himself in a corner and proceeds to take the notes which are reproduced herewith:— Now rid of their tormentor, the engineers rejoice, and pandemonium reigns. Clarke and Nunes fill the room with "noises, sounds and sweet airs, that give anguish and hurt". Proctor whispers, "Tell me Errol, did I really ride up to the gym on the back of a tramcar?" Burgess (the man most likely to be shot for a deer) asks Balcom if he can work out a system of reclaiming the blood of the rabbits killed by "One Shot" Barnett. At the other of the room Saffron squeals "Oh that tickles!", while Clark demands that his thumb tacks be restrained. Payzant practises tones to be built into his organ, and seeks the approval of the class—he doesn't get it. Power, quiet and efficient, is the center of activity for all those not anxious to stay afloat. A delegation of Yeadon, Moulton, and Weiner approach Currie, "Dick boy, why ain't you like you use to was. You ain't gonna let Shorty disgrace you, is you? Come on fella, show us how—" Feanny speaks. "Hey Nunes", Bloomer is memorizing the 1945, '46, '47 calendars. "March 19, 1945 is Mon., March 20, 1945 is Wed." Mike steps into the room, shouts, "I don't like the Gazoot, I can walk 30 miles in 5 hours, and I'm way ahead on my plates"—steps out. Kip Gray, spattered with ink, moans, "Today is my evil hour". Oakley triumphantly bearing a tattered and ancient copy of Life, "Here it is, boys, just a month old; and I made the chief promise to give us enough work to do so we won't have to worry about it any more". A clock in the corner chimes four—What! the place is deserted.

McQueen steals away, a confused and beaten Artsman.

Moral: Stick to your stacks.

Annual Engineering Banquet Features Presentation of Bob Walter Award



Art Burgess (above) receiving the coveted Bob Walter award from Professor Copp, head of the Engineering Department. Occasion: Annual Boilermakers' Banquet in Lord Nelson hotel.

Highlight of the Engineers' banquet on Friday, Feb. 23, was the presentation to Arthur E. Burgess of the Bob Walter award by Prof. W. P. Copp. This award is given each year to a member of the graduating class in Engineering who, in the opinion of his fellow students and his professors, is the most popular boy in his class and best lives up to the qualities of Bob Walter.

This year Arthur E. Burgess was chosen. Art came to Dalhousie four years ago, having graduated from the Halifax Academy. He has become popular with his fellow students by means of his pleasing personality, active participation in campus activities and his interest in his studies. One reason for his popularity is his co-operation with the junior members of the Engineering Society in helping them with their work.

His scholastic record since coming to Dal has left nothing to be desired. Art has led his class in almost everything since his Freshman

year, and last year won a Scholarship in Mathematics.

Art's ability has also been ably demonstrated on the playing fields of Dalhousie. In his first two years at Dal he played interfaculty football and hockey for the Engineers, and for the past two years has gained a berth on the Varsity football squad.

Art graduates this year with a B.Sc. and a diploma in Engineering and we wish to express our best wishes to him on behalf of the Engineering Society in his studies at N. S. Technical College. Hats off to a great scholar, a great athlete and a great prospective Engineer.

WITH OPEN ARMS

Lately the C.O.T.C. has admitted to its ranks the boys of the U.A.T.C. who have been styled, with only grudging justice, fine specimens and well-set-up young fellows. Col. Jones has already welcomed "you specimens" into the corps. He is also currently trying to corral the physical derelicts around the campus, and may yet flash them the same sadistic smile of welcome. This latest move is expected to affect the halt, the lame, the blind in one eye, the M.A.'s and the D.A.A.C.

We in the ranks wish you just as hearty a welcome, and sympathize with you on landing in the C.O.T.C. with clipped wings. In short, we admit you as full-fledged members into the comradeship of the C.O.T.C., with all the rights and privileges (?) appertaining thereto.

"Unfortunately" we in the senior platoon may not be back, before camp, to make good this welcome. If we are back, then we will really be unfortunate, for the Colonel has stated that we will regret it individually if we fail the T.O.E.T. Here again we are in complete accord with our O.C., for we will regret it very sincerely if we land back in the C.O.T.C. before May.

It might be appropriate at this point for an old hand to give you some advice. We have given this matter some thought, but with little to show for our trouble. In fact, we can not even see the point in the whole thing. There are certainly no "positive" results to show for time spent in the C.O.T.C. We can say this about the organization: take it as you find it; take it with a grin; you have to take it anyway.

A Freshman Looks—

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and with amazingly little difficulty. They cannot, of course, write. A look at the signs on our bulletin board would prove this. I also will admit they seem to have a dislike of culture. It might even be true that one has said "Us Engineers don't need no 'English,'" but then there is no denying the fact that three of them recently sat in on an English II lecture, and while some people believe it was "that cute little thing down in the corner" who attracted them, I prefer to place my trust in their literary tastes.

Another myth I believe it is in my power to explode is the claim that Engineers are wolves. Why, instead of the rude pin-ups that, some reports have it, are hung in the drafting room, I find only calendars. This is an amazing tribute to these stalwart men. Of course there might arise the question—"Why are there so many calendars?" This question is, however, apparent, so I leave it with you.

I have been asked, on numerous occasions, how I know so much about Engineers. The fact is that I spend most of my spare time working in the drafting room. The rea-

The Big Night—

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are not planning to enter mining. The Hon. member concluded his talk by saying that there is no reason why engineers should not make good public speakers. Soon the hotel shook with a mighty rendering of the engineers yell; the presentation of the Bob Walter's Memorial Award was made, and with the singing of the King, the banquet was officially over. For some, however, it was far from being over. A large group of engineers ventured out to the gym and added some life to an otherwise dull affair. After this ended at 12.00, some of the boys went down to Pine Hill, where a quiet, decorous celebration was taking place. However as the dawn wore on, more and more engineers, charmed by Morpheus or something and feeling that it had been a most wonderful banquet, found their way to their residences, and with few exceptions, slept well into the next afternoon.

son? Well, I guess I'm just an Engineer at heart myself—I love work. It fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.

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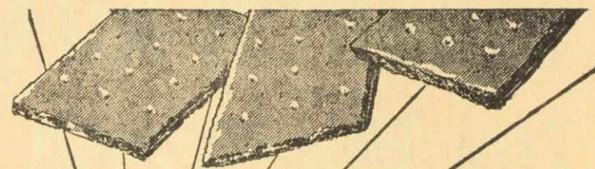
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The Engineers and The Times

The new term dawned on the campus and the Engineers returned to familiar haunts. Three flights of stairs rattled and banged under the footsteps of returning comrades while the draughting room rang lustily with their tales of summer adventure. This was but a brief pause and a relief of pent-up emotions before the long grind of another year began, while all reacquainted themselves to a life of rigid confinement and study.

There were many who had not returned. There were many brand new freshmen who had come so that the Society should be perpetuated; but they were new and undisciplined, unlearned in the traditions and honor that pervaded the great society they aspired to join. The first meeting of the year was called on October 3 to explain to the freshmen how the land lay. Carl Little was chairman and Gus Orkley gave his oration on what the Society meant and how it was organized.

It was explained that all freshmen in Engineering must abide by a much stricter code than other freshmen, to continue the tradition of scholarly refinement long attributed to engineers. It was further pointed out that in the social field they must curtail activities and ignore the frivolous amusements of non-engineers. Engineers have a hard, brutal climb; they must strive to complete their work before playing, for those who do not climb fall by the wayside.

One and all settled down to work. Many a fair lassie on the campus was hurt when she discovered that her engineer would rather toil in the draughting room than neglect it and pay tribute to her. The wheels ground on, but in spite of adversity the Society thrives.

Details of the Engineers' main activities are the talk of the campus, but lesser-known activities were not neglected. The Life magazine subscription was renewed for the benefit of the 9:15 students who face a locked door without knowledge of Proctor's Detour. Individual members contributed generously to the very fine art exhibits on the walls, and very fine taste was evidenced by the arresting selections. One or two were worthy of special note, particularly the one that adorns the far side of the beam in the Inner Sanctum. Unfortunately, it was stolen by some thoughtless fellow whose consideration for others was overwhelmed by the compelling exquisiteness of the "exposed" art.

The Society had the pleasure of a unique occasion. Professor W. Bowes took unto himself a wife and, as a token of our best wishes, he was summoned to a meeting of the Engineers and presented with a particularly fine serving set, with the understanding that one day we might be invited to watch him use it.

Pressure of exams forced all activities into the shade, and the Engineers burned the midnight oil well into the morning, but when the holidays and the exams were over the buoyant spirit throbbed through the Society's veins and exploded into action. Plans were rapidly completed for the Dance and Banquet. An attempt to have the Ball exclusively for Engineers was frustrated by a campus that clamored for admittance, but the Banquet... Ah!!!

A new note was sounded in the Society when the Senior members formed a Class Life organization with Gus Oakley as President and Art Saffron as Secretary. The long association in the Inner Sanctum bred too high a sense of fellowship and mutual appreciation to be dissolved and forgotten upon graduation. A Constitution was drawn up, whereby each member would write a letter to the secretary every April. The secretary, thereupon, is to mail all the letters in circular form to the members. Thus contact will be kept; in 1955 the bulldozers will push back the mahogany desks and the corporation heads will return for the class reunion.

Now that the Banquet is over, the Society's activities are practically completed. It has been a good year. All the meetings were well attended and all business efficiently dealt with in the accustomed manner. An active interest was shown by all in the Society's undertakings, even by freshmen. The graduating class leaves the Society reins in the hands of those who remain, with the utmost confidence that they have the leadership, ability, and finesse to guide the Society ever onward—come hill or high water!

The Backward Bow—

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then being erected; called before the Senate, he pleaded insanity and was excused amid many a knowing wink. After a year of similar drivel he was eased off into the Features section, where he will probably remain for the rest of his natural life, degrading that precious form of humor known as nonsense and practising engineer-baiting to his heart's content.

On the whole, he is quite harmless but in the latter respect he is doing us a valuable service; he has successfully maintained the Engineers' traditional reputation as No. 1 Beermen, Black Sheep and Dopes of Dalhousie whereas everyone knows the title truly belongs to the Law Society.

C.O.T.C. Bright Light

MacCleave's present occupations are significant. As 2 i/c. of the C.O.T.C. Q.M. Stores (where he is continually being mistaken for a .303) he has a job in the basement of the Gym; in his permanent editorship, he has a job in the basement of the Arts building; as copy boy in the basement of the Herald & Mail building, he is working his way through Law School. All in all, these jobs are indicative of his baseness. In a final effort to deceive some of his fellows, he has changed his name to Big Leak and, this being insufficient back home, he has switched the latter from Rexton to Moncton. His is a case which deserves the utmost sympathy and understanding; next time you see him just pat his head and say, "Isn't he a fine boy?"

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... THE BIG THREE ...



"Now, gentlemen"

Professor Walter P. Copp received his higher education at Acadia, unfortunately, and McGill University, later working as Dominion Land Surveyor, as a consulting engineer, and finally with the famed Quebec Bridge Commission. Since 1920 he has been Head of the Department at Dalhousie where, in his lovably quaint manner he has revealed the mysteries of Mechanics 2, 3, 5; Surveying 1 and 2, and Reminiscing 1. Prof. Copp is well organized—member of the E.I.C. and past-president of N. S. Assn. of Professional Engineers. His lighter activities include the annual Engineers' Banquet and the Halifax Curling Club, recently skipping his rink to a trophy and eternal fame.



"I leave it with you, gentlemen"

Professor H. R. Theakston is one of our own sons, receiving his education at Dalhousie and N. S. Tech, where he graduated with high honors in Mining Engineering. During World War 1 he served overseas for two years and later worked as a statistical engineer in Boston. In 1921 he returned to Dalhousie, this time on the giving end as professor of Mechanical Drawing and Descriptive Geometry. A member of E.I.C. and the N. S. Assn. of Professional Engineers, he has supervised the erection of the Med Library, the Law Building, the Gym and Shirreff Hall. To all queries concerning a secret entrance to the latter, Prof. Theakston yields only an enigmatic smile.



"Any Questions?"

Professor William H. Bowes is also a former Dal man who has switched allegiance, graduating from Tech in Mechanical Engineering in 1943. While a student, he spent a summer as an AID aircraft inspector, keeping the riveters on their toes with a snap of his whip. In preparation for this responsibility he previously had worked in a boiler factory, where he was known as "Bowesie the Riveter." Since coming to Dalhousie two years ago he has taught Descriptive Geometry, Kinematics, and Mathematics, instructed at Survey Camp, taught Mathematics in the old U. A. T. C., and last year became the silent partner of Mr. and Mrs. Bowes, Inc. Prof. Bowes is a student member of the E.I.C.

DIFFYNOTIONS

Canti-lev-er—Sorry you have become so attached, Steve.
Che-mystery—just one big puzzle.
Gusset plate—We'll dis-gusset it later (don't be dis-gusset with us).

(H)armonick motion—Prelude to a kiss.
Ions—What criminals are thrown into (cast ion).
Ought-a-mobile—It should go.
Phizz-ics—Short description of

week-end episode.
Scabotage—(1) underhand method of reference; (2) confiscation of dividers.
Trance-it—To hold by spell (strictly on the spirit level.)

It's great to be here... Have a Coca-Cola



... or helping a soldier feel at home

When he's back on furlough, three words, *Have a Coke*, bring a soldier's earlier life back to mind—his days after school or after work, with the gang and with his girl. Ice-cold Coca-Cola holds a friendly place in Canadian life. It should have a place in your family icebox. Wherever Canadians go, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes—has become a symbol of our friendly way of life.

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STUDENT SERVICE
KING'S CHAPEL
SUNDAY, MARCH 4th, 7:00 P.M.
Speaker: Rev. Malcolm Ransom
EVERYONE WELCOME!



For men (Engineers) only.

Are the Dartmouth girls really as nice as the Dartmouth boys say? If so, why don't the boys bring them out in the open, eh Gus?

Concerning the romance between the little Scottish girl and the little Scotch boy. It appears that Don hangs on so tightly at the basketball games and dances in fear of competition. The recent upstarts include a certain Med student and that handsome (theoretically speaking) fullback from Tech, who insists on coming to the Dal dances stag.

The results of a recent vote among the engineers for the election of a campus beauty queen was rather indecisive (see elsewhere on this page). High on the list, however, was that chic without a pic, that Gym store Lamour, Vera. Vital statistics—yes and plenty of them.

Burgess (senior) is endeavoring to start a poll on the question, "Who is the sweetest girl on the campus, and why do you think Edna is?" Those corporal stripes seem to have stood up well beside the gold braid.

It seems that Louise couldn't make up her mind whom to ask to the Sadie Hawkins Scramble, so instead of disappointing only one she disappointed both Pete and Mike.

Power and Balcom have finally come out with the truth. The reason they are so reluctant to give blood is not doctor's orders, as was first thought; actually they want to keep all their strength for the wild life they lead.

Banquet Ballyhoo (for a full report see page 1).

ORPHEUS

Mar. 5—6—7

ARMY WIVES and
THE JADE MASK

Mar. 8—9—10

LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN
and OLD TEXAS TRAIL

GARRICK

Sat. — Mon. — Tues.

"MUSIC IN MANHATTAN"

Anne Shirley and
Dennis Day

Wed. — Thurs. — Fri.

"GREAT MOMENT" and
MAIN STREET AFTER DARK

CAPITOL

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Thirty Seconds Over
Tokyo

Monday and Tuesday

Meet Me In St. Louis

TIGERS DOWN MT. A. CAGERS IN REVENGE MATCH

Presenting . . .



VIC CLARK

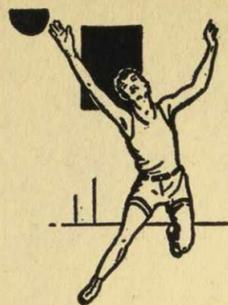
Vic came into the world greatly handicapped; he was born in Newfie. In his early childhood he moved from "hell to heaven", and has made Dartmouth his home ever since. He graduated from Dartmouth High in 1941, where he played basketball and held a berth on the swimming team. Coming to Dal in '42, he played intermediate football, while the following year saw him into intermediate football, basketball and boxing. This year Vic is really going to town. As tail-up on the varsity football squad, he improved with every game, until, in those matches with Tech, he was considered the best tackler on the team. Basketball rolled around, and Vic again jumped to the varsity sextet.

Ardent Swimmer

Swimming is probably Vic's best sport. Manager and star of the team, Vic's times are outstanding, as he proved at U. N. B. Among his other sporting activities is boxing, where he throws both fists with accuracy, and knows how to duck.

Vic is a great believer in conditioning. While in training he actually follows the rules "no wine, women or cigarettes". In his spare time, he works out on the parallel bars, which accounts for his ruggedness.

Vic is easy going and (girls take note) a very likeable chap. He is graduating in engineering and science this year, and his plans, like his fellow students, are indefinite. He is truly a remarkable fellow. To appreciate this statement, consider anyone who can handle a third year engineering and science course, and, at the same time, receive a gold "D" for partaking in three major sports in one year.



Dal Tigers Revenge Mount A. Defeat

Saturday, Feb. 24th, should go down in the history of Dalhousie athletic events. It was the first time in at least three years that the student body actually gave some support to their team. Undoubtedly if all Dal students present had supported their "own" team there would now be required a new roof for the Gymnasium. The writer wishes to congratulate Miss Leonard for her article on last week's Gazette sports page, for that article was responsible for this support.

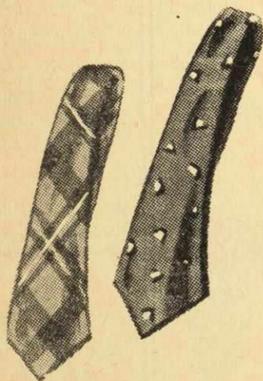
First Half

The game started off at a fairly slow pace with both teams playing a very cautious game. The Mount A. quintet had a slight edge on the play during the first twenty minutes of the game, with playing-coach Bill Crawford displaying his usual form of high scorer. It was apparent that the Tigers displayed good ball-handling but, as usual, threw away a lot of baskets by taking long shots from impossible angles. The first half of the game ended with Mt. A. 15, Dal 10.

Second Half

The second half opened with Dal setting a furious pace. All five of the first team began to show the possibilities expected of them in pre-season training. In the first ten minutes of this period Dal outscored Mt. A. 17-4. In the final ten minutes, the Tigers seemed confident of a win and began taking things easy. As a result, the opponents from Sackville doubled Dal's score in this last quarter. The final score of the game was Dalhousie 33, Mt. A. 31.

To pick any individual stars for the Tigers is a very hard task. However, Capt. Carl Giffen deserves special mention for keeping up the reputation of high scoring guards. The Tigers received one unfortunate mishap when Alf (Shiek) Cunningham sustained an arm injury. It is hoped that Alfie will recover quickly and re-enter the game when Dal plays Y.M.C.A. for Halifax Senior play-offs. Bob Mitchell was referee.



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MARITIMES

SPORTS

BIG EXHIBITION PLANNED

Would Stage Activities in Drafting Room . . .

Plans for the biggest sports exhibition in Dal's history are under way. A program of wide scope has been presented by the committee in charge, and with their kind co-operation, we will endeavour to outline a few of the main events.

Due to the limited size of the gymnasium, the full program will take place in the spacious inner drafting room. Bleachers are now under construction which will seat an audience of thousands. The President of the Society will declare the meet officially opened, and will point out the various first aid stations to the artsmen. The secretary, having received the kind permission of Miss Ross, will then introduce the freshmen engineers who will receive major felt "D's". We think these gentlemen deserve much credit, and suggest that you shake their hands as they will be carrying the Tigers in to nation-wide fame in future years.

Push-Up Champions

At precisely 10 a. m., the real action will get under way when the engineering push-up champion will be determined. Three years competition has eliminated a field of sixty-six to two finalists, "Hit and run Yeadon" and "Give me a cookie" Saffron. The former is still in great shape from the tough twenty-four hour day at Mabou, while the latter has been following a rigorous early morning road work schedule, from Oxford St. to the Physics Theatre. Saffron is a great believer in eating for health, so Miss MacDean is in complete charge of his training table. Harry Power will do the umpiring, making all the necessary measurements with his personally invented "chest-hair calipers".

As no time limit has been placed on event number one, we believe that time will permit only one more feature on the morning program. Badminton fiends must all be present for the great master of the courts,

FROSH DOWN ARTS AND SCIENCE 6-5

In a fast but rough game Freshmen, led by Lamont and Morris, advanced to a three-way tie for the Interfaculty Hockey League leadership. Outstanding for Arts & Science were Ferguson and Boudreau, lack of reserves being a big factor in their defeat.

Interfaculty Standing

| | W | L | Pts. |
|---------------------|---|---|------|
| Hockey | | | |
| Meds | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Eng. | 2 | 1 | 4 |
| Frosh | 2 | 2 | 4 |
| Pine Hill | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Arts & Sci. | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Basketball | | | |
| Eng. | 4 | 1 | 8 |
| Meds. | 3 | 1 | 6 |
| Frosh | 3 | 3 | 6 |
| Arts & Sci. | 0 | 5 | 0 |

TIGERESSES BOW TO AXETTES

Last Saturday, Feb. 24th, the girls' 1st basketball team went up to Acadia, all set to make up for their one-point defeat in the home game. Norma Sherman scored the first basket for Dal, and shortly after Ann Saunderson fell, sprained her ankle and was off for the rest of the game. Dal dropped behind and the score at half time was 13-8 for Acadia. Although the team was playing a hard-fighting game they were unable to make up the three baskets needed to win the game, and the score when the final whistle blew was 25-20.

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Orchestra
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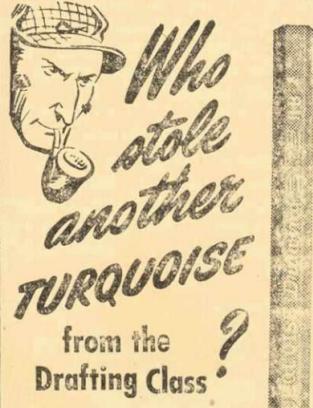


GIRLS LOSE AND WIN WITH ST. PAT'S

The Dal girls' senior team met first defeat in senior league on Monday night at St. Patrick's; score 2-19. With the loss of two players—Ann Saunderson of the forward line and Syb Pentz on the guard line, the team fought hard, using Liz Reeves and Jean Foster who came to the rescue of the short-handed team.

The second team played their usual well-organized game, Irene Robinson being high scorer with 16 points. Dal took the game with a score of 30-7.

1st Team: P. Jones 12; N. Sherman 2; J. Hart 5; J. Foster. Guards: L. Bisset, Jo Robertson, Liz Reeves. 2nd Team: I. Robinson, 16; J. Phillips, 7; L. Rattie, 7. Guards: V. Silver, M. MacPherson, L. Joudrey.



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ENGINEERS DEFEAT PINE HILL IN INTER-FAC. HOCKEY

The Engineers having recovered from their recent defeat by Arts and Science rolled to a 7-1 victory over Pine Hill on Monday, at King's rink.

Blakeney led the Engineers in their scoring barrage with three goals. Teasdale banged in two and assisted on Chapman's. Burgess was responsible for the other, the opening marker of the game.

Whitney was the lone scorer for Pine Hill. He shot the disc past "Choppy" Miller after receiving it from MacLeod, who carried it the length of the rink. John Stuart, in the Pine Hill nets, played a magnificent game and prevented the score from being doubled.

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